

## Chapter 1 by GinnyMyLove

### Author's Notes:

Note to the Readers: I wrote the first 30 chapters in two weeks, thats about 150k words without a BETA so please ignore the spelling and other errors or PM them to me. I do plan to fix them at a later date but for now I am concentrating on continuing the story. Thanks for understanding and enjoy!

### FOREWORD:

Normally I wouldn't want to give away the story line, but since there isn't a "harry/many" choice here I must tell you all. YES THERE IS Hermione/Ron AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS STORY. IT IS UNCOMFORTABLE BUT IT IS NEEDED AS FAR AS I AM CONCERNED. You can skip ahead to chapter 20 if you want to completely avoid it but A) I felt the need to demonstrate the difference in how Harry treats her and how Ron treats her before she wakes the hell up and B) If you skip ahead you miss MUCH H/HR/G fluffiness and lemons. You are much better off reading (around) the R/Hr than skipping chapters in total. This story is almost completely canon compliant up til Sirius falls through the veil and in my view that means Hermione and Ron were on a collision course unless Harry stepped up, total trainwreck but bound to happen. Despite how smart Hermione is, she is a hormonal teenage girl with a small male social circle and when her crush starts

I'm sorry if you the reader can't handle just a little bit of ickiness between those two but it doesn't last very long, there isn't a huge amount of it, Ron gets pushed further and further to the fringes as the story moves on...I don't like Ron but tried to be decent to his character in my story. He is still a git...

In any case, this story is almost complete and I'm not rewriting it any time soon. I made my choices and many many people are very happy with them; I wrote this mostly for myself but I love my readers and reviewers. I'm sorry if I disappoint you with my choice of minor HeRon content.

Searching for the Power

Disclaimer: It isn't mine, I make no money. If it were Canon would have been a lot juicier and it would not have been H/G at the end.

## Chapter 1: Funny Ha Ha or Funny Sad?

In a perfectly normal neighborhood in Surry, in a perfectly normal house. On a street full of similarly normal houses sat Number Four Privet Drive. In this perfectly normal house, lived the Dursleys. Vernon, Petunia and their son Dudley considered themselves to be the paramount of absolute normalcy.

However they had a dirty little secret that must never get out. Because in the smallest bedroom in their perfectly normal home lived Mrs. Dursley's nephew; Harry Potter. To the average observer, the green-eyed teen might seem perfectly normal. Except for his clothes, which were 10 sizes too big, or his trainers, which had been mended so many times, that they were now more tape than leather.

But Harry Potter was a Wizard. And this simply did not fit into the Dursley's idea of normal. At this moment in time, Harry could really give a damn what the Dursley's thought. Harry Potter was one extremely angry Wizard.

His godfather Sirius, had died barely two weeks before due in part to his actions. For two weeks Harry had been brooding, if there were a magical thermometer, which could read the angst rather than the temperature. The atmosphere in the small bedroom could be described as approaching two hundred degrees Celsius. To make the short of it, Harry was pissed.

He looked to the table where three letters lay neatly folded into origami boulder shapes which to the untrained eye, would appear to be balled up in a fit of rage. The first had been from Ginny. She prattled on about Dean Thomas, she assured him too many times that she was well over her crush on him, and she mentioned at least three times that it was not his fault. He tried to tell them to stay at Hogwarts and they tagged along anyway. Then towards the end of the letter she once again mentioned that Dean had asked her out and hinted rather heavily that she was entertaining an offer from him before the school year began.

The rest of the letter he could handle. This note had come a week ago, and though he did not admit it at the time, it did make him feel

better to be told that her getting hurt and nearly killed was not his fault. But her thinly disguised attempt to get him to ask her out was really not something he had been willing to think about at the time. He would have had to be blind not to notice that Ginny Weasley was becoming a rather shapely and attractive young woman. However with Umbitch torturing him, teaching the DA, and being avoided at every turn by his revered Headmaster. He had simply not had time to think about girls.

Then Cho Chang happened, that had to have been his worst idea ever. It was like trying to make out with a bloody hosepipe. All because she was attempting to connect to her dead boyfriend through him. Not to mention that he had been the one to see Cedric die, and still felt guilt about it. No all in all, girls should have, and continued to be the farthest thing from his mind.

Along with Ginny's letter came a letter from Ron. This one was actually refreshing, that is, at first it had been refreshing. Ron went on like nothing at all had happened; a point that he was certain would have made a certain bushy-haired witch rather irate. He talked about the Canons chances for the cup; he said he was lobbying to get Harry to the burrow or headquarters as soon as possible. And then he started talking about Hermione.

That was the turning point in the letter, all downhill from there. Harry really did not want to think about Ron and Hermione being together. Ron had made his mind up to ask her out as soon as she arrived to stay the summer. Harry had already sorted and discarded his feelings about Hermione. He decided the moment that she had been hit with that flame-cutting curse in the Department of Mysteries that he at the very least fancied her. But again, he pushed aside the thoughts of girls for the time being. He had a much more important mission. One the Supreme Mugwump had decided to keep from him for the last five years.

The final letter had arrived earlier that day via Hedwig. Most owls could be relied upon to take mail wherever you needed it to go. Harry had not figured out how she seemed to know when he had mail waiting for him. But somehow she always seemed to show up after a night of hunting with mail, sometimes from multiple senders.

This one was from Hermione, and her hastily written post-script said much the same thing. What an intelligent owl to know when her master was going to be getting mail.

Harry smiled, it was brief but it was there. His one companion over the summer for the last five years was his Snowy Owl. He turned toward her perch where she had just awoke and stared at him as though she sensed he was thinking about her.

"Hey girl." He said as he ran his fingers through her soft feathers, and scratched the back of her neck. He received an affectionate nip to the finger for his troubles.

"You are a very smart girl aren't you girl?" He continued to praise her. Hedwig preened for him, and puffed up her feathers.

"Yes and a very pretty girl as well." He laughed. Hedwig flew to his shoulder and bumped her head against his letting out a questioning squawk.

"I know I am in a bad mood girl, but I can't bloody help it. OW!" She nipped his ear a little too hard, if he didn't know better he would say she had just chastised him for his language. Much like Hermione did.

"Yes dear," he laughed, "Language, I get it. How is it you always know when someone is sending me mail?" He asked, not expecting an answer. To his surprise she bumped his head again before flapping back down to her perch. She then tilted her head to the side and studied him.

"Oh, so you're telepathic now are you? And precognitive?" He chided her. She puffed up again in pride and let out a chirp.

Harry decided he really needed to read up on owls at some point. Certainly there was some sort of magic involved for an owl to find the recipient of a letter. But Hedwig really was above and beyond the average mail owl.

"Well however it is you do it thank you girl, you know you don't have to stay here. If you want you can find Ron or Ginny and stay with them. I'm sure it would be better than sitting around here watching me brood."

Again she chirped and gave him a stare; he almost felt her saying she would rather stay with him. He shook his head softly, "I must be going stir crazy, it's not abnormal to talk to your familiar, but something tells me them talking back is not a good thing, even in the wizarding world.

He reached up to massage his now throbbing earlobe, which brought his thoughts back around to Hermione. Her letter was the last of the three on the table.

Dear Harry,

None of it is your fault. Professor Dumbledore should have taught you Occlumency himself. On our trip to the French Riviera we stumbled across a magical area known as Vertic Alley. They had a bookstore with the most wonderful selection; apparently many of the books, which are banned in England, are still sold in other European countries. Inside I found a book on teaching yourself Occlumency. After a quick read through I tried to recall all that you explained about your lesson with Professor Snape and realized that intentionally or not he might have actually left your mind more open to attack than before!

According to the book, which I am including for you. Occlumency must be approached gradually and you would not even think of having a Legilimens attack until you had at least established a set of mental shield using the meditation and mental exercises in the first five chapters! And even then it is supposedly a very...intimate experience shared by the teacher and the apprentice requiring the utmost trust on both parts. I honestly do not know what the Headmaster was thinking having Professor Snape teach you. Honestly!

Yes Harry, I tried to tell you it might be a trap. But you took my advice and you exhausted all of your available sources of information. If you had been right and we had not gone, then Sirius would still be suffering or would have been killed by You-..Voldemort. Leaders make decisions Harry, and that is why we followed you. You are a natural leader, and a Great Wizard Harry. Remember what I said first year, I still believe it.

It is my sincere hope that Professor Dumbledore was simply too trusting of Professor Snape. However I think we should be on our

guard when it comes to dealing with him. After some examination I have come to a few disturbing results that might not mean anything taken separately. However together I fear what he might be up to.

I also included another book I picked up from the fiction section about Wandless Magic. It looked interesting enough, and is written like a textbook not a fiction novel. However the forward does mention the rarity of such a gift, as well as the power and focus required. I was unable to get any results but I have the exercises memorized. So I pass it on to you hoping you will have some better luck.

My recovery has gone well, I still have to take that potion three times a day, but I should be done with the series by the time school begins. I do have a scar that runs from my right collarbone to my left hip, but it is very faint now and the healer hopes it will go away permanently. It has been a bit embarrassing going to the beach, but it has also helped me with my self confidence, as well as helping me deal with some of the emotional trauma from having such a scar. I never realized how a little bit of discolored tissue could change the way you view yourself. I get nauseated when I think of all the times people automatically look to your forehead when they learn your identity.

I told my parents that we were visiting the Ministry when an attack occurred. I know it was not a very brave thing for a Gryffindor to do, but I am worried that if they knew the extent of what happened, and what is going on in the Wizarding World, they might pull me out of Hogwarts.

And that is one of my biggest fears. Harry you are truly the best friend I have ever had and I plan to be with you next time you have to face that snake-faced monstrosity. We should be returning to England within the week and hopefully they will allow me to come to headquarters soon after that. I hope you will already be there by the time I arrive, but if not I will lobby to get you out of that accursed house and into a place with people who love you.

I am one of those Harry, please take the time to read the books I sent and we can work on those skills together when we meet up later this summer. Well now I just need to find a way to send this to you

Love,  
Hermione

p.s. Oh! Hedwig has just arrived looking for all the world like she knew I was sending you a package. She really is a beautiful and special bird isn't she?

More Love,  
From me

Out of the three, Hermione's had made him the most upset. The difference was that he was upset with Ron and Ginny for being insensitive. Though he had done his bit of it in the past. This letter had helped him point the blame where it all really lay. Dumbledore and Voldemort.

Harry had read through the first few chapters of "Occlumency for the Occluded" which was disturbingly written like one of those "For Dummies" books he has seen at the Muggle book store. However Hermione had written a note inside the cover addressing that very issue, and assured him it was highly recommended and not a reflection of how she saw him.

After the first 5 pages he had learned more about Occlumency than he learned from Snape all school year. After being mind raped repeatedly it was no wonder he was so suggestible when Voldemort sent that false vision. He had also flipped through the other book, "No Silly Wand Waving". Though the title had put him off right away thinking of Snape. A quick flip through piqued his interest. Some of the exercises seemed to line up with the ones in the Occlumency book, and the general idea was that belief in yourself was the greatest barrier to Wandless magic.

Maybe Wandless Magic was the Power He Knows Not? That thought brought him back to his bad mood. The Chief Warlock had withheld vital information from him for at least five years. If Harry had known the prophecy, and known that it was what the Order was protecting. He would have told the Old Man to let Snakelips have it. As far as Harry was concerned those few words changed nothing. And they were not worth Mr. Weasley being attacked by a bloody great snake. Nor were they worth dyi.. A sudden pain washed through him.

Sirius's death was still too fresh; on the one hand Harry had barely known him. It made him feel worse that part of his grief was that he regretted not getting to live with Sirius. He was being selfish, but then he supposed that most grief was selfish. You were not really sad that a person was no longer with you, you were sorry you no longer had that person. Still, every time he thought about Sirius, the scene would replay in his head of his surprised face as he fell through the veil.

That was another thing the esteemed Headmaster has to answer for. He kept Sirius locked up at headquarters. It was only better than Azkaban because there were no Dementors, but there was Snape. "I wonder which he would have preferred."

All in all, Harry had reached some startling conclusions of his own. It boiled down to a few statements. Either Dumbledore is a manipulative bastard with an agenda. Or Dumbledore is a bumbling, senile, inept old man who should not be in charge of the war effort. It was possible he was somewhere in between. But Harry could no longer see him as the paragon of the light and the leader of the forces of good.

Looking back at the table he felt especially bad for crumpling Hermione's letter. He was not mad at her at all, despite what she had said, he still felt guilty; especially for her injury. Even though he was the one that was possessed by Voldemort that night, he felt that she had come the closest to death. Aside from..

He walked back to the desk, if you could call it that. It was a card table that was missing a leg, being propped up by a baseball bat that was split down the middle. Harry doubted the bat had been used to play a game, unless that game was "Harry Hunting".

Carefully he smoothed the letter but it was barely legible due to all the wrinkles in the parchment. Thinking back to the Wandless Magic book, he decided to try something completely radical and not tried in large quantities ever before. He closed his eyes and concentrated, he believed that he could make the parchment smooth again. He imagined all the wrinkles straightening themselves as he ran his other hand over the surface. He took a deep breath, and then opened his eyes.



And in his hand was the same wrinkled piece of parchment. Though Harry could swear he was better able to read what was written on it.

"Oh well girl, it wasn't like I was going to learn Wandless in one day after all." He smiled at his joke. While Hedwig looked at him as though he were going slightly mad. Then she blinked and chirped at him. He could swear she was laughing at him. "Maybe I am going a bit nutters eh girl?" He said with a grin.

Just then a flash of fire appeared in the middle of the room, startling Hedwig, before a beautiful swan sized bird landed on the desk near Harry. Hedwig eyed the new arrival with some disdain and gave what Harry could only describe as the owl version of a "sniff" before turning her back to him.

"Hello Fawkes, don't mind her. I think she's miffed that you're delivering this letter to me instead of her. There was a squawk from the corner and she ruffled her feathers but did not turn around.

Fawkes studied him for a moment before turning toward Hedwig. He let out a single note of Phoenix song and waited.

Hedwig turned around and locked eyes with the larger bird for a moment. The mood in the air seemed to say both were discussing who could help him more. Apparently they came to a truce because Hedwig flew over to the Desk to see what was in the letter. Settling down next to Fawkes, who moved slightly to accommodate her.

Harry accepted the letter from Fawkes and froze for a moment. "Um, thank you Fawkes. I know such a beautiful bird as yourself does not need to stoop to mere mail delivery, I hate to ask Hedwig as she is just as phenomenal." He said quickly before Hedwig could bite his fingers. She studied him for a moment before chirping in agreement. "Would you like um.. an owl treat or..some water? I'm sure Hedwig would not mind sharing." He finished feeling rather foolish for not knowing what a Phoenix ate or drank, or even IF they ate or drank.

Fawkes seemed to ponder for a moment before locking eyes with Hedwig, who seemed to shrug. And he flew to her perch in the corner and dipped his head to the water bowl.

Turning from the way-too-intelligent avians he opened the letter without glancing at the outside. There was only one person Fawkes would deliver mail for.

Harry,

I believe that three weeks is the bare minimum needed to recharge the wards around your home. If you would consent, then I, or a member of the Order shall come to get you in 6 days time.

If this suits you please send word back via Fawkes and have your belongings ready at 9:00am next Sunday the 21st.

Respectfully,  
Albus Dumbledore

On the one hand he was ready to get out of his own personal hell house. On the other hand he was not sure he was ready just yet to see the old man; grabbing a spare bit of parchment and a self-inking quill he penned a quick reply.

Headmaster,

I am agreeable, please send an order member and I will be ready at the appointed time.

Harry Potter

He looked over to Fawkes who nodded and flew to his side. "Here you go boy, would you be willing to take this back to the Professor for me?" The phoenix looked a bit surprised to be asked rather than ordered, and he chirped a short note that seemed to say "Of course, thank you for asking." Either that or Harry really was going nutters.

Since he was bonkers anyway he decided to try out his new Bird Whisperer skills. "Before you go boy, can you tell me something?" Again the bird seemed surprised, though because he was asked for advice or because the crazy boy was talking to him Harry didn't want to think about. He nodded.

Taking that as a cue to continue he asked, "Dumbledore has done many things to make my life hell. Is he a crazy old man making too

many mistakes or is he some sort of master of deception, pulling all the strings while making you think he is barmy but loveable?"

Fawkes studied him for a moment, then a single tear formed and fell to the desk. He chirped out a short sad song before lifting off and disappearing in a ball of flame.

Harry took a moment to let his Bird Whisperer instincts kick in. If he had to guess, Fawkes had something along the lines of: "He was once a great man."

He repeated it out loud then looked to Hedwig for confirmation. She chirped at him sadly before putting her head under her wing for a nap. He was not sure if that actually answered his question or not.

Sudden inspiration struck him as he inhaled. He hadn't bathed in 2 weeks! "Hedwig you could have said something." He admonished the sleeping bird before he stopped himself.

"Bird Whispering Nutter, that's me." He said before heading to the bathroom for a much needed shower.

## Chapter 2: The Candy Man Can

The next morning feeling much cleaner, if just a little bit barmy; he got out some fresh parchment and his self-inking quill, and wrote to his friends to tell them the good news.

Ron and Ginny,

I get sprung on the 21st. See you at the place.

Harry

Short and to the point, and secure enough not to get him in trouble with the Order. Next he had a much harder letter to write.

Dear Hermione,

I cannot thank you enough for the books! And I had just been thinking the same thing about Hedwig. She really is a smart bird.

You were right, I learned more in the first couple pages of the Occlumency book than I learned all year from tall, dark and greasy. I have come to some rather startling conclusions about our dear Headmaster as well. Fawkes delivered a letter last night letting me know I get out for good behavior on the 21st so I will see you then. Before he left I asked him what he thought was going on with the old coot. He seemed to tell me "He was great once".

Yes I know; I'm talking to birds. Well, it's not the talking TO birds that is disconcerting; it's having them talk back and feeling like I understand them. I don't know if I should be telling you that, because honestly I think its cabin fever. After all I have spent the last five summers talking to Hedwig, it's only natural that she can talk back after all this time right? WRONG. I might be going nutters but I can honestly say I heard Fawkes' reply.

Oh well, I am sure you will research and see if there is some sort of avian mind speech that is similar to Parseltongue or if I am just stir crazy. I miss all of you, especially you. I know, and I can admit now, that it is not my fault. Sirius should not have been careless while fighting Bellatrix. Dumbledore should not have kept him locked up in a place he hated almost as much as Azkaban. I should not have learned Occlumency from the Batty Batman of Hoggy Hogwarts.

But none of that changes the fact that my heart literally stopped when you were hit with that curse. You have my sincere regret that you were harmed following my lead.

So, I plan to study for the next week and then I hope you, Ron and I can all get Occlumency learned quickly. I have something I need to share with you, that Fumbledore told me not thirty minutes after watching Sirius fall through the veil. I cannot tell you in a letter, and I will not tell you until you can protect the information. If you see Ron before I do please impress upon him the importance of learning to shield his mind or I won't be able to tell him.

hope the rest of your vacation goes well. I was wondering though, why anyone would be able to see your scar at the beach, you could always wear a one piece instead of a two-piece bathing costume.

Oh well, thoughts to ponder another time. I look forward to seeing you soon, and I think I might even have my summer homework done by then!

Love you back,

Harry

He had read over both books to take up time the rest of that week. His meditation exercises progressed rather well and he found that, not surprisingly, he was doing rather well at Occlumency without Snape as a teacher. He hoped that over the rest of the summer he, Ron, and Hermione could work on it together and come September first he could show Snape how bad a teacher he was. He figured that if he was doing everything correctly, he probably had already repaired the damage caused by his "remedial potions" lessons and was well on his way to passable shields.

He was just settling down to do his nightly meditation and saw Hedwig return from hunting.

"Hey girl" he grinned. "Good haul tonight?"

His Bird Whispering skills or his dementia had improved as well once he put conscious effort into it. She responded that it had indeed been a good night for hunting; she enjoyed a frog and two

field mice. After delivering his letter to Hermione and the youngest Weasleys.

"That's good girl, I'm glad you had fun. Thank you again for being such a fine mail carrier and such a pretty girl." She fluffed herself up at his words and began grooming her silky white feathers for best effect.

"You know girl, if I can keep this up I get to tell Snape that I am a better teacher than he is! I'm not trying to give myself a big head, but if I taught the DA half as well as I am learning this stuff, I bet they all did well on their OWLs. I might have even passed my Potions OWL without him breathing down my neck and destroying the potions I turn in." He finished. She gave him a quick look that said something along the lines of "I hope I am there to see that."

Laughing lightly he began the breathing techniques outlined in the Wandless book. He found that they both required a similar meditative state, and the exercises in the Occlumency book just didn't work as well or as fast for him. He began consciously trying to clear his thoughts.

...remembering that the French Riviera was a topless beach after he sent the letter... filed away under Patronus Memories. Suppressing a grin at the image he continued.

...finished his potions homework, Hermione would be so proud... filed under School Work.

...Bird Whispering... after careful consideration he had decided to place it under the Special Skills category instead of the Reasons I think I am going crazy.

...preparing to leave tomorrow for headquarters... That one was giving him a hard time, he could not decide whether to file it under Happy thoughts, or Angry thoughts, or Depression. He knew it was going to be hard staying at his Godfathers House; however his Occlumency was helping him deal with his grief. He made the conscious decision to save most of his memories of Sirius under Happy Memories and remember him fondly, not feel sorry for himself that his shot at knowing his Parents friend and the chance of leaving the Dursley's forever was gone.

For the most part it had worked, and so he decided rather than think of the event as going back to an empty house, or seeing Dumbledore again, he would use it as an opportunity to feel closer to Sirius, and be happy that his friends would be there. Plus he was escaping the Dursleys.

...escaping the Dursley's again... Happy Thoughts.

Soon his mind was perfectly blank, he allowed his conscious to wander around on its own as the book had said, though by this point he was not thinking to let himself wander, it was becoming habit.

Eventually he reached what he had earlier determined was his center. In his mind it was a candy store. He never got much candy growing up unless he filched it from Dudley's enormous stash. His thoughts were arranged by taste and color; he got the idea from the book which said your labeling scheme should make as little sense to other people as possible. Reds were for Love, Hate, or Anger. Green for jealousy, Envy and such. Yellows for mellows, and so on. He added flavors to separate certain memories. Love tasted sweet, hate was spicy or cinnamon and Anger would be bitter. Similar ideas for the other "candy emotions". Then he had his special stash, the best parts of his life and the memories that fueled his Patronus he made a copy of and made them extra sweet. They had their own section of the store with a huge Stag display in front.

The Wandless book had mentioned seeking out the source of his magic in a metaphorical setting. Normally this might show up as a pool or fountain of magic. However Harry had yet to find anything so subtle. He had come to determine that, either he was doing it wrong, or his pool of magic was much larger than that described in the book.

In his non-meditative time he began to supplement himself with positive thoughts. Trying to instill the whole "Belief in Himself" that the book kept on about. His latest daydream was that the area he walked through to get to his "Candy Store" which he called a mindscape for lack of a better word. ALL represented his magic in some way. Rather than a fountain or pool, it seemed that he pulled magic from his entire being. Or so that was the theory he was trying to reinforce. Honestly if he was nutters enough to call himself a Bird Whisperer he might as well go the next step and think he had super magic.

So going off that theory, he went back outside the store and thought about the shield he had erected. At the moment he had placed what looked like a Force Field around the store keyed only to him. The problem was that a Force Field was not real, unless you counted magical wards. But he didn't know enough about Science Fiction, or real wards to make this shield workable.

Thinking back to "believing in himself" he thought that for the moment, if he was not able to defend himself outright, he should try something more subtle. So, focusing on his massive pool of magic, he set about creating more storefronts across from and on either side of the street from his Candy Store. There was an ice cream store, an arcade, and a Public Library amongst other things.

"If I were going to organize my thoughts, I think I might put them in books." He said to no one in particular. So he imagined the library filled with books, and labeled them all sorts of emotions and categories. The names he would give the different bins of candy in his shop, if he had been silly enough to label his memories. He made sure to dedicate an entire section of the library to books labeled things like Angst, Dursleys, Plans for Voldemort, Plans for Dumbledore, Plans for Snape, Anger, Hate, and so forth. He decided to have a bit of fun and made an entire section on little known magical animals he had heard Luna talk about. And another dedicated to dark arts. Then thinking again about school and books. He backed out of the Library, deciding it was thoroughly confusing inside. He then went into the candy store to the back and thought hard for a moment.

An outline appeared in the wall, which then swung open to allow him access to a personal library. He then sat himself down, figuratively of course, and began the process of putting everything he had ever learned into books by subject and year. It was a demanding process but eventually he was done. Everything suddenly seemed much clearer. He didn't have to think about what he had learned it just appeared at the speed of thought. He wondered idly if this is what the Headmaster meant when he spoke of "A highly organized mind" in his first year at Hogwarts.

Thoroughly tired out mentally, he walked out of the room and turned to watch as the door resealed itself and disappeared. There was no real magic involved, and even if there was, it was all his magic and so left no residue for someone to notice it was there. Proud of



himself, he strolled out of the shop and down the main street through town. He paused at the end of the road and turned.

He imagined an Adamantium dome surrounding the town. Adamantium was not real as far as he knew, but this was his delusion and so he could have whatever he wanted. The main point being he knew the properties of Adamantium, mainly that it was indestructible and the hardest known metal.

As an afterthought he recast his Force Field over top of the dome and imagined it was somehow linked electronically to his brain. And would warn him if someone attempted to get past it, even if it couldn't keep that person out.

Nodding to himself, he decided that was probably as good as it would get. He willed himself to wake up and turned to look at the clock. "Wow! It's only been 3 hours?" he exclaimed. Apparently time moved differently in his head. "Then again, it's possible I haven't really done anything in there, and I am just as crazy as I sound talking to myself. Huh Hedwig? Hedwig?"

He looked over to find that she was gone again and sighed out loud. "Great, now I am a super magical, Bird Whispering nutter who talks to himself, what next? ACK! I'm doing it again!" And with that he set his alarm and went to bed before he answered himself. That would be awkward.

### Chapter 3: For Good Behavior

Harry awoke at six the next morning and for the first time in weeks he woke up feeling refreshed. He had no nightmares the night before, and he was feeling positive for once after consciously sorting most of his Sirius memories into the "Happy Thoughts" bin. For the first time since he had been home, he got up on time, and went to take a shower. After he was clean, he then headed down the stairs and began preparing breakfast.

As he was finishing up, he heard what sounded like a hippo coming down the stairs, and recognized the sound of Dudley rushing towards food. "Hey!" he exclaimed in surprise when he saw who was cooking.

"Heya Dudikens!" Harry said cheerfully as he placed the plate on the table. Dudley immediately became suspicious at his positive and helpful attitude.

"What do you think you're doing Potter? You think you can poison me that easy?" He asked, not moving from the doorway.

"Dudley, if I wanted you dead I would have left you to the Dementors last year." Harry stated matter-of-factly, he paused for a moment and then continued with a grin. "Besides, there are a million other ways I could think of that would be less traceable by Muggles." He finished with a leer.

Dudley didn't know whether to be reassured by his cousin's words, or terrified. He settled for silence and sat down to eat his breakfast. "Shnk oo." He mumbled.

Luckily Harry had years of experience with Ron, and was fluent in Mouthfulease. "Dudley, did you just thank me?" He asked surprised.

Dudley swallowed before he answered. "Well, you're right about the demantoid thingies. You could have left me there, and uh... thanks for you know... not killing me and stuff every day since then too."

Harry turned around and stared at his cousin for a minute. That had to be the closest thing to kind words that any Dursley had ever uttered to him. On top of it Dudley had not bothered him once the whole time he had been home. "You know Dud, I doubt I will ever be

able to like you after the way you treated me my whole life but your still family. You promise to leave me alone, and I promise to leave you alone, you realize it's only just over a year until I can use magic any time I want right?" He asked the rotund boy.

Dudley gulped and took a breath before replying. "Guess 'ats fair nuff. I don't know if I can apologize for all the stuff in grade school with a straight face anyway. But I think I can keep my friends away from you from now on. You just keep that... stick, pointed away from me right?" He asked nervously.

Harry figured that was as close to an apology as he would get from any of the family and he stuck out his hand which Dudley shook quickly, dropping it almost as fast just in case his parents saw him being nice to the freak.

"Right," Harry began. "Well you don't have to worry about that for the rest of the summer, I'm leaving in about an hour." As he finished his Uncle and Aunt entered the kitchen with suspicious looks on their faces.

"What's this boy? You say you're leaving us already, and besides this breakfast," He motioned to the table, "You haven't done a lick of work all summer."

"I figured we would do better staying out of each other's way Uncle Vernon. What with my friends threatening you and all. I decided I would stay out of your business and you could stay out of mine. And now I will be leaving, it's like I was never here." He finished. He felt decidedly Slytherin at that moment. His statement was true, from a certain point of view. His uncle did not need to know that he had spent the first two weeks brooding over his Godfathers death, and the past week studying the "M" word.

Vernon eyed him suspiciously once more, before turning and sitting at the table. "Right then," He gruffed out. "What time are you leaving then?"

Harry was a bit surprised, if he had known it was this easy he would have avoided his "family" at all costs much sooner. "In about," he looked at the clock on the stove, "Thirty minutes now. I should go finish up packing so I can get out of your way." At his uncles nod he quickly left the room and went upstairs to check his room one last

time. Just in case he left something unpacked the day before. Finding nothing out of place he closed his trunk, grabbed Hedwig's Cage, and headed down the stairs. He sat down and waited for his salvation to arrive.

At precisely nine am there was a knock on the door. Harry opened up to find the last person he wanted to see on this day. "Ah good morning Harry, looks like you have everything in order."

"Yes Headmaster," Harry ground out. He was still not happy with the old man. Not noticing or not caring about Harry's mood the man continued on.

"Well Harry if you will take my sleeve. We have a few stops to make before we can go to Headquarters." He said. Harry sighed, but drew in a sharp breath when he noticed the old man's shriveled hand.

"Sir, what happened to your hand?" He exclaimed.

"Ah, that was the result of a spell backfiring I am afraid. It looks much worse than it actually is I assure you."

Harry nodded but another thought took him. "Why hasn't Madame Pomfrey healed it?"

"Ah young Harry, as you well know, sometimes it is simply not possible to heal wounds caused by dark magic." He said cryptically. Harry was not in the mood, and his question had been answered. So he decided to let the Headmaster worry about it.

"Fine sir, where are we going first?" He asked.

"We have some business to attend to at Gringotts, if you don't mind I shall shrink your belongings so you can transport them on your person." And before Harry could answer Dumbledore waved his wand and the trunk and cage were pocketable sizes.

Grinding his teeth, Harry asked as politely as possible. "Sir, what business do you need me for at Gringotts?"

Just as he asked Hedwig swooped in the door and landed on his shoulder with a Letter attached to her leg. Dumbledore noted the seal and gave the bird an appraising look.

"Harry might I ask how your owl knew to go to Gringotts and pick up a letter for you?"

Harry wondered the same thing, but had long ago chalked it up to Owl ESP. After all if Harry could understand her, then she should certainly be able to see the future right?

"I haven't figured it out yet myself sir. But she is a very smart girl." As he took the letter he got an affectionate nip on the ear for his comment.

Smiling he broke the seal and read the letter:

Dear Mr. Potter

We at Gringotts wish to express our most heartfelt sadness at the passing of your loved one. Alas there is some business pertaining to the death of one Sirius Black, which will need to be tended to. The will reading will be today at 10am, We had not yet heard back from your Magical Guardian as to whether you would be in attendance, and as the primary beneficiary we felt it prudent to contact you ourselves.

Our deepest apologies for not getting in contact with you in a timelier manner, we hope to see you today so that you may receive your inheritance. If you are unable to attend I am afraid your share of the Black Estate will be forfeited.

Sincerely,

Ragnok - Senior Manager of Gringotts Bank, London

Harry closed his eyes and took several deep breaths, he was thankful for his meditation training, as he was able to quickly slip into a light trance, just long enough to sort his emotions and think clearly. "Sir," he started. "Who is my magical guardian?"

"Dumbledore looked a bit surprised by the question, but glancing again at the letter he answered truthfully."As you have no eligible magical relatives, you were made a ward of Hogwarts, and thus the Headmaster." He stated.

"And how long have you known about Sirius' will reading?" He asked again, his tone was flat and emotionless.

"Only since I inquired whether you would be willing to leave today. By happy coincidence the times coincide, now we should hurry if you would like to make it there on time."

Harry nodded and took the proffered arm, he felt like he was being squeezed through a straw and could not breathe, but before his mind could register the problem properly, they had arrived just outside of the Leaky Cauldron. As he took a deep breath Dumbledore looked down at him and smiled at his disconcerted face.

"Ah, I remember my first Apparition fondly. Granted, the sensation is much more unpleasant when you take someone with you, but even that you eventually learn to ignore. Now come along, we have a bit of a walk to get to the bank." And with that he walked into the bar.

Tom smiled at Harry when they walked into the Cauldron but said nothing; as if he knew Harry wouldn't like the attention. They continued quickly to the back where the Headmaster tapped the proper sequence on the bricks and opened the doorway to the alley.

When Harry had first been to visit Diagon Alley it was the most magical thing he had ever seen. There had been Wizards and Witches everywhere going about their business and everything had been colorful and full of life. This looked nothing like the place that Harry remembered. The news that Harry and Dumbledore had been telling the truth for the past year had quickly spread and people were terrified to leave their homes unless absolutely necessary. The alley looked deserted and the shop fronts all seemed to have a grayish cast to them. It may have been a trick of the light but Harry thought the whole place looked depressed.

As they neared the end of the alley there stood Gringotts in all its glory. The only building that seemed indifferent to the goings on of the Wizarding world. Heading inside Harry nodded to the security goblins flanking the doorway; they gave him an odd look before resuming their vigil. Dumbledore walked past the tellers to an imposing looking goblin at a desk in front of large ornate doors

covered in gold designs. "What do you want?" The goblin inquired without looking up.

"Mr. Potter and I are here for a will reading." The older man replied.

The goblin looked up quickly but barely glanced at the bearded man before his eyes settled on Harry. "Ah, Mr. Potter, it is a pleasure to meet you, and I am glad you were able to attend today's event. We were getting worried." At this point he flicked his eyes to the Supreme Mugwump and back to Harry with a fierce look that expressed his displeasure. This made Harry quite happy and he smiled at the goblin. "Thank you, I received notice this morning, and by a strange set of coincidences, my guardian happened to be coming to Gringotts this morning as well."

The goblin nodded then looked down at his book. "If you will follow me I will take you to conference room two, where the reading shall be held. The others are already awaiting your arrival." And he turned and opened the double doors. He led them down the hallway to an immaculately decorated door with a Roman numeral two inscribed in gold. "The reading should begin in ten minutes." The goblin said, and then turned around and headed back to his post. Harry looked down the hall as he left, then turned and opened the door.

Inside the room was a medium sized rectangular space with a long table down the middle. Seated at the table, unfortunately, were Narcissa and Draco Malfoy. They tried very hard not to look uncomfortable with the current company. On the other side sat the Weasleys minus Bill and Charlie and Percy, Remus Lupin, and Auror Tonks, along with a woman that appeared to be her, only fifteen years or so older, which he assumed to be her mother. And at the end closest to him Hermione sat next to Ginny and Ron. As he entered the room she turned and with speed he did not know she possessed, nearly tackled him with a hug. This was normal of course; Hermione hugs were the stuff of legend. What he was not prepared for was the second missile that hit him within a few seconds and latched on. Ginny and Hermione both exclaimed at the same time. "Harry!"

He smiled as he nervously slipped an arm around the two girls who starred in most of his messier dreams. It might not have been so bad except for the fact that there were three older brothers and a set of parents in the room, not to mention he knew for a fact that Ron

fancied Hermione. All in all it would turn uncomfortable if they did not let him loose in a few seconds. Before he could black out for lack of air they released him.

Before he could comment a goblin he had not noticed sitting at the head of the table coughed politely to get everyone's attention. "Now that we are all here, perhaps we can get to business?" Harry recognized the goblin as Griphook from his first year. He supposed he had gotten promoted in the years since. "Of course Griphook, time is money after all." Harry said as he sat down at the foot of the table opposite the goblin.

Griphook looked shocked momentarily, but masked it quickly before continuing on. "Very well, we are gathered here today for the Will reading of one Sirius Black. As no charges were ever filed, and no trial or conviction ever recorded, Gringotts has determined this Will to be legitimate and chooses to execute it at this time according to the wishes of our client." And with that he turned to the corner where a Solicitors Pensieve sat. He touched a few of the ruins, and then twiddled his fingers at the torches in the room causing them to dim. Up from the Pensieve rose the image of his Godfather. It looked to have been recorded shortly after Christmas.

He began, "Good day everyone, I am sorry to say, that if you are seeing me now, that means I am not seeing you for some unfortunate reason. If something happened to me I hope that I went out fighting evil, though something tells me that if I died I probably got cocky in the middle of a fight. Lil's was always yelling at me about that." He seemed to drift into a memory for a moment before coming back to the task at hand.

"Sorry about that, I spend much of my time lately cooped up in my mother's house; Snape will be delighted to hear that I prefer him to Dementors but only barely. However I digress. I Sirius Orion Black, being of sound mind and sexy body... Shut up Moony, I know your whispering something to my dear cousin Nymphadora. Ha! I get to call you that without worrying about being hexed in my sleep! What?" He seemed to ask someone in the room. "Oh sorry, I am getting off topic again."

"I Sirius Orion Black being of sound mind and body, and being a free man despite what the Ministry says, do hereby record my last Will and Testament on this the first day of January 1996. These are my



wishes should something happen to cause my untimely demise. First to my dear second cousin, once removed, Narcissa Malfoy, I offer you a divorce from the blonde ponce Malfoy as head of the Black Family. If you should choose to divorce him I am prepared to offer you a home on the coast and a monthly stipend to be held in trust. This will be more than enough to keep you in the manner to which you are accustomed. There are two other stipulations besides divorce. You must also show that you have not taken the Dark Mark, and you must sign a magical contract promising never to do so, nor to support Voldemort in any way.

"To Draco, though you are the spawn of the blonde ponce, you are a Black by birth and I will offer you the same deal as your mother, however the amount needed to purchase a home will be held in Trust until after you graduate Hogwarts. From what I hear it is my sincere wish that you have not, as of the time of this reading, taken the Mark. If you can prove that you are not marked as a Death Eater, and sign a contract stating you will not support Voldemort in any way, you will be accepted as Draco Black.

"Otherwise you will each receive the sum of 50 Galleons, and that only because it is the bare minimum required by Family Law for those cast out of the Black Family."

"WHAT!" Draco shot to his feet in a rage. Griphook touched a rune on the side of the Pensieve which paused the playback of the memory. "You wish to dispute the Will Mr. Malfoy?" Griphook demanded.

"Of course I do you troll spawn! I should be Head of the House of Black as I am the closest male relative! You cannot do this!" He shouted.

"As a matter of fact Mr. Malfoy, Your mother was Mr. Black's second cousin, there is another male who is an entire generation closer and would thus inherit the title and trust of the Black Family. However," He paused for effect, "As Mr. Black named his successor and the new Head of the Black Family in his Will, that point is moot. According to Wizarding Law as well as Black Family Tradition, it is his right to do so as Head of House. Now, may we continue or shall I have you escorted from the room?" He finished with a smile that was all teeth and anything but friendly.

Draco looked about to protest, but his mother pulled him back down into his chair and nodded to the goblin to continue. Griphook nodded back and touched the rune once more.

Sirius' image flickered and then started again. "Since we are talking about those cast out of the family by my beloved mother, I hereby reinstate Andromeda Black-Tonks and her descendants into the family. As such they are entitled to the sum of 10,000 Galleons each, plus 10,000 Galleons to Theodore Tonks as dowry." There was a sharp intake from the two women who sat opposite of Narcissa at the table. Andromeda and Tonks were too shocked to speak.

"To Albus Dumbledore I leave 500,000 Galleons in trust to the Order of the Phoenix, with a goblin account manager to make certain the money is used as intended. Personally I still hold a grudge against you; I sat in Azkaban for 12 years when you could have made a few inquiries and learned I was innocent. At the very least I should have had a trial. You let me down Albus, and then you locked me into that god-forsaken house. If it were not for Harry visiting I would rather have lived as a dog and lived off of rats." Harry nodded silently as some of his questions were answered; he noted that Hermione had a thoughtful look as well.

"To Remus Lupin, otherwise known forthwith as Moony. I bequeath the sum of 100,000 Galleons." Lupin looked about to object, "And shut up Moony, there is nothing you can do about it the money has already been transferred to your Vault. Do me a favor and go buy yourself some new robes and get yourself a nice place to live with a nice strong room built in. I hear the Muggles have invented something called a Panic Room you might want to check into." He grinned almost as if he could see the shocked look on Moony's face.

"Nymphadora Nymphadora, oh my Nymphy Nymphadora. My favorite cousin, In addition to your earlier amount, I bequeath to you 100,000 Galleons, plus a dowry if you can manage to tie down a certain wolf you were making eyes at, here I will pause for laughter." And he did, there was nervous chuckling from everyone but the Malfoys, Tonks and Moony were both turning red. Sirius continued, "I do hope I made Nymphadora blush, do you have any idea how hard it is to make a Metamorphmagus blush?"

"Andromeda Tonks, in addition to the aforementioned I hereby bequeath 100,000 Galleons and my sincere apologies for the years

you have lived in shame. Pardon me a second, all this talking makes a guy thirsty, even if I am dead." He chuckled before reaching out of sight and getting a water glass, which he sipped and then placed back wherever it came from.

"To Arthur and Molly Weasley I bequeath 200,000 Galleons. You made Harry a part of your family and showed him Love when I could not. I will be forever in your debt. Molly you were right, though I will never admit it to your face. Harry is not James no matter how much I wish it were so sometimes. I have no practice being a parent and I hope Harry can forgive me for any bad choices I made, besides the one to run off after the Rat. However both of you must realize that Harry is no longer a Child either. He has lived through more than many people twice his age and lived to tell the tale. He is the most mature teenager I have ever known and I hope you can see him for the person he is, not the child you wish he could be." Molly was bawling in her husband's arms as he whispered in her ear, she would nod every now and then, glance over at Harry, and sniff. Harry hoped that was a good sign.

"Fred and George Weasley, you have carried on the Marauder tradition well and I would like to name you Honorary Members if Moony agrees." Moony quickly nodded, and the twin's smiles lit up the room. "So as honorary Marauders I give each of you 50,000 Galleons. I hope you will put them toward your business, Harry was right, with the Dork Lord running around we all need some laughter. You may now fall to your knees and worship me." He paused for dramatic effect and the twin's promptly fell to their knees and began bowing and scraping repeating "We're not worthy!" over and over in unison. Moony looked on in quiet amusement.

"Thank you that will do nicely. Incidentally if you are looking for a non-silent partner, I know a certain Marauder who could use a job." The twins nodded to Moony who was again speechless.

"Ronald Weasley, for being the best friend and brother to my Godson, I give you the sum of 10,000 Galleons. I know you have had trouble in the past getting around Harry's wealth. Please don't let something as trivial as a little gold get in the way of your friendship." Ron too was stunned speechless.

"Ginny Weasley, you became my friend in the little time you spent in my mother's house. I know you have been a good friend to Harry

and I am giving you 10,000 Galleons as well. I know you will be there for him no matter what." Ginny just nodded as tears ran down her cheeks and hugged the girl beside her.

"Hermione Granger, after hearing all of Harry's stories it is clear to me that if not for your friendship Harry might be dead many times over. To you I give 10,000 Galleons, and as a bonus, all of the books in the Black Library at Grimmauld Place." Hermione looked about to faint at the thought of having her own Library. "Somebody catch her before she faints!" Sirius called out, Ginny had already caught her, though Hermione did not quite pass out.

Everyone was smiling at this point, even through the tears, even from death Sirius could make people laugh. "Finally to my Godson Harry James Potter, I give the remaining properties and monies, as well as the Title of Lord Black. You may not know it but you are also Lord Potter, something your guardian has failed to mention. As Head of Family, and last of the Potter line, you can have yourself declared an Adult as of your 16th Birthday. I hope I am there to see it, but if you are watching this, then I am certain I will not be. Harry, not only are you my Godson but James' mum was a Black, my Great aunt who had been disowned. Before you get too sick remember that we live a lot longer than Muggles so love has no age. By reinstating her to the family posthumously that makes you my closest male relative as well. You deserve this Pup, part of the money is held in trust for the family, but the rest is yours to do with as you please. I hope you use it to kick the hyphenated ones arse for me, also live a little. I love you and I am only sorry I cannot be there to see you grow into the man I know you will be. Give him hell Harry!

"Well I guess that is everything, Oh, if you can think of anyone else that deserves a bit of my money... well your money now, please do so and if need be tell them I made you do it. Take care of Nymphy and Moony for me, and find yourself a witch or two and make me proud." He winked and the memory fell back into the Pensieve.

Harry blinked as Griphook brought the lights back up in the room. He was a Lord? He could be emancipated in a week and never have to go back to Privet Drive again! Today was definitely looking up. Griphook cleared his throat to get everyone's attention. "If you will all see me I have the necessary paperwork to fill out, Lord Black if you

will first. You need to sign the orders to reinstate the Tonks' as well as..." he looked to Narcissa and Draco.

Narcissa looked about to speak but Draco exploded from his seat. "We will not be taking charity from you Potter! And my mother would never leave my father." He stormed out of the room. She looked at the door for a moment before asking, "Do you need my answer now or am I allowed to think about it?"

Griphook answered her. "The offer stands as long as Lord Black does not rescind it." He looked to Harry. Confused Harry wondered idly why he was being looked at before he remembered he was now Lord Black. "I shall not rescind the offer Mrs. Malfoy, but I would act quickly before Draco does something stupid. I'm certain we could have that home warded and placed under Fidelus if you are worried about your safety." He said, surprised at how well thought out his answer was. Narcissa nodded and then strolled sedately out of the room; she paused briefly as if to say something to Andromeda, but closed her mouth and left without another word.

Harry signed his part of the paperwork and stood back up, before being knocked into the wall by a blur of Auror trying to hug him. In typical Tonks fashion she tripped halfway to him and ended up wrapped around his waist barely escaping the floor. If not for the wall she would have taken him with her. "Sorry Harry, you have no idea how much this means to us. I have been a Tonks all my life but my mum has always been a little ashamed. You just made it like it never happened." She finished standing up and kissed him on the cheek. He blushed slightly but managed to stammer out, "It was all Sirius, all I did was sign the paper. But you're welcome if it makes you feel better." She nodded and walked carefully out of the room collecting her mother on the way out.

"Harry, I do hate to interrupt but we have another matter to attend to before we can retire to Headquarters." Harry looked up at the Headmaster and fought to keep the disdain off his face, he had barely said hi to his friends, he had just had a very emotionally draining experience, and now he was expected to follow along like a puppy? With a sigh he nodded and headed over to his friends.

"Hey guys, sorry I have to run, but apparently the Headmaster and I have somewhere else to be before we can head back to headquarters. I will see you there later though right?" Hermione

looked pensive and about to say something, but Ron jumped in and cut her off. "Yeah mate that's fine, we'll see you there later, we have to go back to the Burrow and finish packing anyway."

Harry wondered why they were at the Burrow rather than headquarters, but figured he could pull it out of Hermione later if need be. With a nod he walked out of the room, forcing the Chief Warlock to follow him. 'Who's the puppy now?' he thought to himself and smirked. They left Gringotts and headed back down the road toward the exit and the Leaky Cauldron. Once again as they passed through Tom nodded politely but did not call attention to his passing. He would be sure to thank the barkeep next time he got the chance.

Outside Dumbledore offered his arm to Harry, who now knowing what to expect, grabbed hold and took a deep breath and nodded. They disappeared with a faint Pop!

## Chapter 4: Revelations and Manipulations

They reappeared outside of a small village. Dumbledore began walking forcing Harry to follow. Getting tired of this Harry drew alongside and matched pace with the old man, which was actually harder than he thought. His curiosity got the better of him so he asked. "What are we doing here Headmaster?"

"We are going to enlist the help of an old colleague of mine to fill the empty position at the school." He said with a smile.

"Who is it sir?" Harry asked.

"Professor Horace Slughorn, he actually taught your parents. I am hoping having you along will convince him to take my offer."

"He taught my parents Defense?" Harry asked slightly awed, his parents had defied Voldemort three times after all.

Dumbledore paused for a moment before speaking. "No Harry, Professor Slughorn is a Potions Master."

Harry thought it through before a look of horror adorned his face. "NO! You wouldn't!"

"I am sorry I don't understand you Harry, perhaps you could explain your worry?" Dumbledore said placatingly.

"Sir, after all these years you can't give the Dark Arts position to Snape of all people!" he practically shouted.

"Professor Snape Harry and I assure you he was the most qualified applicant."

"No, sir I can't let you do this. I respect his skill at potions, but that greasy git cannot teach a dog to drool. We are at war, if you let him teach Defense you are dooming generations of Hogwarts students to die because that man could not see past house rivalry and personal grudges." Harry had stopped walking and was now staring down the most powerful and revered man in Wizarding Europe.

"Harry I am the Headmaster of the school and you do not get to dictate my job to me. However perhaps I can reassure you. You wish to become an Auror is that correct?"

Momentarily distracted by the change in subject Harry stared at the old man for a moment while his brain caught up. "Yes sir, what does that have to do with anything?" He answered.

Do you believe you got the Outstanding OWL Professor Snape required to continue to NEWT potions? For that matter did you know that to become a Healer you also need a potions NEWT?" Dumbledore continued.

"Sir, I still don't understand where you are going with this." Harry stated as he started to get frustrated.

"Harry, as you said we are at war. We need Aurors and Healers. And both careers require NEWT level potions. As much as I respect Severus, I believe he will serve better as the Defense instructor, and hopefully with a potions professor who only requires an "E" to continue, we can boost the numbers of both professions."

He was being blackmailed, Harry could hardly believe it. The old codger may not be doing it on purpose, or he may be playing Harry like a pawn, but he was right. "Will I be allowed to run the DA again this year?" He asked suddenly.

"I was actually going to request just that from you." He said with a twinkle. "Professor Snape would be your staff sponsor; however I can assure you that it is only for paperwork purposes. For all intents and purposes you will be running the DA much the same as last year only with the approval of the Board of Governors. OWL results should come out tomorrow but I believe I can tell you now that there was a noticeable skew in the numbers this year. It seems that all of those students who participated in your club received Exceeds Expectations or better on the OWLs and even NEWTs, however the rest of the student body did the poorest we have seen in two centuries. There have actually been calls to allow retesting since it appears the results were tampered with." He said with a large smile.

Harry was not buying the load of bull that was being shoveled along with the information, but appreciated the information on its own. He smiled as he felt pride in his club. "Alright sir, I don't agree with your



choice, but as long as I can teach them to defend themselves, I won't say anything more about it." He paused for a moment before adding, "Unless there is a problem with his classes."

Dumbledore nodded and turned to resume their walk, "Very well Harry, now let us get a Potions Professor."

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TP\*\*\*\*\*

With a soft Pop! Harry and the Headmaster appeared outside of Grimmauld Place. Unlike normal Harry was able to see it without a second thought. He looked questioningly at his traveling companion. "What happened to the Fidelus?"

"Very good Harry, I would award points, but school is not in session. When Sirius died all of the wards I placed on this house fell including the Fidelus. I overlaid my own wards on existing wards on the house already tied to a ward stone. Apparently when the house passed to you it sealed itself and reset all the wards so you would be able to claim it."

Harry nodded distractedly; it suddenly clicked what Hermione was about to say before Ron interrupted her. They were staying at the Burrow because the Order had been locked out of Grimmauld Place. Another lie of omission to add to the growing list. "How do I go about claiming it sir?" Harry asked.

"It should be a simple matter of grabbing the doorknob. If you are indeed the rightful heir it will unlock and rekey all the wards to you." Harry wondered momentarily what would happen if you were not the proper heir. Knowing the dark history of the Black family it would be a nasty surprise. Harry walked up the steps and with only a moment's hesitation placed his hand on the doorknob.

There was a series of clicks as locks moved in the door and Harry gained a sudden awareness of the wards surrounding the house. He could now tell when anyone entered or left the property, he wondered if something similar were tied to the position of Headmaster at Hogwarts. That would explain how Dumbledore always seemed to know what was going on at the school, and the annoying trick of knowing who was outside his door before they knocked.

Walking inside he noted it was just as dark and dusty as ever. Suddenly needing revenge he called out for his new servant. "Kreacher!"

Two things happened at this point. Harry heard a pop as a house elf materialized in front of him, and Mrs. Black's portrait began screaming. "Half-Blood! Blood Traitors! How dare you befoul my house! Kreacher! Where is Kreacher? Remove this filth from my house at once!" Harry had had enough.

"SHUT UP YOU OLD BAT," He challenged her before continuing in a softer voice, which none the less held plenty of venom. "There is a Muggle invention you may have heard of called paint thinner, if you do not shut your mouth and listen to me at once I swear I will remove every trace of you from this portrait!" Much to Harry and Dumbledore's surprise she quieted instantly and looked upon him with something close to awe. "Perhaps I spoke too soon. You are half-blood it's true, But you run this house like a Black!" She said approvingly.

Harry didn't know if he should be offended but decided to take it as a compliment and homage to Sirius. "Now do you think you can keep a civil tongue in your head when I have guests or would you like to be removed to another room? Or perhaps the Slytherin common room could use a new portrait?" He looked to Dumbledore who nodded with a surprised look. He turned back to the painting.

She looked thoughtful for a moment before nodding, and her frame and portrait fell from the wall with a loud bang. Professor Dumbledore quickly shrank and pocketed the picture. "Harry that was a masterful idea, I do not know why none of us thought of it."

"You never asked for input, I spent half the time here last year dreaming up ways to get rid of her. My first idea was to blast the entire wall out of the place if need be." Harry said smiling despite present company. He then turned to the patient house elf that had appeared when he called. "Dobby?"

"Mr. Harry Potter-Black sir calls for Kreacher, but I is afraid Kreacher can't be answering him." Dobby said looking down.

"Dobby what have you done?" Harry asked.

"I is sorry sir, it is, hard to say, but when other house elves be learning that Kreacher betrays his master and causes his death, we is having to uphold the old laws." Dobby stated, while wringing his ears.

"Dobby what happened to Kreacher, did you put him on trial?"

"Oh no sir, the punishment for causing the death of your master is death, Kreacher should have killed his own self but he would not, so Dobby and Winky takes care of it for him. He bragged sir, he was happy his master was dead!" Dobby was now in tears and eyeing the wall nearby, as if planning to run into it. "You is angry with Dobby Harry Potter-Black sir?" He asked.

Harry thought for a moment, and decided he would have liked to have done it himself, but Hermione would have killed him for thinking it. "No Dobby, I am not angry. But this house does need a house elf. We tried last summer and we simply cannot keep up with it all." Harry said bracing himself for what he knew would happen next.

Dobby flung himself forward and hugged Harry's legs. "Oh Mr. Harry Potter-Black Sir please can Dobby be working for you. Hogwarts is boring with so many elves there; I wants to work in the house of Potter-Black please sir?" The elf stammered out.

Harry nodded but then spoke. "Dobby, I would like to hire you as a free elf, I would like to match whatever the professor is paying. That is if he will let you go." Harry looked to the Headmaster who nodded.

Dobby was so excited his speech had become babbling. "Dobby, first thing we need to fix is you will call me Harry, unless there is company that you do not know. You will address everyone else as Mr. or Ms. and their last name unless they have told you otherwise." Harry finished.

"Oh thank you Harry sir," Harry winced, but decided not to push his luck. "But," Dobby calmed noticeably and began wringing his ears again. "It is hard to say, sir, but Dobby is wondering, what about Winky sir?" He looked up at Harry.

"What about Winky?" Harry asked sincerely.

"Winky is not be doing good at Hogwarts sir, she doesn't wants to be a free elf, she wants to belong to a family again. Dobby spends much of his days taking care of her as she is drunk on Butter Beer. The other elves won't go near her, they are afraid they will catch whatever made her free. They says she is bad elf." Dobby finished with tears leaking from his eyes.

Harry sighed; Hermione was not going to like this one bit. "Can you go get Winky for me please Dobby?" Dobby nodded enthusiastically and disappeared. A few minutes later he reappeared with Winky in tow. She was wearing a doll dress that looked to be more stain than fabric and she smelled like a Butter Beer brewery. "Yous is wanting to see Winky Mr. Harry Potter-Black sir?" She said then hiccupped.

"Winky, Dobby is working for me now, and I was wondering if you would consent to work for me as a free elf. You will get paid on the same terms as Dobby." She looked about to interrupt so he cut her off. "You will be part of my family Winky, but I don't want slaves, I would like friends." He added.

She seemed to think it over for a moment, then looked around at Grimmauld Place. "Winky would like that sir, can Winky clean this place?" She said hopefully.

"Yes Winky, I would like you and Dobby to get to work right away, please separate any dark objects out, and anything you think should be sold into another pile. I want you two to take rooms as well, no sleeping in the boiler room or the pantry. Oh, and I already told Dobby, you are to address me as Harry unless there are other present you do not know. And to address others as Mr. or Ms. unless they otherwise request of you." He finished.

She did not look especially happy, but seemed to decide it was still worth it. "Okies Harry, may we gets to work now?"

Harry laughed before nodding, and both elves disappeared with a pop to start cleaning. After a moment he turned back to the Headmaster. "Sir, when we recast the Fidelus, is there a way to revoke the memory once it has been revealed?" he asked.

Dumbledore regarded him apprehensively for a moment but nodded. "It is possible if the spell is cast correctly, I assume you would like to be secret keeper then?" He asked.

Harry nodded. "We need to get that up as soon as possible, and I will write you a few parchment slips with the address on them so you can bring Order members in. However, if I trust you with that, you must promise that if I decide to revoke the secret, you will not bring that person back into my home. Are we agreed?"

Dumbledore sighed, but knew that in a week he would be an adult and indeed this would be his place of residence. In order to keep him safe he acquiesced. "Very well Harry, let us step outside and cast the spell."

Harry followed him out front and into the small garden where they were still safe from view. Dumbledore performed a long incantation and his wand did not seem to stop moving. After about two minutes of solid casting he stopped and said softly, but breathing hard. "Harry now repeat after me. The headquarters for the Order of the Phoenix is at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place." Harry repeated the phrase. "And to seal it inside your memory repeat the phrase Fidelus Memoriam three times." Harry did as requested, and noted the blank look in Dumbledore's eye even as he felt the pressure of the secret settle into his memory. Interesting, he would have to examine the memory later in his mindscape to see what made it different.

"Harry where are we? I know I cast the Fidelus but it is disconcerting not to be the secret keeper for once." The old man said.

Harry considered for a moment before replying. "We are outside my home, before I give you access I have a request and I am going to require a wizards oath from you. You still remember my terms from earlier correct?"

Dumbledore nodded for him to continue. "I will be a legal adult in ten days. At that time I wish to become a member of the Order along with anyone I deem necessary." Dumbledore began to object but Harry cut him off. "If you are going to use my home as a base of operations I think I am entitled to information. If I had the information you did earlier this year, I could have made better decisions. Like it or not I am a part of this war and I am no longer a child. I am not

asking to be included on missions; I simply want access to information."

Dumbledore mulled it over for a few minutes. Finally he decided he could not think of an argument and nodded to Harry before raising his wand "I swear on my life and my magic that if the memory of this place is revoked by Harry Potter, I shall not reveal the location to such persons unless agreed upon with him. I also shall strive to include him in the Order of the Phoenix, if not approved by the members I will supply him with all related information. So mote it be!"

He considered the Headmasters words, looking for loopholes before nodding and saying. "So mote it be!" Accepting the oath. People made wizards oaths all the time, but they were not binding unless accepted as such by both parties. "Professor listen carefully. The headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix is located at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place." Harry watched as comprehension dawned in the old man's eyes.

"Thank you Harry, while I am saddened that you required a wizard's oath to bind me to my promise, I understand your reluctance to trust me fully after my past actions. I hope that from this point forward we can start anew." Dumbledore said sadly.

"Headmaster, I do not agree with many of the things you have done in regard to me in the past, but I am willing to leave it in the past. Despite my feelings I need the Order and I need you in order to destroy Voldemort once and for all. I want to take my Godfathers advice and start living, but I can't really do that until we take care of Tom Riddle." Harry stated firmly.

Nodding they headed back inside and to the kitchen where Harry found parchment, quill and ink and wrote out a few slips for Dumbledore to show Order members. "Just to be clear sir." He said as he handed them over. "I am taking the top two floors for me and my guests. The second floor you are free to offer to Order Members on a guest basis, but not as a residence unless I agree. Please limit order traffic to the main and second floors. I suppose if there is a basement we will need to find out what is down there before I make a decision."

"Very well Harry, thank you for letting us use your home as a base. I will stress to the others that they respect your privacy and your home. Now I think I shall head to the Burrow to collect the Weasleys and Ms. Granger. We shall return shortly. If I am not mistaken the Floo and Anti-Apparation wards are still in place. Are you able to feel them yet?" He asked.

Harry nodded and felt for his connection to the house. Finding what he needed he lifted the two but left them in place to be snapped up in an emergency. "There, I lifted both so you can get people here. I am going to go check on the elves." Harry watched as Dumbledore nodded before disappearing with a soft Pop!

## Chapter 5: Clean Slate

Harry went back inside his house and felt suddenly very alone. Even having his hated Headmaster with him was better than being crushed by the memories and the darkness. Thinking of the guests that would be arriving soon he came up with a course of action that would, hopefully, keep his mind off of the depressing thoughts attempting to overwhelm him.

"Dobby?" He called; soon he felt a tug on his trouser leg and turned around to find the little elf waiting patiently. "Yes Harry sir?" the elf squeaked.

"I have people coming soon, how long do you think it will take to clean up the house?" Harry asked, he had never actually watched an elf clean before. Dobby smiled up at him proudly.

"I's and Winky can have Master Harry's home all clean in less than a day sir, we promises we won't eat or sleep until we gets it nice and clean." Dobby looked elated, Harry looked horrified.

"Dobby I am ordering you and Winky both to eat when you are hungry, and sleep when you are tired. You don't have to clean the whole place that fast!" He stated emphatically.

"But sir, Dobby is a good cleaner. I cleans all of Gryffindor Tower last year. Other elves was afraid of She-Who-Makes-Hats." Dobby shivered and looked around.

It took Harry a moment before it hit him, and he collapsed to the floor laughing. "She who..." He laughed again. "She who makes?" He could barely breathe at this point, Dobby looked like he was going to punish himself for causing his master such pain that he would collapse.

Seeing this Harry took a few deep breaths and wiped the tears from his eyes. "Dobby, I was laughing not in pain. I am sorry for scaring you. Hermione is no longer making elf hats and you and Winky are already free so if you want you can ask her to make you some, you have my blessing. In fact, if you would like to wear some real clothes I wholeheartedly agree with the idea." Harry was still giggling but trying to get a reign on his emotions. "And when we return to Hogwarts I would like for you to split your time between here and



there. Tell the other elves that She-Who-Makes..." He paused to giggle and gather his breath. "Hats, is no longer doing so and will not try to trick you any more into being free."

"I understands Harry sir, but what does you wish us to cleans first if you doesn't wants us to clean everywhere?" Dobby asked curiously.

Harry had to think hard to remember his plan from mere minutes ago. His mind wandered to images of Voldemort with knitting needles, leaving him wanting to laugh out loud. It was going to be rather difficult to face her later.

"Please start with the main floor beginning here in the entrance hall. Get rid of this," he kicked the Troll Leg umbrella stand. Tonks would probably kiss him later. "And all the elf heads on the wall." Dobby's face fell and he looked near to tears. "Dobby, it is not that I don't appreciate the service they gave to this house. But I do not remember them and I don't agree with placing them on the wall like that. Please?" Harry finished.

Dobby looked thoughtful for a moment, then nodded. "Right Harry sir, we will getting to work. What would you like after that sir?"

"Uh.. After that please clean the top two floors, that is where my guests and I will be staying. Oh! Speaking of which." Harry pulled his shrunken trunk and cage out of his pocket and set them on the floor. "Can you enlarge these and put them in my room?" Dobby nodded and collected the miniature items. "That reminds me; please don't clean Sirius' room. I would like to do that myself. When I am ready." Dobby nodded.

"We's be getting to work right away Harry sir!" And with that the elf disappeared.

That taken care of Harry decided to check out the rest of the house. He had never spent much time exploring due to all the dark creatures and objects, and warnings from Mrs. Weasley. Making a mental map as he went, he began walking through the house.

Just inside the front door was a small foyer. To the right was the staircase and forward was the hallway, which led straight through past the sitting and dining rooms to the kitchen. There was a bathroom in the hall as well. The kitchen was a nice size, three

times the size of the kitchen at the Burrow. There were plenty of cabinets and a large butcher-block style table in the middle for preparing food. There was a large gas oven and range next to a door, which led to a large pantry and another staircase. Harry decided it was probably how servants were expected to move about the place. He remembered the year before when the order was meeting in the kitchen, standing at the top of the stairs with his friends listening to the conversation with the Twins' extendable ears. Glancing past this he noted the kitchen sink with a window over it and just to the left of that was a door he had never taken note of before.

Looking outside he saw a large overgrown garden bricked in on all sides with vicious looking creeper vines he didn't recognize and probably didn't want to tackle on his own. Thinking quickly to the wards he reset them so that Apparition and Port-keys would be redirected to the back garden. He did not like the idea of people popping in anywhere around the house even if they were guests. It was funny how the wards seemed tied to his intent, but he shrugged it off as 'Magic' and left well enough alone. Maybe if he got bored he would find a book to explain the theory to him.

Turning back from the window so he was facing the hallway once again, he noted the door to the Dining Room on his right. Going through the door he entered a large space that was used for full order meetings as well as special dinners or those that were larger than the kitchen table could handle. The room was dark even with the candles and torches that lit when he entered. He wondered briefly what it would take to put electricity into his home. He did not fancy living the rest of his life in the dark.

He walked through the room and back into the hallway, across from the dining room was the sitting room. There were outdated couches that looked over worn and many straight back chairs that looked as though they were meant to reinforce posture more than as a comfortable place to sit. The whole room screamed "Put Plastic On Me" as he thought about Mrs. Figgs house on Privet Drive. Why old people thought they needed to cover everything in plastic covers he didn't know. There was a wizarding wireless on a table in the corner and several portraits around the room looking at him suspiciously. He noted one in particular and walked over to see if he was right.

"Hello Mr. Potter, or should I say Lord Black?" The portrait said snidely.

"Hello Headmaster Black, or may I call you Phineas?" Harry asked.

The painting seemed to think it over before replying, "Phineas will suffice Lord Black."

"Thank you sir, will you please call me Harry?" He asked.

The painting nodded in response before speaking again. "I will admit, when I learned of my descendant passing the line to a Half-Blood I was rather put out, but I was listening as you dealt with the old bat in the hallway. I have to agree with her that you do indeed possess the traits required. You have been rather cordial with me as well, even though you have no reason. I cannot help but wonder; what are you up to?"

Harry paused for a moment with a surprised look on his face. The painting laughed, "Oh I am actually complimenting you Lord... Harry, you are demonstrating some Slytherin traits and I admire that in a Gryffindor."

"Actually, the sorting hat wanted to place me in Slytherin, but I had just met the worst possible representative who insulted my friend Ron. He was sorted in to Slytherin just before I sat down. I begged the hat to put me anywhere but Slytherin." Harry smiled at the memory, he had not told anyone that and it was nice to connect to his many greats ancestor on some level.

"Ah, a true Slytherin after all, hiding out in the enemy camp so to speak." Phineas grinned at him as his face went white. "Oh don't take it so hard Harry, I was only joking."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief before speaking again. "Phineas, are you allowed to tell Dumbledore anything I am doing here? I don't want to have to take down your portrait."

"Harry I can only reveal that which you wish me to, however the same goes for the Headmasters office, I cannot spy for you if that is what you are thinking."

Harry had not thought about that, but it was a nifty idea. "But you can pass messages if need be correct? Like you did at Christmas?"

"Yes, as long as you ask me to deliver the message I can move between my frames. There is a portrait of me at St. Mungo's as well if you remember."

Harry nodded, "It has been nice Phineas, perhaps later I can talk to you about my family? I only just learned that my Grand mum was a Black by birth." The portrait smiled and nodded. Harry turned out of the sitting room and headed for the stairs. He paused at the first landing but did not explore, he just noted that there were six open bedrooms on each side of the hallway and two bathrooms. At the end of the hallway was a suite on both sides with its own bathroom and large closet. And directly opposite the landing he was standing on, was a well-concealed doorway, which led, he knew, to the servant's stairs.

He continued up the stairs past the second landing, this was where he and his friends had stayed the last time he visited; it was laid out the same as the floor below. As his eyes skipped past the floor his heart hurt for a moment as he eyed Sirius' door. At the top of the stairs was the Master Suite. There were two master bedrooms set in the far wall and he could make out the shape of the doorway that told him the servants staircase came all the way to the top floor. The rest of the space was taken up with a large sitting room that was approximately 900 feet square. He thought briefly of pool tables and Butterbeer but decided the space would be better used for training. He made a mental note to speak to Dobby later.

Walking through the room he entered one of the suites and was immediately hit with the stench, he remembered too late that this was Sirius' Mums room where he kept Buckbeak. He quickly exited and closed the door wondering idly what had happened to the Hippogriff now that Sirius was gone. He went to the other door and took a deep breath just in case there was another surprise. Opening the other door he was relieved to find a dusty but scent free room. He walked in and looked around.

He had to walk down a wide but short hallway to get into the room proper. Taking the time to size it up, he decided this room must be about 450 square feet if you included the bathroom. Speaking of which, he turned right and entered the bathroom and examined the

fixtures inside. On the wall to his left was a large black marble bathtub set into the floor with what appeared to be jets in the walls; directly behind that, in the corner of the room was a large glass box. Upon further inspection he saw that this was a shower with no less than five separate nozzles at different heights, hidden across from the shower there was a small room, which contained the Commode. Next to the water closet was a black marble counter with two large sinks. He noted that the faucets and handles were varying forms of snake and decided he would need to update those quickly, He hoped the rest of the fixtures in the house were not the same but a glance at the tub did not help to allay his fears. 'Poor Ginny' he thought. 'She had to use snake shaped faucets all last year, I can't imagine the memories that brought back of the Chamber.' Between the WC and the Shower was a doorway, which he entered, inside was a large walk-in closet with multiple shelves, drawers, and poles for hanging though it was currently bare. And another door which led back into the bedroom.

Entering the bedroom proper he noted that it took up the other half of the space. On the left was a double-king sized bed set against the wall. With A nightstand on either side, he noted that all the furniture in the room was made of dark wood with marble or granite, which matched the bathroom. Even though it was rather dark, Harry found he liked the look and decided to keep the furniture. Turning left he saw that glass windows, which offered him an unobstructed view of London, took up the entire wall. There were a few tables and chairs arranged by the window for reading or socializing. Turning left again he faced the wall that was shared with Buckbeak's room. Looking closer he saw that there was a hidden doorway in this wall as well. He supposed that these were the Masters Chambers and the other would belong to his wife. He wondered briefly if he would tell the girls about it when he offered the room to them.

After entertaining the idea a few moments he decidedly reluctantly, that they would find a way to seal the door off after he told them about it. Besides he would offer his room to share with Ron and that idea might not go over too well. He decided to change his plans a bit. "Dobby?" He called out, but when he heard the Pop! Winky appeared instead.

"Dobby is busy Mast... Harry, can Winky helps you?" She asked.

"I'm sorry Winky, you do such a good job that I forgot you were here as well for a moment." Winky beamed at the compliment. "I decided to change our plans a bit. Can you and Dobby please get these rooms cleaned up and ready for company before you start on the third floor? If you or Dobby could move my trunk up here that would be appreciated."

"Oh no sir, first thing Dobby does was to put away the things in your trunk. But Winky will be happy to move your things in here. If you doesn't mind me saying so Harry, you have a lots of space in the closet, and you is needing new clothes." The female elf finished.

Harry thought about it for a moment before nodding in agreement. "I am going to be an adult in just over 9 days time. It think it's time I went to spend a bit of my inheritance. I will have to ask Professor Dumbledore if we can make a trip." He said the last more in question to himself than to the little creature in front of him.

She coughed politely to get his attention. "Mast... Harry sir, Winky did shopping for old master many times, if yous would like I can take your measurements and pick up a few things, I's can also make things if you would like that better. Winky is a fine seamstress." She said proud of her skills.

Harry thought about it for a moment and then smacked himself on the forehead for not getting more money while he was at the bank earlier that day. "Winky can you access my vault at Gringotts?" He asked.

"If master sends along a note and places a drop of blood at the bottom for the Goblins to verify, then Winky or Dobby can access his vaults to do shopping. We will be needing groceries as well Harry." She said looking down.

Harry had not even thought about food. "Winky you are a very smart elf, thank you. I will write that note and you can go shopping for the house as well as some clothing for me." He praised her.

"If master wishes, I can bring in what clothes he has brought with him in the mean time. It won't taking Winky long at all and she will still finish with the cleaning before his guests arrives." She said.

Harry nodded and before he knew what was happening the little elf was rushing around him with a measuring tape that appeared out of nowhere. After a few minutes she seemed satisfied and Pop'd out of the room. Harry headed out of the room and decided to check out the hidden stairs. He pushed on the wall where he could see the outline of the door and with a click it swung toward him. He noted that stairwell was only as big as it needed to be, and looking at his mental map, decided that the rest of the back wall was the passageway between the bedrooms. Heading down the stairs he noted that they continued past the first floor to a basement. Deciding to explore that later he entered the kitchen and gasped. The kitchen had been the only clean room in the house before, but now it was immaculate. The whole place almost sparkled and he would have to make sure to praise Dobby and Winky till they passed out. Thinking of them he sat down to begin writing a note to Gringotts. Not knowing whom to address it to, he thought of the goblin he had seen that morning.

Dear Griphook,

I apologize if you are not the person I should be writing to in regard to this matter, but you are the only contact I could think of at Gringotts. I am sure you do not remember but five years ago on my first day in the magical world, you took me to my Vault for the very first time. You were at the Will reading of my Godfather this morning and I noticed that you seemed to have been promoted from driving carts. So congratulations.

I recently employed two free house elves that I would like to give access to my Vault for running of the household. I am not sure how things are normally set up in these cases so if you have suggestions please feel free to make them. However it is done, I am including a drop of blood for verification.

Please give Winky and Dobby whatever they need and thank you for your time.

Respectfully,  
Harry Potter

He looked it over quickly before deciding it was good enough, he checked the kitchen drawers until he found a knife and steeling himself, placed as small a cut as he could manage in the tip of his

finger. He let the blood drop onto the parchment before lying on the table to dry. He then walked to the sink and washed the wound before wrapping it tightly in his T-shirt and applying pressure to keep it from bleeding. He was no healer but he had taken care of his own wounds on more than one occasion at the Dursley's and was a fast learner.

Before he could turn back to the table he was surprised out of his memories by a tapping at the window. "Hedwig!" he exclaimed and hurried to open the window to let her in. She flew once around the room then landed on the table and turned to look at him. If he had to guess, she was annoyed with him.

"Sorry girl, I honestly didn't know this place had sealed itself up, I hope you were not too bored waiting outside for me." He stepped over to the table and began stroking her feathers. She relaxed a little under his ministrations and let out a short chirp, which he took to mean 'It's OK'. She then turned to look at the note on the table and back to him.

"Yes girl, that note needs to go to Griphook at Gringotts Bank. But you have been stuck outside all day, do you want to stay here for awhile and rest?" He asked her. Once again she looked annoyed, then puffed up. "Oh, I see. You are such a great owl you don't need to rest anymore?" She bobbed her head in agreement and held out her leg for him to tie the parchment to. "Hold on Hold on." He laughed.

He checked to make sure the ink and blood were dry, then folded and sealed it before attaching it to her leg. She nipped his fingers affectionately before flying out the open window.

He looked around for a clock but found none in the kitchen, so he headed back to the sitting room and found a Grandfather Clock ticking away. This room as well looked much better and he wondered if Kreacher had cleaned anything since his Mistress died. It had been a few hours now since the Headmaster had left and he had no idea when the Weasleys would arrive. If they didn't get here soon he was afraid he would go mad just like Sirius.



## Chapter 6 - Looks Like We Have Company

A little later on found Harry laying on one of the couches in the now clean sitting room listening to the Wizarding Wireless. He had tried for half an hour to find something he liked but in the end put it back on its original station and considered it background noise to keep him from thinking too hard. He had given up trying to sleep and was now concentrating on his mental exercises. He was staring at a crack in the ceiling and trying to repair it with Wandless magic without much luck. It was probably a trick of the light but he told himself the crack was smaller than when he started.

He abandoned the attempt at that point and let his mind drift where it would, not surprisingly to a fifteen-year-old boy, he was thinking of girls. The first face that swam to his mind was Hermione. He had known her now for over five years and they had saved each other's lives and shared so much that he didn't think he would ever be able to tell another girl. The Yule ball had been an eye opener for both he and Ron. Since then he had not had three nights in a row that she didn't show up in his dreams. But she was his best friend and he wouldn't jinx that for anything, and besides Ron fancied her. Harry knew how hard it was for Ron being the friend of Harry Potter and the youngest son in the family; even Ginny got new things because she was a girl.

Ah Ginny, over the last year she had stopped stammering and sticking her elbow in the butter dish when she was around him. Once the awkward crush phase was over he found out he really liked her. And she went with him to the Department of Mysteries, which meant more to him that he could ever admit. She was athletic like him, even liking Quidditch. She was beautiful and funny, but he did not feel like he really fancied her so much as fantasized about her. He thought he could grow to love her if he gave it a chance, but for now he was just happy that she was his friend and not his number one fan girl.

He branched out then thinking about the other girls at school, even the Slytherins. He couldn't help it if his libido ignored house borders including the snakes. Aside from Bulstrode he knew on a primal level, that all the Slytherin girls, even Pansy Parkinson, were very attractive.

On to Hufflepuff he thought about Hannah Abbot, she had started first year a bit chubby but he noticed her in the DA last year, he was still full figured but in a nice way. Next was Susan Bones who all but disappeared from his radar except for DA meetings. He knew she was an orphan like him, but he was glad that her aunt offered her a loving home, unlike his own. Plus he knew it couldn't hurt that Amelia Bones was the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

In Gryffindor he had already gone through Hermione and Ginny, he tried to think of any of the other girls in Ginny's year but could not picture them, so he moved on to his own year. Lavender Brown was a bit of an airhead as far as he knew, but she did know how to take care of herself. If each house had a centerfold then Lavender was it. Next was her best friend Parvati. He wondered briefly if she would forgive him for how he treated her at the Yule Ball, granted he had at least paid some attention to her, and had danced a few songs. But in general he sat around with Ron moping about Hermione all night. In Seventh year was Katie Bell. They had changed in the same locker room for five years so he knew just how beautiful she was, but he doubted he would ever have the courage to ask an older woman out. Cho didn't count; he had been under the influence of a crush at the time and not in his right mind.

He then moved on to Ravenclaw. Cho was the first one that appeared in his mind, but then she started crying and he dismissed her, next was Padma Patil, he quickly put aside anything to do with her, knowing she would never forgive him for how Ron treated her. Last was Luna Lovegood. She had helped him at the end of the year in dealing with his grief over Sirius. Ignoring what he knew about her personality and her beliefs he was able to see a very pretty blonde with beautiful silvery blue eyes. He decided that dating her might be fun but in the end they were too different for it to work.

Sighing he sat up and came to the conclusion that he could think about girls all he wanted, but he didn't think he would be dating until Voldemort was dead as it just wouldn't be fair to whoever it was. He could die in battle and leave the poor girl devastated.

He was interrupted from his musings by a knock on the front door. He jumped up to answer but Winky beat him to it. The door opened and in flew two blurs, one brown and one red, which attacked him again. Hermione was babbling on about how hard it must have been

for him to see Sirius again, and Ginny was babbling about being worried about him. He disentangled himself just in time to see Ron looking at the three of them strangely. "Hey mate, sorry I ran out on you guys earlier but Dumbledore needed me to help him get us a new potions professor." Harry said with a grin. He had his real family here now; he barely noticed that both girls still had an arm around him as he spoke.

Ron nodded and was about to respond when he realized what Harry had told him. "Wait, don't tell me Snape is teaching Defense?" he cried.

Both Ginny and Hermione jumped away to look at him, just to make sure he wasn't having them on. Hermione turned to Ron. "That's Professor Snape," she turned back to Harry. "What do you mean he needed you to convince him?" She queried.

"Why don't you go into the sitting room and I will be along shortly, I need to welcome the rest of my guests." Harry said shooing them further into the house. He turned back around to greet the rest of the Weasley's, Fred and George got to him first.

"Many happy returns to..."

"our chief investor. We..."

"apologize sincerely..."

"but seeing how..."

"we recently came..."

"into some money..."

"We won't be staying with you." They said in unison. Harry laughed before responding. "Well you always have a room in my home, off to search for premises I presume?"

They nodded and headed toward the kitchen. Harry turned back to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley who were waiting patiently for him. "Just what did they mean 'Chief Investor'?" Molly asked him. Suddenly his mouth got very dry and he thought of a dozen plans to get back at them for this slip up.

"Well you see, I sort of gave them my Tri-Wizard prize money, I knew they made people laugh, and I thought we could all use some happiness what with Voldemort back. And I really didn't deserve the money anyway." He tried looking contrite.

Mrs. Weasley thought for a moment before she pulled him into a hug. "Thank you for thinking of my family, and thank you for letting us stay here. I was worried out of my mind every day this summer staying at the Burrow." She said as she attempted to squeeze the air out of his body.

"It will never be a problem Mrs. Weasley; you took me in when I was in rags and have shown me nothing but kindness. I only hope I can start to repay you." He said.

She released him from the hug and returned to her husband's side. "Please call me Molly, you will be an adult next week and I need to learn to live with it. You certainly show more maturity than Fred or George."

"Thank you Mrs... Molly, you don't know how much it means to me to be treated like an adult, and you might be surprised by the Twins yet."

"And call me Arthur son, and I mean that, I consider you my seventh son after all you have done for this family. Thank you." He held out his hand, which Harry took proudly. There were tears in his eyes that he was fighting to hold back. Molly and Arthur both noticed but said nothing. They walked past and headed on to the kitchen as well. Harry nodded to the Headmaster and began to turn away before he saw a look of shock fall over the old man's face. "Harry I thought you removed the Anti-Apparation wards?" He questioned.

"Oh, sorry sir, but I modified the wards so that all Portkey traffic and Apparation is redirected to the back garden. I hope you don't mind terribly but I don't fancy having people popping in all over my home." He stated and watched for a reaction.

"That was very good thinking Harry, do you think it would be possible to allow outgoing Apparation but not incoming? I am not familiar with the intricacies of these wards and never thought to question Sirius about them."

Harry closed his eyes for a moment and found his connection to the house. He visualized what he wanted and felt the wards shift slightly in response. "There you are sir, you may now leave but you may only enter through Floo or the front or back door."

The Headmaster nodded his thanks and disappeared. Turning from the now empty spot he walked down the hall to the sitting room where his friends were waiting. He walked in and sat down in the comfiest looking armchair and was surprised that it allowed him to sink gracefully into the cushions. Ginny was the first to speak. "Harry the place looks wonderful, what have you been doing since you got here?"

Hermione spoke before he was able. "That wasn't Kreacher that answered the door Harry, what do you think you are doing?" Seeing an argument coming Harry tried to head it off.

"When I got here Dobby showed up instead of Kreacher and said that the elves had taken care of him according to house elf law. He betrayed his master and was punished." Harry didn't explain further. Hermione made as if to interrupt but Harry held up a hand to stall her. "Dobby wanted to work for me and I am paying him the same as he made at Hogwarts, Winky was not doing well around the other elves and was getting drunk on Butter Beer all the time. I took her on as well and she gets the same pay and benefits as Dobby. I do not own either one of them. Does that answer all of your questions?" He looked at her.

She nodded and sat back down deep in thought. "Well mate, it must be nice to have your own house and house elves." Ron said a bit sharply.

"Ron remember what Sirius said, please don't let a little bit of gold come between us. You know if I could I would trade every Knut to have Sirius and my Parents back." Ron had the good grace to look ashamed of himself before he responded. "Sorry Harry mate, it just takes a little getting used to you know. I don't mean to be a jealous git."

Ginny jumped in to the conversation, "It just comes naturally to him." And she giggled. He shot his sister a heated glare before turning back to Harry.

"So what have you been up to this summer?" He asked trying to change the subject.

"Well," Harry began. "I spent the first two weeks feeling sorry for myself and guilty for the harm I caused to all of you." They all started to protest his statement but he cut them off. "No let me say this! Hermione convinced me in a letter that you all made your own choice. And she showed me that I tried my best to verify the situation. In the end I lead you into a trap and if I am the leader I need to take the responsibility for what happened to you. And you need to let me." He finished looking each of them in the eye. They all nodded and appeared speechless for a moment. Which suited him, he continued his story.

"Anyway, after I realized that I took a shower," The girls looked horrified. "Yes, I didn't shower for two weeks because of my pity party, but I'm better now see?" He lifted an arm and sniffed. Satisfied he lowered his arm and started up again.

"So I get back from my shower and I start reading the books Hermione sent me. On Occlumency and Wandless magic." Ron and Ginny looked stunned.

"But Wandless magic is a fairy tale Harry." Ginny said in surprise. He looked to Hermione but she nodded at him to continue.

"Think about it, when we are kids we all do Wandless magic except it's called accidental. Apparation doesn't use a wand, and I have seen the Headmaster put out and light candles without his wand before. So at the very least it is doable even if it turns out to be nearly useless. May I continue my story now?" he looked to the redhead who made the motions of zipping her lips.

"I have had no luck at all actually performing magic with the ideas in the book, but I feel like the theory behind it is sound. In any case there are mental exercises in that book that helped me learn Occlumency. I haven't had anyone test it yet but I am certain I learned more from the first few pages of that Occlumency book than I learned from Snape in all of my sessions combined. He never explained how to do it; he just told me to 'Clear your mind' and then proceeded to mind-rape me." Harry said with not a little venom.

Hermione looked horrified, Ron looked confused, and Ginny looked thoughtful. "Now I am going to ask the Headmaster to test my shields, and then I want all of you to learn to shield your minds as well. Because I have something you deserve to know, but I won't tell you until I know you can keep it and yourselves safe." He finished.

"Can you ask him to test my shields as well?" Hermione piped up. "I have been practicing longer than you have but I did not really get started until after I sent the book to you." He nodded in agreement and turned to the other female.

"You mean you want me to learn as well?" She asked, suddenly timid under his direct gaze. He nodded, "All of you went to the ministry with me because of that stupid prophecy, Dumbledore told me later that night, Trelawney apparently has made two true prophecies in her life. The second one was to me about Wormtail escaping in our third year."

Hermione gasped, "You mean what the Prophet has been saying is true?" He looked at her blankly. "Oh, you don't read the Prophet anymore. In any case they have started calling you the chosen one and speculate that there was a prophecy that we were after in the Department of Mysteries. They are right aren't they?"

He looked surprised, the Prophet never seemed to get any of the news right, and there was no way they could know the truth this time. "Funny that they get the true story only when they make it up isn't it." He said looking speculative.

Ginny piped up. "Well it all makes sense doesn't it? The prophecy must say something about Harry being able to defeat Tom. But that can't be all of it." She finished looking at him.

"No that isn't all of it; and I won't be giving you the details until you can protect it." He stated. Meanwhile Ron was lost in thought. He finally spoke up as silence fell upon the group. "You mean you want me to do extra schoolwork?" he asked. Harry was surprised by his lack of enthusiasm.

"Well not if you don't want to know what we went to the Department of Mysteries for." Harry said in an annoyed tone.

"Look mate it's not like that. I just, I am going to help you whether I know the whole thing or not. It's enough for me to know that you are the one that has to beat him. I'll be right there with you the whole way. I just don't fancy spending the rest of my summer learning." He stated.

All three of them looked at Ron, then at each other. Hermione spoke up. "If I don't already have it down, I will get it."

Ginny nodded and said, "I want to know, I'll do it. And you know I am with you till the end as well." Harry nodded to each of them then looked back at Ron.

"If you're sure mate?" Ron nodded.

"Well thank you for wanting to help me without knowing the reasons why I guess." Harry said trying to escape the slightly betrayed feeling he had. "Just don't complain about us keeping secrets from you. There might be other stuff happening that I won't be able to tell you. Which brings me back to what else happened since I got back." Ron looked thoughtful but nodded for him to continue.

"Professor Dumbledore had to recast the Fidelius over the house, I asked him to weave it so I could revoke the secret if need be. It seemed to take a lot out of him but he said it worked. I am my own secret keeper and although I gave him the parchment to show the Order members how to find this place. I don't want to be caught out if someone decides to betray us the way the Rat did my parents. Before I allowed him to cast it and agreed to let him continue using this place as headquarters I got him to agree to letting me revoke the secret, and making me a part of the Order." Simultaneous shouts were heard from all three of them.

Hermione started in on him, "Harry how could you blackmail the Headmaster like that? That was a very Slytherin thing to do."

He regarded her for a moment and then said. "You will understand after you learn the Prophecy." She seemed pensive for a moment but nodded in defeat. He looked at the other two. Ginny looked almost proud and Ron looked put out. "So this floor and the second floor I have granted to the Order. The third and top floors I reserved for my guests and myself. The top floor looks like it will be great for a



training room and there are two massive bedrooms up there. I would like the four of us to use those if you don't mind?" He finished.

"What about my parents?" Ron asked.

"The top floor is the master suite, but both of the other floors have two suites apiece at the end of the hallway. After Dobby and Winky finish cleaning they should be perfectly fine. They have a bathroom inside so it's not like they are missing out much. We get more space and bigger bathrooms, but we are sharing them."

Ron just nodded as he continued to think everything through. "Well why don't we head up and see the rooms then?" Harry agreed and they all stood and trooped up the stairs.

When they reached the top Harry was amazed at the transformation. Dobby and Winky had cleaned the floors and the furniture, and somehow whitened all of the walls. He led them through the room and over to his door. "This is the Masters suite, and that is the Ladies suite as far as I can tell. I will show you our room girls, and then we can hope that Dobby and Winky cleaned your room nearly as well as they did the rest of the house." He opened the door and ushered them in. They were all in awe of the room and the girls especially loved the bathroom. Harry noticed Ginny shrink away quickly, before forcing herself to run a hand over the handles on the sink. As they walked through the closet, which the girls were practically drooling over, he noticed that his clothes had been put away neatly and his trunk sat in the corner. He wondered if Winky had finished taking in his old clothing yet, but figured he would find out in the morning.

Entering the room once again he led them over to the wall where he knew the door was hidden. "There is a secret passageway between our rooms. I'm telling you up front so you don't think I was trying any funny business." He looked at Ron who had turned red and Ginny and Hermione who held thoughtful looks. "I figure I can find a way to seal it shut next week when I come of age and can use magic. Until then I guess we will be on our best behavior." He pushed on the door like he had earlier for the servant's stairs and with a click it opened toward him. There was a short passageway that held not a few cobwebs and another door on the far side. Praying silently he turned. "You might want to take a deep breath, just in case they haven't cleaned in here yet. This is where Sirius kept Buckbeak.

Understanding dawned in their eyes but they nodded as they took a breath.

Opening the door Harry was glad to see the mess gone. Tentatively he took a sniff and nodded to the others who let out their breath. It was now a near exact copy of the other room. The girls immediately set upon the bathroom looking around. Rather than black marble the entire room including the bathroom was done in pink granite. And the wood was all lighter colors. "Did you bring your things up with you?" Harry asked.

Ron and the girls brought out shrunken trunks but suddenly remembered that none of them could use magic yet. "I suppose we will have to go ask your mum if she will enlarge these for us." Hermione turned towards the door and began heading that way. Harry had other ideas. "Winky?" He called. She arrived with a small pop and Hermione turned at the sound looking ready to rant at Harry, but stopped herself when she saw the pretty yellow dress Winky was wearing. It was clean and pressed and the overall effect made it clear she was not a slave.

"Harry calls for Winky?" She asked timidly looking at Hermione from the corner of her eye. Harry had to stop himself from laughing.

"Winky, this is going to be the Girls' room; Ron will be in the room next door with me." But Harry was interrupted. "Actually mate," Ron started. "At the burrow I don't mind sharing a room with you, but you have enough extra I thought I might get the room to myself for the summer. That is if it's ok with you." He said, as his ears turned red.

Harry was surprised once again by Ron, but thought he understood where he was coming from. "No that's fine Ron, I'm sorry I assumed, guess I am just so used to rooming with you I never thought how you would feel about it. Remember sharing a room with you was an escape from the Dursley's." He patted Ron on the shoulder. "And if you girls would rather have separate rooms I will let you fight over this one." He said cheekily. Both girls vociferously disagreed and chose different sides of the bed. That decided Harry returned to his earlier purpose.

"Sorry about that Winky. This is Ron Weasley, please use his first name if that's ok with you mate?" He said not wanting to assume

anything again. Ron nodded. "Winky have you and Dobby finished cleaning the suites on the third floor yet?" She nodded shyly.

"Ron you can have the one across from your parents if you want, or you can choose any of the other rooms. Just let Winky know and she will enlarge your things, and this goes for you girls also. Winky will fight you tooth and nail if you try to put your things away yourselves so you better get used to those two helping out around here." He turned and winked at the elf. Hermione looked put out but saw the conspiratorial look between Harry and his employee and thought better of it. It was clear Harry cared for them and treated them well. If they wanted to help she would let them. They were already free after all.

"Ladies if you will give your things to Winky she will organize them in the closet for you. Is that ok with you Winky?" He asked.

"Oh yes mas... Harry sir, Winky is so happy to have so much work to do, maste... Harry is too kind; asking Winky if it's is okay." She sniffed a bit and looked close to tears.

"Hermione and Ginny is it ok if Winky calls you by your first name or would you prefer to be Ms. Granger and Ms. Weasley?" Both girls agreed that first names would be fine. "Alright then, Ron why don't you go picks out your room and we will meet back up here in a little while. Among other things I want to redecorate that room out there and will need your input. Girls do you mind working on Occlumency a bit before we work on that? I want to be able to have Dumbledore test our shields when he arrives later with some of the other Order members." The girls nodded and Ron waved and walked out the door.

Harry excused himself and retrieved "Occlumency for the Occluded" from his room. He noted that somewhere during the conversation Winky had spotted the cobwebs and cleaned out the secret passage. He returned to find Hermione explaining the general concept to Ginny. He handed her the book and sat down at the foot of the bed, the girls joined him after Hermione finished her explanation. "So I need to imagine some sort of barrier around my mind and concentrate on it?" Ginny asked, unsure of the subject. Harry decided to take a stab at it as though it was a topic in the DA. Actually he might think about teaching Occlumency to the DA if he had a chance.

"You will need to read through the book for some specifics but I was able to pick it up pretty quickly, especially considering I had to repair the damage done by Greasy McBatterson first. Hermione and I will try to teach you a couple of meditation techniques that will help you find your center. Once you're there you should be able to pull all the stray thoughts in your head into some sort of order. Personally I created a little town and sorted my memories in various ways. I imagine Hermione probably imagines her mind as a library." He looked over to see the girl blushing with her mouth hanging open. "I don't know what would work for you, if you think a Library would be the best way to sort your thoughts, go with it. If you think it would be better to make your memories into pet rocks and make a rock garden you can do that too. The main point is the organization has to make sense to you." She nodded her head in understanding so he continued.

"After you order your thoughts it will be harder for a Legilimens to access your memories without first figuring out how you organized them. He will still be able to get at the thoughts you haven't sorted yet though. And you know how the strangest thoughts can pop into your head without you meaning to think about them. Like if I said 'Don't think of an elephant.' What was the first thing that popped into your head?" Ginny nodded surprised at how much she was learning in such a short time.

"So to protect those thoughts until you can organize them, and to further protect the thoughts you already put in order, you need to erect a barrier of some sort. Imagine the strongest substance you can think of, as close to unbreakable as possible, and then build a wall or dome around your thoughts. Eventually you should be able to feel someone attempting to access your thoughts and learn how to fight back. A master Occlumens can create false memories and thoughts, and feed them to the Legilimens without him knowing. I think that is what Snape is able to do to Voldemort." Harry finished.

Ginny looked at him in awe, and Hermione surprisingly was just as drawn in to his explanation. "Harry it doesn't say any of that in the book I sent you, how did you figure all of that out?" Hermione asked.

"Most of it is guess work but it's what seems to work for me. And the explanations are my best guesses as well based on the information provided by that book and my experience with the Grease Lord in

remedial potions." Harry said, unsure whether to be proud he had taught Hermione something, or scared that he had it all wrong.

"Well your way makes so much more sense, but I think we should have Professor Dumbledore check your shields before you teach Ginny. If it works I will have to rethink the way I am protecting my mind. How did you know I would choose a Library?" She asked.

"Easy, I have a library in my town and I filled it with false thoughts, useless thoughts, and misleading half-truths to throw someone off the trail. My actual thoughts are in a pretty unlikely place mixed in with the other buildings, and my memories are sorted in to a personal library that is hidden from anyone that doesn't know where to look." He said, again both girls were in awe.

"And you figured all of this out in the week since you received that book from Hermione?" Ginny asked.

Harry realized just how crazy that sounded but shrugged. "I didn't have anything else to do at the Dursley's, and I may have it completely wrong. After what happened last month I have good motivation to keep someone out of my mind. I guess I will ask Dumbledore when he gets back if he can..." Harry stopped mid-sentence as he felt the wards redirecting someone to the back yard. "Actually, that's probably him arriving now. Hermione why don't you forget the Occlumency stuff for now and just walk her through the breathing and meditation exercises. I am going to go check on our new guest. Hermione nodded and Harry walked out of the room and took the hidden staircase down to the kitchen.

## Chapter 7: A Little Dent

Opening the door and walking into the Kitchen he saw Dumbledore and Tonks coming in the back door. "Wotcher Harry" Tonks greeted him warmly.

"Hey Tonks. Did you try to Apparate into the house? I told the professor how I set the wards up." He asked her. She responded by sending the ugly eye at the Headmaster. Literally seeing as she was a Metamorph her eyes doubled in size and turned bright red. "He neglected to tell me that, I wondered how I ended up in the back garden." She said.

"Alas Nymphadora," her hair began cycling quickly between black, orange and red as her eyes did the same thing. The effect was that she was a flame that was about to explode. "I was not certain if Harry's modifications would work and as this was the first time returning I attempted to Apparate into the sitting room to see what happened. I apologize for not informing you ahead of time." He finished as if all was forgiven.

"Well the wards not only worked, they alerted me that someone had been redirected to the back garden as well. The only reason I am not angry with you is I was actually hoping to catch you the next time you arrived." Harry said.

"Ah and what might I do for you this evening Harry?" he inquired.

"I would like you to check my Occlumency shields sir. I received a book over the summer from which I learned more than Snape ever taught me. I had to spend the first few days repairing the damage from my sessions with him." His temper was getting the better of him so he took a few deep breaths before continuing. In any case. I have some information I would like to share with my friends, but I don't want to put them in danger unless they can protect the information." He said giving the Headmaster a meaningful look.

Dumbledore understood right away what was not being said and agreed. "Very well, shall I do a count or would you like me to surprise you?" He asked. Harry looked him in the eye and said, "A countdown would be fine but I think..." He trailed off as he heard what sounded like a gong being struck inside his head. He shook it off after a few seconds and looked back at the Headmaster who was

rubbing his temples as if he were in pain. "Harry, might I ask what substance you imagined for your shield?" he said weakly.

"Adamantium sir, I don't believe it actually exists, but I know enough about it from fiction that I could imagine it." Dumbledore nodded to his explanation still rubbing feebly at his temples. "And what Mr. Potter are the properties of this substance?" he asked.

"Well it is metallic in nature, and after it has been shaped and cooled it is said to be indestructible. The worst the Muggles could throw at it causes only a small dent. Even if it is heated back up to the melting point it remains solid due to its unique molecular structure." Harry quoted from the back issues of Wolverine comics he had nicked from his Cousin's collection. "Why do you ask sir?" He was still curious.

"I have never encountered shields such as yours before Harry. To be honest I did not expect to find anything that could stop my probe so I went in without holding back. I believe you could describe the encounter as placing my brain on your Firebolt and flying it into the castle walls at full speed. Rather unpleasant if I must describe it." He sighed and sat down.

Harry resisted the urge to laugh though Tonks chuckled. He really had not thought it would work that well. "Do you feel up to trying again at a slower speed sir? I am looking for an actual opinion on my defenses. If I am going to teach Hermione and Ginny I want to make sure I do not leave any holes." He stated.

Dumbledore nodded and looked up at Harry. "So on three then.." he trailed off. Once their eyes met Harry saw the twinkle before he felt the pressure against his shield. Closing his eyes he concentrated on his breathing and entered his mindscape. He found a wraith that resembled Dumbledore running his hands along the dome searching for flaws. He followed along watching until they had made a complete circle, at which point he politely coughed. Dumbledore turned quickly and looked around, Harry realized he must be invisible so he imagined himself visible and suddenly he was standing beside the Wraith.

"Ah Harry, a remarkable achievement. I may have to research this metal and reconstruct my shields." Harry chuckled at the thought of

the Headmaster reading comic books. "Thank you sir, I think you would enjoy the research as much as I did." He said with a grin.

"What made you think of a dome if I may ask? Most people think of a castle or at the very least walls of some sort." He asked.

"Well it occurred to me that if I left the top open it would allow someone access if they were creative enough. So I covered my entire structure, a dome seemed the easiest solution. After all it is not like there is any light to block out when I enter my construct." He said.

Dumbledore's wraith nodded again before he asked. "Would you consent to let me see your construct? Just for curiosity sake?"

Harry thought for a moment, and decided he could give the old man an overview without revealing his actual organization method. With a thought they were both standing in the middle of the street. Harry could see the dome overhead but there was an ambient light that came from all directions and all points at once. Dumbledore looked surprised. "How did you get us here Harry?" He asked.

"While fiddling around inside my own head I figured that I could do anything I wanted in here. This is my imagination and my mind after all. So I simply decided we would be inside, and we were." Harry said. He didn't know why the esteemed Headmaster was having trouble with a concept that came naturally to him.

"Curiouser and Curiouser," Dumbledore mumbled. "Can you explain why there are so many buildings? And why a town in any case?" He asked.

"Well Headmaster, without revealing too much I can tell you that I started with one building and then to confuse any attackers I added other random buildings. Just in case they make it this far I have added many false trails and false memories for them to find. I believe it would take quite awhile for anyone to find my actual construct let alone decipher my organization method." He said with a smug tone.

"Quite right Harry, Thank you for sharing. I must say you have done remarkably well in the last three weeks." Harry interrupted him here.



"Actually sir I did all this in the last week. I guess you could say once I got started it came naturally to me. Which just goes to prove my point. The man you call a Professor," he said this with as much sarcasm as he could, "could not teach a fish how to swim. He is a biased, bigoted, arrogant bastard and is not fit to teach anyone let alone 11 year olds." Harry finished.

"Harry I know your opinion on this and you know mine. Thank you again for showing me this, now let us return to the waking world." Dumbledore closed his eyes and after a few seconds looked around confused. Harry was waiting for him to leave. "Harry, are you holding me here?" He asked.

Surprised by the idea Harry made a mental note to create a jail. Of course being in his own mind thought became reality and a Jail straight out of the Wild West appeared just off the street. He giggled before turning back to the professor. "I was not consciously holding you here no, but since you attempted to leave without permission I suppose subconsciously I am holding you." Harry smiled.

Dumbledore seemed to struggle for a few moments before giving up and turning back to Harry. "Most strange, will you please allow me to leave now?" he pleaded.

Harry knew that now was the perfect time to share a few memories with his Headmaster. "Not just yet, I think there are a few things you need to see." And with that he thought them into a Pensieve style memory. They flashed by quickly but all of the information was imparted to Dumbledore in the blink of an eye. Harry's first potions class with Snape. Killing Quirrelmort. Slaying a basilisk, Rescuing Sirius from 150 Dementors, Watching Cedric die, Watching Voldemort be reborn. All of his mind rape sessions with Snape. The entire night at the Department of Mysteries beginning with his vision and ending with Sirius falling through the veil. Finally letting go he imagined them both leaving and standing back in the kitchen. He opened his eyes and saw Tonks in the same position as before.

"You gonna count down or do you want me to?" She asked.

Dumbledore took a moment to realize he had been expelled back into his own body. And quickly answered her. "I tested him as he was talking, his shielding is more than adequate. Harry you have my blessing to teach your methods to Ms. Weasley and Ms. Granger.

Why did you not mention young Mr. Weasley?" he asked completely ignoring what had gone on inside Harry's head in the space of a second.

Harry nodded, allowing the man time to process what had happened. "Ron said he would help me whether he knew the whole story or not and he did not want to spend all summer doing schoolwork." Harry said still a bit sad that Ron did not want to be included. "They guessed enough from the prophet and our experience in the Department of Mysteries to know most of the truth, but none of the specifics. I gave them a choice to know what the Prophecy says. They earned it, I plan to give the same choice to Neville and Luna if they are willing to learn Occlumency." He stated. Dumbledore just nodded before replying.

"Wait you know the Prophecy?" Tonks exclaimed.

Taking great relish in revealing the fact Harry nodded to her before he replied. "It was given to the Headmaster 16 or so years ago." He grinned as she shot the old man an evil glare.

"Yes Nymphadora, I have known the whole time, which is how I knew we needed to keep it protected, even from the people I trust." She colored again at her name but looked thoughtful.

"I don't like being kept in the dark Albus, but I am willing to trust you on that. I don't have the need-to-know so I won't pry." She said looking at Harry.

"Very well Harry, the information is yours to distribute how you see fit, and I believe you are making very sensible choices, both in whom you are confiding, and in how you are doing so. If you will excuse me I have other members to notify of our location." And with that he turned and disappeared quietly.

"Bloody hell, I really wish I knew how he did that!" Tonks remarked. Harry just looked confused.

"Huh?" He asked eloquently.

"Disapparates with hardly a sound, most people sound more like a crack than a pop. The Twins are pretty good as well but not nearly

as quiet as Dumbledore." She finished still staring at the spot where he disappeared.

"I still don't get it, I guess Dumbledore is the only one I ever heard do it." Harry commented.

She looked over at him and winked before she Apparated to the back garden with a loud Crack! Harry heard the muffled Crack as she reappeared almost instantly outside. She walked back in. "See, I have been told I am pretty loud, but I guess that only makes sense seeing as how clumsy I am." She said quietly. That reminded him of his surprise for her.

"Ms. Tonks would you follow me for a moment, I have a surprise for you." He said in his best Dumbledore voice as he left the kitchen heading toward the front door without looking back at her. He stopped by the stairs and waited for her to catch up. When she did she gave him a funny look before looking around.

"You got rid of the old bat?" He nodded.

"Actually she elected to be placed in the Slytherin common room rather than me blast the wall out from behind her or pour a gallon of paint thinner on her." He smiled as she began laughing, and then she let out a snort. She quickly looked at him horrified.

"If you tell a soul I swear I will be wearing your bits as ear rings." She said.

He laughed out loud at that before commenting. "I thought it was cute, " he smiled at her, "but that wasn't your surprise. Notice anything else missing?" He asked her non-chalantly. She began looking around again before she squeaked and jumped into his arms kissing him rather thoroughly. Not that he was complaining, she was rather soft and warm and tasted like bubblegum. His arms went around her waist of their own accord. And he enjoyed himself for a moment before he remembered where he was and whom he was kissing. He pulled away softly and smiled at her. "Wow." He said.

Her eyes seemed to have glazed over a bit and she replied, "Yeah Wow." Before she shook herself and stepped away from him. "Uh, sorry bout that, who wouldn't want to kiss some old hag like me

when you have two lovelies upstairs waiting for you?" She said nervously.

He replied quickly. "Tonks, you are hardly a hag and I thoroughly enjoyed that. However I think a certain wolf might cause me bodily harm if I continued to think of you that way." He grinned at her face.

"He won't let himself be happy, and besides he keeps going on about the age difference and not being fair to me to be with being a monster." She sniffed. "But don't I get a say in what's fair to me?" She asked.

Harry nodded and pulled her back into a hug. "Maybe you should remind him what Sirius said in his Will. Love has no age, I am sure he'll come round eventually. Just don't give up on him alright?" He looked into her teary eyes. She nodded. Relieving the tension he continued.

"In the meantime feel free to kiss me anytime you feel the need." He grinned at her as she blushed. He almost felt Sirius pat him on the back for making her blush a second time in the same day. "I thought it was supposed to be hard to make a Metamorph blush?" he asked her with a grin.

"Prat!" she slapped him on the shoulder. "Well I need to go start my shift at work, but I will see you around here yeah?" She asked. He nodded in response and she winked at him before disappearing with a Crack!

As he headed back up the stairs he decided his life was definitely looking up.

## Chapter 8: Teaching Ginevra

Harry stopped at the third floor to check on Ron. He headed down the hall and past Sirius' Room; he was not quite ready to face that yet. When he reached the end of the hall he found both suites open. Mentally flipping a coin he chose the door on the left. He knocked as he entered and found Molly arguing with Dobby. "I don't care who you work for, I can take care of my own things and I can take care of my family, thank you very much." They were currently playing tug-o-war with what looked like one of Arthur's socks.

"Is there a problem Mrs. Er Molly?" Harry asked tentatively. Dobby let go of the sock and rushed to him and began babbling.

"I is sorry Harry sir but she is not letting Dobby and Winky be putting away anything. And she says we is not to be cleaning her room or making dinner. Please make her stop Harry sir!" The little elf plead with him.

"Molly?" Harry said looking for her side of the story. She looked rather flushed as she replied.

"That thing is trying to do my job for me, I can take care of my family without any help!" She said. Harry nodded and thought hard to find a compromise.

"Dobby, if Mrs. Weasley wants to put her own things away you will let her, please to not force anyone to allow you to work for them. I will not be angry with either of you." He turned to the smug looking woman in the middle of the room. "Molly, Dobby and Winky are in my employ and they have jobs to do. As my guest please accept my hospitality. Dobby and Winky will do the Laundry and the Cooking. You may put the clean laundry away, you can try to get them to let you help with the dishes but I have a feeling they will kick us all out of the kitchen if we try to help. It's their nature just as it is yours to take care of others. Please try to compromise." His eyes were pleading with her.

After a moment she relented. "Dobby would it be ok with you if I make dinner on Sundays?" She asked. Dobby seemed about to argue but Harry looked at him and he backed down.

"I will try to tells Winky but she will not be liking it!" He said.

"You can tell her I said that was fine Dobby. She can take it up with me if she has a problem." Harry said.

Dobby nodded and replied. "But if you is making Dinner we will be cleaning the dishes and the kitchen after you is done!" He stated forcefully. Harry laughed at the situation. Only in his house would the house elves order the guests around. Apparently his laughter broke the tension in the room and soon Molly was laughing along with him.

"Thank you for clearing that up Harry, did you need something?" She asked.

"Actually I knew Ron took one of these suites and you and Arthur were taking the other. I just picked the wrong one, but it seems to be a good thing." He said and she nodded her agreement. With a smile she pointed across the hallway. "I believe he is in there now, so you and the girls will be staying on the floor above us?" She asked suddenly pensive.

"I took the top two floors for myself and my guests. I offered to have Ron stay in my suite upstairs but he wanted a little space. The girls fell in love with the bathroom and decided to share the Ladies suite. I assure you there is no funny business involved, they just happen to be the nicest rooms in the place." Harry said.

Still she was a bit apprehensive, but reminded herself that Harry was now an adult, and both girls would be soon as well. She trusted them for nine months away at Hogwarts she supposed if relationships formed and things happened at this point she would just have to advise them all to be careful. She didn't like the idea of her little girl having sex, but knew it was inevitable. Putting on a brave face she nodded. "I am trusting you with my little girl Harry. I don't need to know what is going on between any of you four since you will all be adults in the eyes of the law soon, and you have all shown remarkable maturity for your age. Just be careful." She finished.

Harry was floored. He tried to stammer out that he would never think of her daughter or Hermione that way but couldn't lie to her when she had just told him she trusted him. Instead he went with the safest option. "There is nothing going on between any of the four of

us right now, that may change or it may not, but I promise we will be careful no matter what the situation." Harry mentally patted himself on the back. He had told her the truth without saying too much, and he thought he might have reassured her as well if the look on her face was an indicator. "I will just go check on Ron now. You might want to head down to the kitchen soon before Winky starts on Dinner. I don't know what supplies we have or need and the elves haven't been authorized access to my vaults yet." He added.

"I brought the supplies from the Burrow for a week of meals not knowing you had hired them. Thank you for the heads up though, you're probably right. I can just see her trying to find away around your order by saying I was neglecting you." With that she left the room and headed for the stairs at the other end of the Hallway. He wondered briefly if he should remind her of the hidden staircase but decided she would remember eventually.

Heading across the hall he knocked again and walked into find Ron lying on his bed. He had already put a Canons poster up on the wall above the bed. "Hey mate." He said.

Ron sat up suddenly and turned to hang his legs over the edge of the bed. "Sorry if I am taking too long Harry, it's just a really comfortable bed and I got lost in my thoughts. You done yet with the lesson?"

"Didn't really get started, Hermione is doing an overview on the meditation techniques. I gave her an overview of how I taught myself; actually you should have seen Hermione's face. Apparently I taught her something that I didn't learn from a book." He said, smiling along with his friend.

"That's brilliant Harry, but what could you teach her" He asked.

"I learned a lot from the book, but I threw in all my experiences and a few guesses at things that made sense to me. Hermione seemed floored and Ginny was gaping like a fish out of water. I actually was just downstairs having Dumbledore check out my shields. You won't believe what happened." He said with a grin, Ron threw him a look that said 'Well Come On!' so he told him the story and they both laughed. "I think I gave him a migraine!" They both had tears in their eyes and were having trouble breathing. As they settled back down

Harry asked. "Are you sure you don't want to learn Occlumency with Ginny?" Ron nodded.

"I will follow you, I will help you, but after the Ministry I kind of decided I wanted to live life a little more you know?" He looked to Harry for understanding holding his arms up to show the faint scars. Harry did understand to a point. He wanted to live as if he was a normal fifteen year old, date girls and have his biggest worry be what his girlfriend would let him touch and when the next Quidditch match was.

"I understand, but I don't get to do that until Snakelips is gone. I am going to do my damndest to live my life without him affecting me, but there are just some things I have to do. I appreciate you saying you will be there for me, I just hope that not knowing everything doesn't affect our friendship." Harry said.

"Harry you're like a brother to me, my dad said how we all feel, you are a member of the Weasley family in all but blood. I just don't think I want to go through all the trouble to learn a secret that even you admit has already been leaked to the press. The prophecy said you have to be the one to kill him, that's good enough for me." He finished.

"Alright mate. I am going to offer the same choice to Neville and Luna. I think you deserve to know what we we're fighting for. But I won't force you." Harry said. "I'm gonna head back upstairs. Feel free to come up whenever you're ready but it's going to be pretty boring watching Ginny learn to breath properly if you aren't learning as well. If you want you can design a training area to replace the sitting room on the first half of the top floor." Ron's eyes lit up at this idea and Harry smiled. Glad he could still make his friend feel useful.

"Thanks Harry, that sounds brilliant! I'll get to work on it right away. If I don't see you before I will see you at dinner in a couple of hours." Harry nodded and got up. He waved as he walked out the door but Ron was already at the desk drawing a rough draft of the current floor plan. Remembering his mention of Hermione in the letter he asked, "Did you ask Hermione like you said you were going to?"

Ron went very still and his ears turned bright red. "Uh, I haven't really gotten the chance you know? I'll do it before school starts though." He said softly.



"All right mate, but don't put it off too long, if I am noticing she is a catch, then some other idiot might swoop in and ask her out before you get a chance." He said the last as he was walking out the door.

He turned right and opened the secret door and headed up the stairs. At the top he turned and knocked on the girl's door before entering. He quickly turned around and stammered out an apology.

Both girls were sitting in the middle of the floor in just knickers and bra with their eyes closed and breathing deeply. Hermione opened an eye and whispered so as not to disturb the other girl. "Harry you can turn around, Ginny and I are dressed like this because I found it was easier to fall into a trance with as little clothing as possible. We knew you were coming back up so we didn't get completely nude." She said softly, when he still didn't turn around she got up quietly and walked over to him. She placed a hand on his shoulder and turned him slowly toward her.

"Harry please open your eyes? Honestly I showed more skin at the beach this summer, and I am sure Ginny owns a swim costume that shows just as much if not more skin. Harry opened his eyes slowly but did not let them wander below her chin. She reached up and grasped his chin and pulled it down forcing his gaze lower. "It's ok to look Harry, besides don't you want to see my scar?" He looked up to her eyes before looking at her shoulder. He leaned in closer when he could not see the scar in the candlelight. Forgetting for a moment what he was doing he touched a finger to the faint line that marred her otherwise smooth tan skin. He traced the line down across her breast skipping over her bra, across her stomach and down to her hip. As his finger touched the material of her knickers he suddenly jumped back and quietly stammered an apology. Meanwhile Hermione opened her eyes and let out a breath she had been holding.

She put a finger to his lips and pointed at Ginny. "Don't disturb her, she picked up the meditation rather quickly, and after your explanation I think she is already sorting her thoughts. Harry why did you jump away? I thought the scar was mostly gone but if it disgusts you so, maybe I should get Madame Pomfrey to take another look at it." She stammered out.

Quickly Harry pulled her into a hug to reassure her, ignoring what she was doing to his body. "Hermione I have always thought you were beautiful. That scar is barely visible and doesn't change what I think about you at all. I jumped away because I was ashamed. I just touched in places and things on you without your permission. You're my best friend and I don't want to change that because I got stupid." He said. He felt more than heard her sigh against his shoulder.

"Its ok Harry, you didn't do anything wrong. We are still best friends and nothing is going to change that. However if Ron walked in here right now I don't think he would be too happy with us. Or Ginny for that matter. Maybe you should come all the way in and we can lock the door." She finished. He nodded and followed her back into the room, trying to keep his eyes off of her. She walked into the closet, which unfortunately left him to look down at Ginny instead.

His fifteen-year-old mind went into overdrive and he found himself comparing them. Hermione was in good physical shape but was soft and round in all the right places. Ginny was more athletic and thus lacked some of the curves and he wondered if she would feel as hard to his touch as she looked. Not that it was a bad thing. She looked just as holdable as his best friend did, just more toned. Her breasts were larger than Hermione's as well which surprised him. Though they might be about the same size and they just looked bigger on her smaller frame. A stray lock of hair was hanging in her face and he longed to brush it behind her ear. But he stopped himself and found a safe spot on the wall to stare at as he sat down on the bed.

Hermione returned from the closet in a sheer nightgown. It covered everything but left hardly anything to the imagination. He idly wondered if she was trying to kill him but decided it was better than nothing, or rather just her underwear, not that he didn't want to see her in nothing. He mentally slapped himself to stop that train of thought, 'Ron gets a shot first, I can have my pick of half the girls at Hogwarts if he is to be believed'. She sat down on the bed beside him. "I talked her through the steps and she took to it like a natural. You really surprised me earlier with your insight." She whispered in his ear. He decided she was definitely attempting to kill him.

"I talked to Dumbledore and had him try a surprise attack on my shields. He left with a Migraine and complimented me on my work. He said I was apparently a natural Occlumens. At which point I

showed him all my memories of Snape's lessons as well as a few choice memories from my Hogwarts years." He said trying to keep his mind off of the two practically naked women in the room with him.

"What do you mean showed him?" She asked.

"The first time he ran straight into my shields and left immediately with a headache. I asked him to try again to actually look at what I had done. When he was examining my shields the second time I concentrated and watched him do it. He was sort of a ghost of himself or something. After talking about the material I used to shield my construct, he asked if he could see what I had done inside the shield. I took him inside and explained some of my reasoning. I commented on Snape's teaching skills and when he tried to leave he got stuck and couldn't leave without my permission. So before I let him go I sort of flooded him with memories. Then I returned both of us to our bodies. I could have sworn we were at it for over an hour but when I came to only seconds had passed. I suppose it was the speed of thought that made it seem that way." He shrugged. Hermione meanwhile was looking awed again.

"Harry the book I gave you was not the only one I have read. What you just described should not be possible, and especially not after only a week of practice!" She exclaimed softly.

He shrugged again before answering. "I'm a natural I guess. It probably helped that I was getting a little delusional at the point I got that letter from you; I stopped listening to the rules about the real world and decided that since I was the master of my own mindscape, that I could do anything I wanted inside. I sort of got the idea from the Wandless book you sent, even though I haven't gotten any of it to work for me out here," He gestured to the room. "I can do anything I want in here." He tapped his temple with a finger.

She looked stunned and finally managed to stammer out a nearly coherent sentence. Harry just looked at her funny and she took a breath to compose herself. "I think I understand; I don't know if I could just let go of the rules like that, I need definition in my life. But I understand. Now what do you mean delusional and what was that in your letter about talking to birds and having them talk back?" She whispered again. They both glanced down at Ginny and saw a tear running down her cheek. Harry could not help himself and reached out and wiped it from her face. At the contact her face lit up with a

smile before she settled back into her trance. "She is probably sorting her memories from first year; I locked up my emotions first before I sorted my memories. It was much easier that way. Like watching a home video of the events instead of reliving them. Hopefully facing them this way will help her deal with them though." He said not really realizing he was speaking out loud. Hermione just looked at him.

"Anyway, I know it sounds crazy but I think it's a special ability of some sort. I have always been able to sense what Hedwig meant before, but after that visit from Fawkes I really concentrated on improving and I can honestly say I understand her now. It isn't really talking, more like expressing feelings. But I have it labeled 'Bird Whispering' in my head." He smiled at her.

She looked at him for a moment before shrugging, which did interesting things to her half bare bosom that he had to force away from his conscious thoughts. "When do you think we should bring her out of it?" She whispered the question in his ear. However he had just turned his head toward her to say something else and they bumped noses. The windows were covered over and only half the candles were lit in the room. They gazed into each other's eyes for what seemed like minutes but was actually only a second when they were fortunately interrupted by Ginny. "No need, I'm done for now." She said without opening her eyes and sounding drained.

Harry stood up quickly and turned around again. "Sorry Gin, I really didn't mean to look, and I was ignoring you for the last couple of minutes anyway so I didn't see anything, not really." He stammered out awkwardly.

Opening her eyes she saw the blush, which extended all the way down to his neck. "What's the matter Potter, am I that ugly?" She asked him feigning annoyance.

He quickly turned around having stuck his foot in his mouth for the second time in 10 minutes. "No of course not, I think you're very attractive," he slapped a hand over his mouth suddenly before trying to salvage the situation. "I mean I don't think your ugly at all, is what I mean. I just didn't want you to feel weird, like, well like I'm feeling right now." His blush had deepened to nearly the color of her hair. She stood up and walked over to him, standing on her tiptoes she kissed him on the tip of his nose. "That was almost sweet in an

awkward sort of way Harry." She said. "Now why don't you head into your room while Hermione and I get dressed, then you can tell me how it went with Dumbledore on our way down to dinner?" She asked him.

He nodded and quickly fled the room through the secret passage. He could swear he heard giggling as he slammed the door shut on his side. "Yep, they're trying to kill me." He said to the empty room.

## Chapter 9: But What a Way To Go

When the door closed behind him both girls began laughing quietly. Ginny looked caught between being mortified and being excited. "Oh my gods Hermione. How could you let him see me like this?" She asked.

"I wasn't wearing this robe when he came in either. I honestly forgot to lock the door, but I'm not sure I feel bad." She said before laughing again at the look on Ginny's face. "Come on Ginny, you know you want him to ask you out, I am pretty sure he doesn't see you as Ron's little sister anymore." She said with a leer.

"Well thank goodness for that." Ginny replied. "But did he really have to see me in darn near the altogether?" She asked.

"I really am sorry for putting us in this position, but I think it worked out if the look on his face when he saw you was any indication." Hermione said smugly. "He had to physically drag his eyes away from you." Ginny blushed prettily.

"Yeah, but what about you?" Ginny asked. Hermione went quiet suddenly. "I know you have at least been crushing on him since he saved you from that Troll. And unlike me he actually knows you." She said quietly.

"He touched my scar." Hermione said. Ginny looked at her carefully, "What do you mean? You wouldn't be acting like that if he had just touched it. Spill!" She ordered.

Hermione sighed and sat down on the bed. "He opened the door and then spun around before apologizing for seeing us like this. I turned him toward me and told him how silly he was being. I mean, I went topless at the beach this summer and I bet you own a bikini?" Hermione asked; the younger girl shook her head. "Mum would never go for it, even when I was younger." Ginny said.

Hermione looked surprised for a moment but nodded, "Oh, well anyway he locked his eyes on mine while trying to apologize more. I dragged his chin to his chest and asked him if he wanted to see my scar." Ginny sat enraptured by the story. Her breathing was speeding up imagining herself in Hermione's place.

"He seemed to get clinical at the mention and looked at my shoulder. When he couldn't see it because I had the lights turned down he had to lean in closer." Hermione's breath caught. "His breath washed over my bare skin and I thought I was going to faint. I really don't think he knows just how sexy he is." She said as an aside. Ginny pushed her to continue and she did so, though reluctant.

"Why must you make me relive this? I just want to forget it ever happened." She asked the younger girl. "Because I wish it was me you git!" Ginny said laughing at the other girl's predicament.

"Fine," She huffed. "He placed a finger on my shoulder here," She put her finger where his had been and closed her eyes. "And he ran his hand along my scar." She did as well, the nightgown falling open as her finger traced the path his has taken. "I just about passed out I swear. But he suddenly jumped away from me like I burned him and started apologizing again." She sighed.

"And?" Ginny asked forcefully.

"And I told him that he didn't do anything wrong and that nothing would change our friendship." She said the last word as almost a curse. "But listen to me prattle on about the boy you like. Honestly I gave up on Harry a long time ago, he is my best friend and I love him dearly, but us together just isn't in the cards. I just hope your idiot of a brother gets over himself and asks me out soon." Hermione finished.

Ginny knew the older girl and been crushing on Ron almost as long as she had on Harry. For the life of her she didn't understand why. They fought worse than cats and dogs and she had to bully him into reading or doing homework, not to mention that she merely tolerated Quidditch and her brother lived and breathed it. "One of them will come round eventually." She said to the brunette.

Hermione sighed, "Well let's put our things back on and go collect lover boy. We missed lunch and I am willing to bet he did as well," She stopped in the middle of her sentence as her eyes went wide. "Oh no! We need to check on Ron and make sure he isn't eating the bedding!" She exclaimed.

Both giggling they got dressed and headed to Harry's room.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile Harry headed to the bathroom to relieve some pressure. He did not often take himself in hand as the Dursley's would either yell at him for taking too long in the shower or for washing his clothes more than once a month. And at school he was in a dorm full of boys and it just felt wrong to do that with Ron lying across the room from him. Especially if a certain red-haired witch was the object of his intent at that moment.

He stood in front of the mirror and began slowly stroking himself over the sink to make it easier to clean up afterward. In his head swam thoughts of Hermione lying on a beach topless. Visions of Ginny in a bikini, and then the memory of her sitting in the middle of the room half naked, and when she had kissed his nose at the end he thought he might explode from the contact.

He took his time, trying to savor the sensations that were running through his tingling manhood and down to his balls for as long as he could. He imagined Hermione behind him one arm hugging him the other hand stroking him, while Ginny knelt on the floor waiting for her surprise. Finally he was too close and could no longer stave off his orgasm. Just then there was a knock on the door! He panicked even as he coated the black marble with ropes of white cum. The adrenaline pumping through his system heightened the orgasm and he nearly moaned out loud as his body spasmed. "One second!" he called out trying to sound reassuring, but only managing to sound a bit scared.

"We're ready when you are Harry." Ginny called through the door. He thanked all that was good he had locked both of them when he entered the bathroom. "Are you ok?" She asked.

"Fine!" He nearly shouted as he turned the water on and washed his hands and watched as his spunk washed down the drain.

"You don't sound fine Harry, did you have a vision?" Hermione asked unknowingly giving him a way out.

"Um no, I mean not really." He said drying his hands and fixing his trousers. He opened the door and walked past them without looking at either one. "Not really a vision, just some disturbing thoughts. I



need to center myself before we head down if that's ok with you two?" He shot them a pleading look.

Ginny sat down in one of the chairs by the window. "By all means Potter, I plan to enjoy the show!" She said with a smirk.

Show? Harry thought to himself. "Show?" he asked out loud.

Hermione giggled, "Ginny, I don't think Harry needs to be nude in order to center himself. That just seemed to work for me and apparently you." Ginny looked crestfallen but nodded. "Oh," she said, "Alright then, will it take long?"

Harry shook his head. "Once I get inside my own head everything moves at the speed of thought. I will tell you the rest on the way downstairs." He said as he sat down on the floor and began breathing deeply.

Soon he found himself inside his candy store and started sorting memories and feelings. He had to expand the bin that held the fuel for his Patronus Charm. So many happy memories in the last hour or so! Finally having his thoughts settled and sorted he woke up and smiled at the girls. "There we go, all better now." He said.

"But Harry, you took less than a minute!" Hermione said looking put out.

"How do you get to Carnegie Hall Hermione?" He asked. Ginny looked confused.

Hermione turned to her friend and sighed. "Carnegie Hall is one of the most famous venues in the United States for classical music and popular music, renowned for its beauty, history and acoustics." She said, Ginny still looked confused. "It is a Muggle joke about perseverance, someone asks for directions 'How do you get to Carnegie hall?' and the answer," she said turning to Harry. "Is practice." She finished.

Ginny nodded, still confused but slightly less so. Harry couldn't stop the comment before it slipped out. "Do you know how sexy you are when you go into lecture mode?" He quickly slapped a hand over his mouth as Hermione blushed. "Sorry, you two got me pretty worked up in there." He said shyly.

"Don't worry about it Harry, thank you for the compliment." Hermione said. "Just because we are friends doesn't mean I don't notice that you are always sexy." She blushed even deeper. "But that is neither here nor there. Let's go collect Ron, none of us have eaten lunch, and as it is nearly dinnertime I am afraid he will have eaten the bedding and started on the desk by now."

Harry nodded and they walked out the door, the girls began to cross the room but Harry coughed politely. They turned around and looked at him curiously. He crooked a finger silently and beckoned them toward him. Curiosity got the better of them and they came back to stand between the two rooms beside him. He reached behind him and pushed the wall, with a click the door swung open as both girls gasped.

Hermione was the first to speak. "The servant's stairs, I had almost forgotten they were there!" She said.

Harry nodded. "I don't think I will advertise it even though you can see these stairs from the kitchen I don't think anybody connects that fact with the blank wall at the end of each floor." The girls nodded. "Anyway if we go this way Ron's room is right below us." They nodded and he held his hand out in a motion for them to go ahead. "Ladies first." He said with a smile.

They walked down ahead of him and they stopped quickly on the third floor but found that Ron was already out of his room. Harry told Ginny what happened with Dumbledore as they walked down the remaining two flights and exited to the kitchen where they found Molly preparing a Sunday Roast. Winky was watching from the corner of the kitchen with a look somewhere between admiration and loathing.

Harry walked up behind her as she stood stirring what looked like some sort of dessert in bowl form. "Molly," He said softly so as not to scare her.

Despite his effort she still nearly dropped the bowl. "Oh sorry Harry dear, you startled me." She said.

"If I may say so Molly, none of us will think any less of you if you let Winky help." Harry said trying to calm the poor woman down. "You

don't have anything to prove to any of us and I don't want to see my guest have an anxiety attack."

Molly looked at him closely before sighing. "Thank you dear, but I am afraid if I let her help me she will try to take over." The Weasley matriarch said with an evil look to the corner where Winky still stood watching.

"Winky?" Harry said.

"Yes Harry?" She said sweetly.

"Sundays are Molly's day in the kitchen; do you think you can help her with whatever she asks, without tossing her out of here?" He said just as sweetly.

"I's can do that Harry." Winky replied looking chastised.

"Molly will you use her to help you. Maybe on a normal day it wouldn't be a problem but you normally spend all day making dinner on Sunday right?" Harry asked. Molly nodded before replying.

"You're right, Winky I am sorry for being so rude, but you must understand my family is my life." She said somewhat sadly. Winky's eyes got huge and she hugged the older woman's leg.

"Winky understands! Winky lives to serve, she will help you and not try to make you not work. Winky doesn't like it when Master Harry tries to make her not working." She said with a sniff. The two females seemed to come to an agreement before Molly turned back to Harry and the Girls.

"Ron should be in the sitting room, we will come get you when the food is ready." And with that they both shooed the teenagers out of the kitchen.

Laughing the three headed into the sitting room to find Ron with papers spread all over the coffee table. There were various drawings and notations, it appeared Ron had even drawn everything to scale and noted such on the sides of the room.

So engrossed was he in his work he didn't notice the three enter the room until Hermione placed a hand on his shoulder. He looked up startled until he saw who it was and promptly blushed scarlet.

"Hey guys, sorry I got a little into this." He said quietly gesturing to his notes.

"What is all of this?" Ginny asked.

Harry wondered what she meant before he remembered with everything that he had seen, or rather everything that had happened upstairs he had forgotten about Ron's project. "Sorry guys, we got sidetracked when I got back upstairs. I asked Ron to design a training area to take over the sitting room on the other side of the top floor." Harry said, having the grace to look a bit ashamed.

Hermione's eyes immediately lit up. "That's brilliant Ron; you have a fantastic mind for this sort of thing. I have watched you designing Quidditch plays." She said enthusiastically.

Ginny who was standing next to Harry still, had to ask. "Since when do you pay attention to Quidditch?" Harry elbowed her in the side softly but the damage had been done.

"You don't honestly think I could come watch all of Harry's games without reading every book in the library on the subject? What did you think I was reading in the stands?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

Ron stuck his foot in his mouth as usual, "We all thought you were studying. You know support your friends support the team type thing. But we never actually thought you liked Quidditch." He said, not noticing the dangerous look in her eye.

"For your information Ronald I don't like Quidditch. However it has an interesting history and you never know if I might stumble across something that will help keep Harry here from breaking his neck." She stated firmly.

Ron replied sheepishly. "Sorry, we just assumed. So you really think these are any good?" he asked in an attempt to change the subject. Back in her element the argument was quickly forgotten and the other three breathed a sigh of relief.

"I think it's wonderful of you to take this on while we are working on our 'summer project' and yes, I think these are very good. What's this one here?" She asked him.

Ron got what Harry would have previously called a Quidditch gleam to his eye. "I was just thinking that we won't always be training will we? So what if we designed the furniture so that it could be stacked neatly against the walls and still leave an open training space. Harry can use magic in a week or we could have the elves help us out." He said.

Ginny was actually proud of his idea and said so. "Ron that's brilliant. Hermione and I can help you design the furniture," She turned to Harry, "I mean if it sounds OK to you Harry."

"Sounds wonderful to me, I was wondering if we could get a pool table or something in here but upstairs would work great as well. And I always wanted one of those Air Hockey tables like at the arcade." He added.

Hermione nodded excitedly, Ron and Ginny just looked blank so she expanded. "Air Hockey uses two paddles and a plastic puck. The surface of the table has many tiny holes that create a cushion of air for the puck to ride on top. You then attempt to score goals on your opponent. I'm sure we could come up with a magical equivalent seeing as how there is no electricity in this house." she said. Ron and Ginny looked only slightly less confused.

"Don't worry guys; I'm sure you will love it if we can figure it out. Speaking of which I really wanted to find out what it would take to add electricity to the house. Maybe we can ask Professor Lupin when he gets here." Harry said.

"I still don't know how the magic world hasn't embraced electricity. I understand that magic interferes with electronics but honestly, it's not like I walk around the house blowing light bulbs out of lamps!" Harry nodded in understanding; Ginny caught the part about electricity and light bulbs, but didn't know you could use the stuff to grow flowers. Ron just continued to look blank.

Hermione suddenly got that look in her eye. The look that said if you came between her and the library you were going to have a

Hermione sized whole through you. "Mione? What are you thinking?" Harry asked her.

She seemed to phase back into reality at his words. "Oh sorry, I just had a brainstorm of how to use magic to power Muggle electronics. If you can conjure lightning, then surely there is a way to conjure electricity at the proper voltage. Thus eliminating the magical interference altogether!" She said excitedly.

"Down girl." Harry said, and got a slap on the arm from Ginny for his comment. Rubbing the spot more to cause pity than to soothe pain he continued after throwing her a hurt look. "After we finish our Occlumency study, you can take all the time you want to research it. I will even fund it from the Black Estate. Won't that make them all roll over in their graves?" He asked with a devious smile. "Using Black money to find a way to use Muggle stuff." He cackled gleefully, eliciting strange looks from the other three present.

Coming back to reality he looked at them and quietly said. "Sorry, I was gone crazy for awhile but I am back now." Though a giggle still escaped him.

Fearing for his sanity, but not wanting to scare him off Ginny asked cautiously, "But what about the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts Laws?"

Hermione responded. "We can always ask your father, but I am pretty sure there is no law against using magic to power Muggle artifacts, as long as you don't change the function. For example if you charmed an automobile so that it got its momentum like a broomstick, then you would not need to refuel it. That would not break the laws since you did not change its function. However if that charm also allowed the car to fly." She glared at Harry and Ron who had the good sense to look away. "Or put an invisibility charm on it, then it is no longer functioning as intended." She finished.

"Guess you can ask Dad then," Ron said. "How long have I been in here?" He asked glancing at the Grandfather Clock. "And how long till dinner?" As he asked his stomach growled to make the point. All four of them laughed and all had just sat down when Dobby popped into the room.

"Mrs. Wheezy and Winky says dinner will be ready in five minutes and to please to wash up and heads to the dining room." He said

with a bow before popping away again. Harry looked to all his friends who nodded and they trooped down the hall to the WC and took turns washing up before heading into the Dining room.

When they arrived other people had already gathered around the table. Gred and Forge were back from wherever they had disappeared to that day. Tonks and Remus were talking quietly together across from them, and down the table were Professor McGonagall and Mad-Eye Moody. The four entered and sat at the far end of the table, the girls directing Harry to sit at the head. They all exchanged greetings before settling in to the conversation.

"So Potter, you decided to let a bunch of people you barely know have free run of your house. Not sure it's all that safe you know?" Moody grunted out.

"I had the Headmaster modify the Fidelus so that I could revoke the information if I need to Professor. I don't want to end up like my parents because I trusted someone too implicitly." Harry told him.

"Good on you then lad, Constant Vigilance and all that. And what is with this professor stuff. First of all I never actually taught you, and second of all anyone who has faced down Voldemort and lived to tell about it deserves to call me by name." Moody replied.

"You want me to call you Alastor?" Harry said skeptically. Ron coughed to cover a laugh and both girls were turning red trying to hold it in.

"Not if you like both your legs Potter." His good eye narrowed and the other stopped spinning to pin him to his chair.

"Joking of course Mad-Eye." Harry said, finally allowing his smile to show. "But only if you will call me Harry, Potter reminds me too much of a Malfoy or Snape." He finished with a theatrical shiver.

Laughing Moody nodded. "You're alright Harry."

"I take it you are getting settled in well then?" McGonagall asked. Harry nodded, not sure yet how to interact with his Head of House in a casual setting.

"Yes Professor, the girls and I are working on a summer project that doesn't require the overt use of magic, And Ron is helping me plan and design a training room for the top floor." He spoke to the entire table with the next sentence. "We would appreciate all of your input at some point. Ask Ron to show you what he has planned so far, it really is brilliant." He finished, Ron blushed and Hermione smiled at him, then at Harry.

"Harry, as long as you remember and realize that in public or in class you must still address me as Professor, I think I can allow you to use my first name as all of my students do once they become adults. That actually goes for all four of you. I have never been prouder of my Gryffindors." They all looked at her stunned, she simply smiled back.

"Thank you Minerva. Wow that feels weird." Harry said and they all laughed. "That's going to take some getting used to. I hope you won't be offended if we slip up from time to time." He asked smiling. She simply nodded her approval and turned back to her conversation with Moody. Down the table Remus called out for his attention.

"Harry, I was a bit worried about how you would react to being in this house again. But you have done a marvelous job, I'm sure Sirius would be proud of you." He said.

Harry closed his eyes and took a few breaths to center himself and keep a hold of his emotions. "It's still hard you know?" He said quietly. "I don't mean to act like it doesn't bother me because it still does. I asked the elves to leave Sirius' room untouched for now until I can go through it myself." He paused and took a few deep breaths again. You could hear the emotion in his voice. Ron looked concerned but lost as to what to do. Each of the girls placed a hand on his back and began rubbing soothing circles. He opened his eyes and smiled in thanks.

"I'd like you there with me Professor when I go through his things. If you would like that is." Harry finished.

"I would like that Harry, and seeing as how I haven't taught you in two years, and won't be teaching you in any official capacity any time soon I believe you can call me by name as well." He finished.



Harry thought for a moment. "Would it be alright if I called you Moony? I would feel closer to my Parents and Sirius that way, and it just feels more natural." He asked.

Remus teared up a little but quickly schooled his features. "I would like that very much. Thank you Harry."

Deciding that was enough emotion for one evening he turned his attention to the young Auror. "Does this mean I get to call you Nymph...a." He trailed off as her eyes turned red. "Right then, Tonks it is." Everyone laughed just as he had hoped. He heard a low arguing coming from the kitchen and stood up to investigate. "If you will all excuse me for a moment, I'm going to check on dinner." With that he walked through the door to find the two females arguing once again.

"What now?" Harry asked. They both stood up rigidly and faced him. On the elf it was comical, but to have Molly jump to attention when he walked in was disconcerting.

"She won't let me serve my meal!" Molly exclaimed. Harry looked over to the elf. "Winky?"

She cast her eyes at the floor but spoke with conviction. "Winky will allow her to make the Dinner but Winky thinks she should enjoys her dinner with her family."

Molly looked between the elf and Harry. "She didn't say that before, she just tried to take the food from me and kick me out of the kitchen."

Harry nodded and giggled before he asked sarcastically. "So what have we learned?"

Molly smiled at his playful tone. "That we need better communication I suppose." She turned. "Thank you Winky, that is a lovely thought, but you need to explain your actions to me. I am not used to being pampered so." The elf nodded. Harry held out an elbow for her to take and she blushed before taking it.

"Shall we?" He asked.

She nodded and together they entered the dining room and found their seats. "Our cook needed convincing that she is allowed to enjoy the meal she cooked." He announced to the room. She blushed again but continued smiling and conversation resumed. Harry felt a tug on the wards and spoke up. "I believe Arthur just arrived." As he finished the thought the kitchen door opened and Arthur walked in.

"What do we have here?" he asked as he walked over and placed a kiss on Molly's cheek. "Molly sitting down at the table? And on a Sunday? Harry you have corrupted my wife!" He said jovially as he walked to the other side of the table and sat down opposite to his significant other.

They could all tell he was joking but Molly spoke up in his defense anyway. "No Arthur, I just came to an agreement with the elves. I cooked the dinner, and they are forcing me to enjoy it with my family." She smiled at Harry once more.

"Well I must agree then, where is dinner I am famished." Arthur said.

No sooner had the words left his mouth, than pops sounded as Winky and Dobby placed the trays of food on the table in front of them. Moving too quickly for the eye to catch unless you knew what to look for it appeared two plates a time. There was roast beef, mashed potatoes, steamed carrots and broccoli, and Yorkshire pudding. When nobody made to fix a plate Hermione leaned over and whispered in his ear. "Harry you are the master of this house, it is tradition to let you fix your plate first."

Harry looked stunned for a moment and looked at Arthur; he smiled and nodded so Harry began fixing his plate. As he reached for the mustard everyone else began fixing their own plates. Conversation resumed as normal. "Thanks Hermione, I might as well be Muggleborn for all I know of wizard customs. I'm glad one of us knew what to do." He said gratefully. She simply nodded and turned back to Ron. He looked at Ginny on his other side who blushed for some reason and quickly looked down at her plate after smiling at him. He was thoroughly confused considering her little performance earlier upstairs.

Rather than dwell, he called out to Fred and George. "Oi Bookends, what did you get up to today?"

They shared a look and nodded at the same time before turning. "If you must know" Gred began.

"We have found premises" Forge continued.

"For our shop"

"In Diagon Alley"

"And we sign"

"the paperwork"

"Tomorrow!" They both finished grinning.

Molly seemed torn between being angry and being pleased that they were following their dreams. "Just where did you find these premises, are you certain you can afford the rent?" She asked.

Gred spoke up in their defense. "Rent schment. We used our inheritance to purchase premises across from Gringotts."

Forge continued. "Prime location that, lots of foot traffic"

"And there is a flat above the storefront as well"

"So we have a place to stay as well"

"All in all"

"We made out like bandits." They said again. The alternating speech was getting annoying so he sent them a look that he hoped said 'Cool it'.

Possibly they had grown tired of the gag as well, or possibly they read the intent of his glare. Gred continued. "Everyone is so down because of old Moldishorts that the prices in Diagon Alley have really dropped. Honestly we got a great deal and it solved two of our problems at once." He finished before taking a bite. Forge continued though after swallowing. "We hope to have enough product to open up before school shopping begins." He said.

"You had better get to work quickly then, I have it on good authority that the school owls will be arriving tomorrow." Harry said, they all looked to McGonagall who nodded.

"Harry! We are getting our OWL results tomorrow and you neglected to share this information with me why?" Hermione was looking a bit miffed.

He quickly shifted away from her. "It came up in a conversation I had with the Headmaster, it totally skipped my mind. Uh, sorry?" he babbled.

"Well don't let it happen again then." Hermione said.

Attempting to change the subject he asked the table, "So what do we know about Professor Slughorn?" This had the desired effect as the adults began trading stories and the teenagers listened in. Before too long dinner was over and Molly shooed them off to bed. They dropped Ron off at his room, and took the hidden stairs up the last flight to their rooms. This had to have been one of the longest days he could remember.

They each went in their separate doors and Harry went to his closet to change. He quickly found some pajama pants and was pleasantly surprised to find that they fit him perfectly. He quickly took care of business in the bathroom and headed into the bedroom proper where he found Hedwig sitting on her stand with a letter.

"Hey girl!" he said. She preened and squawked sweetly at him. "What have you got here." She chirped something along the lines of 'Response from goblin' and he nodded. No longer thinking about it hard enough to find it odd. He stroked her head a bit then sat down at the desk to read his letter.

Lord Potter-Black,

Although somewhat unorthodox I was pleased to receive your letter. I have made all the necessary arrangement to allow your employees access to your money. I set up a separate vault that contains 10,000 Galleons, which will be topped off at the beginning of each month. Should they require a larger amount they can request a draft from a teller, which you will need to sign to authorize the withdrawal.

If I must say, we at Gringotts find it most reassuring that you would trust a non-human that is not bound to you with this kind of responsibility and look forward to doing business with you. On a personal note I thank you for noticing my promotion. Most humans could not tell the difference between goblins let alone remember my name. I was promoted to account manager of the Black Estate so if you need anything at all please don't hesitate to ask. When you visit Gringotts next you need not bother with the tellers, simply ask the Keeper to see me.

Once again may I offer you my sincere sorrow for your loss. May your gold always flow and your enemies drip rubies.

Griphook - Account Manager, Gringotts, London

Harry smiled to himself as he finished the letter. If normal wizards treated the people that handled their money that badly he was happy to be abnormal for once.

"What's that Harry?" called a voice from behind him, causing him to fall out of his chair and onto the floor.

"Ginny what the hell!" He exclaimed. Rather than be chastised she giggled at his predicament. Massaging his bruised ego as well as his backside as he got up, he glared at her.

She was wearing an outfit similar to the one Hermione had been wearing earlier. Harry decided it was a torture device. The sheer fabric barely hid the form underneath, and he could clearly see the matching black bra and knickers beneath the emerald green material. Catching his gaze she blushed slightly but her words did not match her face. "Like what you see Harry?" she asked him.

He stammered something unintelligible before slowing down and responding. "You look very nice Ginny, but aren't you uncomfortable?" He asked.

"I might have been, but you have seen me in less than this now anyway, and I trust you Harry. Besides, do you feel uncomfortable in that?" She asked noting his outfit.

Harry realized then that he was only wearing pajama bottoms and had an erection straining against the button on the slit in the front.

He blushed hard. "Er, actually I do a bit." He said. "But I see your point, what's a little bit of skin between friends right?" He finished with a gulp, trying to wet his dry throat.

"Right, so back on topic then?" She asked.

"Wait, where is Hermione?" He wondered aloud.

"She said she had something to discuss with Ron." Ginny said sounding a bit annoyed. Harry nodded before he mentally kicked himself.

"Dressed like you are?" He asked, trying to hide the sudden jealousy.

"Yeah, I think she is attempting to make him look at her as something other than a bookworm." Ginny said with a significant look at him.

"It's working." Harry said before he caught himself, she blushed even deeper this time as he tried to back pedal. "I mean it has to work, for her I mean. Besides I have it on good authority he was planning to ask her to go with him before the summer was out anyway." His statement turned into a question that did not quite make sense if put as a question, but he was rapidly losing the ability to think coherently.

"Um, anyway, so my letter." He clumsily changed the subject. "Yeah. So I found out from Winky that I could get them both access to my money for household expenses and such. Griphook set it all up for me and was just explaining how it worked." He stumbled through the explanation but as he was now looking at the letter it was getting easier to breathe again.

"Oh, well that's nice. So they can buy the furniture for the training room?" She asked him.

"Yeah, among other things. I kind of want to update the furniture in the sitting room as well. It isn't all that comfortable if you are spending any time in there at all." He said.

"Well seeing as how that's the formal sitting room. I think that was supposed to be the point. Usually these places have a formal and an informal sitting room. The formal sitting room is used for visitors and

business that you want to get over with quickly." She said. He just looked at her in awe. "What?" She asked. "I am a pureblood after all; some of this stuff is unfortunately bred into us. Mum and Dad have never set any store by it, but when we visit family like my Aunt Muriel we have to know how to act properly." She finished.

"So maybe I will just see about reupholstering the furniture in there then. That makes too much sense to ruin it." He grinned. "But maybe we can find some good cushioning charms or buy some chairs just for the four of us that are comfortable. Only make them look like the worst ones in the room. It would be like a prank every time we have people in there." He finished happily. She nodded her agreement.

"Well, I guess we should get some sleep, is it just me or did today feel like the longest day ever?" She asked. It was spooky hearing her repeat his thoughts back to him.

"I was thinking the same thing actually." He replied. "Good night then." He got up and suddenly felt rather awkward. Should he hug her? He thought that normally he would, and if it were Hermione she would have hugged him by now. He leaned in and held out his arms. She quickly wrapped hers around his waist and sighed into his chest. Meanwhile he had forgotten about his raging hard on which was now poking her just above her belly button. She giggled into his chest as his arms tightened around her, not out of affection, but out of shock.

"Why thank you Harry, it's nice to know you care." She murmured up at him. Her face belied her tone though; he just hoped his face wasn't not as red as hers. The heat he could feel coming off his ears said otherwise.

"Um yeah," he said feeling mortified. "Uh, goodnight then." He pulled away and quickly dove under the covers to hide his shame. Ginny turned and walked back toward the secret passage but paused before entering.

"Hermione and I were talking earlier; do you think we could leave the passage open?" She asked innocently but had not turned back to look at him. At this point he would agree to anything to get her to leave the room.

"Yeah that's fine." He said. She nodded and closed the door behind her. He jumped out of bed and headed into the bathroom. He needed a cold shower and to relieve the pressure that was causing his balls to ache at the moment.

"They are trying to kill me, but what a way to go." He said to himself as he entered the shower.



## Chapter 10: No Big Deal

Waking early the next day out of habit Harry crawled out of bed and into the bathroom. He quickly undressed and climbed into the shower, as he exited he noticed that his clothes had already been removed from the floor and reminded himself to thank the elves. Grabbing a towel he dried and wrapped the towel around his waist. He quickly brushed his teeth and took care of other sink business. Then turned and left the room feeling much better. As he stepped into the room he pulled the towel from around his waist and back up to his damp hair. Once he was done getting as much moisture out of it as possible he pulled the towel down off of his head and looked up to find two sets of eyes staring at him. With a very manly "EEP!" He ran into the closet.

"What the Bloody Hell!" He shouted through the opening, wondering why there was not a door on the bedroom side of the closet.

It took the girls a moment to gather their composure. Hermione was the first to speak jumping off the bed, Ginny still looked stunned. "Oh My God! Harry, I am so sorry!" She called as she approached the doorway. "We heard the shower stop and thought we would wait in here for you, we figured you would take your things into the bathroom with you or exit into the closet. I swear we did not mean to catch you like this!" She said. A hand came through the doorway in the international stop sign.

"Just stay right there Hermione! Or actually please go back to the bed while I dress." His blush extended all the way to his navel and he did not plan to give them any more of a show. She returned to the bed and sat down. Ginny still looked a little stunned. "Wow." She finally let slip out, and blushed furiously when she realized she had remarked loud enough for Harry to hear her.

"Thanks Ginny, it's nice to know you care." Harry called sarcastically as he continued to collect his clothing and put it on hurriedly. This caused Ginny to blush deeper, if that is even possible. And as he walked out of the closet her face still matched her hair.

Ginny finally recovered and quietly she said. "What's a little skin between friends right?"

Hermione looked caught between being scandalized and confused. Looking between the two she guessed something must have happened while she was with Ron the night before.

"I'll remember that when I get to see you two in the all together." Harry stated. Both girls looked a little too willing to comply, which caused a quandary for Harry. Should he push or should he laugh it off as a joke. He decided to stay quiet while they thought it through. The girls shared a look before they both stood and pulled their shirts over their heads.

They each then unzipped and dropped the skirts they had been wearing to the floor. They stood before him in just three unmentionables. Harry said nothing only continued to stare at them. It was actually because he was in shock, but he hoped they took it as a daring look. Suddenly they both got a little more nervous. Ginny looked to Hermione to take the lead being the older woman. She looked down at Ginny's knickers then back up to her bra. They shared some kind of silent communication before they both took a deep breath and reached behind them to unsnap their bras.

Harry was hardly breathing and his pants were suddenly very tight. He half hoped this was a dream so things wouldn't get awkward, but for the time being his mind was frozen as two beautiful women slowly pulled off their tops revealing their breasts to him. Ginny was almost alabaster white with a smattering of freckles. Just enough to be pretty. Her nipples were the same light pink color as her lips and her areolas were about the size of dimes. Hermione's were just as tan as the rest of her from her time at the beach in France. They were almost a light caramel cream, her nipples were a darker pink, which matched her complexion perfectly, and her areolas were about the size of a Galleon.

His eyes were darting back and forth between the two of them but he was speechless. His mind seemed to have hit its stimulation limit, or so he thought. They took his silence as a dare to continue and shared a brief look before Hermione smiled shyly and shrugged. Her fingers went slowly into the elastic and she pulled her knickers down slowly as she bent over before stepping out of them. She was shaved clean! He could just see the top of her slit as her pussy lips were slightly swollen.

Before his mind caught up with what he was seeing. Ginny performed the same maneuver but more seductively. She was taking her time and making him pant. As she stood back up he could see the light tuft of red hair in a strip just above her sex. As she was much thinner than Hermione, even with her legs mostly together he was able to trace her slit all the way down until it disappeared between them. His mouth was dry, his heart was racing and he did what any teenage boy would do when confronted with the situation for the first time. He smiled and fainted dead on the spot.

As he slowly came to, he hoped he was lying in his bed waking from a nice dream. But when he opened his eyes he found two very naked women leaning over him. Hermione's breasts were almost dangling in his face and if he looked straight to the side in the direction his head was pointed, he was looking directly into Ginny's...

He took a deep breath and both girls exclaimed, "Harry!" He groaned. Fortunately, or unfortunately it wasn't a dream.

"What happened?" he asked, closing his eyes tight to keep from passing out again.

Ginny giggled. "I think you forgot to breathe Harry."

He could hear the smile in Hermione's voice as she told Ginny. "I think we broke him, how do we fix him?" This time they both giggled.

Keeping his eyes shut tightly he spoke. "Not that I didn't thoroughly enjoy that, but do you mind getting dressed again please, at least cover up a bit yeah?" he pleaded. He heard some shuffling for a moment and they told him he could open his eyes. Doing so cautiously he looked over at them. They were back in bra and knickers and he breathed a sigh of relief. This he could handle. Maybe one of them he could handle, but not both of them in the buff.

"Thank you ladies." He said slowly sitting up.

Hermione asked this time. "What's a little skin between friends Harry?"

"That," he paused and consciously took a breath. "Was not a little skin that was a lot of skin, the most I have seen ever thank you. You will have to forgive me for being stunned by such beauty." He said

without thinking it through. Just glad to be able to make coherent sentences.

"Thank you for the compliment." Ginny said. "Poetic much?" She laughed.

He thought over what he had just said, but the blush was not noticeable due to his blood pressure still skyrocketing. He shrugged. "I meant it; I just didn't mean to actually say it like that." He said.

Hermione took a deep breath and went to finish getting dressed. Ginny reluctantly? Got up and began dressing as well. Trying to think of anything to make things more normal again Harry fished around for something to change the topic. "So how did things go with Ron last night?" He asked Hermione.

She paused for a moment and a look of guilt flashed across her face. "Uh." She said intelligently.

Ginny nodded in agreement with him and turned to the girl after pulling her blouse back over her head. "Spill!"

Hermione looked sheepish, and she took her time smoothing non-existent wrinkles from her outfit. "He asked me out and I said yes." She blurted out.

Apparently Ginny was fluent in incoherent female because she smiled. "He asked you out? And you said yes? Weeeeeee!" She squealed as she pulled Hermione into a hug.

Harry quickly suppressed the jealousy that reared its ugly head. "Good on you two then." He said trying to sound cheerful.

"Yes, well I think maybe I won't tell him about this morning. It is so new and I didn't think about it before we did it. I just trust you so much Harry, and it was only fair!" She said trying to come up with a suitable defense.

"You get no complaints from me." Harry said. "And Occlumency is a very intimate subject to teach, we three were already pretty comfortable around each other so I say we just chalk this up to a trust exercise." He said intelligently.

"Hey!" She protested. "Intelligent insight is supposed to be my thing, what am I supposed to say now?"

Laughing finally as the atmosphere cooled off in the room Harry thought for a moment before replying. "How about, nothing actually happened so what he doesn't know won't hurt us?" He asked.

Both Hermione and Ginny looked a bit guilty at the lie of omission, but nodded in agreement. Without further conversation they all stood up and headed out and down to the kitchen. Harry was about to open the refrigerator when a cough caught his attention. "Oh, good morning Winky." Harry said guiltily.

"What would Harry and his womens like for breakfast sir?" She asked.

Harry looked at the girls who shrugged. He returned his gaze to the elf. "Um, how about Bacon, eggs, toast and orange juice?" He finished with a question as he looked at both girls who nodded. "Right then, four of those. Ron will be up and downstairs as soon as the bacon hits the pan." Harry said.

The girls giggled and they all sat on barstools around the butcher-block table. There were five more stools around the edges but that many people would get cramped in such a small space. He assumed that is how the servants were expected to eat as well, shuttering at the way one being could treat another he turned to Winky.

"Winky, which rooms did you and Dobby pick out?" He asked.

Without turning from the stove she replied. "We finds the elves rooms in the basement Harry, Winky and Dobby do not be wanting big rooms. These is elf sized rooms."

Making another mental note to check out the basement sometime he decided to see what was on the agenda for the day. "I got a letter back from Gringotts today authorizing you and Dobby access to my expense vault." Hermione looked up sharply at his statement. Ginny explained for him. "Griphook set it all up; there is a vault with money in it for things like repair materials, food, and other household expenses. I surprised him halfway through the letter and he jumped

out of his chair and onto the floor. It was really cute!" She finished looking over at him.

"For your information I did not jump as you put it, you simply startled me and I fell out of my chair." He finished, deciding that didn't sound much better.

"Pot-Ay-Toe : Po-Tah-Toe" Ginny smirked at him.

Changing the subject back he asked the elf, "What do you have left on the house today?"

Winky snapped her fingers and four plates flew from the cabinet and landed on the table. She turned from the stove and quickly served them all equal portions of Bacon and Eggs. Then within another 30 seconds placed a few pieces of toast in the middle of the table along with butter and honey. As the food hit the plates Ron appeared in the doorway on cue. He walked bleary eyed over to Hermione and hesitated for a moment before quickly leaning in and kissing her on the cheek. "Bloody early isn't it?" he asked the group.

"I am used to waking up this early at the Dursley's even if I wasn't made to do any work this summer. Guess my internal clock is just screwed up." Harry said.

"There is nothing wrong with waking up at a decent hour Harry." Hermione said and flashed a look at Ron that went completely over his head in his current condition. Ginny giggled at the familiar scene.

Winky waited to make sure their conversation had paused before answering the question she had been asked. "We are only needing to finish cleaning the second floor and the basement Harry." She said.

He nodded for a moment before he replied. "I would like if you or Dobby could pick me up some new clothes from Madam Malkin's. I would like what passes for Muggle clothes that she tailors as well as a selection of casual robes in various colors. Then later if you get the chance I would like you to pick out some new fabric and have the furniture in the sitting room reupholstered. Also keep an eye out for four comfy chairs that look especially uncomfortable that will go with the new fabric." He paused thinking he had forgotten something. He glanced around the room before his eyes landed on Ginny and he remembered. He motioned the elf over and whispered in her ear.

"I want to replace all of the snake symbology in this house with lions if possible. Most importantly the hardware on the sinks tubs and showers." Winky nodded then looked to see Ron's nearly empty plate before turning back to the stove and starting more food.

Ginny eyed him suspiciously but he put on his best "Who me?" face and she seemed to let the matter drop.

"So Ron, make any plans for the others to take a look at your ideas for the Training Room?" Harry asked.

"Tonks is supposed to stop by later on; she said she might bring Shackbolt with her as well. Before she left last night she suggested we might want to get some Muggle weight lifting gear as well. Something about conditioning and dueling." He shrugged. The planning of the space seemed to intrigue him, but the actual use of the space did not seem to excite him.

"Alright, well we are going to be spending most of our day working on Occlumency stuff. You sure you don't want to join in?" Harry asked. Ron shot him an annoyed look.

"Are you really going to keep asking me that mate? I told you, I don't want to do any more work than necessary this summer, that's what School is for." He was looking a little irate so Harry didn't push.

"No problem mate, I won't mention it again. I just don't want you to feel left out, we are spending a lot of time on this now, and once I share the information with them we will probably have whole other research projects." Harry finished.

Ron physically shuddered at the thought, "Thanks but no, I wouldn't mind setting aside some time to play some Chess though if you don't mind." He said.

"Not to mention some time to spend with me?" Hermione said slowly. Her slip up this morning temporarily forgotten.

Ron looked at her in horror. "Sorry 'Mione! Of course I want to spend time with you alone, it's just new still yeah?" he asked. She quickly looked guilty but luckily he didn't notice.

"Alright then." She said meekly.

"Alright then. He agreed.

Suddenly there was a tapping at the window and Hermione's eyes shot open. A silly grin graced her face as she nearly shouted. "OWL's!"

Harry got up and opened the window for Hedwig and three school owls. He searched for a bowl to put some water in until Winky handed one to him. He ran a little water into it and set it on the counter. Quickly he turned and stroked Hedwig. "Good morning girl, once again with the surprise delivery?" He asked. She chirped and he heard 'Always master, I am not just pretty!' he laughed out loud until he noticed the other three staring at him.

"Sorry, I forgot you couldn't hear that. She just told me she was not just a pretty bird in a haughty voice." He grinned. They all just looked at him as if he had lost it. "Hey don't knock it, it's not like I'm talking to snakes or anything." That broke the mood and they quickly collected their letters. Hermione as expected had gotten 10 Outstanding's though she was a bit put out at her Exceeds Expectations in Defense. Ron was ecstatic with his 7 OWL's, and Harry was more than pleased with his results, especially the Double Outstanding in Defense. Both boys agreed they could care less about Divination and Astronomy, though they conceded to Hermione that Astronomy should have been a bust anyway.

Mrs. Weasley entered the kitchen at that moment and before she could say anything Winky set a plate and cup of tea in front of her at the table. She thanked the elf and took a sip before she noticed the birds on the Counter. "OWL results came today?" She asked excitedly. All four of them nodded. Noting the smile on the older student's faces she was nearly bursting with happiness. "Well?" She asked.

They each relayed their results with Ron going last knowing that was the one she was most worried about. "Oh Ron, I am so proud of you, 7 OWLs is very respectable. You can easily get more than half of the jobs at the Ministry with those results!" She exclaimed.

Ron, who did not really plan to work at the Ministry, mumbled something about caldron bottoms bringing the mood in the room down as they all thought of the wayward Weasley. Molly tried to



bring some cheer back into the room. "So Ron, I think this deserves a trip to Diagon Alley for something special. Did you have any idea what you would like to celebrate? You already have an owl." They all looked up to the top of the fridge where the tiny owl was sleeping soundly. The only time it ever sat still. Even now they could see him twitching.

"Well mum, I was kinda hoping to buy a new broom. After all we just got our inheritance from Sirius and haven't had a change to splurge at all." Ron said pleadingly. Molly looked a bit apprehensive and said so.

"I don't know about that dear, you should really save that money for after you get out of school." But surprisingly Ginny cut her off.

"Mum, when we won 1,000 Galleons in the Prophet drawing you didn't save much of it, you splurged to take us to Egypt. Not that I am complaining, it was great to see Bill after so long. But we don't want to spend it all in one place. We just want to get a little something." She finished throwing on her puppy dog eyes.

"Oh alright, I will ask the Headmaster about a shopping trip." She said clapping her hands before she tucked into her breakfast. "Now what do you four have going on today?"

"Well the girls and I will be working on our summer work, and Ron is still working on the design for the parlor slash training room on the top floor." Harry said looking at Ron for confirmation. He nodded.

"It is so nice that you have summer projects to keep you busy, this place would be unbearable if you were stuck in here with nothing to do all summer." Molly finished.

"It is nice." Harry said thinking back to the morning session.

"Well go on all of you; don't let an old woman keep you young people when I can see you have better things to do." She said. Hermione, Ginny, and Harry all blushed lightly and stood a little too quickly. They waved and said their goodbyes.

With that they headed out to their separate destinations, Harry and the girls to his room and Ron to the dining room where he could spread out his notes and diagrams.

Once back in his room Hermione locked the door and dimmed the candles. As Harry watched in awe both girls stripped down to their underwear in front of him. Hermione then reached back to release the clasp on her bra before Harry stopped her. "Hermione!"

"What Harry? You have seen it all now and I know I can center myself easier if I have as few distractions as possible, including clothing." She said matter of factly.

"That's all well and good Hermione. Except for two things, the first being that I like breathing, the second being Ron." He finished.

She paused for a moment before reaching back and unclasping her bra anyway. "Harry if this is important to you then I need to work freely. How about a compromise, I will leave my knickers on. But Ron really can't say much about you seeing my breasts, since half of Europe saw them this summer." She said.

Harry just stared as she slowly lowered the garment again exposing her bare breasts to him. He stared for a moment longer then took a deep breath and exhaled. "I am never going to get used to that, you really are just too beautiful." He said slowly, his mouth trying to catch up to his mind and failing. Not realizing what he had said he took another deep breath, "But it is important to me; if this is how you work best I won't stop you." He finished. Wrenching his eyes away from the two beautiful globes and back up to her eyes.

"You know Harry, I get that you are this natural Master Occlumens and everything. Maybe you should be working on your Wandless magic or something while Ginny and I get up to speed. Have you tried meditating in the nude before? I promise I am not just trying to get you naked again, it really does help me focus." She said.

Harry thought hard for a moment. It was just a little bit of skin, okay a lot of skin, but she was the smartest person he knew so he should at least give it a try. He stood up and pulled his shirt off and quickly dropped his trousers leaving him only in boxer shorts. "I think this is where I draw the line for now." Harry stated.

Ginny stood and removed her Bra quickly causing Harry's eyes to bounce along with her breasts and his member to come instantly to full attention. "Again Potter, thank you for the compliment." She

smirked but her eyes took a few seconds to leave his crotch and she licked her lips involuntarily. "You might want to close your eyes though. If it works for Hermione then I am going to try it in the altogether." That said she quickly slid her knickers off and sat back down on the floor cross-legged. Intentionally or not Harry noticed she sat facing him, with her legs crossed Indian style he got a perfect view of her pink bits. He licked his lips without thinking before sitting down the same way as her and closing his eyes to attempt and control his breathing. Out loud he said, "I suppose learning to center myself with distractions will be a good exercise at least."

Hermione stretched and let out a little moan as she stood on her tiptoes and pushed her fingers up over her head. Harry's member twitched and escaped through the flap in his boxers unnoticed by its master. Both of the girls noticed, but neither said anything. Enjoying the view for a few moments before actually closing their eyes and getting to work.

## Chapter 11: Naked Ambition

It took much longer than normal for Harry to enter a trance. The sound of the girls breathing a few feet from him was extremely loud in his ears and his pulse was pounding so hard he could feel himself swaying to the beat. He could also smell a light sweat that was not his own, and a sharper scent he couldn't identify which he tried not to imagine was Ginny's arousal. Considering that she was sitting cross legged in front of him, and if he opened his eyes he could stare straight into her...

Shaking his head physically he took a few deep breaths through his mouth. He felt his cock bouncing along with his pulse as well, curious why it felt cold he tried as casually as he could, to reach down and feel himself only to find that he was hanging wide out of his boxers. Without opening his eyes, just in case the girls were watching him blush, he struggled for a minute trying to put himself back inside with one hand, using as little movement as possible. Finally he accomplished his goal and tried again to center himself.

Breathing deeply again he blocked everything out and soon found himself in his core. Still not sure how to go about practicing he no sooner thought of his personal library than he was there holding 'No Silly Wand Waving' in his hands. He sat down in the comfy armchair that appeared but noticed immediately that the leather was very cold. Looking down he realized he was starkers!

"I guess it makes some sense. I would think my self-image would have boxers on as well but considering the state I was in before I finally calmed down I guess it makes sense." He said out loud to the room. Deciding that it was just too weird doing so he imagined a Phoenix joining him and the beautiful swan sized firebird sat staring at him from a perch in the corner. He expected to find Fawkes but this bird was mostly black with green wingtips and eyes. "Who are you?" He asked the bird who looked at him like he was an idiot. He actually heard its thoughts inside his own head. Which was rather strange if you think about it, being that he was already inside his own head as far as he knew.

He nodded to the bird as he got the message. "Ah, everything in here is representative of me in some way just like you are everyone and everything in a dream." He said not finding it odd any longer to be talking to himself, since himself was seated across the room on

the perch looking at him like he was crazy. "I'm not crazy." He told the bird who did the avian equivalent of shrugging. "Well even you are me; it's nice to have company." Again the bird shrugged but looked at him again as if afraid of what he was seeing. The bird let out a note of phoenix song, which he interpreted as, "If you are me, then I am going nuts, that's scary."

Harry laughed out loud. "I suppose it is a bit scary, but I think if we talk it out we can get better." The bird chuckled mentally and projected to him. "Right, because talking to ourselves inside our own head will keep us from going crazy?" Harry nodded in agreement with himself; he decided he was probably right.

Sitting down again after imagining the leather being body temperature he commented to the bird. "What? It looks like I am going to be spending a lot of time nude or near nude with my two best female friends. And it's much easier to get used to it in here than out there." The bird chirped which he heard as "There is something wrong with us, we are not acting normal."

Harry thought about it for a moment, idly he wondered what Hermione would think about his version of self-examination. He stood up and went into the candy shop looking through the colored confections he noticed a lock on one of the emotion bins. It looked like he had subconsciously locked away all of the bad thoughts about Sirius when he put the good memories away. Deciding he wasn't ready to deal with those just yet he walked back into the library, the door sealing itself behind him, and sat down once more.

"Yeah Yeah Yeah, I understand I need to deal with that stuff eventually, I know on some level that repressing is not good for me. But honestly things have been going so well for the last few days I'm not ready to take the time to deal with that stuff." He said to the bird. The bird seeing his logic nodded but sent another note his way. "You can't hide from this forever, locking away all that angst and pain is causing an imbalance in your emotions. One of these days something is going to break down that lock and it is going to hurt you really bad."

Harry laughed at himself, or the bird self, whatever. He just found it funny that one note of Phoenix song could say all that. The bird sang again, "It would be better to deal with it a little at a time since you have the ability." Harry shook his head, again giggling at

shaking his head inside his head. "I promise I will deal with that stuff eventually. For now I need to study." He told himself, who nodded.

Looking back to the book he skimmed over it, a nice side effect of his Occlumency was that he had perfect recall for information and memories. It kind of felt like cheating but he figured it would be useful. Quickly finding the section he was looking for he read aloud to himself and himself.

'...all magic is about intent. Try demonstrating wand movement and incantation to someone without casting the spell or revealing its purpose. Unless the person has a basic understanding of the language you are casting in, normally Latin, they will most likely get no effect or something to the effect of the sound of the spell. For example a 'Bombarda' spell might still result in a bludgeoning hex of some sort simply because it has a bit of Onomatopoeia to it. Meaning it sounds like what it is describing to an extent. However ask someone who has never learned Latin or seen the spell performed to cast a 'Diffindo' and rather than a cutting hex you are more likely to get some sort of shield.

Wand movements and incantations serve as triggers for a person's intent. Once you realize this you can work on removing incantations, and eventually wand movements completely from your spell casting. Once you reach this point it becomes a simple process to lose the wand altogether. Now while it is true that the magic strength of the caster determines which and how powerful the spells one can cast Wandlessly. The main hurdle for most people is belief in oneself. When we were children we did not know that there were things you could not do with magic, or that there was a spell to perform in order to get a result. We acted on instinct to achieve a desired result whether consciously or subconsciously.

You must remember this phrase: It is not just about belief; it is about Suspension of Disbelief.

Harry closed the book and sat it on the table that appeared beside him. He wondered briefly why it seemed normal to him that things just appeared and disappeared for him here. With sudden inspiration it occurred to him. His construct acted a lot like the Room of Requirement. He debated with himself, or rather the self inside his head inside his head, not the self sitting in the corner inside his head.

He debated whether intent magic as he had taken to calling it, was how the Room of Requirement was created in the first place.

Looking at the corner he saw that he, that is, the Phoenix was staring blankly at him, apparently his confusion was infectious. Or he was confusing himself. He started to laugh at himself. This caused him some distress as seeing a phoenix laugh, and in turn laughing yourself. While realizing you were laughing with yourself, at yourself, inside yourself.

He clawed his way to consciousness before he got caught in another loop of thought. He began giggling out loud, and was soon lying on his side laughing out loud. He opened his eyes and quit laughing abruptly as he was mere inches from Ginny's ankles and staring straight into her wet centre. He noted that the sharp smell was definitely coming from her and licked his lips again, not noticing that his member was shouting hello to the room once again.

He looked up into concerned brown eyes and he quickly closed his eyes, taking a deep breath. This of course did not help any at all as he could still smell her. If he didn't calm himself soon he knew he was going to show his agitated state as he sprayed all over the floor. Without opening his eyes he stumbled to his feet and tried to turn toward where he knew the bathroom was. But he tripped and fell on top of the redhead who he was trying to avoid. He landed between her legs as she opened her arms to try and catch him and he could feel her arousal slick against the tip of his cock. He could feel her soft skin and hard nipples pressed against his chest. His hips involuntarily bucked and he felt her lips slide along the length of his shaft until he was poised just outside of her entrance. Jumping quickly away and opening his eyes to avoid any further incidents he apologized profusely. And slammed the bathroom door behind him. He ran quickly to the sink but almost didn't make it before rope after rope of hot cum shot from the tip of his very aroused manhood. He couldn't stop himself from crying out in ecstasy as he gripped the counter. He looked up into the mirror as he settled back down and started to cry.

Meanwhile Hermione had been watching the whole thing; as soon as she had heard him laugh her eyes had snapped open to see what was going on. She had seen as he landed practically in the naked girls lap. She noticed when his hard member had popped out of his boxers. She witnessed with disbelief his failed attempt at

standing and his eventual near coupling with her best girl friend. Followed by his abrupt exit to the bathroom and the unmistakable sound of an orgasm.

She looked over at Ginny who was still lying on the floor panting. She had one hand between her legs and the other covering one of her breasts. She was not playing with herself Hermione decided. She was in shock and trying to decide how she should feel about the sensations running through her body. "Ginny, are you ok? Did he?" She began but Ginny shook her head as she sat up, breathing heavily. "No but it was a close thing." She whispered.

"What happened," Ginny asked after a moment. Hermione stared at the bathroom door for a moment before looking back at the other girl. "I don't know, but I am positive it was purely unintentional. I heard him laugh; I woke to see him practically in your lap, next thing I know it looks like he is humping you before he ran out of the room." She said confused.

Ginny nodded, "That's just about what I remember, I just didn't want to chance being confused." With that she got up and headed to the bathroom door where she could hear him sobbing. "I'm so sorry" over and over again. Completely at a loss at how to deal with him, she tried reassuring him with her words. "Harry?" She began, the sobbing quieted but continued.

"Harry nothing happened, it was just an accident, and I promise you didn't do anything I wouldn't want you to do anyway." She tried. Still no response.

She looked pleadingly at Hermione to help. The older girl got up and walked over. Whispering she told Ginny to head back to the bed, as she was unintentionally part of the problem. "Harry?" She called through the door quietly.

"Mione?" Harry sounded a little better.

"Yes Harry it's me, did you hear what Ginny told you?"

He mumbled something that she took for an affirmative. "Harry it was a series of events that you had no control over."

"I nearly raped her!" He cried out.



Hermione looked over at Ginny who shook her head and smiled. "Ginny doesn't think so Harry doesn't her opinion matter?" Hermione tried.

He mumbled again which she took as tentative agreement. "Harry can we come in?" she felt as much as heard the emphatic "No" through the door.

"Can I come in by myself?" She tried again, this time there was a long quiet before she heard the door unlock. She nodded to Ginny once and entered the bathroom. She found Harry curled up in the bathtub rocking back and forward.

"Harry you are making this out to be a bigger deal than it needs to be." She smirked and tried a different tactic. "Ginny looked like she almost enjoyed it." That got a look from him of disbelief.

"What Harry, your biggest fan just about had you take her virginity. Don't you think she might be a little bit excited now that the shock wore off? He just stared at her before uttering his first intelligible sentence.

"I thought she was over me." He said quietly.

Hermione shook her head. "Harry giving up on you and getting over you are two different things," She paused for a moment deciding if she should reveal that she was his number two fan but decided now was not the time. "She decided to be herself around you and see what happened. She is a lot happier being your friend than your fan girl." She joined him in the bathtub and drew him into a hug. He returned it fully and took a deep breath.

"But that was just too much. Hermione I don't know if I can stand this, I am a teenage boy after all." He said before looking at her and noticing again her state of undress, his manhood betrayed him once again as it became hard. He groaned out loud. "Who is currently sitting in a bathtub half naked with his half naked best female friend who is currently dating his best mate?" He almost shouted. She was practically sitting in his lap due to their position and so she felt his hardness against her thigh.

"Harry, all of your reactions have been perfectly normal. If I were sitting in your lap and you weren't aroused I would actually be offended. Now can we please go tell Ginny it's going to be OK? I don't want her to think there is something wrong with her." Hermione finished. He nodded so she got out of the tub and held out a hand to him.

Helping him out of the tub she turned and caught sight of the white substance starkly represented against the black background of the sink. She quickly turned away realizing her guess had been right earlier. She took his hand and led him back into the room with Ginny who, thankfully now had her underwear back in place.

"Harry I am so sorry, I don't know exactly what happened but I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." She began ranting at him. He held up a hand to shush her.

"Gin you didn't do anything, it was all one long series of mistakes. I was worried about you, I practically raped you!" He said rather loudly. She cringed a bit but didn't look away.

"No Harry, did you want to hurt me?" He shook his head, confused by her question, why would he ever hurt her. "Did you want to control me?" She asked again. Still confused he shook his head. "Would you ever even think about doing that to either of us, or any woman?" She asked a final time and he shook his head hard to make sure she got the point. "Then even if you had accidentally slipped inside me it would have been an accident and nothing else." She said the last in an almost defeated tone. He lifted her chin so she would look in his eyes, which had tears running down his cheeks again. "I would consider it a very happy accident." He said trying to be smooth, but in his opinion he was failing.

She laughed and brushed his hand away from her. "Rape is very rarely about sex Harry; didn't you describe what Snape did to you last year as Rape?" She asked him.

Suddenly he seemed to understand what she meant. She continued however. "Did you consider it attempted rape when Dumbledore surprised you earlier with a mental attack?"

"No, his intent was not to cause me any harm or control me, which is how I felt when the Potions Bastard did it." Harry replied poisonously.

Hermione jumped in at this point. "Harry if it helps Ginny and I can practice in our room and leave you alone. He instantly began shaking his head. "Please don't?" he asked. "I..." he blushed. "I like having you here when I am working. My hormones are a bit out of control, but it is helping me practice." He said and both girls nodded.

Ginny tried to lighten the mood. "Not to mention the view right Potter?" She said with a raised eyebrow.

Deciding to be bold he consciously looked her up and down and licked his lips. As he got back to her face he saw her eyes had widened and her breathing had become shallow. And watched as a blush started in her face and spread all the way down to her breasts. "You have no idea." He said lecherously.

Luckily she was standing by the bed, because her eyes rolled back in her head and she fell in a dead faint onto the bed. He was instantly sorry.

Before he could start his pity party Hermione spoke aloud. "Wow Harry! That was pretty good; I think that look might have put me out for the count!" She said sidetracking his thoughts.

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow and looked down, unfortunately she still had yet to put a bra back on so he was staring directly at her chest and his breathing got very short. Closing his eyes he centered himself as best he could, then opened then and raked his eyes back across her body and back up to her eyes and he smiled lopsidedly. "Guess it's a good thing you're taken then?" He asked. She sat down next to Ginny harder than he thought she would normally need to.

"Yeah..." She said trailing off just as Ginny woke up. She looked up into Harry's eyes from the bed and groaned.

"Shoot me now." She said.

"Why?" Harry asked confused.

She sat up and looked at him. "Because Harry, I spent all last year training myself not be shy or stutter in your presence and then I go and faint when you look at me."

He just nodded, but walked over to the bed and went down to his knees; she was only about an inch taller than him in this position. He moved between her legs and pulled her into a hug. "I like this Ginny, you don't have to change for me if this is the real you and not the stuttering fan girl with her elbow in the butter dish." He said.

She tried to pull away but he wouldn't let her, he began chuckling as she beat his shoulders with her fists. "Prat!" She said playfully. He pulled back and kissed the tip of her nose before getting to his feet.

"Besides," he said, "You aren't the one who nearly made a mess in your pants at the drop of a hat." She didn't tell him that was why she had passed out, she just nodded.

Hermione sighed and seemed to come back to herself. "So what started all of this was us waking up to you giggling like a madman, what's going on Harry?"

He stopped for a moment and debated whether he should tell them, in the end he decided they had shared enough today that there was no reason to hold back.

"You know how I was telling you about the inside of my head?" He asked as he tapped his temple. They both nodded.

"Well inside my own head, I am sort of a god." They both looked astonished and incredulous.

Ginny laughed at him, "Gee, conceited much Harry?"

He smiled at her but continued. "Not really no, in my mindscape I can do anything I want. I was inside my head, reading that Wandless magic book." Both of them looked confused so he explained.

"One of the side effects of an organized mind, at least in my case, is a photographic memory and total recall." He said, Ginny still looked confused, and glanced at Hermione for clarification.

"He can remember anything he has seen or read perfectly and play it back in his head." She told the other girl who nodded.

"Anyway," He continued his explanation, "I was reading my book, naked." He glanced to see their expressions. Hermione looked amused; Ginny looked lost in thought for a second before her eyes cleared. "And I said something out loud to myself, which felt wrong. Talking to myself you know?" They looked confused, but Hermione motioned for him to continue hoping for clarification.

"So I tried thinking to myself, but realized how strange it was that I was talking to myself, inside my head, while inside my head." He looked at them again to see if they got it. Hermione nodded, Ginny was looking even more confused.

Harry soldiered on. "So I imagined a Phoenix in the corner to talk to using my 'Bird Whispering' skills." Ginny interrupted him.

"Why not Hedwig?" She asked innocently.

"Well, Hedwig is a girl, and I was naked, and even though she has seen me naked before, it felt wrong to be sitting in the room naked reading a book with a female bird watching me, so I imagined the first male bird that came to mind." Now Hermione looked confused, but Ginny was happy she had caught on somewhat.

"Fawkes?" She asked him.

He nodded. "Except it didn't end up as Fawkes, it was a Black and green phoenix that had my eyes." This time it was Hermione's turn to contribute.

"Ah, because everything in a dream is an extension of yourself in some way." She said.

He nodded again and smiled at her. "I didn't understand that until the phoenix explained it to me." Harry said and waited for them to catch the joke.

Hermione as usual was the first to get the answer. "Wait, you didn't know that everything in a dream is a representation of you, until you told yourself?" She asked.

Finally Ginny started giggling, followed soon by Hermione. Smiling Harry continued. "So I realized I was sitting naked inside my head, talking to myself and getting thoroughly confused." He paused to

take a breath as he was giggling uncontrollably again. "When the bird tells me I was unbalanced because I had not dealt with my grief over Sirius properly yet, I locked it away subconsciously while I was sorting my thoughts out." Hermione immediately stopped laughing and looked at him.

"Harry the bird, I mean you, I mean you were right. That is not healthy; I wondered how you were dealing so well with everything at Sirius' Will reading. You haven't dealt with the bad parts yet, you just locked them away?" Even though she was trying to be serious she could not help but giggle as she stumbled through his multiple personalities.

"I know Mione, I will start working on them a little at a time since I have that ability, otherwise I am going to have more episodes like the one earlier." He looked over at Ginny and said, "Again Gin, I am really sorry about what happened."

She shrugged, "It's alright Harry, was that everything before you woke up?"

He shook his head and started giggling again at the memory, which set the girls off again. "Nope, so I was talking to myself in bird form and the bird begins to look as confused as I feel. And I decided that my confusion must be infectious if I was getting confused." Hermione snorted she was laughing so hard; she looked up at the others and laughed even harder. "You better not tell Ron or I will hurt you!" She said. He just smiled at her having received a similar threat the day before.

"So I tell myself that I am crazy, and myself tells I that I am not crazy, even if talking to myself who looks like a bird and wondering if my confusion was spreading to myself. Which got the bird thinking that I was crazy, but I heard him and couldn't tell anymore if I was talking to my bird self, or myself self in my head. And it all came crashing down when I realized once again, that I was talking to myself, in my head. Inside my head!" He said with tears in his eyes he was laughing so loud. "I told you Hermione that you had to be a bit delusional to work your Occlumency the way I do, but this is ridiculous!" he said jovially.

As they all started to come down from the high, and let some oxygen return to their struggling brains. Ginny just had to ask. "So what happened when you woke up that caused you to panic like that?"

He blushed suddenly and looked away but knew she deserved an answer. "If you must know, I woke up with my face a few inches from your, um..." He stumbled trying to find a word that would be polite but not clinical. Luckily Ginny saw his dilemma and suggested a word for him.

Her eyes lit up as she decided to tease him, she slowly said the word. "Pussy?" Both Hermione and Harry looked at her in shock; she couldn't help but notice however that little Harry had come out to play again.

He slowly nodded and gulped. "I was looking for a polite word but if you insist," he looked to Hermione who really wanted to hear him say the word, despite constantly getting onto the boys for their language.

Blushing madly he took a deep breath and looked Hermione in the eye, wanting some satisfaction but knowing he couldn't look Ginny in the eye and call her pink bits that. "Fine then, I woke up just a few inches from her... Pussy..." he dragged the word out just as Ginny had done. Hermione's eyelids fluttered and she took a quick intake of breath.

"And quickly closed my eyes. I tried to center myself to help, but my senses were on high alert. I could hear both of you breathing, I could smell Ginny's...he trailed off and looked up to see her horrified expression. "No!" He said quickly, "It was not a bad thing at all, you actually smelled, um, really good." He blushed again and looked away.

Keeping his eyes downcast he continued. "So I tried to block it out but with my eyes closed I could smell Pussy..." he shivered. Looking down he didn't see both of the girls do likewise. "If I opened my eyes I would see her Pussy." He said quickly just trying to get through this.

"If I didn't move I was going to explode in my boxers." He said and felt his face heating up. Hermione piped in.

"Harry that's perfectly natural when you get over stimulated." It helped a little, but only a little.

"So I kept my eyes closed and stood up, but I tripped and fell on top of her, which would have been nice. What with her... um..." This time Hermione offered the word just to see his reaction. "Tits?" She asked and enjoyed the glow that bloomed on his face.

Sighing in frustration he nodded. "Fine, I felt her tits pressed against my chest, which was all well and good, except that I had slipped out of my Boxer shorts and had fallen between her legs. Next thing I knew I was trying to hump her and I felt..." he paused again. This time looking at Ginny. He actually could have said the word this time but decided he had had enough of being teased. He put on puppy dog eyes and watched her cave in.

"He slipped on top of me and his..." She glanced at Hermione and then back to Harry, "Cock slid down my...Pussy and almost inside me." She said with a small convulsion of pleasure. "Honestly Harry, This has been the second most erotic moment of my life, please don't apologize." She said breathlessly.

"Second?" He asked.

"Stripping for you this morning was the first." She said shyly. He looked up and found Hermione nodding in agreement but she didn't appear to realize it.

He took a breath. "I agree, the last two days have been amazing. I have seen more girl parts and touched you in places I never thought I would see." He said. "But we really need work on this stuff. I hate to be a taskmaster, as that is Mione's job." The girl in question looked scandalized at the thought, but then nodded in resignation. "But hopefully we can put all of this behind us now that we discussed it?" he asked.

Both girls nodded. "Alright, now, I am going to try to control myself. Mione you might as well be comfortable after everything we have been through today." She nodded again. "And Gin, I promise to try not to attack you again. She shook her head.

"Don't promise that Harry." She said lecherously.



"Fine, I promise not to do so without asking your permission first. Better?" he asked jokingly. To his surprise she nodded solemnly.

"You two can get back to work, I am going to find a book on Legilimency in the library, that is if it's ok with Mione?" She looked at him strangely before remembering that she now owned that library. She grinned as she answered. "That's a wonderful idea Harry; if you take to that as fast as you did to Occlumency you can test our shields instead of Dumbledore. I don't fancy having him poke around in my head, even with permission." She said. Ginny nodded excited at the idea.

To both of their surprise, Hermione called out, "Winky?" The elf appeared with a pop. "Ms Hermione asks for Winky?" She said.

She glanced at her friends, "What? Harry takes care of her like family instead of treating her like a slave. That was all I ever wanted from S.P.E.W." Both of them just shook their heads, trying to make sense of it all.

"Winky, can you go to the library and bring back any books on Legilimency or Mind Arts. Even if they are dark?" She added. The little elf smiled and popped out.

Ginny stared at her friend. "Who are you and what have you done with Hermione Granger?" She asked.

Harry nodded and added, "Granger would never even think of using dark arts information, or ask a house elf for help!"

The two shared a look before breaking down into laughter. "Honestly you two, I already explained myself about the elves, and information is just information. It is the application of magic, which determines if it is light or dark. Not the fact that it exists." She said with a sniff.

Harry understood exactly what she meant. If you used an AK to give peace to someone who was dying in pain, it was not really a dark spell. And by the same reasoning, if you used Wingardium Leviosa to levitate someone out a window and then drop them. You would be doing a lot more pain and suffering using a first year spell than using a so-called unforgivable.

Meanwhile Ginny decided to ignore the comment. She had been raised in a light family so she understandably had extreme views. But she also knew this and accepted that she didn't know everything.

Winky popped in a few minutes later with 4 different books. "I is sorry mistress, these was all that was in the library. Winky can go buy you some books if Harry says it's ok." She looked like she wanted badly to punish herself. To the elves surprise Hermione pulled her into a hug, which looked really really strange to Harry, considering she was still topless. Funny that he had forgotten that fact for two whole minutes.

"No Winky, you did a wonderful job. Thank you. And I will never ask you to punish yourself, ever. Just explain to me if you had to do something you felt was wrong. Even if I am upset, I still do not wanting you hurting yourself. Okay?" She pulled the elf away from her and looked in her eyes.

"Yes Ms. Hermione. Thank yous." And she popped away.

Turning to examine the books Harry noted the titles.

Dark Magiks of the Mind

Thought Projection for Protection

Know Their Mind and Yours

Legilimency for the Lost

The first two did not look too promising, but he would go through them later. The third one had promise, and skimming through it he saw that it was about using Legilimency during a duel to anticipate your opponent. But did not contain the How-To's.

The last book he recognized as being written by the same author as Occlumency for the Occluded and immediately made plans to study that one first. The girls meanwhile had gotten comfortable again; Harry looked up from his book and saw that Hermione had taken his advice. Fortunately or unfortunately depending on how you looked at it, she was sitting cross-legged in front of him, much the way that Ginny had earlier. He caught a whiff of her scent and moaned aloud

as his eyes traveled down her body and over the soft pink lips and the tiny bud hidden at the top of her pudendum.

His moan caught her attention and she raised an eyebrow at him. "Having more problems Mr. Potter?" She asked with an almost knowing look.

"If I must be honest then yes Hermione." He decided to be bold, for some reason it was easier with her than it had been with Ginny. "With you sitting like that I can see straight into your Pussy and I can now identify Ginny or You by smell if that tells you anything." He said while looking into her eyes. Ginny's had snapped open at the taboo word and she glanced between the two before commenting.

"Well you know Harry, it really isn't fair that you get a show and we don't. If we are all going to be this comfortable around each other I think those need to come off." She said with a look at his boxers.

He sighed as he stood up. "Fine, but I am warning you, I am a teenage boy and I cannot be held responsible for what the sight of two beautiful naked women does to me." He pulled the waistband of his boxers away from his body so they would not get caught on his erection and then let them drop. He stood before them naked as the day he was born, with his throbbing member at full mast and bouncing along with his heartbeat.

The girls studied him unabashedly for a few moments. He was about nine inches long and circumcised, and about a big around as a broom handle. Hermione had the sense of preservation, both of herself, and her relationship with Ron not to say anything. But Ginny let a comment slip out. "Damn!" She realized she had spoken aloud and quickly her face and chest matched her hair.

After that comment Harry stood a little straighter, a little less ashamed. Hermione had noticed and was barely controlling the urge to throw herself at him. "Um, I think we understand your problem now Harry." She said.

Ginny nodded. "Damn!" She said again causing him to blush this time.

"That about sums it up. I am certain this is all simply due to hormones and we will get used to it eventually. Now you and I have

some work to do missy." She said to Ginny. "Eyes closed." She ordered.

Ginny snapped her eyes shut but smiled and cracked an eye in his direction. He looked back pretending to be unashamed and licked his lips. She squeaked and quickly shut her eyes again before she had another episode. Grabbing his book Harry lay down on the bed and began to read as the girls breathing deepened.

He sighed and wondered what he had done to deserve such a wonderful life.

## Chapter 12 by GinnyMyLove

Disclaimer: Nope, I wish. One day I will own something, til then please don't take my kids.

### Chapter 12: Happy Accidents

...Legilimency is much more and yet much more subtle than mind reading. The term mind reading infers something like a book, which the reader is able to peruse at, will. In reality a Legilimens is able to access memories and emotions but in varying degrees depending upon several factors.

If the person is an active Occlumens, active meaning one trained in the art. Most people have subtle shields around their minds that help them deal with the astounding amount of stimuli in the everyday environment.

Proximity to the person is important as well. Some people report that skin contact can dramatically increase the level of emotions and memories that can be accessed. However the use of passive Legilimency simply to determine the truth of the subjects words, does not normally lend itself well to physical touch.

Eye contact is also essential for in depth reading of the mind. The amateur Legilimens will have a telling sign such as a glow or sparkle to his/her eyes when they engage the subject. As one progresses to the level of Master these signs can be eliminated with practice.

Most important to the successful Legilimens is emotional state. Human memory is normally associated heavily with emotion. If you can trigger the correct emotion in your subject you will more easily access information that has been linked or organized in their mind under that category.

There have been reports of natural Legilimens in the past. Those reported the gift manifesting during the teenage years and slowly growing over time. The natural Legilimens has a distinct advantage over the trained in that they are able to control their own thoughts and emotions in such a way as to be undetectable to even a Master Occlumens. The last known natural Legilimens was Nicholas Flamel. He was recorded as mentioning that he simply had to learn to listen correctly in order to control his gift. Of course Mr. Flamel also stated

that as his gift had manifested more than 600 years earlier the details were a bit fuzzy...

Harry rubbed his eyes for absolutely no reason, since he was not actually reading anything. Over the last several days he had discovered that if he wanted he could spend time in his mindscape studying while his physical body rested. He had done it on accident one night after fainting when one of the girls had started discussing their cup sizes and discussing shaving techniques.

He had been a bit reluctant at first to reenter his mind. But Hermione assured him that if he avoided talking to himself, especially as a bird. That he should be fine. His main problem was over thinking. Her use of the word had caused him to laugh for nearly ten minutes straight, after which he assured them that he would indeed start on sorting his bad memories.

He had woken crying three nights ago when he had unlocked the memory of Sirius falling through the Veil. They had taken to leaving the passage open at night to help circulate the cool night air. So the girls awoke and were instantly by his side as they heard his strangled cries. All by itself that memory should not have been that bad, but the emotion he unlocked along with it spilled over into his other memories and compounded the problem. The Will reading at Gringotts, when he had seen his Godfather for the last time floating above the Pensieve. Seeing Grimmauld Place again from the outside, and hearing the Headmaster explain that when Sirius... died... that the wards had been reset. All of his memories of the house, and wishing that Sirius could see the place cleaned up, and imagining the look on his face as his mother's portrait fell from the wall. He wailed aloud for well over an hour before he fell asleep exhausted in Hermione's lap. Ginny had curled up behind him and rubbed soothing circles over his back, whispering in his ear. Both girls were emotionally exhausted as well. And the following morning Harry had awoken wrapped between the two. He was cuddling Hermione like a teddy bear, except she was a very sexy and very soft teddy bear. He had his right hand covering her breast and could feel her soft nipple against his palm. And his normal morning erection was pressed firmly against the crack in her bum. Ginny had an arm and a leg thrown over both of them. He had disentangled himself from them and rushed to the bathroom before he had an incident on Hermione's back.

It was now Sunday again, over the last week the Headmaster had been strangely absent but other members had come and gone. Harry had seen little of Ron, but he had kept himself busy meeting with order members who were helping him to design the training room. He and Hermione tried to make time for each other, but Ron seemed more interested in planning than snogging, leaving a frustrated Hermione for Harry to deal with. This would not normally be a problem, but after the initial shock they had all taken to running between both of the rooms completely nude. Harry had a nearly constant erection, which pleased the girls to no end, though they would never say such a thing. Hermione assured him it was perfectly natural. He let her think so to hide his embarrassment as he became increasingly attracted to both of them. Rather than getting used to the nudity he was getting more turned on by the day. He retired to the bathroom to relieve the pressure at least four times a day.

So now when Hermione would come back from Ron's room after a quick snog, and look ready to cry. She would curl up on his lap, naked. She would curl up on his naked lap, naked. His mind began to spin and the feeling of having a completely naked and sexually frustrated Hermione, sitting sideways on his lap with his erection pressed firmly against her bum. At times he could feel her arousal drip slightly onto his thigh. Ginny was absolutely no help, as she simply looked jealous. The one thing that kept Harry going was that she had not cried yet. She curled up in his lap and hugged him. But she had not cried. She simply told him that he made her feel safe. How could he say no to that?

Still sitting in his comfy chair in the 'study' as he had taken to calling his personal library, He daydreamed about naked witches while mulling over the passage that kept running through his mind.

"Natural Occlumens report the gift manifesting in the teenage years."

He wondered if that would explain his 'Bird Whispering' thing. If he could be a natural at Occlumency, then why couldn't the same be true of Legilimency? It made more sense to him than being a previously undiscovered talent related to Parseltongue. Deciding once again to try and 'listen' the way he did to Hedwig, he opened up his mind to see if the girls were awake yet. Surprisingly he encountered someone and if he was right they were physically in the

room with him. He concentrated on his hearing and heard two girls calling his name. He thought himself back to the surface of his mind and rejoined the living world. When he opened his eyes he nearly choked.

Hermione was kneeling on the bed, which had caused his head to roll in the direction of her slightly parted legs. Her shaved mound was mere centimeters from his nose and he could smell her excitement. He longed to reach out with his tongue and taste her. Luckily he was pulled from his thoughts as his member twitched. He looked up to find Ginny straddling him and shaking his shoulders with a large grin plastered on her face. "Ah there you are. Wake up we're going Shopping today!" She said excitedly.

This would have been a wonderful way to wake up he was certain. Except that he had been thinking of these two witches mere moments ago and his physical body had responded. To make matters worse, due to the summer heat he had fallen asleep naked on top of the covers. This meant that Ginny was currently straddling his hips, and his cock was pressed lengthwise against her slit.

Finally seeing that he was awake she sat back, which was the wrong thing to do. She slid down the length of his cock and he felt her wet cunt come into contact with his aching balls. The combination of sensations sent him over the edge before he could react, and he bucked his hips a few times against her wet snatch. He tried desperately to hold onto his orgasm but the feeling of her hot flesh nearly surrounding the length of him was too much and he pulled her down on top of him as he cried out into her hair. Hot jets of his seed splashed between them coating his stomach and getting caught in their pubic hair.

To put it simply Harry was mortified. She made as if to get up but he shook his head as the tears started to flow. "What must you two think of me now?" He cried into her shoulder even as he held her tight against him. He could feel her curves and decided she was not as hard as she looked after all. "Not that it's your problem, but how am I possibly ever going to have a love life if I keep going off prematurely?" He wailed. It was a testament to their friendship that he felt comfortable enough to express himself, even as he lay coated in his own cum with one of his best friends lying atop him naked.



"Shhhh Harry it's ok." Ginny whispered and looked over at Hermione with shock on her face. She wanted nothing more at the moment than to sheath him inside her but knew neither of them was ready. He hadn't even asked her out yet! She drove the naughty thoughts out and pleaded with Hermione using her eyes.

Thinking quickly Hermione whispered to him. "Harry, I am not going to say this is normal, but I will say I know you have been taking care of the problem in the bathroom five or more times a day. I think I can speak for her when we say that whatever witch you end up with will be very lucky to have someone with that much stamina!"

Ginny nodded into his neck. "Harry, would it make you feel better if I told you I had a new number one erotic moment?" She felt his blush before she saw it. But he nodded. "One day Harry, some witch is going to be very lucky to have you." She decided to do something bold, but seeing as how she was currently covered from nipples to clit in his cum, she thought he would forgive her. She leaned in and kissed him on the lips. Not passionate or greedy, but filled with feeling. He responded immediately but his hips bucked against her again and he pulled away.

Hermione saw the look in his eyes and spoke up. "Harry honestly I don't mind. Granted I am not the one who assaulted you and got the repercussions. But sex is a natural act, and the urge to, er..." She trailed off, suddenly unable to complete the sentence even if she was reciting from memory.

Ginny took her line of thought a step further. "With what we have been through together, I don't think a little thing like multiple orgasms is going to...well you know, come between us, so to speak." She said, turning scarlet despite her words.

Harry took a few deep breaths and looked at Hermione. "What were you saying?"

She blushed and avoided his eyes but continued her quote. "Sex is a natural act and the urge to...er...orgasm is the driving factor in nearly all procreation. Orgasm is nature's way of rewarding animals for making babies. Humans are just lucky enough to experience them even when the urge has nothing to do with procreating. I know I..." She stammered and stopped, looking away again.

Harry suddenly felt much better. "Are you saying you, um. You know, as well?" he asked as delicately as he could, now was not the time to be vulgar. That could come later. He grinned.

She sighed and put a hand over her face at having to admit this to anyone, she didn't even talk like this with Ginny, it was just something about Harry. "Yes okay?" She squeaked. "Does it make you feel better to know that since we began practicing Occlumency together I have to get myself off at least three times a day?" Harry did not know it was possible for a Granger to blush Weasley red.

"Actually, that does make me feel better." He turned his look on Ginny. She had a scared look on her face and swallowed a lump in her throat. There was no way she could tell him THAT!

"Gin?" he asked. She didn't look at him she just nodded into his shoulder in which she had buried her face to hide the blush. "Have you been having issues as well?" She nodded again. Even though he should not notice such things at this point. He couldn't help but feel the trickle of juices that ran from her pussy over his balls.

"How many times?" He asked her. It was after all only fair since they had both told the truth. She shook her head.

"Come on Gin we both told, it's your turn." She shook her head again. "Don't you want to make me feel better?" He asked. In response she growled into his neck and rocked against his erection, further spreading his cum between them and gluing them together. He hissed and grabbed her bum out of instinct to stop her movements. This caused her to sit up quickly and look at him. Once again her movement had unintended consequences and he bucked against her, his cock sliding over her clit combined with her nerves pushed her over the edge. And she came hard, sitting on his cock, in front of her best female friend. Harry's cock, balls, and thighs received a light coating of her juices as she slowly gyrated against his straining cock. She couldn't help it and she couldn't stop. Unfortunately neither could he.

He turned pleading eyes to Hermione and stared into her brown pools as he came once again, this time as she was on the upstroke of her orgasm. His cum coated her clit and ran down between them around his cock. Collapsing back into the pillow he concentrated on breathing. He could not believe he came on her, again, within the

space of five minutes. And in front of Hermione. Taking a deep breath he was now the one reassuring a crying Ginny.

"Gin? That was amazing, thank you for sharing that with me. It was a happy accident right?" He said remembering his earlier phrase. She nodded into his neck but the tears continued to fall. "You know I have gotten to know you better, at this point I think I know you better than I know Ron. So I know you're not just a stuttering fan girl any more okay?" He said to her, her crying slowed and she nodded. "Just because you came all over me, and caused me to have two orgasms in the last five minutes, I don't think any less of you. Do you think any less of me?" He asked, suddenly sounding vulnerable and scared.

She shook her head against him and the tears stopped. Without looking up she held up her hand with all five fingers extended. It took a moment for the other two to realize what she was trying to say. "Five times?" Hermione asked. She shook her head, closed her fist and opened it again.

"Ten times?" Harry asked her surprised. This time she nodded and burrowed deeper into his neck. "You are just insatiable aren't you?" He asked playfully. He could feel the heat from her blush, and then surprising him he felt her nod again.

Hermione was having difficulties after what she had just seen. She was so close to an orgasm just from watching the other two that she decided to hell with it and slid one hand up to her breast while the other delved into her folds. Harry turned his head and took in a sharp breath of air, causing Ginny to look up curiously. They both stared in shock and excitement as they watched her fingers furiously work her clit. And her other hand pinching and twisting her nipple. Her eyes were closed and her head thrown back and she rocked a bit on her knees. Her pussy was still just centimeters from his nose, meaning only inches from Ginny's as they watched her approach her climax. "I'm... sorry...I was just...So...close!" Hermione said around breaths that were coming shorter and shorter. Ginny began rocking involuntarily again against Harry's semi-flaccid cock and he began to harden. Hermione screamed her release and collapsed forward. Unfortunately this put her pussy directly into Harry's face. He inhaled her scent as Ginny rocked on his now aching cock. Hermione realized her position and tried to move, only succeeding in opening her legs, and thus her pussy to him. As the redhead went

over the edge, taking him with her, he tasted Hermione for the first time, she spasmed again at the unexpected contact and they all came simultaneously.

They lay in a messy heap for a few minutes. Harry consciously keeping his mouth to himself, but savoring the flavor on his tongue. Ginny slowly regained consciousness and looked at the sight of Harry's face buried in Hermione's crotch. She sighed happily and snuggled into his chest, rocking slightly against his now soft cock.

"Hey none of that, this was all one big happy accident. But I think if we let it happen again right now we can't write it off." Harry said. Trying not to move his mouth as he spoke. However Hermione felt the vibrations from his voice against her clit and found the strength to move. She looked absolutely mortified that she would let something like this happen when she was dating Ron. "How about we take a shower, and then I can tell you what I learned from the book last night?" Harry said. He was happy to be able to speak freely, but missing the warmth that had been pressed against his lips.

Ginny nodded and rolled carefully off of him. He watched her get up and enjoyed the view of her covered from chin to nether lips in his cum just a little too much. He spoke quickly to Hermione. "I know you are feeling incredibly guilty right now, but you have to think about it. The three of us have been running around in a sexually charged atmosphere for almost a week now nude. This was bound to happen sometime and it could have been much worse." He saw that he had gotten through to the logical side of her brain and figured a little teasing wouldn't hurt her. "Or much better." He grinned. She slapped his shoulder as she too rolled off the bed. He climbed up and out of the bed and they followed him as he headed toward his bathroom.

"Going somewhere ladies?" he asked.

"You said we were going to take a shower." Hermione said pouting a bit.

"You need to wash all of this icky stuff off of me." Ginny said running a finger over her stomach. She unthinkingly placed that finger in her mouth and savored his sweet flavor. The other girls in her dorm didn't know what they were talking about, either that, or Harry just tasted better than other guys. She realized what she had done and

quickly looked at the other two. Hermione looked like she wanted to taste him as well. Harry's eyes were huge and his cock standing at attention once more.

Glancing down she commented, "And you called me insatiable?" He noticed his predicament and grinned happily as he nodded. "Down boy." She said stepping into the shower. She beckoned to Hermione to join her, and the older witch did so. Ginny turned them both away from Harry and whispered something to her before running a finger across her breasts and then popping it into Hermione's mouth. The bookworm moaned a bit, then reached out and turned on the showerheads. Turning back around they both held out a hand to him to join them.

'I will take death by sexy witches over death by Voldemort any day.' He thought to himself as he joined them.

The shower really was not made for three people, but after what had happened mere minutes before, a little bit of skin contact was the least of their worries. Harry paid as little attention as possible to the girls sharing his space, and eventually turned to face the corner to avoid rubbing his cock against their soap slick backs and stomachs.

As he washed himself he idly wondered if he should feel weird in this situation. A week ago he had been dreaming of these two but never expecting to so much as kiss them. Now he was sharing a shower with them after all but shagging Ginny. He made a note to examine his feelings later to see if he was repressing anything. Even though it had been extremely uncomfortable for him at the time he felt much better now that he had actually mourned Sirius, even only a little bit. His thoughts were interrupted as aforementioned redhead tapped him on the shoulder. "Wash my hair Harry?" She asked.

He really did not know how to answer that. "Uh, don't you normally do that?" He responded intelligently.

"I normally have a bit more space. I am going to wash Hermione's hair, and seeing as you already washed yours..." She trailed off. He couldn't refute her logic, and couldn't come up with any reason not to besides his discomfort at seeing his best friends naked and wet. He nodded over his shoulder and slowly turned around.

The three of them turned as one, Hermione was nearly pressed against the glass but there was a chest height nozzle spraying her and keeping her warm. Ginny was pressed almost as tightly against her back, her breasts smashed against the other girl's shoulder blades. Harry backed into his corner to give them some room and Ginny backed off as much as she could before bumping into his erection. With a wicked gleam in her eyes he couldn't see she reached behind her and grasped his cock in her hand. "That is getting in the way." She stated clinically and pointed it downward so that it rested in the crack of her bum, and she backed up enough to trap him there.

He gulped as Hermione threw a questioning look over her shoulder. She saw Ginny grin and Harry wince but decided to say nothing. They were after all trying to get him to make a move on the younger girl. "Um, shampoo?" Harry said awkwardly as he grabbed the bottle of a shelf set into the tiled wall. Ginny held out her hand and he squeezed a bit into her hand. She looked at the dime-sized dollop and threw a look at him.

"We have a bit more hair than you do Harry, I don't know if that is enough to even wash my bits with!" She giggled. He couldn't believe she was talking about her bits with him, while naked. And giggling! He squeezed a good three times that amount into her hand and she nodded in approval before setting to the task of washing the tangled mass of curls in front of her.

Taking a cue from her he got about the same amount and began massaging it into her hair. As he worked his way down the long locks that fell to the middle of her back when wet, he noted how silky it was and secretly relished the feeling of her smooth skin on the backs of his fingers. He ran out of shampoo at the same time as Ginny reached over her shoulder for more. He grabbed the bottle and refilled her hand, before doing the same to his.

As he began to massage the shampoo into her scalp he heard her moan in pleasure, her fingers didn't stop massaging the others girls scalp either and Hermione moaned as well. He very strictly kept his hips from bucking and forcing his cock between Ginny's legs. "Ladies this is wonderful and all, but if the point is to get clean then can you please keeps the sound effects to a minimum?" He asked.

Ginny reached behind her and patted his bum playfully. "I wouldn't mind too much Harry if you need to take care of that problem."

This time he did buck slightly reminding her just how close he was. She quickly rethought that statement but said nothing. He groaned aloud. "Please don't tempt me; I am so messed up in the head at the moment I might take you up on your offer. I feel like I should be ashamed right now." He said loud enough for Hermione to hear, she just nodded in response. Leaning in to whisper to Ginny he said. "That doesn't mean I really don't want to cum all over your back right now." Hermione heard the whispers and although she couldn't hear what he was saying she had some idea.

She called out "Rinse!" and leaned her head back into the stream of water to get the shampoo out. Ginny did the same, but rather than use the stream nearest to her, she leaned her head back into the one hitting Harry's shoulder. She wiggled her bottom into his erection and looked into his eyes with a sly smile. "Happy accident?" She whispered into his ear.

That was enough for him, feeling every nerve in his body tingling and his heartbeat throbbing in his ears, he pulled his cock from the crack of her bum and began rubbing the tip against her shampoo slick back. She could feel his stiffness and felt his knuckles sliding in time along his length and before long she felt the splash of his semen hit her and run quickly down her leg as his breath caught in his throat. She whispered in his ear "Gods that was hot." He nodded silently. They were interrupted by an "Ahem" from the other corner. The brunette was waiting patiently.

"Conditioner and then breakfast?" She asked. Feeling slightly jealous and slightly uncomfortable at what she imagined had transpired behind her. They finished the shower quickly and got ready for the day.

## Chapter 13 by GinnyMyLove

Author's Notes: PLEASE DON'T KILL ME, I MISREMEMBERED AND THERE IS STILL SPRINKLINGS OF R/HR UNTIL CHAPTER 20, you really are missing out if you completely skip these chapters though.

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Thoroughly clean and feeling much better Harry waited in his room for the girls to finish getting ready. He slipped into his mindscape and began examining his emotions again. He found, not a lock this time, but definitely a block on a few of them; they were a mixture of greens and reds. For the time being he decided to remove the block without examining which emotions they were and which memories they were linked to. He did not have time for a breakdown this morning and hoped that he would simply be able to deal with them normally now that he was not blocking them.

Pulling out of his head he looked up to find the girls walking in; both were wearing khaki shorts and sleeveless tank tops. He wished he had some lighter clothing to wear out since it was so hot outside, but Winky was only able to pick him up some casual robes from Madame Malkin's. He would have to be content wearing his now tailored sweatpants and a t-shirt until he could do some Muggle shopping of his own. Maybe he could convince the Headmaster to let them go into Muggle London later. He would almost be safer there than he was in Diagon Alley surrounded by Order members.

"Ready to head down Harry?" Ginny asked him with a smile. He suddenly felt a little uncomfortable around her.

"Um, yeah." He said not meeting her eyes. Ginny suddenly got a very worried look, and nonverbally asked Hermione to leave them alone.

Seeing the look the older girl nodded, "I am going to go and see if Ron is awake yet, I'll see you downstairs." And with that she turned and left the room.



"Harry can you look at me please?" He slowly raised his eyes to meet hers, and blushed bright red. "Is something wrong?" She asked in confusion.

"I think I have been blocking out some of my feelings as a defense against hot naked witches." He said before covering his mouth and falling back on his bed. He grabbed a pillow and through it over his head.

"What do you mean?" She asked as she sat down next to him. She didn't move to get closer to him and he didn't ask her to move, so he assumed this was a comfortable distance at the moment.

"Gin, I have been running around starkers with you two for the past week and rather than get used to it I swear I get turned on more every day. If I am creaming myself left and right we couldn't get much work done, so I guess I sort of locked away some of the feelings. I am not ashamed of our relationships, or of spending time with you two nude. I am however feeling extremely guilty for how I am treating you, and especially for not putting a stop to things with Mione. She is going out with your brother for god sakes!" He said as he removed the pillow and looked at her, his blush finally having subsided.

Ginny was momentarily stunned. She knew he hadn't been acting like himself, but she was just so happy that he was returning her flirting, among other things, that she hadn't really thought about it. "Does this mean you don't want to keep working the way we have been?" She asked him meekly.

"NO!" He nearly shouted. "I mean, as far as the nudity goes the cats out of the bag, I don't think it would make a difference to Ron at this point if I told him I suddenly came to my senses and didn't want look at his sister and his girlfriend naked any longer. And I have been consciously keeping my distance from her when I can; trying to respect her relationship with him.

"As for you." He sat up and looked her in the eye, picking her hand up off the bed and holding it in both of his. "I don't know what's going on between us, but it's a lot of fun. I just feel bad because I'm afraid you expect me to express my undying love for you and promise to

marry you or something." She gasped at the mention of marriage, but he took it as mention of the situation.

"Harry, I'm only 14, you're only 15. Well for another couple days at any rate. I know I have feelings for you, but who the hell knows if it's Love?" She said the last quietly.

He nodded. "So is it okay that I nearly cream myself every time I look at you? Is it okay for me to really enjoy rubbing myself raw against you until we both collapse in pleasure? Is it okay that I can't tell you I love you?" He asked in rapid succession.

She pulled him into a hug. "That depends. Is it okay that you've made me cum and pass out on more than one occasion now with just a look?" She waited until his eyes went wide with understanding of why she kept fainting. "Is it ok that I thought it was really really hot to be covered in your cum?" She looked again, he blushed but he was grinning. "Is it okay that I can't tell you I love you either?" She asked finally.

Relief flooded through him when she said the last and he pulled her into another hug. "So what does this mean? Are we dating?" He asked.

She pretended to ponder the situation for a moment. "That depends, are you asking me to be your girlfriend?" She asked. He nodded quickly. She responded by picking herself up and straddling his hips. She put her arms around his neck and pulled him into the kiss she longed to give him since she understood what the feelings meant when he made her feel funny. He returned the kiss with passion and as she moaned he threaded his tongue lightly between her lips.

She took a sharp breath through her nose and pulled him closer, opening her mouth further and dueling his tongue with hers. Finally he had to get a breath and pulled away. "I take that as a yes then?" She nodded happily and wiggled on his lap. "Hey! None of that, it seems to happen often enough as it is without doing it on purpose, and I really like your clothes, I don't think you fancy seeing them in shreds on the floor." He growled.

Giggling she got up off of his lap and held out a hand He took it and stood up. She went to pull him out of the room but he remained in

place, looking pensive about a question he was mulling over. "Now what boyfriend?" She asked, savoring the word.

He grinned but it quickly left his face. "What about Mione?" He asked. "She and Ron haven't been getting along, and you know how she is when she feels rejected by him." He looked at her pleading.

"Harry, I don't want you to change your relationship with her one bit, do you understand me?" She stated firmly. "I am surprisingly not jealous of her, other than looking longingly when she sat in your lap as you comforted her."

He smiled and pulled her into his arms and kissed her quickly. "Thank you, she means the world to me, but you do too and I didn't want to have to choose. I am going to talk to her about setting some boundaries though. It isn't fair to Ron. Maybe you and I can help those two out?" He said the last as a question.

She nodded but was frowning. "She has told me she started crushing on him after a chess game." She said looking at him confused while understanding showed in his eyes. "But I never pushed her for details. He is my brother after all, and I can't see what she sees in him. Let alone do I want to hear her go on about him." She didn't tell him that most of those conversations had turned to Harry Potter instead.

"Our first year when we rescued the Philosophers Stone from Quirrelmort, we had to go through a bunch of traps, one of them was a giant chessboard. We had to play our way across with Ron directing us. He had climbed on the back of a knight and in the end he sacrificed himself so that I could go forward and save the stone." He recited the story quietly, and she listened enraptured. Her brother had done that? The crazy selfless git!

"Wow," was all she could say for a second. "I guess I don't give him enough credit sometimes."

He nodded, "I would have thought it was saving her from that Troll, it was Ron's levitation charm that saved us. All I managed to do was get bogeys on my wand." He said with a shutter.

"No this story I have heard, she knew it was your idea to find her and Ron would not have thought twice about it at the time without

you there. She also told me you jumped on the trolls back to distract it. That was some serious chivalry Harry." She said and kissed him again shortly.

Smiling he walked past and pulled her out the door by their joined hands. As he popped open the staircase he asked her. ", would you accompany me to Diagon Ally and perhaps into Muggle London today, as our first date?" She looked surprised that he would actually ask rather than assume.

"I would like that very much Mr. Potter." She replied. Then they both giggled and headed down the stairs, the door slowly slid closed behind them.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Ron lay on his bed staring at the ceiling where he knew Harry's room was. His girlfriend spent an awful lot of time with his best mate but he tried to shrug it off. He had opted out of the training after all. She wouldn't tell him anything about it except that they were progressing nicely. She told him it was a very intimate experience and she couldn't violate Harry or Ginny's trust like that. She offered to let him join them, but once again he got upset.

"Would you stop pestering me about it, I already told Harry I am happy working on the training room and following him to hell and back if he needs me. I don't want to spend my time learning some useless skill to hide a secret that isn't so secret anyway." He had said rather coldly. She had run from the room in tears leaving him feeling alone and ashamed.

That had been two nights ago, for some reason they never seemed to part on good terms. But she kept coming back and forgiving him when he told her how sorry he was for the stupid argument. Then they would snog for a while; he just wished every night worked out the same as the night he asked her out.

Hermione came to his door and knocked nervously, he opened the door to find her standing in the hallways in her night robe. It was the same blue as her ball gown had been two years ago and almost completely solid. It was just sheer enough to offer a hint at what lay beneath.

"May I come in?" She asked and he nodded dumbly as he opened the door for her. Shaking his head he closed the door behind him and headed into find her sitting on his bed looking nervous. He noted that there was no tie on her robe; she was holding it closed with one hand.

"What did you want Hermione?" He asked getting more nervous by the second. Harry had told him to do it before he lost the chance; he just had to summon the nerve to ask her.

She looked up at him and let the robe fall open a bit. He could not help but notice she was topless underneath. "I wanted to talk to you, about us." She stated.

He gulped but nodded and sat down on the bed beside her. "Hermione..." he trailed off as his throat dried out. He swallowed quickly and continued. "I wanted to ask you all summer, but I just couldn't get up the nerve. I know we fight like cats and dogs, but everyone has been teasing us since the Yule indecent and it got me thinking. Do you think maybe you would go out with me?" He stammered out the sentence.

Finally, Hermione thought as a grin exploded on her face. She had planned to ask him tonight if he didn't do it. She was so happy she jumped into his arms and kissed him soundly on the lips. "Yes Ronald, I have been waiting ages for you to ask." With both hands around his neck, her robe had fallen open revealing her topless form fully to him.

"Bloody hell Hermione!" He said looking away from her at the wall.

"Oh grow up Ron, I went to the French Riviera the first two weeks of this summer, did you take the time to notice there are no tan lines?" She asked him shrugging the robe off her shoulders so that it pooled around her elbows. Leaving her completely exposed before him. He gulped and was too stunned to answer, his eyes moved in time with her breathing as her breasts rose and fell.

"I had to get comfortable with my body quickly with all the healers looking at this." She motioned to the scar that was barely visible. He only nodded dumbly. "They are just breasts!" She said pulling one of his hands up and placing it over her nipple. "Besides, you looking at me like that makes me feel very nice." She said quieter this time.

"You're beautiful." He finally managed to speak. "I noticed before the ball, but I mucked that up so bad, and I have been kicking myself ever since." He said. He lightly squeezed the breast in his hand and looked at her face for a reaction she had closed her eyes and parted her lips. He was no expert but she seemed to be enjoying his attention. So he pulled his hand down a bit and took her nipple between his fingers. She let out a soft moan.

"Ron you have no idea how long I have wished for you to touch me like that." She breathed out. But then opened her eyes and sighed. "However I think we can move a little bit slower. I don't mind you looking at them, but it feels a bit soon to enjoy you playing with them." He looked dejectedly at the floor. She raised his chin up to hers. "Not that I don't like it, I'm just not ready. More than a kiss requires a lot of trust and we need to build that up." She said.

He nodded and pulled her robe closed, then ran his hands up to her face and framed it in his hands. "I guess I can handle that Hermione, but the more I see of you, the less control I am going to have, so let's try to keep those put away yeah?" She nodded but had a slightly annoyed look on her face.

"Ron half of England and all of France saw me topless this summer and none of them attacked me. I think we will be ok, but if you insist." She smiled as he leaned in and kissed her. He pressed his tongue against her lips but she pulled back.

"Sorry Ron, I know I moved a little fast earlier, but now that I can think again I think we need to keep it slow. Is that alright?" She asked him.

He had gotten a taste of her and he longed to do more, she was teasing him badly but he reigned in his initial reaction knowing it would push her away. "That's fine Hermione; we can take all the time you need, I'm just happy to have you. He leaned in and fed all his feeling for her through his lips as he kissed her gently. She sighed as the broke apart and stood up. "Goodnight Ron, I look forward to more of this." She smiled at him as she said it.

"Yeah me too." He said breathily as she waved and walked out his door.

Every night since then he had pushed and gotten a bit more out of her, but it always seemed to end in an argument. She insisted on talking rather than snogging for god sakes. They could talk when they weren't alone together! He put his pillow over his face and growled out loud, he heard a knock and then the door opening and closing. "Ron?" She asked sounding confused.

"Yeah I'm here," he said removing the pillow from his face. "Is breakfast ready yet?" He asked excitedly.

She groaned but shook her head. "I don't know Ronald, I haven't been downstairs yet and neither of the elves has announced it."

He nodded, it was not so strange for her to come visit him in the morning but normally it was because she was waking him for breakfast. "What are you doing here then?" He asked with a hopeful look.

She sighed. "Harry needed a minute with Ginny; I think he might finally ask her out." She said switching to a true smile.

He groaned but they had discussed this possibility when she insisted on talking to him. "Harry is a great bloke and all, but she's my little sister, how am I supposed to deal with this?" He asked her seriously.

"You are going to be happy for them and you are not going to ask any personal questions. You know Harry is like a brother to me and I am like a sister to him. How would you like him to grill you on what we do together?" She asked.

"Not like we do bloody anything..." He mumbled before he could stop himself. Luckily it looked like she didn't hear it all.

"What was that?" She asked confused.

"I was just agreeing with you, I don't really want to know so I better not ask the question. But if he hurts her..." She cut him off.

"Ron how can you even think that Harry would do that? He is your best mate, if that's not good enough for you then maybe you should ask Ginny to be a lesbian!" His face got a sour look on it and he shook his head to clear the thought of his sister between another

woman's... "Bloody Hell! Hermione did you have to go and put that picture in my head?" He asked.

"What, do you have a problem with two women being in Love? Making Love?" She asked him.

"No not a problem with women together," He gave her a hungry look, which disgusted her. "Just my sister with anyone, especially another woman. I don't want to think about it!" He stated firmly.

"Alright then you hypocrite. And just hypothetically, I know what you want to do with me." She said giving him a look. "And I know what I want to do with you." He looked up hopefully, "Eventually." She finished her statement and he nodded looking away once more. "Do you see anything wrong with you and I having a sex life?" She asked.

He quickly shook his head in the negative. "Absolutely not!" He grinned at her, she smiled back with tolerance. "Then how can you be upset with Ginny for wanting the same things." He looked shrewdly at her, what did she know about his sister that she wasn't telling him. "Eventually." She said quickly. He hadn't noticed her quick addition and simply nodded.

"Alright alright. I won't say a bloody thing about it to either of them. I can't promise Mum will be too pleased though, especially considering you three are a whole floor away from her."

Hermione grinned in sudden inspiration. "Then I guess I will just have to keep them chaperoned wont I?" She asked hiding her amusement and excitement.

Everything was suddenly right with the world again and Ron grinned and nodded in response. "Yep, you will just have to stay in the room with them at all times to make sure they don't do anything you wouldn't do." He said.

He was getting hard under the blankets and decided since she was so OK with partial nudity he would give her a little show. Maybe it would tempt her into going a little further with him later. He longed to get his lips around the nipples he played with on the first night.



"Alright then it's agreed, I won't let those two out of my sight no matter what they are doing unless I am with you. Sound like a plan?" She asked.

He looked at her for a moment and decided to push his luck. "Think you could make that a wizard's oath? I would feel a lot better, and I promise I will never say anything to either of them." He asked sheepily.

She thought hard for a moment about how to phrase it before proceeding. "I swear on my life and my magic, to stay in the company of Harry Potter and Ginevra Weasley as long as it does not conflict with my other obligations, such as spending time with you. Until such time as they are married or living separately from me. Or until I am released by you. So mote it be!" She finished and looked at him curiously. She wondered if he had caught the loopholes or the connotations. She never said she would keep them from doing anything. If he broke up with her it would fulfill the contract as well leaving her free to date, and leave the lovebirds alone.

He didn't even think what he was agreeing to he agreed. "So Mote it Be!" he said and the slight magic flared between them. "Thanks Mione, you're a life saver.

He nodded and threw back the blankets. He was wearing his boxers, which was his plan. He knew she would see his cock straining against the fabric and get her thinking dirty thoughts. What he hadn't planned on was said member escaping through the bloody flap on the front and waving hello to her.

Her eyes froze on his erection and she licked her lips before looking back up at his face, which was frozen in terror. "Why Ron, it's nice to know you care." She commented lightly, thinking of Ginny's reaction to Harry in the same predicament.

He jumped out of bed and headed into the bathroom quickly. He called through the door. "Uh yeah, so um, I'll just meet you in the kitchen yeah?" He managed to stutter out.

"Alright Ron, I will see you downstairs." And she got up and left the room.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione entered the kitchen to find Harry and Ginny sitting at the table. Hands clasped together and staring in to one another's eyes. She felt a momentary pang of loss, but smiled for her friends. "What's going on here then?" She asked as if she didn't know.

"Lover boy here finally managed to ask me to be his girlfriend!" Ginny beamed.

"I figured as much, I already told Ron that was probably what was happening upstairs." She smiled as they looked at her dumbfounded. "What? Anyone could see you two coming from a mile way." She commented cheerfully.

"Would have been nice if you had told me." Harry said kissing Ginny's hand. "I might have enjoyed the last week rather than feel tortured." Hermione looked at him with confusion and sadness.

"Wait that came out wrong, I never said I didn't like the torture, just that it could have been more enjoyable if I had known." She nodded after a moment, deciding that nothing had changed.

"Speaking of which," Her newfound hope was quickly dashed. "I unlocked some of my emotions this morning, which is what led me to ask Gin here to go with me. I have been bottling up all the awkwardness and guilt about running around in the buff with my best mates girlfriend and it has to stop." Harry said in a soothing tone.

"Oh, ok then, I guess I can just leave you two alone then, Ginny is the one that really needs the training anyway." Hermione began but Ginny cut her off.

"No Mione, I told him I don't want him to change his relationship with you in any way!" She said forcefully. "If there is a problem with any of this that is between you and my brother. However Harry did have a couple of requests." She looked at him and urged him to speak.

"Uh yeah, look Mione at this point the cats out of the bag with the whole nudity thing." He began, using the same argument he had with Ginny. "I don't think it would matter much to Ron at this point if he found out, that I decided a week after the fact that seeing his

sister and girlfriend naked was a bad idea." He said, sounding less confident.

"Um, so all I ask is that you think about it before you sit in my lap to have a good cry or whatever. I won't desert you Mione; I just won't shoulder any guilt about what happens between us. Ginny told me not to change and I agree with her. You are too important to me. So if you are ok with it, I am ok with it."

He knew he was partially lying to her. He would feel a bit of guilt, but now that he had unlocked it rather than bottling it up, he could handle it on a case-by-case basis using Occlumency. In much the same way he had decided that Sirius and his parent's deaths were Voldemort's fault not his. He still felt the guilt but he was able to deal with it easily by apportioning blame. In this case it was normally Ron's fault for making her feel so horrible and her fault for turning to him instead of talking to Ron about it. That idea settled he decided to share it.

"I might still feel a little guilty, but I know it's really Ron's fault for upsetting you, and your fault for not talking to him about it." He said looking at her.

She dropped her eyes and nodded. "So is it ok if I come to you for comfort and then go back and talk to him? He can just be so infuriating!" She said.

"Yeah that's fine." He agreed. "As long as you are ok with it I am ok with it."

Her eyes lit up and she tried to lighten the mood. "Good, because I had a discussion with my boyfriend about sex. He had me swear an oath to stay in the room with you two at all times to keep you from thinking naughty thoughts." She giggled.

Ginny actually looked excited, Harry looked like he couldn't believe it. "You mean, no matter what, he told you stay in the room with us?" Harry asked delicately.

She related the terms she spelled out in her oath and smiled at them. "Granted, he doesn't know the whole story, but I have tried to convince him multiple times to join us for training. It's his own fault really that he painted me into a corner. "

"But that is hardly binding, if he breaks up with you, you don't have to watch us. If you can ever get him to say something like I release you it could cancel it out. And you didn't even tell him you would stop us from doing anything!" Harry practically shouted.

Hermione laughed and nodded, "I won't stop you two from doing anything you want, but I have to be in the room. From that little demonstration this morning I don't think you will have any problems getting to know one another better." She blushed as the memory raced back from this morning. "Um, and I..." She trailed off suddenly thirsty. Luckily Winky popped in and placed a glass of Orange Juice in front of each of them and a carafe in the middle of the table.

"You's should have called Winky!" She admonished. "You wants the usual?" She asked them, and they all nodded. Winky quickly set to work on bacon eggs and toast.

"You were saying?" Ginny asked.

"Um" Hermione stuttered.

"You will try to keep from joining us again?" Harry asked her. His tone was serious but there was laughter and lust in his eyes.

"Yeah, I mean, I can't promise I won't touch myself, that was just too hot to watch." She stumbled over the words. "But I will try to stay out of the way if something like that happens.

Ginny shook her head and got up to hug the other girl. "Hermione, don't change a thing for us. I am surprisingly not jealous of you, since I know Harry chose me. We aren't in love, were just having fun. If you want to change for Ron then we will be happy for you. But don't try to change for us." The redhead finished.

Hermione almost teared up as she looked at her best friends, but Ron walked in just then and broke the mood. 'Good I'm starving!' He said kissing Hermione on the cheek. Winky quickly set four overflowing plates on the table in front of them, and butter and jam in the middle next to the carafe of Orange Juice.

"Morning mate!" Harry said a little too excitedly, luckily Ron didn't notice.

"Morning, so do we know when we are heading out to the Alley?" He asked. He noted that Ginny had grabbed Harry's hand across the table. But said nothing. "Maybe we eat at the Cauldron and get separate tables. You know..." He trailed off looking at Hermione. "If you want to make today a date that is, er a double date I guess." He said.

Hermione nodded, happy that he was keeping his promise. "That would be lovely wouldn't it you two?" She asked them, they were lost in each other's eyes again and she giggled before looking at Ron. He had noticed as well and was looking a bit sick. So he dropped his eyes to the plate and began inhaling as usual.

She sighed and began eating as well, taking a moment to kick both of her other friends under the table, they looked at her and she raised a piece of bacon to her mouth. They both sheepishly nodded and began eating.

Soon Harry felt the wards flair then heard a knock on the door. "Come in!" He called.

The Headmaster walked in and they all exchanged greetings. "Sir why did you try to Apparate into the house again?" Harry asked feigning curiosity, but secretly seething at having his defenses tested.

"Ah Harry, I simply forgot and Apparated to the sitting room out of habit. You know what they say about teaching an old dog new tricks." He replied easily. "Now we should be ready to leave in about half an hour, if that is okay with the four of you?" He looked around the table and they all nodded. "Very well, if you do not need me I will retire to the sitting room to wait for Remus and Nymphadora to arrive." He said and began to walk out of the room.

"Headmaster wait!" Hermione exclaimed and he turned towards her curiously.

"Yes Ms. Granger?"

"I was wondering if you could test our shields before you go, I am still itching to learn what Harry knows." She replied matter-of-factly.

"Certainly Ms. Granger, however I cannot begin to believe that the two of you would have suitable shields after only a week. Despite our prodigy here." He said motioning to Harry. At least his comment sounded sincere and Harry took it as a compliment. "Now who would like to go first?" he asked. Hermione indicated that she would like to be the first one tested.

He looked her in the eye and counted, "One, Two..." and then he turned to Ginny, "Ms. Weasley whenever you are ready?" She looked shocked at the speed but nodded. "Very well then, please look me in the eye. Alright on One..." He then turned to Harry with a strange look on his face. "Harry I must commend you, I have never seen three students who have gotten so good a grip on this subject in such a short time. Harry beamed once again at the compliment.

Hermione spoke up again, holding her head with one hand and keeping her eyes closed. "Was that a pointed attack like the first one you used against Harry or was that a probe such as the second time you checked him?" She asked. Dumbledore looked a bit put out that Harry had shared his experiences but answered nonetheless. "That Ms. Granger was the most Gentle Probe I could manage. Both of you have surprisingly strong shields in place, and even had I attempted to break in with full force, I doubt I would have discovered much before you repelled me." He stated.

Ginny was likewise rubbing her head. "Then why are we the ones with the bloody great headache?" She asked him shortly. "Uh, Headmaster." She added trying to be polite despite the pain.

"Ah, that is normal for beginning Occlumens Ms. Weasley." He said with a smile. "Until you build up your defenses the pressure will feel quite uncomfortable. However this also means you will know instantly when an attack is occurring, and thus be able to find another way to defend yourself." He finished.

Harry and Hermione nodded, having read the book. Ginny saw them and sent a scowl at her new boyfriend. "You could have warned me." She said.

He laughed before catching himself. "You could have read the entire book." He said as he got up. He walked around behind her and began rubbing her temples, replacing her hands with his own.

Hermione shot a look at Ron who noticed but had his mouth full of eggs.

"Wafts gongon? He asked.

"Ronald, please don't speak with our mouth full." She said with a scowl, and turned back to Ginny and Harry before rubbing her temples once more.

Ginny sighed and relaxed back against his chest. "But the way you two taught was so much easier than the book." She pouted.

"I don't know about that but the book still contained good information. That is why I gave it to you." He said kissing the top of her head. He looked across the table and remembering what Ginny had told him that morning, walked to the other side of the table.

"Here let me." He said, pulling her hands away and repeating what he had done for his girlfriend. She sighed peacefully and let him continue; finally she pillowed her arms on the table and lay her head down. "Thank you Harry." She said with a smile.

"Any time." Harry replied taking his seat back.

"So Harry I expect you will be revealing your secret soon?" Dumbledore asked him.

"I expect so sir, thank you for your time." Dumbledore nodded and headed out of the kitchen.

Ron swallowed, "So does that mean you guys will be done with your training now?" Ron looked hopeful at not being left alone for the rest of the summer.

Ginny got an evil gleam in her eye and looked up. "That sounds wonderful Harry, think of all the alone time we will have now!" He looked surprised at his girlfriend, advertising to her brother like that. Until he saw Ron's face and caught on to what the little minx was doing.

"No, never mind, I bet you have loads more to do now that you will know the whole prophecy." Ron said quickly.

Hermione looked annoyed for a moment as she looked in his direction, but as she turned back to Harry a smile lit her face. "Yes Harry, Besides Legilimency and Wandless magic, we are going to have to think of a plan for Voldemort." Ron fell out of his chair.

"Bloody Hell woman!" He shouted up from the floor. "You've been hanging around this nutter too much if you can say that with a straight face." He got up off the floor and sat down looking put out.

"Ron it's just a name, as much as I may disagree with the Headmaster he is right on that. Fear of the name increases fear of the thing. How do you expect to be with me next time I face him if you can't even say his name?" Harry said quietly.

Ron looked very scared at the idea of facing down Voldemort but quickly masked it. "Yeah I know, sorry mate, with you 100% and all that." He mumbled. "Just a surprise, I haven't seen much of you guys lately and only Dumbledore says his name like you do. And Hermione and I spend our time doing more important things than talking." Ron grinned at her, oblivious to the scowl that she wore.

"Riiiiight." Harry said taking Ginny's hand. "Well anyway, I am going to go see if we can head into Muggle London today as well. I really need some new casual clothes." He said motioning to his sweat pants. "And I figure we can look for some stuff to put in the training room while we are out. We can pick up catalogs while we are in the Alley as well. There has to be a demand for this type of stuff in the wizarding world." Harry finished.

"Yeah, I think the main thing is that since its dual use, we want to get good padding that will go under some new carpeting. That way it looks nice, but we get fewer bruises when you knock us down mate." He said cheekily.

"That sounds great Ron, You know, if you want you could fix up the rest of this place. Not that you have to, you just seem to enjoy design so much." Harry responded.

"Yeah funny isn't it?" He asked no one in particular. "If you asked me at the end of the school year what my favorite hobby was I would have said Quidditch. But I really have a knack for this stuff. Tell you what, I will start planning some of the other rooms and see what you think." Ron finished.



"Alright mate, but only if you let me pay you. In the Muggle world people make big money designing other people's houses like that." Harry said. Ron looked dumbfounded.

"If you insist, but really I'm having fun and in a roundabout way I'm helping you and the Order against Vol...well him." Harry was happy he had at least tried.

"Alright I'll be right back." Harry got up and left the room.

"Ron that really is a wonderful Idea, I had no idea you could draw and plan like this." Hermione said happily.

"Yeah, I guess it's a little bit chess and a little bit Quidditch Plays." Ron shrugged it off. "Guess I have a backup plan if I don't get to play professionally." He said.

"What else did you have planned for the training room?" Ginny asked interested.

They spoke for a while about charms placed on the carpet to make it spell resistant as well as spell resistant materials to make furniture out of. Ron did not know what a Pool Table was so had not integrated it into his plans yet.

Molly walked in and smiled at them. "Morning dears, ready for your shopping day?" She asked. She noticed the huge grin her youngest was wearing and knew things had changed between Harry and her daughter. Then seeing the proximity of Ron and Hermione she made up her mind.

"Do you girls think you can help me with something in the dining room?" Both girls nodded looking a bit confused. And they headed out just as Harry walked in.

"Where'd the girls head off to?" He asked.

Ron took a moment to study his best mate of five years and thought back to his conversation that morning. He hated that Harry got everything that he wanted, but Hermione was suddenly all over him so he had to give the guy some credit.

"They had to help Mum out with something. They'll be back in a bit."  
He said.

Harry nodded and felt the guilt pushing on his gut. "Ron, you sure you don't want to join us, even just for one session? It would be nice if you at least knew what we were up to."

Ron was surprised by the question, but shook his head. "What goes on up there is between you three. Leave me out of it." He said knowing he at least had Hermione to keep those two apart.

The girls reentered the room with funny looks in place but when they saw Harry they sent him a questioning look.

Harry smiled as he said. "It just so happens that Remus has spent a good deal of time in the Muggle world since he can't find work as a Wizard, and Tonks' dad is a Muggleborn so we have tour guides. Dumbledore thought it was a grand idea as long as we remain vigilant."

Ginny jumped up and kissed him hard on the mouth. "I can't wait!"  
She said excitedly.

Hermione looked like she was about to jump towards Harry as well, but made her way over to Ron, standing behind him she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. "This should be a lot of fun. I get to show you the world I grew up in." She said loud enough for Harry and Ginny to hear.

The four heard a loud pop and a crack almost simultaneously from the back garden. "Looks like they're here!" Ginny was practically bouncing in anticipation of her first date with her long time crush and new boyfriend.

Tonks and Remus entered the kitchen to find the foursome coupled up around the table. Tonks smiled at them, "Wotcher kiddoes, ready to go?"

Meanwhile Remus could smell the pheromones in the air using his enhanced senses. The funny thing was he could smell both of the girls on Harry and vice versa, with only a hint of Hermione lingering on the redhead in her arms. He shook his head and decided he

needed to have a talk with Harry. Filled with dread he spoke. "Hello all, I trust you have all been well?"

Harry straightened up from his cuddle. "Yeah, we actually got Dumbledore to let us head into Muggle London later as well if you two don't mind." Harry said before he looked at them with a grin. "You two arrived almost the exact same time; dare I ask if you were together before you arrived?" He asked leering at the werewolf.

Tonks blushed and Harry once again swore he could feel Sirius pat him on the back. Harry 2, Metamorph 0. He thought. "That Cub; is none of your business. However as long as we are on the subject I see your relationship status has changed as well?" Remus asked trying to deflect the conversation.

Harry got a huge grin as he looked down into cinnamon colored eyes. 'Yeah Remus, ain't it grand?' He said.

"Alright I have had enough of this. Harry you agreed to call me Moony remember?" he said trying to insert another topic and get away from his love life.

"Sorry Moony, you know how hard it is to break habit. How many times have you caught yourself calling Minerva, Professor?" he asked stumbling over the last two words. Moony nodded and smiled. "Alright you win Harry. So if you are ready?" They all nodded.

"For security sake, and knowing how you felt about Portkeys currently." He shot a look to Harry who shivered. "We will be Side-along Apparating you. Now taking one extra person can be very taxing, so we need you four to help out."

Hermione looked confused. "What do you mean prof-er Remus? None of us can Apparate yet."

Tonks jumped in to the conversation having started feeling left out. "Technically we can't teach you to Apparate until you're 17, or in Harry's case 16." Harry suddenly grinned madly, he got to learn to Apparate in 3 days. "But we can walk you through the beginning of the process. That way your magic will help us along. Now!" She said spreading her arms wide. "Blokes with me, Ladies with Remus, unless you fancy feeling like you're pressed up against him tightly."

She looked at Ron who shivered and looked green. "Alright then take hold."

The girls each took one of Remus' arms and the guys likewise one of Tonks'. "Now I want you all to concentrate on the exit from the Cauldron into the alley. I want you remember back to the last time you watched the bricks open and taking your first step through. That is where the Apparation point is and that is where we are heading."

## Chapter 14: Magically Magic Alley

Harry and the girls had no trouble pulling up a memory as they were used to doing so with Occlumency. Ron had a little more trouble but eventually got it. "All Ready?" Tonks asked and they nodded and closed their eyes. The six of them felt the magic swirl slowly around them and then suddenly they were squeezed through a tube. Harry thought it was much more uncomfortable than doing it with Dumbledore had been. Within a heartbeat they were standing in Diagon Alley.

"Way to go kids, I don't think I ever felt this good after Apparating." Remus said. Both girls looked relieved. Meanwhile Tonks collapsed into Harry's arms. "Speak for yourself Wolfy, that takes a lot out of a girl!" Tonks said. Harry knew it must have been because Ron had not helped much. The girls must have done it perfectly meaning they actually added enough magic to transport themselves.

The first stop as usual was Gringotts. Harry remembered that Griphook has requested a meeting next time he was at the bank, and let the others know. They agreed to do their business while he conducted his, seeing as they all had to wait in line for a teller. Harry looked to the end of the room where the same goblin sat hunched over a book in front of the double doors. He walked up.

"Excuse me, would you be the Keeper?" Harry asked. The creature looked up at him with contempt before noticing his scar. Comprehension dawned in his eyes as he nodded.

"Yes Mr. Potter I am the Keeper, did you wish to speak to your account manager?" he asked with a smile, which showed way too many teeth.

"Yes thank you, Griphook asked that I meet with him at my next convenience." Harry said feeling less nervous now that he knew he was in the right place. The keeper nodded and beckoned him to follow. They walked through the doors and down the hall past the conference room where they had heard Sirius Will. The turned left at an intersection and stopped in front of a gilded door three in from the turn.

"This is Griphook's Office, if you need assistance when you leave Griphook will contact me." And with that he turned and left Harry in

the middle of the hallway. Feeling a bit of fear but summoning his Gryffindor courage he knocked. "Enter!" A voice shouted.

Harry opened the door and stepped inside, the office was small but large enough for the ornate desk and two comfortable looking chairs. There were books in shelves along one wall and what looked like Skulls hung as trophies on the other wall. Harry decided not to think too hard about the one that looked like a goblin and one that was distinctly Troll shaped. "Ah Lord Potter-Black, How may I help you today?" Griphook greeted him.

"You mentioned I should stop by for a chat, my friends are currently waiting in line for the teller so I thought I would stop by." Harry said, trying to act as if everything were normal. Which it was, even if it wasn't normal for him as of a week ago.

"Yes, the lines can get long before school begins. We make a good deal of money exchanging Muggle for Magical. But that is neither here nor there. Milord.." Harry cut him off. "Griphook please, in private you may call me Harry." The goblin looked surprised but continued. "Harry I just wanted to meet with you again. You are very unusual for a wizard, you see us as equals rather than servants. It is rather refreshing after so long with wrong minded humans around."

Harry answered the unspoken question. "I just feel like all sentient creatures should be treated as equals. I use the term people to include anyone I can communicate with as an equal." Harry said. Wondering where this was going.

"Well Harry, I just wanted to say so in person, I look forward to working with you in the future. Now, is there anything I can do for you today?" He asked.

Harry nodded. "I will be shopping today in the Alley as well as in Muggle London, I really don't want to carry around a huge amount of money if it can be helped." He said.

"Ah yes, we have a bank front in the Muggle world as well, you may know it as Barclays. We can set up a debiting account and get you a card for the Muggle world. For you Mr. Potter I can wave the fees and exchange rates." Harry nodded but wondered. "Griphook, do you think you could do the same with my friends. I do not want to impinge on your generosity, but these people have the same views

as I, they simply are not so well known as to be noticed by you." He finished.

Griphook was silent for a moment but nodded slowly. "We can do that for you Harry, I assume Ms. Granger is one of them?" he asked and Harry nodded in response. "We will also have all of your accounts set up so that you may deposit Muggle currency if you wish, and access your account at Gringotts, without exchange rates as well." He finished with a grin. "We really do hope to continue our business with you Harry. And if the prophecy is to be believed you can rely on the Goblin Nation to back you up if needed. We may be mild mannered bankers by day." Harry snorted in derision, what a ludicrous statement to call any Goblin mild. Griphook motioned to the wall of skulls. "But we have kept up the old traditions and every Goblin male is still a blooded warrior first."

Harry nodded his thanks and Griphook wrote something on a piece of parchment. He held it in the air by a corner and it folded itself into the shape of a small bird, which flew out of the room. "I requested your cards and account setup for Remus Lupin, Nymphadora Tonks, Ronald and Ginevra Weasley, Hermione Granger, and yourself." Harry tried not to react at how well informed they were. He reached into a drawer and withdrew a pad of paper the size of a Muggle checkbook. "These are drafts that are linked to your accounts here. The magic recognizes you as you sign your name to prevent fraud. The signature itself is just for show. You can use these at most establishments here in the Alley, however if you are going into Knockturn you may want to take some coin with you." He finished, smiling at Harry.

"Thank you for everything Griphook. Can I go to my vault and pick up some coin?" He asked. The Goblin smiled once again. "This is a good time to test your bank drafts." He said motioning to the book he had handed over previously. "As a side note, you can also fill one out and take it to a teller, only going to the vault if you have need of something inside besides money."

Harry picked up a quill from the desk and wrote out 200G on the slip, and then signed his name. He saw a vault number appear at the bottom that did not match his key. As he handed over the slip he asked. "That is not my vault number, what is it?" Griphook placed the paper in a tray where it promptly disappeared. "That was the number of the Black family vault. When you turn 17 you will also

gain access to the Potter Vaults. The one you referred to earlier is your Trust vault, it works much the same way as the one I set up for your elves to use." He said.

"You mean that vault fills back up at the end of every month!" Harry exclaimed. "How much money do I have exactly?" he asked.

Griphook did not look happy. "Your magical guardian should have been giving you statements from us ever since you turned 12. That is the traditional time when one is trained in finance."

Harry looked livid. "I understand, my Guardian has not seen fit to share any of this with me. Do you think you could owl the statement directly to me, at least as far as the vaults I currently have access to?" He asked. Nodding Griphook made a note, there was a flash of light and a bag of coins appeared in the box beside him. "Ah, here you are Harry, 200 Galleons, please keep the bag, the magic will deteriorate after it is empty and it will dissolve back into the magic it was made from. Until then only you will be able to open it." Harry nodded and took the bag noticing it must have expansion and weight reduction charms on it. "I did not know you could place charms on conjured items." Harry said idly.

"Oh, you can't. But Goblins can." He said mysteriously. Harry decided to ponder that another time. A much larger paper bird flapped its way back into the office and unfolded as it landed on Griphook's desk. Inside were 6 shiny black debit cards with the Barclays logo on the front. "Ah here you are Mr. Potter. Once you sign your name on the back of the card it will recognize only your magic, much like the draftbook, it will show as deactivated for anyone else attempting to use it. I trust you will deliver these to your friends safely?" He asked.

Harry nodded as he stood. "Thank you for everything Griphook." At a sudden loss for words he thought back to the letter he got from the goblin. "May your gold always flow and your enemies drip rubies." He said formally and as almost an after thought he dipped his head slightly toward the Goblin. Griphook's eyes widened and he stood walking around the desk. He bowed deeply, his head almost touching the floor. "May your gold multiply and your enemies be barren." He said formally. Before standing back up. "Have a good day Lord Potter-Black, you have honored me with your presence."



A confused Harry waved and turned around. He walked out the door and turned left, at the intersection he turned left again. He was thanking his Occlumency once again for the ability to build mental maps at an almost real-time speed. Exiting through the double doors he walked up and joined Hermione and Ginny in line. Ginny leapt upon him and kissed him passionately, eliciting hisses from some of the older wizards and witches in the crowd. "I missed you." She said sincerely.

"Amazing how attached you can get to someone after a week isn't it?" Ron looked on disgusted as he wrapped his arms around her waist. He noted that they were still several places back in line. "Hermione do you have any gold on you?" She shook her head. "Oi! Remus, Tonks!" They looked at him from the next queue. "Do you two have any gold on you?" They both nodded but looked confused. He stepped out of the queue in between the teens on one side and the adults on the other. He pulled the cards out of his pocket and began passing them out.

"Harry what are these? I don't have an account at Barclay's?" Hermione asked.

"You do now, Barclay's is the front for Gringotts in the Muggle world. I was able to get a great deal from my account manager." He whispered to them not wanting to incite a riot. "These are exchange free and link to your Gringotts vaults. You can also deposit Muggle money at Barclay's and they will add it to your Gringotts vault also exchange fee free." He finished.

They all looked at the shiny black cards in wonder. "Harry that's brilliant, but why would the Goblins be so nice to you?" Ron asked. He smiled at his mate and said. "Respect I suppose. Most witches and wizards look down on the goblins as something slightly above a house elf. Where as I see House elves and other magical creatures as equals. They don't want to make an enemy of me." Harry finished.

Hermione couldn't help herself; she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him firmly on the lips before realizing what she had done, and in front of her boyfriend no less. "Uh, sorry. That was brilliant Harry, I told you that you were a great wizard." She said, and quickly returned to Ron's arms. Harry looked up at Ron but he had more of a surprised face than angry or jealous, though both were present. "Sorry Ron, I am not actively trying to steal your girlfriend, this one is

a handful as it is." As he said this his hand and drifted behind Ginny and he grabbed her bum to demonstrate his point. She squeaked and slapped his shoulder. "Prat! Honestly!" but she kissed his cheek just the same.

Ron looked about to be sick, but he sucked it up and thought of a response. "It's alright mate, we all know how close you two are, and you had to go and one up her. Just don't get me dragged into S.P.E.W. and I can forgive anything." Ron said playfully. Ginny and Hermione shared a look and burst out laughing. Harry consciously chose not to sink to their level and Ron just looked confused before grinning at his apparent wittiness. This caused the girls to laugh even harder.

"Tell you guys what, I know you are all good for it and I have a draft book and 200 Galleons. You can pay me back later, and now you can all access your money when we go into London proper later." He said jingling his moneybag for effect. They all quickly agreed after looking at the lines one more time.

They walked out of the bank and quickly began discussing plans for the day. While the others were talking Harry happened to look across the street and saw the large storefront with a large banner hanging over the windows. "Future Home of Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes" He quickly attracted his girlfriend's attention and pointed, she in turn did the same to her brother. Ron ignored Hermione as he stared at the banner. "Bloody Hell! They actually did it!" Ron exclaimed.

Turning from her conversation with Tonks at his exclamation Hermione quickly chastised him. "Language Ronald!" But as she saw where they were looking she felt like cursing herself. "Wow, they actually did it!" She said.

"Well they have not actually done anything yet, we're still working on a few products before..." Remus trailed off his eyes going wide.

"Moony! You old marauder you, you've lumped yourself in with that lot have you?" Harry exclaimed happily.

"Yes, well. I thought Sirius would enjoy it," Everyone but Ginny missed Harry sucking in a breath at the mention of his Godfather. She took his hand and squeezed, he smiled in appreciation.

Meanwhile the wolf was still going on about his new business venture. "Plus it will give me a steady job doing research for them. We have quite a few products already. Did you know they have a confection that turns you into a bird for a few seconds?"

"Canary Creams!" The teen said in unison, startling their ex-professor.

"Yes, well I suppose you all would know as much about the current line as I do, considering you've probably been product testers willingly or unwillingly in the past." He finished with a smile.

"I am so happy for you Moony, really that bloody brilliant. Sirius always did like those two, of course that might have been because they worshiped him." Harry said.

Remus looked put out as he said. "Yes, they gave me no end of trouble when I approached them about investing. Going on about 'caving into the Man' and other nonsense." The teens burst out laughing, even Tonks understood that joke, and unfortunately Moony was still clueless.

"In any case," Tonks said, "I guess me and the girls are going to go clothes shopping, and apparently we are going to look at books." She said the last as if she were asked to clean Flobberworm poo with her tongue. Then we can meet you gents at the cauldron for lunch at say... eleven-ish?" Tonks asked.

The men quickly agreed. Harry pulled out his moneybag and gave each of them 50 Galleons, figuring he could always use his draft book if he needed to make a purchase. "Ron I can spot you for your broom as well, The Firebolt is only 50K after all." Ron's eyes glazed over and Ginny laughed. Hermione however was not about to let him spend that kind of money. "Ronald Weasley you promised your mum you wouldn't spend all your money, and you only have a fifth of that amount anyway." She turned to Harry.

"And you will not allow him to borrow the difference. Honestly Ron a Keeper doesn't need a racing broom. You would be better off with the new Comet 500K series. Its acceleration is actually faster than the Firebolt over a 5 foot distance and the charms were tweaked to allow lateral maneuverability, so you can change positions without looking away from the field of play." She said. All five of them looked

at her like she had grown a second head. "What?" she asked defensively. "I figured if I was dating a Quidditch fanatic the least I could do was study up on his position." She neglected to mention that her previous studies were all seeker related.

"Hermione I think I love you!" Ron said, startling everyone out of their shock.

Hermione's face went white as a ghost, which is an achievement with the tan she was sporting. "Don't say something like that Ron, we've barely been dating a week."

Ron looked a bit crushed for a moment, but quickly recovered. "I didn't mean it like that, we've been mates for years now, I was just saying. Um, thank you for taking an interest in my position. How much did the 500K cost?" He asked to change the subject.

"That's the best part, because its such a specialized broom and can't really be used for anything else like say, the Firebolt which can be flown over long distances, They are producing it for about 3,000 galleons." Hermione said, silently thanking him for finding a way not to have a row about this in the middle of the street.

"Mum won't be too pleased." Ginny said. "But it's your money, and you're a damn good keeper. If you go Pro because someone watched you play on that broom it will be worth it." She finished.

Harry nodded in agreement with his girlfriend. "But to be safe maybe you should pick up some books on household charms and interior design. If they don't have something like that at Flourish 'n Blotts I'm sure they will in London later." Ron looked thoughtful before nodding.

That decided the girls quickly kissed the boys goodbye. Harry received three kisses and didn't stop grinning till they made it to Quality Quidditch Supplies. Inside they made their way over to the Racing brooms, just to have a look. The Firebolt was still the best broom on the market, but the salesman was telling them the rumor was that there was a Firebolt II heading for market next year. Harry drooled at the thought, and decided he would need a new broom soon. His Firebolt was a gift from Sirius and he wanted to put it on the wall in his room to remember the man by, rather than risk getting it smashed to pieces like his Nimbus had in Third year.

The salesman turned around and finally noticed who he was talking to. Suddenly he seemed very nervous and began stammering, he finally gave up and excused himself to get the manager. Harry looked to Remus and Ron in confusion. The wolf had a knowing look on his face that was irritating Harry to no end.

"Just what are you smiling at Wolfy?" Harry asked adopting Tonks' apparent pet name.

"Oh just remembering something Sirius told me once." He said mysteriously.

Finally the manager returned with a wide smile on his face. "Ah Lord Black, how wonderful of you to grace this establishment!"

"Why does everyone insist on calling me that, its just Harry. Mister?" Harry said.

"Brumming sir. Silas Brumming." The man was entirely too excited just to be meeting the Boy-Who-Lived.

"Well Silas, may I call you Silas?" he asked the man.

"Of course Harry." He said with a large smile.

"Can I ask you why you are so excited to meet me?" Harry said honestly lost.

The man looked confused for a moment. "Sir, the Black family is a 90% shareholder in this chain of stores." The man said, happy to let his boss know.

"Oh!" Was all Harry could say, he was definitely looking forward to that letter from Griphook.

"Between the Potters and the Blacks I would say you probably own half of Diagon Alley sir." The man said happily.

Harry was staring off into space, he said dreamily, "Thank you, can we look at the 500K now?"

The man did not question he just led them over to the display on the far wall. "Of course as majority owner you can request one gratis." The man said. "But unless I am mistaken you are the Gryffindor Seeker correct?"

"Youngest seeker in a century." Harry responded blankly.

The man was getting worried. Remus smiled at him and spoke softly. "He was not made aware of just how much money he will receive on his 17th birthday. He did not know until the Will reading that the Black's held the title of Lord. I think he may be broken."

The man looked even more worried, but Harry had apparently heard what Remus said because he responded. "Wait, What? I thought everybody was calling me Lord because I was head of the Family or something?" Harry said.

Remus smiled. "No Harry, the Black Patriarch is also the Lord of Kent, at least for Magical folk. It is an ancient title that really has no meaning anymore after the Ministry of Magic was created and the Minister appointed the Queens Wizard. But the crown still acknowledges the Noble and Most ancient houses."

Harry stared at the older man for a moment. "The Queen knows about magic?"

"Yes Harry, we are all still subjects of the crown, and if needed, she could technically call on you to provide manpower or monetary support for a war effort. In any case, what do you want to do about the broom?"

That brought him back to reality. "Um, not gratis please, but my friend here could use an employee discount. What is that normally?" Harry asked.

"The employee discount is 15% Harry. Would you like that wrapped?" He said taking one of the brooms down off the wall.

Harry looked over at Ron whose eyes were bugging out. "Uh yes please?" Harry said.

The man took the broom to the register and began wrapping it in brown paper just like his Firebolt came in. "Sir? Did you ever meet

Sirius Black?" The man stopped what he was doing and looked up at him.

He licked his lips and his eyes darted nervously around. The effect was enough like watching Wormtail fidget that Harry was getting nauseated. "Yes sir, He ordered a Firebolt broom about 3 years ago. He only took a 50% discount, said it was a gift." He looked up at Harry with dawning realization. "He was a wonderful man, I never believed he was guilty."

Harry nodded and waited out the pain that seemed to race across his chest, before lightening to a dull ache. "He was innocent, I am glad you got to meet him. How much does this come to?" Harry asked pulling off a draft.

"The broom was 3,000 Galleons on sale, less 15% comes to 2,550." The man said eyeing the draft. It recognized Harry's magic and placed the correct number at the bottom.

"Thank you sir! It was a pleasure to have you in here today." The man smiled cheerily and walked off to find another customer.

Ron finally came to as Harry handed him his new broom. Remus waved his wand and quickly shrank it to manageable size. "Bloody Hell mate, is there anything you don't have?" he said a bit bitterly.

"Yeah, my family." Harry said back. Ron looked ashamed but still a bit annoyed. "Or Hermione." Harry added as an afterthought, which seemed to cheer Ron up a little. Harry felt a little guilty, but pushed it aside to deal with later.

Remus coughed politely. "So then, where to next?"

With the jovial mood somewhat restored the three headed back into the alley and spent some time just browsing. All of the shopkeepers were happy to see them, as business had been unusually slow before the school letters had arrived.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile the girls were trying on clothes at Madame Malkin's and gossiping about the boys in their life. They somehow wandered into a lingerie section neither of the schoolgirls had seen before. And as

the conversation got more intimate so did the apparel. Tonks came out of the changing room and stood before the mirror. She called out to the others.

"So Ginny, you finally snagged Harry did ya?" She looked in the mirror and didn't like the way the knickers were sitting on her hips, so she closed her eyes and concentrated. When she opened them her hips had widened slightly and the material was now stretched perfectly taught across her bottom.

"Yeah," Ginny replied from her room. "It has been one hell of a week, our um, Occlumency lessons, are pretty intense. We have sort of been edging toward one another." He said, she stepped out of the room and looked in the mirror at Tonks. "Very nice, but you can do better, hell I guess if you wanted you could find the cutest piece they have and make it fit." She said. Tonks looked at her in the mirror and growled. "Do you know how tired I get of hearing that?" She stepped back into her changing room and pulled the curtain closed a little too quickly.

Ginny called to her through the curtain. "Sorry, but remember its just us girls here, we aren't some bloke trying to get into your knickers." She heard a grunt, which she took as understanding and looked into the mirror. She was wearing a thong in emerald green that matched Harry's eyes. Her top was a see through number with a very thin ribbon of silk that was barely wide enough for her small nipples.

"Is that what you call what happened this morning?" Hermione asked loud enough for Tonks to hear as she came out of her dressing room. She noted the piece that Ginny was wearing. "You know that top is almost made for you, or Tonks. If I put that on mine would be hanging out around the silk!"

Tonks came out in a cute baby doll dress, which surprisingly fit her without alteration. "There is a spell woven into the silk, it resizes itself to be just big enough to cover the naughty bits. What happened this morning?" She asked curiously. Hermione realized what she had revealed and looked quickly at Ginny in the mirror. Ginny sighed and turned.

"Tonks what we are about to tell you can never be spoken of outside of the three of us am I clear?" Tonks looked bewildered but nodded.



"Oh this has to be juicy, do you want an oath or is my word enough?" She said excitedly.

The other girls shared a look and Hermione shook her head slightly. "No Tonks we trust you," Ginny said. "You know Harry has been teaching us his version of Occlumency right?" Tonks nodded. "Well I was having trouble concentrating and slipping into a trance, Hermione here mentioned that even clothing was enough of a distraction to keep her from getting it." Tonks' eyes widened.

"You mean you have to be in the buff in order to find your center?" Tonks asked. Both girls looked at her curiously. "Aurors are required to have at least minimal shielding. Come on you can't leave me hangin now!"

Hermione picked up the story. "No not any more, but when I was first learning I found it helped me a lot. So when Harry left us on that first day I had her strip down to bare essentials, a little less than she has on right now." She said looking at the girl in the mirror. "So anyway she finally is able to get some sort of trance going. So I settle down to concentrate as well. Not nude, but just bra and knickers." Tonks nodded with rapt attention.

Ginny picked up the story. "Well Harry walked in on us because someone forgot to lock the door. He was mortified!" She said giggling a little at the memory. "We finally convinced him it was okay to look. Before he fled the room with his tail between his legs." She let out a full laugh at this which Tonks and Hermione joined in.

"Well we have a little conversation after the door closed. I really didn't mean for it to happen, but Ginny did want to make him notice her, and it definitely worked." Hermione said. "Unfortunately he noticed me too." She finished sadly.

Ginny jumped in, "That is not a bad thing Mione so stop right now, you know I don't care." Hermione nodded, so Ginny continued. "Anyway so since the cat was sort of out of the bag she convinced me to push his limits, that she got to do so as well was just a bonus." Ginny said tossing a grin at the girl in question.

"So?" Tonks asked firmly.

"So our plan backfired a little bit," Hermione said. "Now all three of us run around starkers in our rooms all day, and rather than getting used to it like I thought, we all got rather randy instead. It really isn't so bad for us since its not as noticeable." She started to say but Ginny cut in.

"No he has one hell of a sense of smell." She looked over at Tonks. "If you know what I mean." Tonks just looked back stunned. This was the most excitement she had had barring her first night with Remus, since kissing Harry in the Hallway.

"Anyway," Hermione said, clearly miffed at being interrupted. "This morning we went to wake Harry up and this one was so excited she sat in his lap. Problem is he was sleeping on top of the sheets, as I said before, we were all starkers." Tonks gasped, she could see where this was going and could hardly believe these words were coming from bookworm Hermione.

"Ginny blushed a bright red. Yeah, so he got a little excited when he woke up to find to naked witches in his bed, and he was um, rubbing, against, uh, me." She took a shaky breath reliving the moment. "He came in between us, I was covered nearly from carpet to curtains." Tonks breathed sharply.

"Oh my god, you three are naughty!" She exclaimed.

"Oh that wasn't the best part," She said, getting back at her roommate for starting this conversation. "See what happened could be called an accident until Hermione couldn't keep her hands to herself. Or rather, she did keep her hands to herself, if you know what I mean." Tonks looked at Hermione in amazement.

"It was so bloody hot, I was about blow anyway so I decided to enjoy it." Hermione said blushing furiously.

"Language Hermione." Both Tonks and Ginny said in unison, causing her to blush even harder.

Ginny laughed, "That wasn't the best part," She gave Hermione a significant look and licked her lips. "Though it was thoroughly enjoyed by all of us. No the best part was she collapsed after she came, right onto Harry's face."

Hermione tried to divert the attention back to the redhead. "At least I wasn't the one he came on three times!" She said.

Ginny raised an eyebrow. "I am not the one he French kissed without coming anywhere near her mouth." Ginny said and Tonks promptly sat down hard barely managing to avoid fainting.

"Holy freaking cow, what have you three been up to? And where was Ron during all of this?" Tonks asked Hermione.

Hermione started to snifle and Ginny pulled her into a hug. "Ron and Hermione are not doing so well, and she feels very guilty about what happened. She is working on it, but if Ron doesn't meet her halfway I don't know how they are going to stay together." Ginny said, it was the first time she had said it out loud and Hermione wailed.

"I really want it to work, but he just isn't trying. All he wants to do is snog. But Harry and I already had this conversation and decided we were remaining friends." She sniffed as the sobs subsided. "Besides, I don't fail. I will make this relationship work if I bloody well have to tie him down and make him talk to me."

Tonks began laughing at the mental picture she got. Ginny and Hermione both looked at her with suspicion. "Sorry, I just had a mental flash." She giggled again. "Yes, Mistress Hermione, whatever you say Mistress Hermione, may I lick your boots Mistress Hermione." Ginny began laughing too leaving Hermione looking bewildered. "They do say it's always the quiet ones. Who would have suspected kink out of our bookworm?" Tonks asked.

Ginny shot Hermione a look. "I did."

Tonks looked between them and slowly stopped her laughing fit, though she still giggled every now and then. "So, how does all of this lead to Harry and Ginny finally getting together?" She asked.

Hermione took a deep breath and ignored the last two minutes of her life. "They had a conversation this morning, after our shower." Tonks looked at her again, and a giggle escaped. "What! It was just bathing, it's not like anything happened!" Hermione said.

"Speak for yourself Hermione, to make room for you I reached behind me and tucked him between my buttocks. He whispered something about Cumming all over my back. And feeling bold and rather randy I told him I wouldn't mind, said I would consider it a very happy accident." She said, her breathing coming in short spurts as she remembered. "So he took himself in hand and shot his load all over my back. Later he said he had sorted some of his feeling out and decided he was repressing his guilt about our three-way relationship. Then somehow he asked me out!" She finished the story. Hermione was looking at her with a bit of jealousy and a bit of outrage.

"He was supposed to be washing your hair!" She whispered with force. Ginny just shook her head and smiled.

"Rinse!" She said the one word and the event clicked into Hermione's mind.

Tonks watched them bicker like a tennis match, but noticed there was no real anger in their words, more playful and daring. "So?" she asked.

"So nothing, then I kissed him. God can he kiss!" Ginny exclaimed quietly.

"Hell yeah he can." Tonks said before she could catch herself. Both girls looked at her strangely so she decided to confess.

"He got rid of that thrice-damned troll leg in the hallway, I was thanking him." She said with a shrug. "It was the first day before you guys started any of this as far as I can tell so get your knickers in a twist." She paused in thought. "Unless you want Harry to untwist them."

Both girls groaned at the mental image. "Sorry, anyway it was a weak moment, he is actually the one who told me how to turn Wolfy around to my way of thinking."

They looked at her questioningly, waiting for her to continue. "It was Sirius actually. Harry reminded me to tell Remus Love has no age."

Both of the girls nodded in agreement and by unspoken command headed into their own changing rooms to get ready to leave.

"Um, not to put a downer on the mood, but you girls know about magical contraceptives right?" Tonks asked stepping out of her room.

Ginny stepped out of hers. "Uh, yeah. Mum found out me and Harry are dating and pulled both of us aside. She gave us each a few Galleons to go to the apothecary." She said blushing. "Which is really weird for my mum, but I think Sirius mention of Harry being an adult made her look at all of us differently and she just wants us to be safe."

The last girl stepped out. "So, Tonks." Hermione asked in a clinical tone. "How is it, I mean werewolf genes and all that?"

Tonks laughed as she called out. "One word, Stamina!" she giggled along with the other two. They all exited at about the same time and left to finish their other shopping before heading to the Leaky Cauldron to meet up with the girls.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The fellas arrived at the Leaky Cauldron about 30 minutes early and got a corner table to wait for the girls. Remus said something to Ron who nodded and went up to the bar and sat down. Ordering a Butterbeer and drinking it their. Harry looked at his quasi-uncle curiously. "What's up Moony?"

Now that the time was actually here Remus was completely unprepared. He wondered if Sirius had done it but guessed probably not so it was left to either him or Arthur and that would be wrong on so many levels. "Harry what do you know about Sex?" he asked, nearly causing Harry to do a spit-take.

No way would Moony do this to him! It was bad enough when Sirius sat him down and started the awkward conversation, eventually Harry had learned things about pleasing a witch he never could have imagined, but that was after sever glasses of Firewhisky. Deciding it was a perfect chance for a prank, Harry quickly locked his embarrassment away using Occlumency but put his best horror face on. "Uh, well slot A tab B and all that.." he stuttered convincingly.

Remus mentally cursed his best friend for leaving him to do this. "There is a bit more to it than that Harry, Um, there are certain contraceptive spells you should know. And there are potions for the girls but you should always be doubly certain just in case." Remus said, his face slowly beginning to glow from the fierce blush. Harry looked up at Tom and motioned a shot with his hand and then the number two, while Remus had his eyes closed trying to come with his next sentence. Tom seeing the look on Remus' face nodded and began pouring.

"What brought this on?" Harry asked, he was actually curious but it was part of the act as well.

Remus tapped his nose without looking at Harry. "Werewolf senses you know. I can smell both girls on you in a very intimate way. The funny thing is there was almost no trace of Hermione on Ron. Care to explain?" He asked without looking at him.

Deciding to end the charade but have a bit of fun first Harry asked. "Well, I do have some questions, There is this one position where one girl is laying with her legs toward you, and the other girls is straddling the first girl but facing you, And then.." He trailed off as Remus looked like he was going to pop a vein."

Tom took that moment to deliver two shots of Firewhisky; Harry expressed his thanks and pushed one toward the older man. "Moony, drink up. Sirius went over this with me at Christmas last year. Of course he thought Hermione and I were already together. Which we aren't by the way. Our Occlumency means we are in very close contact for a lot of the time, and that is as much as I will go into out of respect for the girls. But Hermione is dating Ron and I am dating Ginny, that's that. Now drink up!" he said taking his glass and raising it.

The older man growled menacingly before picking up his glass and beginning to laugh. "Thank heavens, I thought I was going to die. To Sirius and to the best prank I have had pulled on me in a long time!" He said.

Harry repeated, "To Sirius." And they both drank up. Coughing and emitting steam from their ears they grinned at each other. Harry called out to the other boy.

"Um Moony." Harry said quietly suddenly needing to ask a very awkward question.

The man sighed, "Yes Cub?"

Look, nothing is going to happen any time soon. But I can't do magic for another three days. Just to be safe, could you uh..."

"Which spell were you thinking of Harry?" Remus asked kindly.

"The Subsisto Sperma. Harry was thankful he was repressing his emotions for now or he would have been Scarlet.

"Normally Cub I would tell someone not to use that one as its irreversible for 21 lunar cycles. But seeing as your only 16 it probably is your safest bet. You know it stops the sperm not the semen production correct?" Harry nodded as Ginny might hurt him otherwise judging from her reactions.

"I know all about it, will you please just cast it so we can move on?" He asked quickly.

Remus nodded and cast the spell. Harry felt the slightly uncomfortable shock to his balls but is soon disappeared as the charm took effect. He looked up at the counter.

"Oi Ron! You gonna take all day or you gonna bring us back some Butterbeer?"

Ron stood and made his way back to the table after asking tom for three more bottles. All better mate? I have to say you look a might bit better than I did when Dad gave me the talk. I liked to have beaten the Twins Muggle style after all the rubbish they had filled my head with." He said as he sat down. "Actually Wolfy here looks more worse for-wear than you do. What did you do to him?"

"He pranked me rather roundly," Moony said taking a sip from his bottle. "Apparently Sirius gave him the talk at Christmas, you are a very convincing actor by the way." He complimented Harry.

"Being a Natural and a Master Occlumens helps. I can almost see why Dumbledore finds Snape useful if he is half as good as I am." He said snidely.

Knowing it was a losing battle to convince Harry that Snape wasn't all that bad, and not really believing it himself Remus tried to change the subject. "Ron, how did you know I was giving him the talk anyway?"

"Oh, well you were really nervous, you asked me to give you two fifteen or so alone, and I noticed the look on your face in the kitchen this morning when you saw him wrapped around my sister." He said looking a little sick. "So it was either that or you were making a move on him. I decided to go with the first one. Glad to know I was right." Ron said and saluted with his bottle before downing half of it noisily.

Remus nodded. "You two really are a pair. Add in Ms. Grangers brains and Ms. Weasleys temper and I shudder to be the person who wrongs you." Remus said saluting back in the same manner. Harry just shrugged between them and downed a good amount of his own bottle. Soon the girls walked in and Harry asked Remus to excuse him. Remus let Harry out and he went to greet Ginny properly and led her to a table for two in a far corner but still in sight of Remus as per the agreement they reached earlier.

Ron on the other hand simply waved to Hermione. She gave Tonks a long glance before grabbing his hand and dragging him to a table halfway to the Alley entrance. Tonks sat down at Remus' table and they all enjoyed a light lunch. The date went much better for Tonks and Ginny who actually got conversation. Hermione got to watch as Ron ate his third order of chips. "Alright Ronald, do you think we can talk?" She got fed up and confronted him.

"We talk all the time Hermione, why ruin a perfectly good meal?" He asked much to her annoyance.

"Because you git, this is supposed to be our first date. Would you please quit eating for a few moments and have an actual conversation with me? Our relationship can't be based completely on snogging." She said with a glare.

"Fine," Ron said pushing his plate away. "So what do you want to talk about?"

She thought for a moment about ending it right there but decided for the umpteenth time that for some reason he was worth the trouble. "I



need to talk to you about what goes on during our Occlumency sessions." She said. Already feeling lighter.

"What about it?" Ron said with a confused look. "You said it was too private or something and you didn't want to talk about it."

"Look Ron, it was all my fault really. I need you to listen before you react alright?" he nodded. She took a deep breath and soldiered on. "Ron in order for Ginny and I to meditate properly we have to be.. um , nude." She said looking at him for a reaction. The first emotion she thought she saw was excitement, the second was jealousy, and the third was disgust, she was rather worried about what he was going to say next.

"May I speak now?" He asked her, she nodded. "So you are saying that you and Ginny sit around most of the day naked? Where is Harry during this, I thought he was teaching you." Ron asked.

"He is, Harry is there, and Harry is nude as well." She said. His ear tips burned a bit but he tried to be calm rather than going with the first emotion like normal, that always ended badly, Fourth year being a prime example. He took a deep breath and began speaking again.

"Alright, So you, and Harry, and my sister, who is now dating Harry. Sit around naked all day meditating and doing whatever it is that gives you Occlumency shields?" he asked calmly much to Hermione's surprise.

"Pretty much." She said, waiting for him to end it, or explode or something.

"May I assume that with all the nudity going on, that things are getting a bit.. um. Sexual?" He asked. She was surprised but nodded without looking him in the eye. The jealousy started to come through in his tone. "Are you having sex with Harry?" He asked point Blank, though quietly enough that people at the next table couldn't hear him."

"NO!" She tried not to shout.

He calmed considerably. "Are my sister and he having sex?" He asked, not really wanting to know the answer.

"No, they have not had sex." Hermione chose her words carefully.

He went over everything again in his head. Occasionally taking a deep breath as though to begin talking, and then letting it out slowly as his mind wandered again. Eventually he sighed in defeat.

"Look, I can't say I like it at all. My best mate and my Girlfriend naked in the same room, especially when I haven't gotten to see her naked yet." He sent her a look and for once she looked contrite rather than upset at his remark. "And I cannot say that I like the idea of my best mate and my baby sister, who are now dating, being naked in the same room." He looked at her again, but she could not read his emotions this time. "I don't think I want to know what kind of kinky rituals you might be doing, but as long as you aren't having sex with him I guess I can deal." He took a breath and the look on his face said that it hurt him to tell her that. "But since you're all three together, and you are convinced that you are helping Harry. I can't say I am disappointed." He finished.

She stared at him for a full minute before speaking. "Honestly?" She asked quietly. He only nodded and continued to look her in the eye. "Oh Ron I have been trying to tell you for days now, but you kept putting off the talking in favor of Snogging and I was feeling so guilty for hiding it from you, and angry with you for not talking to me!" She said almost coherently. She then dove around the table and straddled his lap, she wrapped her hands around his face and kissed him, he as usual tentatively licked her lips and to his surprise she opened her mouth and began dueling with his tongue. The kiss was cut off short as people began clapping and cat calling.

Hermione blushed and quickly sat back down avoiding eye contact with anyone in the room. "Ron you don't know how much that means to me. I trust Harry with my life, I'm sorry you and I don't have that yet but you have to admit that all the bickering probably got in the way." She said. He just grinned stupidly in the afterglow of that kiss and nodded. "So you really aren't angry?" She asked him.

"Only if you ask me to join you ever again, As much as I want to hang out with you naked all day, I do not want to be in the same room as those two in the same state. She's my sister for godsakes!" Ron said and Hermione actually laughed at one of his jokes.

With so much of her guilt absolved she shunted the rest of it aside for now. For now all was right in her relationship with Ron. For now she could forget all about getting herself off in full view of her two study buddies. For now she could just be normal.

## Chapter 15: London Part 1

In a booth, in the corner of the Leaky Cauldron, Ginny and Harry sat playing footsy and holding hands, barely noticing the food on the table. Harry could not get the image of her naked and covered in his spunk out of his mind. The funny thing is neither could Ginny. Now that they had made an official declaration they were both itching to do something on purpose rather than by happy accident. Ginny knew she really wanted to keep her virginity intact until she knew she was in love. But once she knew she could care less about being married. Harry meanwhile could care less if he actually got inside her, as long as he could see her covered in his cum again sometime soon. As they gazed into each others eyes his urges seemed to build off each other in an escalating battle with his will to remain clothed in a public setting. He closed his eyes and suddenly was much calmer. He slipped quickly into his mindscape to figure out what was going on.

"Harry?" She asked him tentatively, when he didn't respond right away she slid her chair around the table and placed a hand on his thigh. "Harry?"

He suddenly came back to the world and noted that she had changed positions. "Well hello you." He said with a sly smile. He leaned in and kissed her and was once again struck with a wave of emotions causing him to turn rock hard in an instant. Ginny slid her hand up his leg and onto his raging hard-on.

"Hello yourself." She couldn't help it, The moment was too good an opportunity to pass up. "Is that your wand or are you just happy to see me?" She asked.

His hips bucked slightly at the contact but amazingly at least to himself. He did not cream his boxers. "Oh I am most definitely happy to see you." He said and kissed her again quickly. Again he was flooded with emotions and had a stray thought about wanting to taste his cum again. "What?" He whispered a scream to her as he pulled away.

She looked at him with worry in her eyes. "Harry are you alright? I'm sorry if I am moving a little fast, its just we've been dancing around each other for a week now. I get myself off 10 times a day, But when you accidentally get me off I was set for the rest of the day." She

gazed into his eyes. "I want to try that on purpose sometime." She whispered as she leaned in and kissed his ear just slightly.

He bucked a little once again but still he held off an orgasm. "I must be getting better at this, if we were home I would have cum in your hand at least twice already." He whispered in her ear. This caused her to take a sudden sharp breath and squeeze his cock through the fabric of his trousers.

"Promise?" She whispered back. And he laughed as he nuzzled her neck. "Harry what's going on between us?" She asked suddenly changing the mood.

"What do you mean?" he asked her pulling back a little so he could look at her for reactions.

"I mean," she bit her lip which he had learned was what she did when she didn't know if she should say something. As opposed to Hermione who chewed on her lip when she was deep in thought. Of course those thoughts might be about sex, but it was deep in thought nonetheless. "I know I feel a lot of something for you. But its kinda scary. Hermione kept talking about our hormones all week and I feel like a scarlet woman for the things we have done, and the things I want you to do to me." She said quietly.

"Gin, I have no idea what love is like. You told me you didn't want me to say that to you right now." He said nervously.

"You are misunderstanding me Harry. I really really like you, but I can't say I am in love with you. Is that okay?" She asked just as nervously.

"Only if its okay that I cant say it back, where does that leave us?" He asked.

She closed her eyes and centered herself a bit and thought things through. "Look Harry, I want to do things to you that give you pleasure. I want you to do things to me that give me pleasure. And I want us to enjoy our time together. I don't want you to think I am some hussy who will spread her legs for every boy at Hogwarts, its only you." She said sincerely.

"I never thought that of you Gin. I honestly want all those things as well, and if we both want it we might as well have fun together." He stated.

"I don't want to have sex until I know I am in love." She said rather quickly. He looked stunned for a moment.

"There are plenty of things to do besides have sex, not that I have ever, but I will never force you to do anything. We are girlfriend and boyfriend now, but how about we promise that no matter what we will always be special friends. If you know what I mean?" He asked her.

"You mean even if we break up I can come find you if I need to scratch an itch so to speak?" Ginny asked.

"Well, I don't think I want to break up any time soon, but something like that. Of course if one or the other has another girlfriend or boyfriend." Ginny giggled and Harry gave her a look. "You know what I mean, and I only like girls for the record." She nodded but did not reply, she had been thinking too often lately of a certain bushy haired witch to answer honestly. "If one of us has a whatever friend, then it isn't fair to approach the other and ask something like that. Deal?" She thought about it for a moment and agreed.

She laughed suddenly. "Should we exchange a wizards oath?" Harry looked stunned. She pulled out her wand. "I swear on my life and magic to help satisfy any urges that you need help with." She put her wand away.

Laughing now that he realized they would not make it formal he raised his wand as well. "I swear on my life and magic that this dead sexy witch in front of me, Ginevra Weasley, can do or ask anything she wishes to me at any time she needs a little help satisfying her urges." He put his wand away and they joined hands once more.

He had a sudden thought. "Were you just wishing to taste my, uh," he leaned in and whispered it in her ear. "Were you just thinking while I was kissing you, that you wished you could taste my cum again?" He asked her.

Her eyes got huge as she looked around to see if anyone heard him. "How did you know that!" She said blushing.

"Gin, I think I'm a natural Legilimens. It usually shows up as a teenager." He said and watched to gauge her reaction. When she didn't react he added. "I think that explains why I can communicate with intelligent birds."

Ginny nodded at that, "Thank Merlin, I was worried about falling for a nutter." She grinned at him. "And I am only half kidding about that." She leaned in and captured his lips again. Harry felt a tug on his mind and looked at the source. Hermione was straddling Ron and kissing him furiously. He turned Ginny to look.

"Awe, looks like they made a breakthrough." Ginny said.

Harry suppressed his jealousy and fear of losing what they had built up, but was willing to give up naked Hermione in his lap if it meant she was happy with Ron. "Yeah, I wonder what changed?" He asked.

Ginny seemed to shrink a little. "Well," she began and looked at him. "Don't be mad ok?" She said

He nodded slightly. "Alright, just come out and say it though. If I promise not to be mad, then you have to promise not to be scared. Deal?" He asked. In answer she leaned in and pecked him on the lips again.

"Alright, well we were talking with Tonks and Hermione let something slip about what goes on during our Occlumency study." She said looking at him for a reaction. To her surprise he shrugged.

"It's Tonks, I trust her." He said in response.

"Yes we know about the kiss." She said, rather than be embarrassed he smiled at the memory. "It was nice, but nothing like kissing you." He said.

She teared up slightly before wrenching her mind away from wicked thoughts about when they got back. "So anyway Hermione finally told us how guilty she felt that Ron didn't know any of it. Tonks told her she needed to come clean, at least partially, to gauge his reaction. She really hasn't done anything too wrong, considering what we could have been doing." She looked at him again for a

reaction, and this time she got what she was waiting for. His face went from shock to ecstasy and back again before he refocused on her and nodded.

"So I don't know how much she told him, but apparently he told her it was okay to continue on with the two of us exactly as we have been." She said thinking of earlier that day and Hermione's cries as her fingers fluttered over her clit. Harry got a flash at the same moment and knew from the angle that it wasn't his memory.

"Gin, you really need to start working on your shields more often. Not that I didn't enjoy reliving this morning through your eyes."

She looked at him in amazement. "I didn't feel a thing, how did you do that?" She said remembering the headache after the headmaster grazed her shields.

"Well first of all I didn't have to touch your shields, that's why you need to work on them. Your current thoughts are still floating around even if you memories are sorted neatly. Second since it is clear that I really am a Natural Legilimens, the book says I can get around shields that Master Legilimens can't and do it without people knowing it. Because I am doing it instinctively rather than forcing magic to do my bidding." He said. "Now care to explain why you were daydreaming about Hermione?" He whispered into her ear and she shuddered.

"Not really?" she half asked half answered.

"My My, does my sexy witch like other sexy witches?" He asked teasing her, he had expected playful anger what he got instead was a shudder as his breath hit her ear. Looking quickly around he saw that everyone was still looking in the direction of Ron and Hermione, so pulling her with him, he stood and slid their chairs to the room side of the table so that they were facing the corner. "That's better," He said pulling her over to him. He looked over his shoulder again quickly and slid his hand up her thigh under the loose Khaki shorts she was wearing. Her eyes were closed again and her breathing was short. Meanwhile his erection was throbbing in time to the heartbeat he could hear in his ears.

His fingers brushed the fabric of her knickers and he once again looked over his shoulder before leaning in and whispering in her ear



again. "My sexy insatiable witch," he said as his fingers found there way underneath the garment and into the slit of her sopping wet pussy. She gasped but said nothing. "Was daydreaming about her best friend getting herself off." He said as he found her clit and began rubbing small quick circles. She caught and held her breath to keep from screaming as her climax approached. "You would like that someday wouldn't you? You want to bury your face in her pussy while I pound into you from behind?" He asked and the mental imagery pushed her over the edge. She turned her head and bit his shoulder to keep from shouting her predicament to the whole place.

As she panted into his shoulder he withdrew his fingers and as she watched he slowly sucked her juices off of each digit. "Mmmm." He said savoring the slightly bitter flavor of her aroused sex. "Definitely have to try some more of this later." He said.

"Harry," She wheezed, still trying to catch her breath. "You can't tell her, it isn't girls in general okay, its just Hermione." She pleaded with him even as she gasped for air.

"Gin I swear on my life and magic never to reveal something you tell me or that I accidentally learn through Legilimency without your approval or unless it is to save a life. So Mote it Be!" Although the oath was whispered she felt the pulse of magic come from him, waiting for her to complete the transaction.

"No Harry, Thank you for the thought, I trust you to hold to any oath you give me without making it binding." She looked at him to see if he understood what she had just told him. "And I swear on my life and magic to uphold my oaths to Harry potter, whether they were bound before or after this point. So Mote it Be!" She whispered. This time Harry felt the magic pulse waiting for his answer.

Insetead he kissed her passionately. Letting all the feeling he had for her pour into the kiss, if it went on much longer then the bar patrons be damned he was going to throw her on the table. "Ahem." There was a voice standing behind them. They looked up into Tonks' face. "If you two are done eating each others faces. It's time to head into London." She said.

They got up quickly and met Ron, Hermione, and Remus at the door. Exiting the pub Harry realized he had no idea where to go from here. He turned to look at the older man with a question in his eyes.

In response Remus raised his fingers to his lips and let out an earsplitting shriek of a whistle. So fast it was almost like magic a Muggle cab appeared at the curb. "Don't worry Harry, I made sure to bring enough cash to get us where we are going." He assured the young man.

They all piled into the cab and Remus told the cabby to take them to some place called Harods. Hermione's eyes got wide and she began to bounce in excitement.

"I have only been there once with my parents. It is one of the worlds largest department stores. Their motto is All Things for All People, Everywhere for godsake!" She said, barely containing her enthusiasm.

All in all it was a very successful trip. The girls including Tonks spent most of the time fitting Harry for a whole new wardrobe, vowing to burn his rags when they got back. He was heavily embarrassed when Tonks brought him new boxers and mentioned he really only need one or two pair considering his living arrangements. Of course the girls went on a quick spree as well, and Harry got to enjoy the parade of sexy witches who seemed to be attempting to outdo one another for skimpiest article of clothing that does not come from the lingerie department.

Ron and Remus bugged out on him quickly when he was ushered in to the changing rooms so he was able to enjoy the show almost guilt free. He considered it as his reward for having been so patient while they played dress up with his body earlier.

Harry's group met the other two at the doors at the agreed upon time. Ron had found a set of free weights and an all-in-one home gym, as well as some wooden swords and staves not knowing what they might be practicing. The latter had been Remus' idea. He also found new couches and chairs for the sitting room downstairs that were more modern, they looked comfortable but were extremely uncomfortable, Harry could only snigger as Ron said he swore they were designed that way on purpose. By happy chance he had also found four extremely uncomfortable looking chairs, which were really quite nice and purchased them as well. Harry tried to arrange to pay Ron back for what he charged to his account but Ron waved him off calling it even for the broomstick. They had arranged for it all to be

delivered to the sidewalk between Numbers 11 and 13 Grimmauld place. Ron had to sign a special form, which released them from liability after the delivery had been made.

Happy and with his pockets loaded down with bags of shrunken clothing they headed outside and into a nearby alleyway where the adults held out their arms in anticipation of travel. This time Harry concentrated and tried to push the image of the back garden into Rons mind, he looked confused right before they Apparated away.

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They arrived in the garden and Harry stood ready to catch Tonks. She blinked in surprise and exclaimed. "So that's what you were talking about Wolfy? I don't feel a thing!" Remus nodded.

"Yep, these four are a quick study apparently." And they followed him into the kitchen, as they entered Winky and Dobby both appeared and held up their hands to halt them.

"Yous been shopping." Dobby stated, not questioned. "Yous will be giving us your things to puts away, and Mrs. Wheezy and Winky is making dinner in 45 minutes. Washing your hands and meeting in the dining room." They all turned out their pockets and handed him the shrunken packages. He disappeared with a pop.

"Harry, it's a great thing you did for those two and all, but they can be bloody scary!" Ron remarked.

"Language." Hermione said not even thinking causing Harry, Ginny and the Adults to chuckle. "Well I guess there is nothing for it." She grabbed Ron's hand and dragged him toward the staircase just off the kitchen.

"Wait where are we going?" He asked her.

"To finish what we started at the Cauldron." She said quietly, but Ron and Ginny heard her.

They reached the first floor landing when Ron suddenly stopped. "Wait, what about Harry and Ginny?" He asked half panicking.

In response she leaned in and kissed him hard, this time she was the one to beg entrance to his mouth and they kissed for half a minute before he pulled away for a breath. "Forget those two!" He grabbed her hand and disappeared up the rest of the stairs and into his room.

Meanwhile in the kitchen Harry and Ginny shared a look. "Guess we are going to go study." Ginny said and pulled Harry along to the other staircase.

Tonks called out "Don't study too hard unless you use protection!" Remus, Harry and Ginny all blushed. But Ginny just held up her hand and waved as they disappeared around the corner. Much like Ron Harry stopped her at the first landing, however rather than asking her anything he pulled her to him and dove into a passionate kiss, which she returned full force.

Without letting their lips leave each other she grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him up the stairs still kissing. At the second landing he turned her against the wall and leaned in to lay kissed down her throat. She moaned quietly and pulled him back in to a kiss. Then she stood him back up and began tracing his adam's apple, which was perfect height for her, with her tongue. This time he picked her up and carried her, She wrapped her legs around his waist so he stumbled the rest of the way upstairs to his room.

Closing and locking his door without breaking the kiss or letting her fall he then walked her over to the bed and let her slide to the floor. "Um, this is going to sound weird." He said. "But after all we have been through, why am I suddenly so nervous?" he asked her.

"I think it's because we are alone," She said quietly. "And clothed." She added with a giggle which served to relieve a bit of the tension. He set his hands on her hips and tucked his thumbs under the waist of her tank top. He slowly slid his hands up, taking the top with him, until his thumbs were stopped by her bra. He looked at her for confirmation even if he had seen her do this 30 or so times recently. She nodded and put her arms above her head. He quickly pulled her top all the way off. She reached behind her and snapped her fingers, and as if by magic her bra was unclasped. r32;

"I really have to learn that bit of wandless magic." He commented. She looked at him for a moment before commenting.

"How do you get to Carnegie Hall Harry?" She asked and he nodded. "I am a bit impatient right now, but I promise you can practice that move all you want with me some other time deal?" he nodded and pulled her into another kiss.

Her hand performed the same trick as his and soon her breasts were pressed against his chest as they kissed. His fingers made their way down to her waistband and placing his index fingers inside the material he slid his hands around to the button on the front. Once again he nonverbally asked for permission and she consented. He unbuttoned and unzipped the shorts and brought his hands back to her hips where he inserted his fingers once more and slowly pushed down her knickers until he was on his knees staring at the source of his desire.

He leaned in using one hand on the small of her back to steady her, and the other to push her legs slightly apart. And slowly French kissed her nether lips. She let out a moan of ecstasy but pulled him back to his feet. And her fingers did the same, though she didn't stop and ask for permission. Soon she was kneeling in front of him and unwrapped her prize with great reverence. As he came free of his boxers she placed one hand on his bum and the other wrapped delicately around his throbbing erection. Being right next to the bed she pushed slightly and he fell onto his back. She then leaned in and took his cock into her mouth for the first time.

Awkwardly but getting bonus points for effort she suckled his head and ran her tongue up and down his shaft, when he bucked his hips lightly she smiled up at him and wrapped her hand around his cock once more and began to pump away. She watched in wonder as the skin bunched at the tip when she pulled up, and straightened out to velvety soft smoothness when she pulled it back down. She heard him getting short of breath and remembered what he tasted like. She moaned as she placed the head of his cock in her mouth and continued pumping with her hand.

"Gin, I'm, God Gin, I'm gonna..." Harry stammered out before he began bucking beneath her, trying desperately not choke her or force his cock into her mouth more. Finally he came in great long ribbons. She could not keep it all in her mouth, and even as she began to swallow she felt his cum running over her hand.

"Bloody Bugging Hell Gin!" Harry exclaimed. "We already had this conversation so I know that was your first time. But damn woman!"

She smiled at him and began to lick his cum off of her fingers. His eyes never left her pink tongue as it darted out and gathered a small pool of white, before disappearing back into her mouth. With a growl he sat up and flipped her onto her back. He lowered his head to her breasts and took one nipple into his mouth as his left hand began kneading the other breast and playing with the nipple found there. Ginny threw back her head and arched her back trying to force more of her breast into his mouth. She stifled the scream that tried to get out, knowing there was no silencing charm up. His other hand ran down her side, down to her knee and then back up to her dripping sex.

He began exploring her folds, never having been able to fully see what waited him between her legs. He found her clit quickly and elicited a moan as he barely grazed it. His fingers followed the wetness deeper until he found her entrance. He placed his middle finger at her opening and looked up at her to see what she wanted him to do next.

"Please Harry? I want to feel your finger inside me." She begged him, so he slowly made his way inside, relishing in the wet warmth that seemed to almost suck on his finger much like her moth had on his cock earlier. He slowly kissed his way down her body until his nose was level with her Clit. Using his free hand he gently spread open her folds and memorized every pink inch he could see. First with his eyes, followed soon with his mouth.

For the next few minutes he seemed to lose himself somewhat. He was getting feelings from her that told him exactly what to touch, where to lick, how fast and how hard. At the same time he was receiving the feeling of her building orgasm which prompted his own to start. His cock and balls were tingling with the need to release soon.

For the next 10 minutes Ginny rode a rollercoaster of ecstasy, Harry was able to bring her to the highest high, and just when she thought it might get painful he left her come down, only to pull her back again. Somehow he held off the orgasm that was being insistent inside his aching balls.

He didn't know if he broadcasted that fact to her or if she just wanted him that way. But She pulled him up into a kiss, relishing the taste of herself in his mouth. He idly noted what he himself tasted like on her lips. And he rolled him onto his back so she could straddle his hips. She reached down and grabbed his cock and positioned it at her entrance and sank only a few centimeters but enough for him to feel her wetness surrounding just the tip of his member.

"Gin?" He asked a bit worried she was getting carried away.

He began rubbing his cock from her soaked entrance up to her clit and back down again, picking up speed and driving him closer to the edge. "Not..ready..for..that yet. But this..feels..so..naughty, dirty..but in a good way." She panted as she struggled with her self control every time she placed him back against her entrance. Finally she knew she couldn't tease herself and more and laid her slit along his cock much like she had that morning by accident. She began rocking.

"Not..accident..this time... soooooooo..much better. She said as she picked up speed. Finally as she screamed her release into his shoulder he came along wither her, once again coating both of their stomachs in his fluids. She lay there panting for a few moments but still felt the urge to shag him silly. So she rolled off of him and backed up into a spoon, pillowing her head on his bicep.

"That was amazing Gin!" Harry said into her hair. "God how on earth did we wait this long?" He asked.

She turned around and faced him, partly because she felt him hard against her bum and wanted to put him inside her. "I think the better question is how long until we can do this again?" She asked before she kissed him.

"I guess that depends on if Hermione is otherwise occupied with Ron." Harry said thinking of the oath she had given.

"You know I don't mind even if she is here Harry." She whispered to him conspiratorially even if they were all alone.

"I know you fantasize about her watching, and playing with herself while we go at it." He whispered back and she moaned as a tiny orgasm ripped through her. She didn't know if it was caused by the

dirty thoughts or an aftershock. "But I don't think that is fair to her Gin. If it happens then that's fine, but I am going to consciously try to keep things as they were when she is with us." He finished.

She yawned, placing her hand over her mouth. "Well before, that happened. And now that I have permission its going to be hard to keep my hands off you." She said, as she ran a finger from her clit to her tits and sucked his juices mixed with hers off the finger.

"Well like I said. Her relationship with Ron is not our responsibility. So if it happens it happens and she can deal with it." He told the girl in his arms. "If Ron really is OK with what has been going on up here things are about to get really interesting.

"And if she happens to be naked and sitting on your lap hugging you for comfort, and you happen to have a raging hard-on. And it happens to slip inside her?" Ginny asked with lust in her eyes.

"That's a lot of Ifs Gin." He said. "If that happy accident occurred, and she decided to shag me rotten, I wouldn't stop her. Does that make me a bad boyfriend?" He asked her.

In response she rolled over on top of him again and placed his cock back between her pussy lips. This time however she slowly rolled her hips around savoring the sensations. "Feeling the way you know I do about her, that makes you a very good boyfriend. I think you deserve a treat." She said grinning at him through her pleasure.

"Why don't you keep that up as long as we can without cumming? I think that is a suitable treat." He said and heard her growl.

"I accept that challenge Mr. Potter, unfortunately we only have about twenty minutes until dinner.

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Meanwhile Hermione dragged Ron into his room and locked the door. She slowly pushed him backwards until his knees hit the bed and he fell over. With a growl she reached down and pulled her top over her head, leaving her clad in her Bra. Rons eyes began to bug out and she felt pride that her appearance did that to him. She reached for his waist and slowly pulled his shirt over his head as well, and leaned down and kissed the top of his abs,



Ron hissed and bucked his hips as her lips met his bare skin. "None of that boyfriend. I am setting the pace and you are just going to lay there and enjoy whatever I decide to give you. Understand?" She asked him. Ron was left speechless so he only nodded. He would do anything for this sexy creature as long as she didn't stop touching him.

She sat back up and reached behind her where she snapped her fingers. Her bra slumped forward and she pulled it off, once again revealing her tanned globes to him. He bucked again. "Ah Ah Ah." She said as she leaned in and brushed his nipples with her own. He gasped and she covered his mouth with her own. She began dueling with his tongue and soon found herself on her back with him trailing kisses across her throat and collarbone.

Of course Hermione being Hermione she couldn't help but talk, Harry found it sexy. "Oh Ron, The fact that you can trust me with those two makes me feel so good." She said, he just grunted into her skin. And began slowly lowering his kisses.

"Mmmm, I don't know why I trust him so much, but your getting there, if you're a good boy I might even let you watch me meditate." She said. He ignored the first part of the sentence and focused on the part where she would get naked for him. Again he grunted his acknowledgement that he heard her talking.

He lowered his kisses and nips again looking up at her for sign he should stop. And when he saw none he took his prize into his mouth and began suckling her nipple. "Ron!" She cried out softly, but her hand came up to his head and pulled him closer. "Gods Ron that feels good." She growled.

He switched to the other nipple while covering that one with his palm. She moaned and bucked slightly underneath him so he trailed that hand down her stomach and rearranged himself for leverage. He continued to suckle and enjoy the sounds she was making. Slowly he worked his fingers under her waistband but his arm was caught at a strange angle. He straightened his body and began kissing her mouth once again. Thus straightening his arm. As she kissed him passionately he worked his hand further into her knickers wondering when he would find her pubic hair. When his fingers brushed her wet slit. "RON!" She jumped away from him.

"BLOODY HELL, NOW WHAT IS IT?" He hadn't meant to shout at her, but she did it first, and he was frustrated.

"You know what the bloody hell is wrong Ron, I give you an inch and you take a mile. You have to let me move at my own speed damn it." She said venomously.

"Oh right, but for Harry bloody Potter you will strip naked and gallivant around all day?" He said, immediately regretting his words.

"But, at the restaurant. You said you understood?" She said meekly, sitting down on the bed and holding her shirt in front of her.

"Honestly Hermione I did mean it, I was just talking out of frustration. Whatever you are doing is fine as long as you are helping him in some way. I just want some quality time with my girlfriend is all." He said somewhat soothing her temper.

"Ron, I am just not ready with you. I am trying OK, but trust is a big thing for me, and for some reason I trust him completely. I think it has to do with saving my life a few times." She laughed.

"I saved you too you know." He said.

"I know Ron but it is balanced out with how horribly you treated me in the past, and the stupid arguments we always got in, get in." She added. "Look, I want to try to be with you, but you just have to understand the complicated relationship I have with Harry. It isn't exactly sexual but sometimes he makes me want to get off so badly it hurts." She said.

"I know the feeling." He said to nobody in particular but she heard him.

"Ron I don't mean to be a tease alright. But if you want to be with me eventually, you have to realize. Number one I share a complicated relationship that may or may not include overt sexual encounters but not sex. And, I want you as much as you want me, but I am just not ready to move forward until we build more trust. Can you handle that?" She asked him with tears in her eyes.

"I guess I don't bloody well have a choice if I want to be with you do I?" He asked in a defeated tone. "Well fuck it all, yes Hermione, I think even if you shagged his bloody brains out I would want you. But do us a favor and don't alright?" he asked her.

In response she dropped her shirt and stood up with him. She wrapped one arm around his neck and kissed him as passionately as she could. The other hand she trailed down his chest and to his waistband. Without thinking too hard she reached quickly inside his boxers and wrapped her hand around his cock.

He gasped into her mouth, and she inhaled sucking his life breath out of his lungs. As he struggled for air she began pumping his erection lightly as she could only do so much while constrained by the material. His hips began to buck to the rhythm as he finally caught his breath. She kissed him again and increased her pace. "Please cum for me?" She whispered to him and that did it. He exploded all over the inside of his pants and coated her hand with his cum. Slowly she removed her hand from where it had been and she used her other arm to help hold him up. She brought her fingers up to her lips, and remembering how Harry had tasted, quickly sucked his semen from her fingertips.

Ron was enraptured with the act, so she did her best not to begin gagging. She swallowed as quickly as she could but his cum tasted bitter and salty, and it left a burning in the back of her throat like bile during a dry heave. She had to escape quickly and get something to drink. "Looks like you need to clean up." She said trying to keep a straight face. "And I need to make sure those two aren't doing anything we wouldn't do." She said and watched his face cloud over.

"Go on then, get out of here then. I'll see you downstairs in a bit then yeah?" He asked her. She nodded and headed for the door.

"Hermione?" He asked as her hand touched the knob. She turned to look at him. "Uh, your shirt?" She blushed all the way to her navel, which he found very distracting. She grabbed her bra and threw her shirt back on. "Thank you Hermione, that was bloody amazing." He said.

"Thank you for understanding and trusting me Ron, being a good boy has its rewards doesn't it?" She asked him as she turned the knob.

He nodded and she fled quickly upstairs to her room, and into the bathroom where she brushed her teeth and drank three glasses of water. Sighing as she stripped out of her clothing she was compelled by her oath into Harry's room. There she found Ginny writhing atop Harry's cock. Both of them moaning in ecstasy, but she could see they were not actually having sex. She heard Harry say something about getting to close to coming again as she approached the bed.

"Don't let me stop you." She whispered, scaring Ginny so bad that she jumped clean off the bed. Meanwhile the scare jumpstarted Harry and as Hermione stood over him he shot ropes of cum over a foot through the air which landed on her lips and on her chest. She licked her lips and savored the sweet tangy flavor she had been craving. "Well, that was definitely unexpected. She said as Ginny looked on from the edge of the bed and Harry covered his face with a pillow.

"Hi Hermione, Sorry about Cumming all over you, but you gave us a bit of a scare yeah?" He said as he began laughing. "Honestly, I am mortified that you just watched me cum, and worse you have it all over you." He said still shielding his eyes from her.

"Speak for yourself Harry, I enjoy that." Ginny said from the floor as she stood up. She walked around the bed and whispered something in Hermione's ear and the other girl blushed but nodded. "Harry you might not want to miss this." She said.

Harry uncovered one eye just in time to see Ginny catch the dribble of cum running down Hermione's stomach with her tongue. And then follow it up over her right nipple and catch the top of it before she grinned. Then repeated with the other shot, which just happened to have run over her left nipple. Hermione moaned and lifted a finger to her face where she collected the bit that was there. She then placed her fingers in her mouth and moaned again.

"You two are going to kill me one of these days. How long til dinner?" Harry asked, feeling more than a bit strained beyond sanity.

## Chapter 16: Death by WIKI WIKI

Ginny leaned in and whispered in Hermione's ear. "You can play with my boyfriend all you want, but I get to clean up his messes. I want to give him a bit of a show, do we have a deal?"

Hermione froze and felt the blush begin, but nodded. "Harry you might not want to miss this." Ginny said.

She really did not know what to expect from the younger girl, everything had been an accident up to this point so she was not sure how to react to an overt offer of any sort. Ginny leaned down and Hermione sucked in a breath as she felt the redheads tongue touch her belly. She slowly licked her way upward flicking her tongue quickly over Hermione's nipple eliciting a moan from the older girl. As the other girl repeated the performance on her other side Hermione watched Harry's eyes grow huge along with his re-hardening cock. Ginny flicked her other nipple and then Mmmm'd in acknowledgement to the taste of Hermione's sweat mixed with Harry's cum.

Ginny whispered to her friend, "You have a little something on the corner of your mouth, right here." She finished pointing to the corner of her own mouth. "Do you want me to get that too?" Ginny's question this time was a little more scared than she had acted mere moments ago. Hermione reached up and gathered the goo onto her fingers, and sucked it off savoring every last drop. Why oh Why couldn't Ron taste like this?

"You two are going to kill me one of these days," Harry said with a giggle that reminded her all too much of his mental break days before. "So, how long til dinner?" He asked out of the blue.

"Um, about 10 minutes..." Hermione said looking him with concern. "Are you alright Harry?"

"I just watched my beautiful girlfriend, lick my cum, off of my equally beautiful best friend. Yeah, I don't think I can get any better!" He began giggling again.

Ginny looked between the two and walked over to the bed. She pulled Harry to her and spooned against his back. She looked up and motioned Hermione to join them, and the girl lay in front of him

looking into his slightly wild eyes. "Harry, are you repressing again?" Ginny asked him.

Harry had to think about it for a moment, which was getting much harder with a naked Hermione breathing the scent of his spunk into his face. "Um, maybe?" He asked.

"Harry, you know that isn't good for you. Can you center yourself and tell us what is wrong so we can talk you through it?" Hermione asked him. He nodded and closed his eyes. Hermione watched him struggle for a few moments between calm and giggling before his face went slack. A minute later he opened his eyes and looked at Hermione with enough emotion to make her want to run screaming. Tears began dribbling on to his pillow even as he tried to control his breathing.

Ginny hugged him closer. "Harry, please?" He nodded and took a deep breath.

"Hermione, I can't keep doing this. I respect you, and I respect Ron too much to carry on with his girlfriend like this. What he have had was wonderful but even the niggling bit of guilt I am feeling has been building up. Watching you with Ginny just now was the most erotic thing I have ever and probably will ever see. But you belong to him, and I won't be the cause of a breakup between you two." He said, his tears began to taper off now that he got it off his chest.

"Harry I told you not to change for me." Ginny said from behind him and he shook his head.

"I'm not changing anything, I'm just asking Hermione for a little space." He countered before looking into the dark brown eyes of the girl in front of him.

"Harry I just finished my talk with Ron, I told him nearly everything, and after a bit of thinking he told me I could shag you if I wanted and he would still want me." She told him blushing. "Of course he asked me to refrain from doing that." She looked back up at him expecting everything to be OK again but his eyes hadn't changed much.

He took a deep breath. "Ron is an idiot." He said firmly. "Honestly, if I had a choice between losing you or sharing you with Ron I would share you too." He stated. "But, I hope Ron is a better man than that,

and would not force someone to choose. Just like I wont." He finished and closed his eyes to think.

Hermione put a hand on his face and kissed him quickly on the lips. "Harry, you are the sweetest guy I know and Ginny is lucky to have you. But like you said the cats out of the bag. So I don't plan on changing the way I act. I will try to give you two your space but I can't guarantee accidents and little incidents wont happen. You are too important to me to drop you like that." She finished.

He nodded before opening his eyes. "Plus there is the whole oath you stupidly gave him. You are practically required to watch us pleasure each other and get none of the benefits." He said, she scooted closer to him and draped an arm over him and Ginny. She felt his hardness press between her legs and brush the top of her pussy. She bit her lip before speaking again.

"You're my best friend Harry, I love you like a brother, maybe even more. I will do whatever it takes to help you fulfill your destiny. I want you and Ginny to be very happy together, and I really do want things to work out with Ronald." She whispered.

Ginny decided to lighten the mood. "Alright then you two, quit with the sappy stuff, you're only making it harder." She demonstrated her point by sliding her hand down to his cock and squeezing. Noticing how close Hermione was she accidentally brushed her fingertips over the other girl's wet sex.

Hermione tried desperately to pretend Ginny had not just touched her, she was certain it was an accident. "You know, this is really comfy. I could get used to this." Ginny nodded behind him.

"Well if I want to sleep with my boyfriend you don't have much choice unless you sleep on the floor." Harry groaned.

"I feel better knowing that Ron knows, but I really don't know how I am going to handle this." He rolled over toward his girlfriend, feeling his cock push against Hermione's slit before his cock sprung back and slapped his stomach. He groaned again, and then kissed the girl now in his arms.

"No more happy accidents, or at least, only happy accidents. I can't keep up exactly like we were before." He said to her. Over his

shoulder he said. "I will still give you those hugs and listen to you complain about the git, but I am going to ask you to at least put knickers on first." He looked back at Ginny. "I would love for you to sleep with me, but I am not forcing Hermione to sleep on the floor. That means we are going to have to put some clothes on before bed. Ginny shook her head furiously.

"Hermione and I have gotten used to sleeping naked, I know I can't stand to wear anything, I feel like I am being strangled even just in knickers." She told him. "You will just have to control yourself." She said poking his nose with a finger.

"You know It's not that simple." He said in defeat.

Both girls pulled him into a three-way hug. Ginny was the first to speak again. "Fine, I don't mind cleaning her up afterward." She said with a grin. Hermione moaned on his other side.

"You really are insatiable aren't you?" Hermione asked the room. They both nodded laughing at each other. She felt a little left out but was happy they had reached a compromise.

"This whole thing would be so much easier if Ron would just come up here and learn Occlumency." Harry said.

He felt Hermione nod into his back but Ginny exclaimed, "Are you nuts? You think I want to run around starkers with my brother? Or watch those two go at it?" She asked seriously, but her eyes betrayed her tone.

Hermione however was completely serious. "He told me his only condition was that I never ask him to join us again. He said pretty much the same thing about you two." She told them.

There was a long silence, which Harry finally broke. "You Gin, are stubborn and Ron is an idiot." He repeated his earlier statement.

There was a knock on the door and they all froze with wide eyes. "Dinner be ready Harry and ladies." They heard Dobby call.

"Thank you Dobby, we will be down shortly!" Harry called and they quickly collapsed into giggles. "No time to wash up though, I just



hope Moony isn't here tonight." He said, and both girls looked at him for an explanation. "Werewolf senses." He said tapping his nose.

Hermione was the first one to understand. "Oh my gods Harry! You mean he could smell you on us this morning?"

Harry nodded and gasped between laughs. "He tried to give me the talk today and I told him there was nothing going on between you and I Hermione. How am I doing to explain you smelling like I just came all over you?" He asked. "What he could smell this morning was even after we showered. He broke down into giggles once more.

Hermione blushed all the way down and buried her face in his shoulder. "This would all be so much simpler if we were all shagging. People would believe that more than the truth." She said.

Ginny rolled away from the two and popped out of bed. "Well I guess we can chance it, or we can quickly take separate showers. I call my bathroom. And she darted away through the passage. Harry rolled over and looked at Hermione suddenly very nervous, what with being naked in bed with her and all alone.

"Uh do you want the shower first?" He asked.

"No time." She said breathily, feeling her heart about to beat through her chest.

"Share then?" He asked nervously.

She nodded as she began to get up. "Do you think she planned this on purpose?" She said as she walked toward the bathroom.

"I would bet money on it, the devious little minx." He said following her into the bathroom. "It's bad enough your trying to kill me, but at least with you it would be an accident!" He said. "That woman is going to be the death of me all in the name of a sexually charged prank!"

Hermione blushed but started the water and stepped into the glass enclosure, Harry stared for a moment as the water began to run down her nude form. "Come on Harry I wont bite unless you ask me to."

"Alright I take it back, it's a conspiracy and you are trying to off me before Voldie can." He said but slid into the shower with her anyway and began trying to rinse away all traces of the girls.

Hermione turned her back to him and pulled her hair over her shoulder revealing the entirety of her naked back and bum to him. "Harry, do you think I can get one of those happy accidents?" She asked him seductively. In a very manly response he opened the door and ran into the closet shouting over his shoulder. "Bleeding Bloody Hell, I would rather die by sexy witches than an AK, but not today!"

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Feeling much refreshed from their showers they were quickly dressed and standing at the secret panel which led to the servants stairs. Hermione leaned over to Ginny and sniffed lightly. "I don't smell anything, you?" She said raising her hair off her shoulders. Ginny leaned in and took a deep breath.

"Only vanilla as far as I can tell." She said.

They both turned to Harry and lifted the hair from their shoulders, exposing their jugular veins and making him long to mark them as his. "That's quite alright, I trust your noses just fine." He gulped.

They headed down one flight and looked to see if Ron was in his room. They found him sitting at his desk with a color wheel and a book on room design he had picked up at Harrods. "Hey Mate, I'm surprised you aren't already downstairs." Harry said as Hermione leaned in and kissed him hard on the lips. He deepened the kiss for a brief second and she joined him before pulling back.

Ron noted that they all had wet hair and his face got dark. "Needed a shower before dinner?" He asked trying not to show his true emotions.

Harry thought quickly, "It was a long day, and you didn't have to try on every piece of clothing in the store." He said.

"Right," Ron said getting up. "Well the food is going to get cold if we don't get there." He walked out of the room without looking back.

Harry looked over at Hermione with guilt in his eyes. She closed the distance and kissed him on the cheek.

"Ron has always been a prat, but he was sincere in what he told me earlier. Did you feel guilty fourth year when he was mad at you for months?" She asked him. To her surprise he nodded.

"I was mad at him, but I still felt guilty." He shrugged.

"Oi, if you guys are gonna start meditating go back to your own room." Ron called from the hallway.

"We are going to talk about this later Harry. You had no reason to feel guilty at the time and you should not allow other people to make you feel guilty." She said and walked out of the room. He shared a look with Ginny but she shrugged and walked to the door. Stopping and holding her hand out to him. He sighed and took it and they headed down to the kitchen.

Winky gave them the evil eye and pointed to the dining room, giggling they complied and soon dinner was served. Thankfully Remus was absent from dinner this evening. The conversation stayed light and Harry forgot his troubles for the time being. Thanking Molly and Winky profusely they all parted ways in a great mood. Hermione whispered something to Ginny who practically dragged him up the stairs, she made it all the way to the top floor before he caught that Hermione was going to spend some time with Ron leaving them alone to explore each other. They quickly divested each other of their clothing and made their way over to the bed giggling.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione got up casually from the table and leaned into whisper in Ginny's ear. "I think Ron needs some one on one time, I can only guarantee you two half an hour or so." The redhead nodded and quickly dragged a confused Harry up the stairs. Ron looked at her strangely before she licked her lips. Comprehension dawned in his eyes, which quickly narrowed as he closed the distance between them. "My room then?" He asked her.

She nodded, partially enjoying his take-charge attitude, but the slight annoyance was beating it out by a large margin. She forced him to

walk calmly through the kitchen past Molly who was arguing that the elves should let her help clean up. They waved to her as they headed up the stairs.

Once in Ron's room with the door securely locked Hermione threw her clothes off and stood in front of him in only her knickers. "Ronald, what have I told you about letting me take the lead?" She asked him with narrowed eyes.

His eyes widened at the sudden change in his girlfriend, but his cock responded. "Uh.. to let you do it?" He asked, and she smiled and nodded.

"You are wearing too many clothes." She stated and crossed her arms over her breasts.

He quickly divested himself of everything but his boxers and stood before her looking a bit scared at the sudden acceleration of their relationship. "You," She spoke to him like he was a bad little boy. "Are giving Harry a guilt trip, and I am not going to let it happen." She said as she turned him and pushed him onto the bed. "Harry is going crazy with the guilt over his relationship with me," She uncrossed her arms and ran her hands up her sides seductively and pinned him with a glare. "Harry means the world to me Ronald, I do not want my relationship with him to change, but I want my relationship with you to work. So you are going to compromise. Harry called you an idiot, and I agree but for different reasons."

Ron opened his mouth to argue when he heard that they were talking about him behind his back. "Hush." She said and placed a finger on his lips. Her other hand drifted down her stomach and into her knickers. She slowly began working her fingers beneath the material as he watched breathless and begging to touch her. But when he raised his hands she pulled her hand away from his lips and shook it in his face.

"Ron, I really want this to work. I want to fall in love with you, and make love with you one day. But Harry is, I don't know what he is but he will always come first." She said trying not to giggle at the mental image. She closed her eyes and her hand began it's dance in her knickers again as her other hand went to twist and pick her nipples. "I...need...you to understand.." She began breathlessly. "He comes first, but I want to.. Mmmm.. I don't want to lose you...along

the way." She said and bit her lip to keep from screaming as a minor orgasm rocked through her. She opened her eyes and looked at him.

He was nearly drooling and his eyes were glued to her now damp knickers and she withdrew her fingers. She sucked one of them then placed the other in his mouth. He moaned and didn't want to let her finger go. "Can you live with that?" She asked him. He only nodded in response.

"So you are going to tell Harry to stop feeling guilty. That you understand we have a complex relationship, and that you are just happy that I am happy?" She asked him as her hand fell onto his erection. He squeaked but nodded. "Trust is an interesting thing Ron. The more you give me, the more I am likely to give you. Maybe it isn't fair, but anyone that I date is just going to have to live with the fact that I love Harry bloody Potter." She stopped suddenly her eyes wide.

He looked down at her hand where it had stopped caressing him through his boxers and then back up to her face with still held a hint of shock at what she had just said. He had to think quickly to remember her words. "Wait, your in love with him?" He asked. He was half afraid to lose her, and half afraid she would stop in the middle of whatever they were about to do.

"I.. I love him Ron, but I'm not in love with him. That requires both parties to agree." She stammered out. He bucked his hips to remind her where her hand was. She looked down and a lusty gleam came back into her eyes as she licked her lips. "Does that excite you or something?" She asked him curiously.

"I think it's more like jealousy but I am channeling it." He said. "Does it bother you that I don't care if you fuck him as long as you're fucking me?" He asked.

His rude language ruined the mood for her. "Ron language please, no it doesn't bother me but it does make me question where our relationship is going." She responded.

His answer to her question was to buck his hips again. "Alright loverboy. Just so you know I have not touched him like this on purpose. There have been a lot of accidents but for the most part all

he does is frustrate me." She said as she slowly pulled the band of his boxers over his erection. As it sprung free he let out a moan.

"Bloody fantastic, as long as I benefit from your frustration I don't give a damn." He said as she licked the tip of his cock.

He was uncircumcised, so she had to pull the foreskin back to reveal the head of his cock. She licked it tentatively and again wondered why he tasted off. "For the record, if you expect me to do anything but handle you, you are going to keep this clean." She said to him as she began pumping. "And I am putting you on a special diet which will improve the taste of your semen." She added as an afterthought. Hoping that less meat and more fruit would sweeten him just a little.

He just nodded and groaned. He watched in fascination as the skin stretched and retracted over the head of his member. And enjoyed the sounds he was making. Before long she was treated to a long stream of his spunk arching into the air. Thankfully she had directed his cock and the angle landed all of it on his chest. She didn't want to taste him again, but wanted to feel his cum on her chest like Harry had done to Ginny. She quickly straddled his cock and placed it against her slit through the material of her knickers.

She ran her nipples over his bare chest, savoring the feeling of the warm sticky substance clinging to her and his chest hair tickling her. She then pressed herself against him and slid up toward his face and kissed him as she rocked her self against him. He kissed her back still stunned at the sudden turn of events and felt the wet material sliding across his hard-on. She ground her hips into his and panted into his ear as she came again atop him. Then she lay there slowly regaining her composure.

He was afraid to say anything that might break the mood, so he just lay there with a naked witch on top of him. And he stared up at the ceiling. He would try to make her love him, and she would forget about Harry one day. She said she hadn't done any of this with him and he took her at her word. His mind began to wander as he wondered if that meant she had seen Harry do that to his sister. He frowned.

He tried to squash the feeling, he knew he was being a hypocrite. But she was his little sister damn it! Maybe he should write a letter to

Bill. Hermione stirred and sat up. Ron rather enjoyed the view of his girlfriend covered in his juices. He would accept damn near anything as long as she did that to him. "Uhg, I think I better shower before I head off to bed." She said to the room.

He watched as she got up and headed for his bathroom, and he made to get up to join her, after all he was covered as well. "Where do you think your going?" She asked him.

"Uh, to take a shower with you?" He said. She shook her head sadly and looked at him.

"That isn't a good idea Ron. I know what's running through your head right now and I am not ready for half of it. I really enjoyed that, and I plan to do it again if you're good. But you need to let me set the pace or I get uncomfortable." She walked back toward him and wrapped her arms around his neck and spoke into his chest. "I don't mean to be a tease Ron, you just have to be patient with me." He nodded into her hair and returned the hug, enjoying the feeling of having her pressed against him again. "I'll be quick, I just need to rinse." She said as she disappeared through the door, and he heard the lock slide into place.

He staggered back to the bed and tried to seriously consider what the hell he was doing. It was obvious to him that his girlfriend was crushing bad on his best mate. His best mate who she spent half the day naked with. His best mate who spent half the day naked with his baby sister. Yeah, he needed to call in the Weasley boys on this one. If they beat Harry to a bloody pulp then he couldn't be blamed and Hermione would see how pathetic he was.

Not to get him wrong. He loved the guy like one of his brothers, but he would beat the rest of his brothers to a pulp if they touched Ginny as well. He told Harry he would be there for him to fight the Head Snake and he would keep that promise. But family came first. He didn't want the guy dead, just away from his bloody girlfriend and his baby sister.

He glared up at the ceiling. The hardest part was he had promised her he would tell Harry it was all-good. That he wanted Hermione happy, which was true, but he wanted her to himself. He had to look his mate in the eye, No! Hadn't he heard them say he was studying

Legilimency now? Right then, he would need to look at his left ear, from across the room, and tell him everything was fine.

He thought back to a joke Seamus had told one night in fourth year when Ron was avoiding Harry.

"Hey, what's the diff 'tween a Bitch and a Slut?" Seamus asked him. Ron just looked at him wondering if he should be offended.

"I dunno mate, what's the difference?" Ron asked.

"A Slut'll sleep with everyone, a Bitch sleeps with everyone 'ceptin you!" Seamus finished with a laugh.

He was interrupted from his memory when Hermione walked back in to the room. She put her shirt back on and tucked her bra into her pocket. She leaned over him where he lay on the bed and kissed him. It was a long sensual kiss that was full of promise. "Ron you really are an amazing guy. Thank you for being so understanding and patient with me." She whispered. "I'll see you at breakfast alright?" She asked him. He nodded and tried to wipe the silly smile she put on his face with that kiss.

Hermione unlocked the door and quickly exited the room. He got up and headed into the shower thinking to himself. "I could care less if she is a Slut, as long as she is My Slut!" Grinning he pulled the shower curtain and washed the evidence of their activities down the drain.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry and Ginny lay in his bed basking in the afterglow of a quick session of pleasuring each other. They had done most of their talking before and during and were enjoying a comfortable silence now. Ginny did not bring up his lingering guilt over Hermione knowing the other girl was already planning on it. No they had spoken again about feelings and reaffirmed that they were just enjoying each others company for the time being. It had occurred to Ginny that this was her OWL year and she doubted she would have time to devote to him as a full time girlfriend. But reminded him she might still find him to relieve stress. He quickly agreed to that and remembering the craziness of last year, Umbridge aside, readily



agreed that they would probably break off their relationship when the school year began. Even if they were still Special Friends.

He got up and dragged her into the shower with him where she enjoyed him washing her hair. He also had washed the rest of her rather thoroughly. Leaving her breathless more than once as she nearly fainted from pleasure. She had then taken him in her mouth and was quickly getting better at fitting more of his member into her mouth, and catching more of his seed as he exploded into her eager orifice.

She really wondered what it was that made him taste so good when all she heard from the girls in the dorm was that it was an interesting, and even erotic flavor, but definitely not good. She had heard something from them about diet affecting taste and even heard a rumor that there were books in the Library on the subject if you knew where to look. She bet Hermione knew, she wondered if she had already memorized them.

She dragged her summer boyfriend back to bed and just cuddled with him. They didn't say anything just enjoyed each other's company. The urge to have hours and hours of mind-blowing orgasms was beginning to fade a bit to be replaced by contentment at just being together. As they lay there Hermione came into the room and quickly stripping out of her clothing, joined them in the bed.

"Sorry to interrupt guys, but the oath is still in effect. She said as Ginny rolled Harry onto his back, Hermione quickly claimed his other shoulder and sighed in contentment as the three lay together. "I talked to Ron again, I think he knows absolutely everything now, and told me he could care less as long as he benefits from my frustration." She said quickly before she could lose her nerve.

"What do you mean your frustration?" Harry asked the ceiling in the dark.

"I mean, besides touching myself, and watching the two of you go at it, I do not give nor get any direct stimulation from you two. So I sort of take it out on him." She said and he felt her blush. Understanding dawned on him, but Ginny voiced what he was thinking.

"No bloody wonder he can tell you with a straight face it's ok. Honestly Mione, if we didn't have the weird three way thing going on

do you think you would have done half of what you have done with him?" She asked. Harry tried not to listen, not wanting to think of Ron doing the things to Hermione that he was doing to Ginny.

"No, I suppose not." Hermione said. "But now that my inhibitions have been breached, I could really give a damn. I am the one setting the pace in our relationship and he is fine with it. I actually wonder if he has a bit of a submissive side the way he looks at me when I order him around." She giggled.

"Wait! My meek little bookworm is Mistress Hermione after all?" Harry asked.

"I am going to kill Tonks!" Hermione stated and made to get up, just in case the Metamorph was still downstairs.

"No no no, Mione I got a flash from her at Dinner, I explained to Ginny earlier I am pretty sure I am a Natural Legilimens." He said as he wrapped his arm around her and kept her from getting up. "Her shields are Auror level but her surface thoughts were screaming at me as she eyed you and Ron at the table." He finished explaining.

Ginny nodded and looked across Harry's chest at the older girl. "He doesn't need eye contact either Mione, He played me like a fiddle earlier, he knew what I wanted before I knew!" She exclaimed and began giggling.

"You lucky Bitch!" Hermione said and then covered her mouth with her hand.

"Language Hermione!" Harry and Ginny said in unison with no emotion at all. She blushed prettily.

Harry was enjoying the banter, but he quickly examined both of the girls Occlumency Shields and decided it was time. He sobered quickly.

"I think it's time to tell you." He said to the crack in the ceiling. Afraid he was about to lose both of them when they found out what he had to do. And what his life would consist of.

"You mean the Prophecy?" Hermione asked quietly. He nodded and felt Ginny take a sharp breath.

"There is no easy way to say it, so I will just tell you and let Hermione pick it apart." They both nodded.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies..."

He waited in silence as they took it in. Ginny was the first to speak.

"Alright, piece by piece. Born to those who have thrice defied him?" She said. Hermione nodded in agreement, she didn't have enough information to understand that bit yet.

"My parents fought Voldemort on three separate occasions and escaped with their lives. Only one other couple did that" He said.

"Who's that?" Hermione asked.

"Frank and Alice Longbottom." Ginny gasped.

"When is Neville's Birthday?" She said hoping they could avoid the prophecy, but dreading poor Neville dealing with it.

Hermione spoke up, leave it to her to have the birthdays for all of Gryffindor memorized. "July 30th." She said into the darkness.

Harry nodded, "And I was born on the 31st, Dumbledore thinks the prophecy could have applied to either of us except for one problem." He said waiting for them to make the connection. He found it really sexy to watch a smart woman think.

Hermione caught it. "Your scar!" She said in both awe and fear. "He marked you as his equal." Harry nodded and Ginny began crying knowing there was no way it didn't apply to him.

"Shhhh It's okay Gin, I have plenty of reasons to live, two of them are laying here with me." He said. She sniffed and tried to refocus

her mind clinically rather than thinking of her boyfriend fighting that madman.

Hermione spoke again. "Working backwards, the power to vanquish, couldn't that mean you already fulfilled the prophecy as a baby?" She asked him. But he shook his head.

"I thought of that too, but the line doesn't say defeat it says vanquish, as in defeat for good. That means its not over yet." He said.

She sighed in defeat. "Alright moving on, neither can live while the other survives." She shuttered.

This was the point he had feared. "I have to kill him, or die trying." He said in defeat. Waiting for them to leave him.

"Harry we aren't going anywhere so you can relax your shoulders. I don't want you building up all that tension I just got rid of." Ginny said trying to lighten the mood.

"She's right Harry, I plan on following you in to hell if I have to. That man is a rabid dog and needs to be put down, I'm sorry it has to be you but it makes sense really." She said thinking aloud. "He killed your parents, you were planning to become an Auror to catch dark wizards before you knew about the prophecy. Can you honestly say you wouldn't have hunted him down eventually, and you know he would never consent to be sent to Azkaban." She finished her thought and he nodded.

Clinging to her one last hope Ginny focused on the last part. "What is the power he knows not?" She asked.

Hermione nodded in agreement and waited. "Dumbledore says its love, my mothers love protected me from his AK when I was a baby, and helped me kill Quirrelmort at the end of first year. My love for the Weasleys drove me into the Chamber of secrets to save Ginny from Tom and that ruddy great snake. And in the Department of Mysteries when Voldemort..." he began to cry as he relived the moment and the pain. "When he possessed me. I just wanted to die, He begged Dumbledore to kill me with him inside. I think he knew he might die then, but wanted to watch Dumbledore fall to his level and sacrifice me." The tears continued to fall and both girls squeezed him in a hug and Hermione kissed his tear stained cheek.

He thanked them by hugging them back, there wasn't much else he could do with his shoulder pinned to the mattress by the two witches. "As I was thinking of reasons not to just give in to him, I thought of my friends, I finally flashed on you Gin, and then Ron, and then Hermione. Dumbledore says my ability to love saved me. He said Voldemort is so steeped in anger and hatred that Love actually hurts him." He sniffed and wished he could wipe the tears off his cheeks. But if he couldn't be this open with these two then who could he show emotion around?

Hermione looked up at him. "So all you need is Love?" She asked.

He shrugged. "I have no idea what Love is. Dumbledore stuck me with the Dursley's who don't even know how to love each other. They spoil my cousin rotten and give him absolutely no discipline. I never learned what love was like until I met the Weasleys. I can see that you guys love each other, but I still have no idea what it feels like. I feel nice and warm inside when your mum hugs me, and I know when you and I are just laying here I feel content with the world. But is that love?" he asked facing the redhead wrapped around him.

"That's close Harry, but I don't know how to describe it to you. It's just a feeling of belonging, when I am with my family, even when I hate every last one of them sometimes, I still know that home is where I belong and I would still do anything for them." She said. "I wish I could help more." She began to sob into his chest, feeling helpless in the face of this revelation.

Hermione was livid. "That man has known the prophecy this entire time, he knows you have to face Voldemort again and has given you no extra training. He put you in a place where you could never learn how to love and then tells you that it's your greatest weapon?" She nearly shrieked into the darkness. "That man deserves to be sent to Azkaban for child abuse and accessory to attempted murder!" She finished in a huff.

Suddenly inspiration hit her. "But Ginny you love him right? You're going to teach him?" She asked grabbing the last thread that was keeping her from falling into depression.

Ginny sobbed even harder and Harry tightened his arm around her. He spoke for her when she shook her head and buried her head into his shoulder. "Hermione Gin and I have had this conversation more than once. We really like being with one another, but I have no clue about love, and she knows she has feelings for me but won't lie and tell me she is in love with me." Harry explained then turned and shushed the redhead. "Gin it's alright, you know we have had this talk already, I knew the prophecy when we were talking about it and I didn't break down just because you don't love me like that. You're still my special friend." He smiled down at her and heard her sobs turn into giggles.

"You better believe it mister, don't forget what I said about OWLs." She said and reached up to wipe the tears from her eyes. Then wiped his cheeks for him.

"Oh point of fact I plan to hold you to it." He said smiling. Hermione was a bit lost but figured she would get it out of the other girl eventually.

"Harry, I think dating is the best way for you to learn about love. Molly and Arthur love you like a son, but if you don't return the feelings completely by now you aren't going to learn that way. What are you two talking about, why did it sound like you were breaking up?" She asked looking horrified.

"It's her OWL year Hermione, would you want to worry about a full time boyfriend last year?" He asked her.

She thought for a moment. If Harry had been her full time boyfriend she might have relented, but she knew that with all the studying and lack of sleep, that adding the pressure of a relationship would have snapped her and landed her in the hospital wing like poor Hannah Abbot. "No I suppose not, but Harry you're more important than any bloody tests!" She said giving Ginny a heated glare.

"Hermione stop, forcing Ginny to put her life on hold is no way to teach me about love. From what I hear love is supposed to be selfless. I think I learn more by letting her go than holding on to her." He stated. Ginny lifted herself off the bed and pressed her lips to his trying to impress all of her feelings upon him.

"Thank you Harry, its saying things like that that make me want to love you someday." She said and ran her hand down his chest and rested it on his forever-hard cock. "In the meantime I am going to take advantage of you if you don't mind?" She said.

He just nodded and smiled stupidly. "Sounds like a plan then." He said.

"No." Hermione said out loud surprising herself. Harry and Ginny turned to look at her curiously.

"What do you mean No? If Gin wants to drag me into a broom closet for a quick pleasure session I am not going to say No." Harry said in confusion.

"That isn't what I meant. Harry you need to date as many women as possible on the off chance you either fall in love with or learn how to love from one of them." Hermione stated. "If you want to scratch her back in between dates I wont stop you though." She smiled when Ginny's face lit up.

"Oh, okay then." The redhead said from his other side. "We already made that agreement anyway. But just to be clear, Harry you are the only one I want for at least this year at school. But I want you to date other women, hell even shag them rotten. And next year if your available and we pick up where we left off, I plan to take advantage of everything you learned this year." She said and kissed him while squeezing his cock.

"Hey, none of that, Hermione is right here!" He groaned out.

"And?" Ginny looked at him for a good reason to stop. "Ron told her to enjoy herself and take it out on him. My brother may be an idiot, but as long as he is reaping the benefits it sounds like he doesn't care."

Hermione nodded enthusiastically, "That was almost word for word what he told me. Harry he knows I have feelings for you, he knows there is overt sexual activity going on up here, and he knows that I am trying to make my relationship with him work. So he wants me to enjoy myself with you, and then take it out on him. As much as I want my relationship with him to work, I am beginning to have doubts. But I am having almost as much fun with him as I am with

you. Does that make you think I am a slag?" She asked suddenly feeling afraid.

He squeezed her closer and kissed her on the lips surprising her. "You are anything but a slag Hermione. If I can accept that I am a sexual being. And that Gin wants to have a sexual relationship with me with no strings attached. Then I can accept that you like it when we drive you nuts and then take it out on Ron." He said and then smiled. "I still think Ron is an idiot for letting you get away with it. But I am done complaining about the benefits.

Ginny squeezed him again and he turned and kissed her passionately while holding Hermione tightly to his side. She began pumping his erection causing him to buck and making Hermione moan as she could feel the movement but couldn't tear her eyes away from the kiss. Ginny increased her pace and Hermione heard Harry moan into the other girl's mouth and with a final buck of his hips he came all over Hermione.

"Ginny you did that on purpose!" She said realizing that, as she had earlier to Ron, Ginny must have pointed Harry's cock in her direction.

"Maybe." She said mysteriously. "Guess I need to clean up my mess." And she moved over Harry and began licking the cum off of the other girl's belly. Harry groaned and pulled Ginny over to straddle his face and began sucking and licking her sopping cunt. Hermione finally gave up and reached between her legs and worked furiously at her tingling sex. It took her almost no time at all before she came in Harry's arms. Ginny's orgasm followed a few seconds later, and she turned and rolled back to her spot. Snuggling back into Harry's shoulder.

"I think I finally died and I am in Heaven." Harry said. The girls gave him twin kisses on the cheek and Ginny pulled the sheet up over top of them.

"Good night lover." Ginny said. But both Harry and Hermione wondered who exactly she meant. Soon they drifted off into a post orgasm sleep and none of them had ever slept better.



## Chapter 17: Carpet

The next morning Hermione awoke cradled in Harry's arms as he lay spooned in between Ginny and herself. She could feel his erection pressed against her bum and figured he would be waking up soon. Deciding to play a prank on the poor boy she gently shifted into a better position and lightly grasped his member. She raised her leg to get clearance and gently placed him along her wet slit. And then gently she closed her legs around him enjoying the feeling a little too much. Then she rocked back into him.

She was looking over her shoulder as Harry's eyes popped open and smiling she began moaning his name and bucking uncontrollably. 'Harry, Oh Merlin what a way to wake up. Please don't stop!' She moaned. Trying not to laugh out loud. Meanwhile Ginny had woken up and was looking at the sight in front of her. Harry placed a hand on Hermione's hip attempted to pull himself out of his predicament. 'Mione, I don't know how this happened honestly!' He said panicking.

'Please Harry just a little longer, you feel soooo good.' She said and couldn't stop the chuckle that ruined her performance. Harry immediately began tickling her ribs. Which was a suitable punishment except he was still trapped between her legs. 'Harry please?' She giggled and writhed trying to get away from him. 'I'm... I'm sorry.. Uncle?' Harry nodded and released her, reaching beneath the sheet he slid his hand from her inner knee halfway up her thigh and lifted slightly so he could free his aching member.

'Bloody hell woman!' Harry said laughing. 'You don't understand what you just about did. I woke up to find a naked girl grinding against my cock and telling me not to stop. I just about obliged you and shagged you rotten!' Harry said before looking apologetically at Ginny. She just shrugged and smiled back at him.

'Oh Harry, it was just a prank. Besides I wouldn't have complained too loudly, or rather I would not have complained until afterward and even then it would have been quietly.' She said with an innocent look.

'Ron Hermione, you want Ron.' Harry said snapping his fingers in her face.

'Oh, well of course I do, I was just saying, happy accidents and all that...' She trailed off.

'No Hermione, you placing me at the slick entrance to your womanhood while I am asleep, and then begging me to shag you is not a happy accident. Hell I consider it an accident that I didn't do it!' he said.

She turned toward him and looked contrite. 'An accident you didn't do it? Does that mean you want to shag me?' She asked.

He growled and dropped his head to the pillow. 'Do you want your relationship with Ron to work out?' He asked in response.

'Yeah, I suppose so.' She said letting out a huff.

Ginny decided that was enough serious talk for now. 'Come on last one in the shower is an owl pellet.' And she jumped out of the bed. Looking back from the bathroom door she winked and said, 'Harry can be in the middle this time, hope you enjoy your Rinse.' And she darted back toward the shower leaving them looking at the open door bewildered.

'She is trying to kill me.' They both said in unison, then looked at each other and laughed.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

After a very enjoyable shower during which Ginny had fulfilled her promise and stroked Harry until he came on Hermione's back. Leaving the other two feeling guilty and excited at the same time. They got dressed and headed down to the kitchen in anticipation of breakfast. Winky soon appeared.

'Yous want the usual?' She asked the trio. Ginny and Harry nodded but Hermione looked lost in thought for a moment before replying.

'Winky, what juices and fruits do you have?' She asked.

'We's have all kinds Ms. Hermione, if we's don't have it we can buys it.' She said happily.

'Ron is not to have anything but water and fruit juice to drink while he is here, not pumpkin juice either.' Hermione began. 'At breakfast every morning please make him a smoothie consisting mostly of Pineapple juice, with apple and banana blended in. Oh and ginger, nutmeg and vanilla.' She said.

Winky looked to Harry for approval. 'Sure Winky, if Ron questions you please send him to Hermione or myself for answers.' She nodded and began making the three of them the normal breakfast.

'Uh, not to pry Hermione, but what was that all about?' Harry prompted.

'What?' She had drifted off trying to think of what else to add or cut out of her boyfriends diet. 'Oh, um, Ron doesn't, er, taste as good as you do, so that shake is supposed to help boost his system the rest of the day to sweeten the pot, if you know what I mean.'

'I did not want to hear that.' Ginny said covering her ears. Harry nodded in agreement.

'Sorry I asked.' He said.

'Harry?' Ginny asked sweetly and gazed up at him with puppy dog eyes.

Feeling like a trap was going to spring at any moment he slowly looked around. 'Um, yes dear?' He asked.

'You taste so yummy as it is, do you think you could eat that shake for breakfast too?' She batted her eyelashes at him.

'I don't think that would be fair to Hermione.' Harry stuttered out.

Ginny looked across the table before saying. 'That's okay Harry I can share.'

'Share what sis?' Ron asked causing them all to jump nearly off the barstools.

Ginny thought quickly trying to cover her tracks. 'Um, my bacon. She was worried that we were running low and I offered to share see?' She said holding some bacon up for his inspection.

'Gin, I think you might need to get more sleep or something, there's a whole rasher of bacon on the counter.' He said as he sat down next to Hermione and kissed her Good Morning.

'Oh! Your right, silly me.' Ginny said and shrugged it off.

Winky popped back in out of nowhere and put a large glass containing his smoothie concoction in front of him. She then served the other three their orders.

'What's this?' He said holding the glass up to the light and examining the contents. Hermione leaned in and whispered an explanation in his ear. He looked a bit put out at first but she must have said something to change his mind as she licked her lips because his eyes got wide and he nodded. 'Alright, so no more pumpkin juice or Butterbeer for me. And I guess I can make it to lunch if I have a power shake for breakfast.' He said holding up the glass. 'Cheers!' And he downed half of it licking his lips afterward. 'That really isn't bad, thank you Mione.' He said.

'Why do you call me Mione when you know I hate that nickname?' She asked him out of nowhere.

'What do you mean?' He stammered and looked back and forth between Harry and his sister. 'Harry calls you that all the time and you never say anything!' He half shouted.

Hermione looked about to say something to retort his reasoning, but quickly calmed down. 'I don't know what your talking about Ronald, I have never heard them say that, you must be hearing things.' And she promptly stuffed her face for an excuse to quit talking.

'Hermione, maybe I was hearing things alright? You still want to know the results of your experiment later right?' He asked and both Ginny and Harry groaned.

She took a drink and swallowed. 'Uh, yes Ron we will finish the experiment later.' She agreed.

Ron nodded, 'So the stuff from Harrods should be here today and we can start fixing up that room a bit if you want. I also have Tonks asking Professor Flitwick if he will charm a roll of carpeting with

cushioning and shield charms and we should be able to install that later as well.' Ron took another sip of his juice and was rapidly losing interest in the concoction. He wanted real food.

'That's brilliant! I can do magic in two days and I need a place to train where I don't have to worry so much about hurting anything. Do you think you can get the material on the charms the Professor will be using so I can apply them to the furniture as it arrives?' Harry asked.

'Yeah mate that sounds like a plan. I also have some paint colors for you to look at sometime, I want to redo the whole place and get rid of the last dreary remnants of the Dark Wizards that lived here for so long.' Ron said.

'I'm sure whatever you have picked out will be fine Ron.' Harry told the other boy.

Ginny interjected herself. 'That reminds me Harry, I think we need to throw you a proper party for your big birthday, its not every day you become an Adult after all.'

'I had not really thought too much about it, I never had birthdays at the Dursley's.' Harry said. Both girls silently vowed to make them pay one day.

'If we sent everyone Portkeys, would you need to tell them where the house actually was?' Ginny asked.

Hermione was the one who answered however. 'No, If people are brought inside they will know this place exists, but they will never be able to find it again on their own or reveal the location. I think we can suspend practicing for two days and get everything set up don't you Ginny?' She said looking to the younger girl.

Ginny nodded her agreement. 'We need to get a guest list together and send invitations. I am thinking most of the DA is a good place to start, Ron and Harry can get the room upstairs done and figure out the charms to pack all the furniture along the walls. We can use it as a dance floor!'

Both girls were getting really excited at the prospect of planning a party. Harry looked at Ron, 'I guess I am having a birthday party.'

Ron nodded, 'I reckon so, you think we can get Moony to help us finish the room? It will take forever without magic.' He said.

Harry nodded, 'I will get right on it, there is always some Order member or another around here that we can ask for help in any case.'

'Its gonna suck being away from those two all day though huh?' Ron asked trying to gauge his reaction.

Harry shrugged, 'To tell the truth it will be a bit of a relief, those two are going to kill me one day. Mind you I wouldn't mind much, but still.'

Ron didn't know exactly what he meant, and could easily take it the wrong way and start an argument, instead he let it go. 'Shall we head up and take a look at the room again then?' Harry nodded and they left the chattering witches at the table.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

After finalizing some plans, and a quick explanation to Ron about the dimensions of a Pool Table they decided all they needed now was to put the carpet in and add the new furniture. In the meantime Ron pointed out that the weapons rack would fit perfectly on the wall between the two rooms. Harry just about mentioned the not-so-secret passage but decided he liked people just assuming they had to use the main staircase. And that the setup would indeed look good on that wall.

Ron pulled out his color wheel and flip book and started showing Harry what he had planned. Harry of course while being impressed with the planning and skill his friend was demonstrating. Could really care less as long as the place looked better in the end. So he just nodded and commented in the correct places. Except for putting his foot down about painting anything Chudley Orange.

There was a lull in the conversation and Ron was on the other side of the room measuring the wall or something Harry couldn't tell, and without turning around Ron called casually over his shoulder. 'You know I'm alright with it right?'

Harry looked at his mates back for a moment and still didn't understand. 'What, fixing up the house?'

'No, um, Mione...' He trailed off still not turning to face Harry.

'Oh...' Harry didn't know what else to say at the moment.

'Look, I don't care what you do with her alright? As long as you don't steal her from me, I mean it's a little uncomfortable, but she practically attacks me after a long..er..study session.' Ron said, Harry thought he sounded a little false but from this distance he wasn't able to pick anything up with Legilimency. He quickly squashed that thought anyway, I will not be like Dumbledore and Snape, I will not invade his privacy like that.

'Nothing really happens anyway mate, I mean.. I don't know what she has told you.. but I won't lie to you if you ask me anything.' Harry said not really sure where to go with this conversation. He was feeling a bit of guilt even though Ron was trying to tell him it was okay.

'Alright, are you shagging my girlfriend? Do you plan to shag her?' Ron asked as he moved to the other wall and started measuring again.

Harry coughed nervously. 'No Ron, I have no plans to shag Hermione, but are you saying that if that happened somehow that you wouldn't kill me?' Harry asked with his head spinning. Where the hell did this conversation come from, Ron did not talk about his feelings!

Ron let out a long sigh. 'I really like being with her Harry, but she has this strange relationship with you, and she says she wants that with me but it's going to take time. I can give her that. Especially if she keeps attacking me like she has. I honestly don't know how you keep from shagging both of them what with sitting around naked all day.'

Harry nodded to the other boys back thinking that Ron didn't know the half of it, or at least didn't say the half of it. 'Look mate, I really like Mione, but I make an effort to stay away from her because I know she wants to be happy with you. Stuff happens sometimes, but it has always been an accident where I am involved. The dangers of

being naked on a bed you know?' Harry said, still not believing he was standing here discussing this with Hermione's boyfriend, not to mention his girlfriend's brother.

'What about Ginny? She okay with you pawing all over Mione?' Ron asked quietly.

'I do not paw all over Hermione Ron, I told you I try as hard as I can to avoid contact at all out of respect for you. I cannot promise that if she walks in on me and Ginny that something won't happen though.' He covered his mouth suddenly having admitted that to the other redhead.

'Are you shagging my sister Potter?' Ron asked again without turning around.

'Ginny and I have a lot of fun, but I am not shagging your sister. We decided not to, besides she doesn't want to do that until she knows she is in love.' This got a surprised reaction from Ron.

'What do you mean? She has been in love with you since she was nine years old?' Ron asked.

'No Ron, she had a crush on me until two years ago, last year she let that go and got to know the real me, and now we are learning more about each other. I don't just want to shag your sister okay? She means too much to me to use her like that.'

'But you would shag Hermione?' He asked suddenly.

'Yes okay! Does that make you happy to know that I find your girlfriend extremely attractive and feel close enough to her even though we aren't dating that I wouldn't think twice if she sat on my lap and asked me to?' Harry shouted and then sat down in the middle of the floor when the guilt hit him. 'I won't approach her while she is dating you Ron, I respect you too much to do that. But other things might happen, you know you kinda painted her into a corner with that wizard oath. She is required to stay in the room with Ginny and I even if we get, um, friendly.' Harry finished with his face turning scarlet.

'You said you weren't shagging Ginny!' Ron called into the corner.



'Ron would you look at me damnit! I am not going to use Legilimency on you, that's Snape's bag alright?' Ron turned and looked at Harry sitting in the middle of the floor, blushing furiously with tears running down his face. 'Now do you think we can drop this? I will tell Hermione to stay away from me and Ginny if you will release her from that oath, I will quit teaching them now that they have decent shields. But honestly Ron we are all comfortable running around naked and it's hard to stop. If you are that worried about it you can bloody well come hang out with us sometime. I miss you you know?' He finished quietly.

Ron was stunned, he hadn't realized Harry was so torn up about the whole thing, he figured that life was grand in the Nude Study Group. 'Sorry mate, its been bugging me for a while and Mione practically forced me to talk to you, guess it was a good thing yeah?' He said.

'That depends Ron, are you really okay with everything? And I really mean anything and everything, sometimes things can get really intense up here and something might happen between the two of us, are you really okay with the possibility of me shagging her?' Harry asked, he had not even dreamt of doing so due to the guilt associated.

Ron paused for a minute and looked around the room in thought. 'Funny enough? I think I am, I had planned to get the Weasley boys together to talk some sense into you, but I trust you not to hurt Ginny, or Mione.' Ron said quietly.

'Ginny and I are breaking up when the school year starts anyway, at least as steady's. It's her OWL year and she knows she won't have time for me. She actually wants me to date every girl at Hogwarts just to prove that she is the best choice.' Harry said, a smile finally gracing his face. 'And without Gin there to egg Hermione on so much I don't think it will be as much of a problem. Once we get back to school.' He added.

Ron nodded and walked over to Harry offering him a hand. 'I don't want to know what's going on up here alright? No matter what happens with her you keep it to yourself as long as she comes back to me. I swear Harry, since I told her I was alright with it she is like a totally different girl.' Ron said blushing. Once Harry was on his feet and had cleaned his face off Ron continued. 'Take care of her alright? No matter what happens between you two I really do care

for her at least as a friend. You two have always been closer than she has to me, I guess I'm just reaping what I sow and all that. Friends?'

"Not to mention getting off in the process?" Harry asked.

"You can shag her bloody brains out, if she is going to do the same to me. Just never ever bring it up again alright?"

"I don't like it, I think your treating each other like shite, but it's between you two mate."

"So..Friends?" he asked holding out his hand.

Harry ignored the hand and pulled him into a hug. 'Brothers?' Harry asked.

'No, not if your gonna shag my sister!' Ron said seriously and then broke down laughing, Harry soon joined him.

After that Ron decided to take a couple of his books and a dining room chair out to the front garden where he could get a tan while watching for the Delivery Truck. He said Tonks was supposed to be by later with the carpeting and Remus has worked for a Muggleborn business a few years back that did magical construction. There was something about the Muggleborn having less of a problem with his condition than others, and they did non-magical installs as well so Remus could still work even if the only magic jobs were for bigots. Harry made a note once again to ask Remus about electrical for his home.

All that done meant Harry was now alone. This was a rather strange feeling after a week of nonstop contact with his female counterparts. He decided now was as good a time as any to sort some memories and check for blocks and locks on his emotions. Sitting in the middle of the receiving/training room as he had come to think of it, he began to slowly enter his mindscape, he had been rushing the last few times and wanted to make sure he hadn't done any damage.

He opened his eyes and found himself in the comfy armchair in his 'study'. He thought himself outside of his shield and began walking around it to make certain it was intact, but as he came around the backside he noticed a small area near the ground that seemed to be

crumbling. For the life of him he couldn't think why his indestructible Adamantium shield would have a weakness, but rather than ponder the reason he simply removed and reformed a new shield to make sure that he left no weak points. Thinking himself back to his study he summoned a book on warding he had borrowed from Hermione's library. Paging through it he reminded himself of why he read it in the first place.

...warding at its most advanced still can drain most wizards for even the smallest of changes. Complicated wards such as those tied to the Wardstone of a family home require almost no power draw from the head of the house unless changes are being made. The stone instead draws the power from ambient magic being used around the house. When making changes, the ward owner will feel drained for a short while afterward as he is forcing his own magic to shape his intent. Older families have wards that seem to connect directly to the Head of House in some way but the secrets are kept tightly amongst the families...

Harry had not felt the slightest drain at the time and wondered just what the author considered to be minor changes. Creating an Apparation point in the back garden and allowing outgoing travel did not seem like small changes. Shrugging it off and chalking it up to super magic again he flipped a few pages back and read up on intrusion detection and protection wards. Feeling that he had a good grasp on the theory he closed the book, which disappeared, and he thought himself back to the weak point in his shielding.

Now that he had replaced the shield he could find no trace of weakness, but just in case he decided to replace his Force Field with something grounded a little more in reality. With just a thought he cast an Intrusion Detection Ward, followed by a Protection ward over the whole of his shield but when he was done he saw that there was warping around that same section near the ground. Shaking his head, and ignoring the stray thought about hoping he didn't cause an earthquake by doing so. He mentally added an archway that designated the deteriorating area and placed another ID ward on the arch, which seemed to hold. He examined his connection and found nothing out of the ordinary so he returned to his Study.

He opened the door and headed into the candy shop. He began examining all of his storage containers and found a few blockages but nothing major, until he reached what he reached what he had

come to call his Guilt Center. He seemed to rack guilt up at such a rate and in such numbers that he had to dedicate a whole section of the shop to it. Since he had nothing better to do he actually sat down and examined his memories as he released the emotions a few at a time and began sorting.

Looking Ron in the eye and practically lying to him on the morning he had watched Hermione bring herself to orgasm mere inches from his face. Followed by practically getting her off with his mouth.

He felt the stab in his chest as he betrayed his best male friend. But he countered that by watching the conversation with Mione again. Where she said Ron knew nearly everything and said he was just happy to be on the receiving end of her frustration.

Laying in bed last night cuddling with Hermione, and Ginny getting him off all over her.

That one hurt physically, if he had been actually standing he would have fallen to the ground with the shock of it. He quickly reran the conversation he and Ron had just shared and found that it fixed a lot of things. Deciding he should just get it over with he opened up the whole can of worms and swam through the guilt back toward that memory. And soon he had sorted all the emotions into the proper places along side the memories, and he created multiple copies of the relief he felt during the last conversation, which he placed into those memories as well, just in case he decided to have a pity party.

He meant what he said though, as long as she was dating Ron he was going to try to remain hands off. He knew that once Hermione found out what Ron told him it would be really hard to tell her no if she wanted something from him. But he would at least try.

Feeling much better he pulled himself back to the waking world and decided to head down to see what the girls were up to.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Ginny and Hermione had come up with the guest list with almost no problem, they had come up with another list off to the side. A list of witches.

After some consideration Hermione had decided that even if Harry didn't learn how to love with her, she would be damned if she was not going to do anything and everything to help him. Ginny was initially shocked by the plan but quickly agreed, almost eagerly. She meant what she said about Harry shagging half the girls in Hogwarts, the idea of him with Hermione or Luna or even Pansy bloody Parkinson made her blood boil. If it weren't for her regular romps with Harry she would have had to excuse herself or get herself off at the thoughts the older girl was forcing into her brain.

'I think I can set up a schedule, what do you think one per week with an option of two weeks if Harry agrees?' Hermione asked.

Ginny considered. 'I guess that works, hopefully if I need him he will be in between witches at some point.' Hermione smiled at the insatiable witch next to her.

'You sure you aren't in love with him?' She asked. 'You are being awfully accommodating.'

'I really feel something for him, but at the moment I think it's mostly lust and lingering feelings from that crush I nursed for so long. I don't want him to miss out on the opportunity to be happy even if it's with someone else.' Ginny said with a small frown. 'Besides if he gets all that experience, when I finally do fall for him he is going to be a sex god!' She giggled but she was completely serious.

'Alright then, do you think we will have any trouble getting the girls to agree?' Hermione asked.

'Are you kidding,' Ginny smiled. 'Ladies come one come all, get your shot at the most eligible bachelor in the entire magical world. You might even get to shag him!'

'Alright, are all of the girls on that list really so loose as to shag him after a week or two?' She asked. Ginny looked a little bit annoyed.

'We had this discussion Hermione. You are not a slag, and I am not a slag, we just enjoy sex. Don't go thinking that about any of these other girls alright?' Hermione nodded looking slightly ashamed. 'If they are virgins still then they probably won't but I won't speak for all of them, I personally know three or four girls that have dreamed of losing it to him. We almost had an informal fan-club.' Ginny said.

'Your right, it just seems different when it isn't you or me that is doing it I suppose. So do you think we should approach them at the party?'

Ginny nodded, 'Actually, I think you should mention it in a separate note attached to the invitation for the girls. Give them a chance to think about it before we talk to them.'

'Alright, we are going to need more than Pig and Hedwig to deliver these though.' Hermione agreed.

'We will need someone to make the Portkeys anyway so why not ask the Headmaster if we can borrow the school owls.'

That decided they got down to work on the details, they wrote up the rough draft of the letter they would send out to the females attending the party.

Dear blank,

This summer we have become rather close to Harry, but as I am dating Ron and Ginny is taking OWLs this year we feel that Harry needs to date heavily. The plan is to create a schedule and have the ladies draw straws for one to two week slots. If you agree there are some stipulations that will be in place but this is your chance to date and possibly fall in love with the Green-Eyed-Sex-God of Hogwarts. Please reach a decision prior to attending the party as we will have a short planning meeting at some point during the festivities.

Best of Wishes,  
Hermione Granger and Ginny Weasley

'I suppose that will do for now, can we use Pigwidgeon to ask the headmaster for help? Just in case he does not stop by today?' Ginny nodded knowing Ron would be fine with it as he never sent anything out. They found the normally hyperactive bird sleeping on top of the refrigerator as if he had just come back from a long flight

They had just finished tying the note to the little owls leg and were watching him fly away when Harry walked in. 'What are you ladies up to?' He asked absentmindedly. However both girls blushed piquing his interest.

'Um, nothing?' Ginny said grabbing the slip off the table and hiding it behind her back.

He reached out and pulled her to him and into a kiss, as her knees began to buckle he tried to grab the parchment but Hermione snatched it and hid it as well. Ginny just grinned at him looking silly.

Raising an eyebrow he spoke, 'Now I really am interested, what are you so intent on hiding from me?' He asked the other girl.

'It's just something for your birthday.' Hermione said looking guilty.

Releasing Ginny onto her barstool he stalked toward Hermione whose eyes grew huge as he approached. 'Harry, why are you looking at me like that?' She asked timidly.

He pulled her toward him as he had done with Ginny a few moments ago and when his nose touched hers he said. 'I just had the strangest conversation with Ron, it seems you forced him to talk to me.' He said quietly but loud enough for Ginny to hear him.

Hermione gulped, 'And?' She asked with a squeak.

'And,' he said as he closed his arms around her and pressed her up against him. 'I really,' He moved his head to her neck and breathed softly eliciting a small moan from the girl. 'Want to know what's written on this.' He said pulling the parchment out of her hands and setting her down on the barstool. She just looked dumbly at him as he turned away smiling at her.

He began reading, 'Harry we talked about this last night, we just thought we would help you along.' Ginny said hoping he wouldn't be angry. As his eyes reached the signatures at the bottom he looked up at both of them. 'I guess I can't complain about dating a new girl every week, we do have a mission after all.' They both let out the breath they were holding. 'But,' He said looking at them seriously for a moment pinning them to their seats with his gaze. 'Did you really have to give me another hyphenated title?' He smiled at them and they both launched at him beating him playfully about the shoulders until he pulled them both into a hug.

He got a kiss on both corners of his mouth before they both shouted in his ears. 'Prat!' and ran from the room giggling with him chasing right behind.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Tonks arrived with a crack in the back garden and entered through the kitchen door. The place seemed oddly deserted and she got a wicked idea for a prank in her head. She needed to drop of the new roll of carpet in the upstairs training room anyway so she walked down the hall and up the stairs. Still not seeing a soul in the house. Wondering why it was so quiet she stopped on the third floor, and seeing that the door to Ron's room was open and it was empty knocked on Molly and Arthur's door instead.

Molly opened the door, 'Oh, hello dear, did you need something?'

'Wotcher Molly, not really, I was just wondering where everyone got off to, the house is remarkably dead considering there are supposed to be four teenagers running around.'

Molly glanced at the ceiling quickly wondering the same thing. 'Well, I walked in on the girls planning a Birthday party for Harry earlier, and Harry and Ron were discussing the plans for the rest of the house as far as I was told. Arthur is at work of course, and Remus is on some side mission for Dumbledore and the Order. With only the six of us really living in this huge house and two house elves to do most of the work I am catching up on my Christmas knitting.' She said pointing to the overflowing hamper of hand knit sweaters beside the closet door.

Tonks nodded, 'I hadn't thought about it like that, usually I am only here for Order meetings or Dinner and there's a lot of people. Don't know how you stand it.'

Molly sighed. 'Would you like to sit down dear?' She said turning and sitting on the bed, she motioned to the desk chair. Tonks took a seat prepared to chat with the motherly woman.

'How are things with dear Remus?' Molly asked. Tonks had been in a bit of a depression earlier in the summer.



'Actually quite well, It was Sirius via Harry that turned him around. Love Has No Age, he said. I think my Wolfy is making up for lost time and trying to live up to Sirius' legacy, if you know what I mean?' She said trying to get a blush out of the older woman.

'Dear I have seven children, you aren't going to make me blush talking about sex. Why since the kids have been keeping to themselves this has been almost like a second honeymoon for us. Just last night he..' Tonks held up a hand and concentrated on controlling her skin pigmentation to hide the blush.

'You win! Anyway were doing quite well together, I think he might get up the nerve to say the 'L' word soon.' She beamed.

Molly grinned widely, 'Oh I am so happy for you dear, and do you return the feeling?'

Tonks let the blush through this time, 'With all my heart, there is only one other man that makes me feel safe like he does.' She quickly threw her hand over her mouth and looked up into the older woman's eyes. 'Um,'

Molly laughed. 'If Sirius had not chastised me in his Will I never would have seen it, but our Harry is much older than his 16 years. I don't blame you dear, he is only what...seven years younger than you?' She asked.

'Six actually, since I got promoted ahead in third year I was in sixth year when he came to Hogwarts.' She said still blushing. 'I don't really fancy him, and I barely know him, but after all he has been through he is so sweet. He was such a gentleman when he was comforting me about Remus, and then he went and gave me the exact advice I needed.' She smiled.

Molly sighed and a tear escaped down her cheek. 'Their all growing up, I don't know what I will do with myself with a house full of empty rooms.' She pulled a handkerchief from the nightstand.

'It'll be alright Molly, just think, in a few years you will have grandbabies to worry about.' Tonks then remembered her conversation with the girls and glanced at the ceiling.

Molly too looked up, 'Just not too soon I hope, I know those girls have a good head on their shoulders, and I told them as well as Harry that I trust them to make good decisions. There comes a point when you just have to let go, I feel sorry for poor Bill and Charlie. They have been out of the house what seems like forever and I only just realized my children are adults.' She smiled. 'As long as one of them is married with children before Ron or Ginny I will be happy.'

'This has been nice Molly, but I need to drop this load off for the training room and then head off to work. Don't hesitate to pull me aside if you need a chat alright?' Tonks said as she stood.

'Thank you dear, I am betting you will find them in their room studying again. The headmaster seemed very impressed with their progress, whatever Harry is doing with them seems to be working.'

Tonks nearly swallowed her tongue trying not to laugh at Molly's unintentional double entendre. Instead she took a breath and waved. 'Alright, I'll catch you later then yeah?'

Molly nodded, 'Thank you dear, the elves usually serve dinner around six and your welcome to come by. Could you close the door on the way out?' Tonks nodded before closing the door and heading back to the stairs.

When she got to the top floor the training room was completely devoid of furniture and people. She was not sure which room was which so she picked the one on the left and knocked. She waited a few moments before she heard the thump thump thump of someone running. Hermione opened the door looking disheveled. 'Tonks?'

'Wotcher Hermione, I needed to drop this carpeting off for Harry and Ron.' She said walking past the brunette and into the room proper, seeing nobody else inside she walked over to the opening in the wall and through it. She called over her shoulder, 'So their in here then?'

Hermione raced after the older woman trying to stop her but too late Tonks entered the room and called out in a sultry voice, 'Wotcher Harry!' followed quickly by two thumps as Ginny and Harry fell to the floor beside the bed trying to hide.

'Tonks! What the hell?' Harry yelled with a glance at a guilty looking Hermione.

'She forced her way past!' Hermione said.

'What's the matter Harry you shy? The girls ain't got nothing I didn't see at the lingerie department and I hear you haven't anything to be ashamed of neither.' She said with a leer, thoroughly enjoying her prank.

Ginny spoke up as she stood. 'You know what Tonks your right, we keep inviting Ron up here and he keeps refusing, what's the difference right Harry?' She said sharing a look with the Metamorph.

Harry looked like about to pass out for a moment, then he closed his eyes. It was only a few seconds but when he opened them again he pinned Tonks with a stare.

'You know what,' He said standing, displaying a healthy bouncing boner. 'Your right. Care to join us Tonks?' He took a few steps toward her.

'Uhrgh..' She said intelligently.

'What's the matter Tonks? You know you could always use some improvement in your Occlumency shields, I can hear your thoughts right now, and I'm trying to stay out of your head.' Harry said calmly, still staring into her eyes as he took another few steps, now only an arms length away.

She pulled her burden from a pocket and unshrunk it quickly, before fleeing the room. 'Nope that's alright, I need to get to work. Later Girls, Later boner, I mean Harry!' She said feeling like she had barely escaped a compromising situation.

Harry dropped his shields and got a horrified look on his face. 'That was fun, but oh my freaking gods I was about to collapse from the nerves!' He said heading back and sitting on the bed. Hermione walked over to him and straddled his lap, carefully sitting down so that he was pressed along her slit.

'I am so sorry Harry, she must have planned to prank you because she just barged passed me and through the passage. What can I do to make it up to you?' She said rocking her hips slightly and enjoying the buzz it sent through her nerves.

Harry groaned, 'You can start by standing up, what did I tell you about knickers and sitting on my lap?' He asked, but his tone was playful.

'That was before you talked to Ron, you didn't tell me what he said anyway.' She said, still moving but not getting up.

Ginny kneeled behind him on the bed and wrapped her arms around his neck before whispering in his ear. 'Just let her do whatever she wants and if you cum I get to clean it up.' She said softly, 'I want to know what my brother said as well.'

He nodded and turned to kiss her quickly and then concentrated on his now wet member, willing himself not to fall prey to temptation.

'He didn't want to meet my eyes at first, I think he was afraid I was going to read his mind.' Harry said biting his lip, Hermione had her eyes closed, rocking ever so slightly against him, much like Ginny would do when they tried to see how long they could tease themselves before orgasm.

'Eventually he told me that Mistress Hermione here ordered him to assuage my guilt.' His breathing was getting quicker and Ginny nibbling on his earlobe was not helping.

Hermione spoke slowly in time with her movements. 'Did he actually... call me.. Mistress?' She said with as much of a scowl as she could muster through the pleasure.

Harry shook his head but realized she couldn't see him. 'No, he just said it so that it sounded...mmmmm.. Uh sounded like you told him to do it or risk being cut off.' He said, fighting a losing battle between his hormones and his morals.

'Oh ok then.' Hermione said and she wrapped her hands around his neck as well over top of Ginny's arms. Pulling her self against his chest and increasing the pressure on his cock.

'Uh he didn't say assuage either, I think I picked that up from you.' Harry said through gritted teeth, Ginny giggled quietly in his ear.

'Mmmm Mmmm hm?' Hermione said.

'And he basically told me I could do whatever I wanted to you as long as you kept going back to him. Hermione you know that isn't healthy right?' He asked trying to concentrate on anything but the tingling building in his balls.

'Mmmm, I don't know if it's healthy or not but it is fun.' Hermione said, admitting something she had not even told herself.

'I told him I would be making every effort to stay away from you out of respect for him.' Harry said, as his traitorous hands lifted and landed on her hips, urging her into longer strokes.

'But you can't do anything about it if I initiate something.' She said in a moment of clarity before she moaned.

The sounds she was making and Ginny whispering in his ear about where she hoped his spunk would land was making it very hard to tell her no at the moment.' He grunted and bucked his hips involuntarily.

'It...isn't...fair...to him. I can't...keep doing this...' Harry tried to protest but his hands still urged her to go faster.

'Please Harry?' Hermione begged him. 'He is building..ooh...trust with...me..school...starts...soon and I...wont be ...able to ..dothisanymore...' She was losing the ability to speak coherently.

Ginny whispered in his ear once more. 'Please cum all over her pussy so I have an excuse? Harry please?' She said quietly enough that the distracted witch on his lap didn't hear her.

That did it, Harry set the pace with his hands causing Hermione to groan aloud, finally she let go and leaned in. She kissed him for what was really the first time, shoving her tongue in his mouth as she rode his cock to ecstasy, then throwing her head back she came hard, and loud.

Harry gave up and let the tingling spread, as soon as Hermione soaked him making her even wetter he came. Just as Ginny had hoped most of it washed over her clit and back onto his lap, mixing with her juices.

'Damnit Mione, that wasn't fair.' Harry said in a frustrated but happy voice. 'Now you're going to be giving me a guilt complex. I just cleared that up!' He whined.

Ginny pushed Hermione off his lap and onto the floor. Hermione looked at the girl questioningly. 'You get to use my boyfriend but you know the condition, I get to clean up what he leaves behind. Hermione slid a hand down her stomach and felt the pool of cum running down her exposed entrance.

'Oh god,' She said as Ginny dove between her legs and began licking sucking and lapping up all the moisture she could find, moaning in wonderment at the taste of the two of them combined. Hermione put a hand on her head trying to push her away but quickly wrapped her fingers into the girl's hair and pulled her closer. As Ginny's tongue pushed into her entrance Hermione came again loudly. 'Not.. Fair... Never...' She screamed incoherently as she tried to forcefully eject Ginny who had her arms wrapped around the other witch's legs. As Hermione's shutters finally subsided Ginny turned around and began lick and sucking Harry's cock and balls, he fell backward with a grunt and enjoyed the sensation, he realized he was not going to be Cumming again any time soon however as his balls began to ache from emptiness.

'Water, or something, Gin I can't, not again. Starting to hurt.. Please?' He said through pleasure and pain. She finally subsided and crawled down on the floor and cuddled with Hermione. Harry rolled and looked at the two.

'Mione, you alright?' Ginny whispered loud enough for Harry to hear. The girl nodded but didn't speak.

'You enjoy that as much as I did?' The redhead asked. Again just a nod.

'You going to be a good girl and stay away from my boyfriend now?' She asked playfully.

Hermione shook her head forcefully, still not opening her eyes. 'Then I guess your just going to have to concede to my demands aren't you?' She asked.

'Ginny I... his sister... dead sexy... with another woman..' Hermione mumbled, leaving the other two only able to catch only every other word or so.

'You said your relationship with him wasn't healthy, you either fix it, or you live with the consequences. My relationship with Harry is currently healthy enough for all three of us.' Ginny said.

Harry finally spoke up. 'You two are beautiful together, that was the hottest thing I have seen and you know all my best memories. But, Hermione really, you need to break it off with him if you're going to do this behind his back.' Harry tried to insert some sanity into the situation.

She finally came around enough to hold a proper conversation. 'He knows the cons and the benefits of our relationship. When school begins we can work on making it healthy, til then I plan to enjoy the fringe benefits. As I believe he does.' She said lightly. 'Besides, so far I haven't done anything with him that I haven't accidentally done with you. Consider yourself my test environment before taking the production model to him.'

Hermione's logic was fuzzy, but for the moment Harry could care less. 'Whatever you say Mione. He told me not to say anything to him anymore, he doesn't care. I hope you two can work out but if not at least it doesn't look like this will be the reason you break up.' He took a breath and sat back up, instantly feeling the blood rush and barely avoiding toppling forward onto his face.

'I still am not making a move on you Mione, I promised. But Ginny here seems intent on including you and I won't make her unhappy.'

Ginny got up off the floor and pulled Hermione with her, they came to the bed and after pushing him on his back, they lay down on his shoulders and cuddled. 'Thank you Harry, you really are the best boyfriend ever.' Ginny said. 'You're making me fall in love with you, but I'm not there yet, and I still want you to follow the plan alright?' She asked. He nodded, still enjoying the afterglow of his orgasm.

'Whatever you say Gin, whatever you say.' He said as his member jumped up again, causing his balls to ache.

Hermione nodded as she ran a hand down his chest and stomach and fondling his cock, now that she had his permission to do so. 'As much fun as that would be Harry, I think we need to install that carpeting and make the room ready for your party. Ready to get up?' She asked.

He groaned, 'No, but we better. I really need some liquids anyway.' Both girls slowly got up and headed for their room.

'See you out there in about five minutes then?' Ginny asked. He just nodded from the bed and waved feeling the dead weight of his arm.



## Chapter 18: Release

When Harry finally made it into the training room the girls were standing there waiting for him. "Did you forget the carpet Harry?" Hermione said giving him a look.

"Sorry Mistress." Harry said with an evil look on his face to which she responded with a glare.

"Don't call me that please? I would much rather be told what to do." She said batting her eyelashes at him.

Harry pondered that information for a moment before filing it away for later. He turned and headed back into his room and grabbed the roll of carpet. Luckily for him Tonks had enlarged it but not removed the featherweight charm on it. As he pulled it back into the training room the girls approached to help him looking sorry for ordering him around. On a whim he pretended to grunt as he slowly raised the carpet off the floor and over his head. "No need ladies, I think I can handle a few hundred pounds of carpet." Ginny looked about ready to faint at his display of raw muscle.

"Tonks forgot to remove the feather light charm I take it?" Hermione asked and he frowned at her.

"Must you be so smart? Must you ruin my fun, Ginny was about to pass out again!" He said laughingly as Ginny glared at him.

"No Mr. Potter, you trained me well, it takes a lot more than a look to make me pass out now."

Harry closed his eyes for a moment and unlocked all of his Patronus memories, which included more than 50% of her. He summoned every ounce of feeling for her and as he opened his eyes he mentally tried to focus it all into the look he shot her. "Oh really?" He said with a grin.

Luckily Hermione was right beside her because her knees buckled as she moaned, "Holy hell Harry! What the hell was that?" She said on the edge of consciousness.

Hermione looked up at him, his eyes were crystal clear green, almost as if they were glowing from within. "Harry, your eyes. What did you just do?" She asked mesmerized by the sight.

He got a little scared and quickly closed his eyes and put everything back the way it was supposed to be. "Um, I just pushed every good feeling I had for both of you into that look, I'm sorry if I scared you I had no idea what would happen." He said caught between fear and pride.

Ginny smiled up from the floor, "I stand by my statement, for the time being I am on lucky witch, my boyfriend is the Green-Eyed-Sex-God!"

Hermione nodded her agreement as she helped Ginny stand. "Jesus Harry, you use that look on any girl at Hogwarts and blushing virgin or not you will get your brains shagged out." To prove her point she walked over to him and shoved her tongue down his throat, but in a good way. He moaned and pulled away with his hands clenching and unclenching in want.

"Hermione please?" He begged her, the heat of the moment is one thing, but that was flat out disregard for Ron.

She looked contrite for a moment before she shrugged, "Guilt makes me do crazy things to him, and he doesn't seem to mind." She said seductively.

Ginny's eyes lit up. "Ah Ha! She admitted to feeling guilty, you going to break up with him now so we can have you all to ourselves?" She asked before thinking about her words and blushing.

Hermione actually thought about it for a moment before sighing in frustration. "No, what I have with Ron could be a long term relationship, I won't throw it away for a summer fling." She kissed Harry again on the corner of his mouth. "Especially since I get a few benefits of both for the time being."

"Hermione you are using me and you are using Ron, it is not right." Harry stated and let her shocked face stay that way for a minute. "Because I still refuse to use you back." He grinned at her and she playfully beat on his chest as he hugged her. "Seriously Hermione, I

think you have got some issues, but who am I to judge when I know perfectly well I'm not in my right mind?" He asked.

Ginny spoke up, "I'm not exactly 100% over here either, remember I was possessed by that snake tongued bastard." She said, then realized she had revealed one of the reasons she cried that first night.

Harry let go of Hermione and walked over to the girl now struggling with her emotions. "Gin? Did he?" Harry began and she shook her head before diving into his arms.

"No, but he showed me things, as an eleven year old girl I knew more about sex than most people graduating Hogwarts. He couldn't do anything to me physically, but I think when he possessed me he might have.." She trailed off. Hermione joined the hug.

"Its okay Ginny, you can let it out with us, you know that. I don't think any less of you." Harry shook his head to show he didn't either as she looked up at him.

"Not your fault Gin, if I can accept that Sirius' death was his fault and not mine, then anything you did when he possessed you, and I mean anything, is his fault as well."

Ginny's tears began to subside as she shook her head. "Like I said, I don't remember doing anything like that, But I won't ever know if he touched me, or made me touch myself, for his amusement." She shivered. "I want him dead Harry." She stated as the tears stopped replaced with a cold look.

Harry pulled her away from him so he could look her in the eyes. "That version of Tom Riddle died in the chamber along with that snake. The real Tom doesn't know what he did to you. But I promise I will make him pay." Harry said matching the cold look. Hermione nodded her head in agreement as well. Ginny laughed at the craziness.

"Quite the trio, aren't we? The nutter, the damaged goods, and Mistress Hermione over here."

"Don't call me that!" She said.

"Yes Mistress." They said in unison causing her to scowl playfully, and they had a good laugh before getting to work manually installing the carpeting.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Ron had to go inside and have him mum recast the Skin Protectant Charm three times now. The sun was beating down on him as he read in the garden outside Grimmauld Place. He already could swear he had twice as many freckles as before and yet the rest of him remained an annoying white. He wondered where the bloody Delivery Truck was. The girls had said they were putting off study until after Harry's birthday which meant he could be inside right now seeing what Hermione came up with next.

He really didn't know what to think about her, she had seemed so happy when he asked her out finally. But then she had run hot and cold and in general drove him nuts. She always wanted to talk, when all he wanted was a little quality time.

He actually did feel better after talking to Harry this morning, even if Hermione had practically forced him to. Harry was not trying to do anything with her, but he did basically say it was up to her. Did he trust her? That was the Million Galleon Question, he Trusted her to stay with him as long as he let her do whatever she wanted with Harry, she trusted that as long as Harry kept his promise and didn't try to take her from him, that he would be getting plenty of action as a result of her frustration, and what he hoped was a little guilt.

As he sat there pondering, noon rolled around and his stomach growled rather forcefully. "That bloody shake had better be worth it." He said to no one in particular. That was the other thing, why was she trying to change the way his.. well, his stuff tasted? Had she tasted Harry and liked it better? Did that mean Harry was a damn good liar or that his insistence on never hearing what went on upstairs was biting him in the ass. Did he even care if she had tasted his...stuff?

No as long as she continued to get him off he could care less he decided. He thought he loved her, but this whole situation was so bloody messed up that he long ago decided to quit thinking. His thoughts began drifting to the other girls in Gryffindor Tower. He had fantasized about Hermione and only Hermione since he noticed girls

were pretty. Except for Fleur but she was a Veela so she didn't count. Lavender was very shaggable, and he had heard rumors that she was rather loose as well; maybe she would make a good girlfriend if not wife. Parvati was out after the Yule ball incident because he had a fantasy about twins. There were a few girls in Ginny's year he couldn't remember names of, but knew they were going to be hot when they got back to school if his sister was any indication. In fact for about three seconds he had considered Ginny before slapping himself mentally as well as physically.

He needed food; the hunger wasn't letting him think straight. The stuff should be all right outside if they delivered it while he was gone. And maybe he could find Hermione for a quick release. All in all life was good and he almost regretted sending that letter to all of his brothers.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He found a rather sweaty study group sitting at the table in the kitchen with a plate of sandwiches and bottles of Butterbeer talking lightly about nothing and laughing. "Finally some real food!" He practically dived at the plate and inhaled a sandwich before looking up at them sheepishly. "Orry, puludy ngr." He said.

"Ronald would you please not talk with your mouth full?" Hermione said with a sigh.

"Sorry, bloody hungry. All I have eaten today was that shake this morning. Thirsty too." He said reaching for a bottle of Butterbeer. Winky promptly popped in and slapped his hand away before placing a glass of pineapple juice in front of him.

"Master and Mistress say yous only drinks water or juice, sorry Mr. Ron." She said and popped away again. Ginny and Harry promptly began giggling, which soon turned into full on laughter, while Hermione scowled at where the elf had disappeared.

"Did I miss something?" Ron said taking a sip of his juice; it was actually really good after being out in the heat.

"No Ronald, you haven't missed a thing." Hermione said scowling at the other two. "Harry you need to scold her for calling you Master, and... what she called me!" Hermione said.

Harry just laughed harder. "I gave up on her, Dobby does a good job calling me Mr. Harry but Winky won't ever change." He guffawed.

She mock pouted at him but was soon laughing just as hard. "Bloody mental, every one of you." Ron said. Harry and Ginny gave each other a look that said 'wait for it...'

Then as Hermione began they said in unison with her. "Language Ron!" and promptly began laughing again.

Just then Dobby popped in to the kitchen. "Mr. Ron there is being Muggles outside putting stuffs on the sidewalk, didn't yous say you was waiting for something there?"

Ron grabbed another sandwich and headed for the door. "Hey can you guys get mum to come shrink this stuff so we can move it?" He asked.

"Dobby can be doing that for yous Mr. Ron!" Dobby said proudly. "I can be popping invisible and moves it to the room on the top floor." Ron looked surprised?

"You mean I didn't have to sit outside all bloody day?" He asked, Hermione just ignored his cursing.

"Guess not mate, I forget they are here sometimes, I didn't even think to mention it to you. Uh, sorry?" Harry said.

Hermione got up and pulled Ron back to a seat at the table. "It's alright Ron, that tan looks wonderful on you." She said kissing his cheek, trying to diffuse his anger.

He instantly deflated as she touched him. "Thanks Mione." She cringed but didn't say anything. For some reason she didn't mind Harry or Ginny calling her that.

There was an insistent tap at the window and they looked up to see Pigwidgeon flying figure eights excitedly while a mass of assorted owls seemed to scowl at him. Hermione ran to the window and threw it open, the other owls flew in and took up perches on top of the cabinets and the refrigerator while the girls grabbed for the frantically flying owl. Harry reached up lazily and caught him using

his seeker skills. "Here you go, wouldn't want you to hurt him." He said, Ron just shrugged, he hated the excitable little thing but it was one of the few things he owned outright.

The girls took the letter and began reading. "Dumbledore says our plan is sound and each of these owls has a parchment enchanted as a timed Portkey. The owls were told to follow Pig here and then await our instructions." Ginny read.

Hermione stood and begun shoing the boys out the door. "Party planning, nothing to see here, move along. " Laughing the boys headed up to the training room and took stock of everything that had been delivered. Harry as impressed with Ron's selections and begun sorting the shrunken furniture into places approximate to where they were planned to go. When they were done he picked up the weight equipment and placed it in the corner. He wasn't sure if he wanted to leave it up here or not.

"Looks good." Ron commented. "Dobby?" he called out and the elf appeared quickly with a pop. "You rang Mr. Ron?"

"Wait Dobby, where did you hear that expression?" Harry asked curiously.

Dobby wrung his ears for a second before answering. "Is pop over to Muggle electronics store and watches the Tellyvizer Harry sir. I stays invisible so nobodies sees me. Is you being angry with Dobby?" he asked.

"No Dobby, I hope to get electricity in here eventually and you and Winky can have TV's for your rooms if you want. Dobby promptly attacked his leg and hugged him.

"Yous be the bestest master and greatest wizard ever!" Dobby said.

"Alright alright," Harry said trying to divest himself of the elf. It reminded too much of one of Aunt Marge's dogs that had taking a liking to his leg. Every time he tried to shake the dog off it growled at him and his Aunt had simply laughed and told him he was finally useful for something. "So Dobby, please resize the furniture so we can see what it looks like." Harry asked. Dobby snapped his fingers and the room looked brand new. Harry hardly recognized it.

There were now three separate seating areas. One in the corner had a couch and three chairs around a large cushioned footrest that had wooden inserts where drinks could be placed. Harry had asked Ron to set that corner aside for an entertainment center if they ever got the power turned on. There was a fireplace in the wall opposite the bedrooms, which had two comfy looking recliners, which could swivel to face the fire. They were called Snugglers or something like that, as they were about one and a half times too wide for one person. They would be comfortable for one or possibly two people; three would fit if everyone were friendly. The chairs were currently facing into the room and a long wooden coffee table ran between two couches on either side making a great conversation area.

And in the middle of the room was a loveseat a couch and matching chair around a large circular table, which could be raised or lowered as a coffee table, or game table as needed. Harry wondered idly if they could play a couple of drinking games and get away with it, but thought Butterbeer was too weak. He had heard his cousin playing drinking games in the next room and they sounded like a lot of fun. Of course with all the girls at the party it would be even more so. And in the other corner Harry had Ron leave intentionally empty to eventually put in a Pool Table. There were even pictures on the walls and assorted meaningless things on the mantle that made it look like home.

"Alright Dobby, do you remember the plans I showed you before?" Ron asked and the little elf nodded. "Lets see it then." Dobby snapped his fingers and all the furniture shrank to differing sizes and stacked perfectly against one of the walls.

"That is brilliant mate!" Harry said proudly. Ron's ears brightened.

"Its just a bit of math and a good imagination." He shrugged, this is the training setup, and you can see I left room for a Pool Table right there, if you use a sticking charm.

"Dobby is liking this too Mr. Ron. Yous don't never needs to do the magics, Me and Winky can moves it all and sticks it in place for you." Dobby said grinning.

Harry just laughed, "Alright Dobby you win, rather than memorize a long chain of spells and targets I will just let everyone know the



names of the configuration and tell them to call you for help okay?" Dobby nodded happily.

"So that's the training setup, Dobby the normal setup again please?" Dobby clapped and everything was back as it was.

"That is still brilliant mate." Harry said.

Ron continued. "And then there is the dual use setup, as in both at the same time not as in practice fighting." He said making sure Harry understood what he meant.

"Yeah yeah, duel dual I get it, I do spent a lot of time with the smartest witch of her generation you know?" Ron's face clouded for a few seconds but he shook it off.

"Dobby? Dual use please." Dobby clapped again and the furniture rearranged itself nicely on the Fireplace side of the room, there were now two areas for talking or watching what was happening on the other half of the room. "I figure this will work well as a dance floor too." Ron said.

"The girls are going to love it Ron, I think you are going to get lucky tonight." Harry said offhandedly. Ron was thinking to himself 'You would know.' But didn't voice it.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The girls really had been impressed. After they had copied out twelve invitations, some with an extra note, and sent the owls off they had come upstairs to see how things were going. In the end the list had to be narrowed due to space constraints and most of the males were eliminated because of the meeting that would happen at some point that day. Susan, Luna, Cho, Katie, Parvati and Padma Patil, Mandy Brocklehurst, Fred and George, Seamus, Dean and Neville. The headmaster had only sent them ten school owls so to subvert his authority they had asked Susan to invite Hanna Abbot as well. In Cho's note she had explained that although there were issues with the DA last year Harry did not blame her for what Marietta had done only for defending her. Also how they thought she still had a chance with him if she was willing to forgive and forget. Harry might not be happy, but they had decided to expand the pool of applicants as far as possible. They had even considered inviting

the Slytherin girls but neither of them knew that lot well enough to feel comfortable inviting them, nor did they want to risk Harry's security.

Upon entering both girls wore excited grins, "Ron this is Wonderful!" Hermione said surveying the room and hugging him.

"You haven't seen anything yet." Harry said mysteriously. "Dobby?" The little elf popped into the room.

"Yes Harry Sir?" He said smiling as he glanced at the girls.

"Ron would you like to do the honors? It is your plans after all." Ron shrugged and turned to the elf while keeping an arm around Hermione's shoulders.

"Alright Dobby, Plan 1." Dobby clapped and the room was back in its normal arrangement with three separate conversation areas.

Hermione turned and kissed him hard. "God Ron, the planning this must have taken. I love intelligent men." She said with lust in her eyes.

He coughed but continued. "Really? Dobby Plan 2 please." Dobby clapped again and the furniture rearranged and shrunk itself along the wall."

This time Hermione growled, Harry and Ginny looked on in amusement as she wrapped a leg around his waist while kissing him deeply once again. "Ron. This is an amazing piece of work, I think you deserve a reward.." She said and pulled him toward the stairs and down to his room. While Harry and Ginny laughed in her wake.

Once there she locked the door behind her and began nearly tearing his clothes off. Once he was completely naked and standing in the middle of his room in shock she began to strip for him, slowly. She began with her blouse, and then her skirt. Followed by a sultry walk, which backed him up onto the bed where he promptly fell flat on his back. His eyes however remained riveted to her form even as his cock twitched in anticipation.

She reached behind her and unhooked her bra, quickly divesting herself of it. And then moving to the side of the bed so that she was

only about a foot from his face she turned around and slowly pulled her knickers off. As her shaved mound was exposed to him Ron let out a groan. "You shave! Bloody hell I am a lucky man..." He trailed off.

She nodded to him as she slowly straddled his face, sitting on his chest so that her exposed pussy was wide-open mere centimeters from his eyes and mouth. "Do you want to taste me Ronald?" She asked him. When he didn't immediately answer she pleaded with him. "Please?"

Even though he felt disgusted, he figured turnabout was fair play, and she would return the favor. So he tentatively lapped at her pink folds keeping an eye on her face to see her reactions. It was not nearly what he was hoping for but he continued to lick away as though he were cleaning out his bowl of pudding. After a few minutes Hermione pulled away from his face and slid her soaked pussy down his chest and over his cock. "You have been a good boy, I heard you had a little talk with Harry?" She asked him as she grasped his cock with her free hand.

He gulped. "Yeah.." he said.

"And what did you tell him?" She asked as she began using his cock as a dildo, circling her clit and emitting small moans.

"Um...gods Hermione..I told him...mmmm..I told him that I don't.." He threw his head back as his orgasm unexpectedly ripped through him and coated them both in cream. She continued what she was doing using it as lubrication.

"It's okay Ron...I...don't expect...you to last long at first..it feels nice and wet...so what did you tell him?" She asked as she picked up the pace moaning slightly louder.

"Bloody...Hermione that's too good, I can't handle that for much longer...too sensitive.." His hips were bucking wildly trying to get more contact, while the tip of his cock tickled and ached at the same time.

"So finish...your..bloody story..." Hermione growled at him as she slid him lower towards her entrance and then back up again.

"I told him he could shag you senseless for all I care as long as I get to keep doing this!" Ron said gritting his teeth and bunching his fists painfully in the blankets.

"Oh GODS RON, you told him that?" Hermione said as she placed him at her entrance and sank a little, making sure to keep her hand firmly wrapped around his cock so he couldn't fully penetrate her. She then lay down on his chest and began rocking back and forth. It was a little awkward lying on her arm, but it was worth it to feel him barely sliding inside her. "Would you like me to shag him Ronald? Would you like it if I was your dirty slut?" She hissed into his ear as she picked up the rhythm. "Do you want me to have him fill my pussy with cum and then come down here and make you use it as lubrication?" She asked him as she bit into his neck.

Ron felt another orgasm building in his balls, this one was going to be the biggest he ever had. And worse his balls were empty already so it was going to be both painful and pleasurable. He didn't know how to respond. On the one hand he wanted her all to himself, On the other hand if she was this bloody horny now, what would she do if he let her have her way. "Yes okay, whatever you want, be a dirty slut as long as you're my dirty slut. Please don't stop..." He shouted into her neck trying to muffle it at least a little.

She rocked harder and let him slip a little further in before getting scared. She popped him out and rubbed him along her clit. "Cum for me Ron, Please?" She begged him.

That did it, He grabbed a pillow and threw it over his head and screamed his release all over her. She felt the warm splash hit her lips and begin to trickle back down his cock. She came using the same pillow over his face to scream into before collapsing and rolling off him to lie beside him on the bed. At this point she wondered if she would ever love him the way she loved Harry. But he was hot, and he was available, she and Harry had decided to remain friends...even if they were very, very, extremely close friends. Things might change eventually but for now she could deal with his manners and his language, he was smart in his own right but he didn't have a clue how to treat her as a woman. She hated that she had to take control of him in order to get her self off, when all she really wanted was to be told what to do to please her man.

Then she began laughing, Ron groaned and looked at her inquisitively which only made her giggle harder as she felt the last of his cum trickle past her entrance. She reached down and while he watched, tentatively licked her fingertip. "A bit better, but still needs work before I will swallow you whole." She said, still giggling at the thought that popped into her head a moment ago. She was laughing at herself for thinking so bloody much right after half-shagging her boyfriend when she should have been cuddling in post-orgasmic bliss.

Ron just stared at her. "Thanks I think, but why are you laughing, I thought that was bloody amazing, did you...uh I mean.." Ron stammered the last.

"Oh it was amazing Ron, I was just laughing at myself, I didn't mean to scare you."

"I always said, your Brilliant but Scary, why would I want you to change now?" Ron asked as his eyes drifted closed.

"Ron?" She asked tentatively. He grunted in response. "Did you mean it?"

"Grnhuh? He grunted out, trying to stay awake.

"Did you really like what I told you?" She asked again. In his orgasm induced coma he barely registered her words, and rather than tell her the whole truth it was easier to just boil it down to a one word answer.

"Sure." He said quickly before his breath deepened.

"God Ron you make me so hot!" She said reaching for his cock but it was flaccid and useless for her purposes. He didn't respond at all only began snoring lightly.

"Of all the bloody, piece of shite, dumbass things to do the bloody git falls asleep on me? Why am I staying with him again?" She asked herself.

"Dunno, g't'sleep" He said not really hearing her words.

Sighing she got up and went to the bathroom to wash herself off thoroughly. The idiot hadn't even asked her about protection. She silently thanked Molly for reminding her and Ginny before, and that the potion was instantaneous. Both she and Ginny had taken the 12 month potion just in case, and a nice side effect was it stopped her menstrual cycle all together meaning she didn't have to worry about her monthlies. Even in the magical world being a girl sucked sometimes.

After washing up she collected her clothes and got dressed. She turned and looked at him one last time laying naked on the bed and wondered if he were using her as well. That would explain their strange relationship. She decided to stop analyzing it until after school started. Maybe by then they could actually form a relationship, maybe then she could move past Harry...and Ginny. Maybe she could be a good girl and just belong to Ron...Maybe. She locked the door on her way out and pulled it closed after checking to make sure the coast was clear. And fled upstairs to the safety of her rooms and, hopefully, the comforting arms of her study buddies.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Up in Harry's room the couple had actually not done anything overtly sexual. They were just lying together enjoying the closeness and comfort, and talking about everything and nothing. Harry really cared for her, but just didn't know what love was. He would die to keep her safe; he wanted to spend as much time as possible with her. But he also wanted to shag her brains out every chance he got. Because of that he thought he was still more in lust than love with her so he kept his musings to himself.

Hermione came in with a scowl on her face and biting her lip. Harry noticed the signs and asked her, "What you thinking about so hard Mione?"

She looked up as she began stripping off her clothing. "What? Sorry Harry I was in the middle of something." Which caused both of them to chuckle at her.

"He asked you what you were thinking about." Ginny said as the last of the other girl's clothes hit the floor. Harry scooted a bit to get comfortable and then held out an arm begging her to join them in a three-way cuddle.

Hermione sighed and promptly fell in to the bed and laid her head on his shoulder. "Ron of course." She said.

The couple nodded and waited. "I think he is just using me..." She said not really expecting a response, these two were just good listeners and had learned over the years how to draw her thoughts out of her head. "But am I just using him as well?" She asked.

Harry shrugged slightly which raised both of the girls a fraction before lowering them back down giggling slightly. "I don't know Hermione. Maybe he isn't the one, do you want him to be?" He asked sagely.

She sighed. "I think I do, but Harry I feel so much more for you, my best friend, than I do for my boyfriend. I want things to work with Ron, and maybe once we are back at school with a regular schedule, things will be normal. For now though, I think our relationship is stuck."

He nodded but said nothing, Ginny however spoke up. "So why are you still with him then? If all you want is to be sexed rotten we would gladly take care of you." Harry stilled. "I dunno about that Gin, this is all well and fun, but we're best friends and I don't want to lose her, I don't want to lose what we have Hermione."

The brunette sniffed back her tears and took a few steady breaths. "I don't think we will ever lose what we have Harry, but I'm a little afraid to chance it either." She paused for a moment and decided to lighten the mood and perhaps to stop him from guilting himself out of bed. "Besides, Ron just told me he wanted me to be a dirty slut as long as I was his slut." She said and ran her hand down to Harry's cock.

"Mione..." Harry groaned. "What did we just say?"

"Sorry Harry, your so bloody Hot and I feel so close to you it's hard not to just shag your brains out some times you know?" She asked offhandedly.

He froze for a moment. "Uh, not really no. But then I have a very healthy relationship with my girlfriend, at least until school starts. Care to explain that comment?" He asked her.

Still idly running her fingernails over his stiffening cock she began her explanation. "Do you think you and Gin here are going to be awkward around each other when school starts?" She asked, to which they both shook their heads. "Do you not consider her one of your best friends?"

"Almost as close as you I suppose, closer in many ways." Harry said, not quite following her line of questioning.

"So why are you and I different?" She asked.

"Because you want to be with Ron, and Ron has fancied you since about first year, even if he didn't realize it until the ball." Harry said before sucking air through his teeth as she touched him.

"Well Harry, now you understand. I want Ron to be something he isn't ready to be, I am prepared to help him along. But for right now it seems more like we are just shag buddies than an actual couple. You on the other hand are dead sexy, kind, compassionate, a good listener, and an excellent lover." She said looking at the redhead who nodded with a stupid grin on her face looking into Harry's eyes. He smiled back for a second before reengaging his brain.

"I get it I get it, I still think it isn't healthy for your relationship with Ron." He said.

"Oh I wouldn't be so sure about that." She said throwing a glance at Ginny who looked a bit confused but nodded anyway.

"What do you mean?" Harry asked her getting flashes of lust from the girl but trying hard to keep from actually viewing her thoughts.

Glad that she had washed all traces of Ron off of her, she rolled herself on top of him and rather than reposition his cock against her slit she sat him against her slick entrance and then put both hands on his shoulders. Harry froze and looked at Ginny, but she just looked between the two of them with lust in her eyes. "Your not helping me out here Gin." Harry groaned.

"Why would I do that?" Ginny asked in a sultry voice.



"Harry, you know what Ron just told me while I sat on his cock much like I'm doing to you right now?" She asked. The mental image caused Ginny to recoil a bit in horror, Harry wanted to recoil but Hermione was pinning him down. "He told me he wouldn't mind if I shagged you, had you cum inside me, and then made him use it as lubrication." She whispered between their ears.

Harry bucked his hips and his eyes widened as he slipped inside her and came up against her barrier. "Hermione stop, please? I can't take your virginity, this feels all wrong." Harry pleaded with her.

"You really want Harry to be your first?" Ginny asked surprised. Hermione nodded. "Harry please?" Ginny pleaded with him.

"Mione, I'm not ready yet. Not even with Ginny." She looked at the other girl in surprise who nodded shyly in agreement.

"But you basically have blatant permission and your both so close, I just thought..." Hermione said as tears formed in her eyes.

"Hermione look at me." Harry said, and she wiped her eyes and looked down at him. "I would be very lucky, if we somehow ended up together I would shag your brains out. But right now I am with Ginny, and if we haven't even done that, I can't do it with you. Understand?" He asked her with his penetrating emerald eyes full of care and concern.

She collapsed on top of his chest bumping him against her barrier again and felt a slight sting, scaring herself now that she was not going to go through with it she hissed and popped him out of her. "Sorry, I'm so sorry.. I just thought.. and Ron wants..." She mumbled into his chest. Ginny moved to give Harry his arm back and began running soothing circles over the girls back with her palm. Harry encircled her and hugged her close.

"That is the other thing Mione," He said raising her chin up to look at him again. "Don't base your relationship with anyone else on your relationship with me, or vice versa. That isn't fair to any of us that are involved." Then for the first time, he initiated a kiss with her. It was short, but filled with feeling, and made her grind against his leg.

"See what I mean Harry, sweet, comforting, considerate. Everything else aside do you at least see my original point?" She asked as the

tears stopped and she was able to smile at him. He thought for a moment and then nodded.

"Yeah I suppose, do you really think half of the girls at Hogwarts are going to try to shag me?" He asked.

"I know they will, are you sure you don't want one of us to be your first?" She asked him still hoping.

"Ginny and I already agreed, she doesn't want to until she knows for certain she is in love. No matter how much we feel for each other we aren't ready to call it love, and I will never force someone to go against their ideals. Otherwise I would just call your whole crazy plan off and settle down with her." He said beginning serious but ending playfully.

"But Harry, I don't care about that... It's just a little piece of skin that is in the way of a whole world of pleasure. Are you saying you don't want to until you're in love?" She asked him.

He started to nod his head to agree with her but couldn't lie to her or himself. "I want to say yes, and Gin you know how I feel. But are you crazy Mione? I'm bloody sixteen years old with an equally sixteen-year-old girl on top of me. Of course I bloody well want to shag you!" He said. Ginny giggled and Hermione smiled.

"So what's stopping you?" She asked him again.

"I don't know, maybe I'm just scared?" He said starting to get really nervous as he fought a losing battle.

Ginny reached down and wrapped her hand around his cock and sat it against Hermione's weeping cunt once more. "Harry, I told you to shag every girl at Hogwarts if they would let you, don't you want your first time to be special?" She asked him with lust in her eyes.

He felt his hastily erected barriers of reason fall at her look. "Bloody hell," He said but cut himself off by kissing Hermione forcefully on the mouth. She licked his bottom lip begging for entrance and he quickly allowed her in and began to give as good as he was getting. She moaned into his mouth as she pushed a bit and once again his entire head was stretching her entrance deliciously and he was flush against the last barrier between them.

Harry pulled away and looked at his girlfriend. "Ginny are you sure?" He asked. In response she dragged her fingernails along his balls as she leaned in to kiss him with just as much passion as Hermione had given him.

"Absobloodylutely" She told him before kissing Hermione with just as much fervor. Hermione didn't know how to react at first but quickly found herself lost in the sensations Ginny was eliciting with her mouth. Hermione sat up as she bucked her hips and Harry slid into her quickly claiming her for the first time. She hissed but began moving rhythmically on top of him until the pain subsided then she collapsed onto his chest.

"Oh My God Harry, God that feels so good, so stretched but feels like it fits perfectly." Harry was in shock not expecting it to happen so fast. He was completely lost in the sensation of being squeezed on all sides by warm wet velvet. She began rocking again slowly building up speed.

"Didn't I hurt you?" Harry asked through short breaths.

"Only a little bit, but it is getting better...with...every..mmmmm...stroke." She hissed out as she closed her eyes and concentrated. Harry looked over to find that Ginny had turned herself around and was staring at the point where his cock entered Hermione's body with rapt attention. And her hands were busy, one playing with her nipples, the other flying across her clit.

Harry gave in to the sensations and grasped her hips tightly as he changed the speed and made it more even. He could feel his balls tightening and knew he wouldn't last long. He could feel how wet and tight she was around him and imagined what it would be like with Ginny even as he stared in wonder at the girl writhing on top of him. "God, Hermione...So tight..Hot..Wet...Not gonna last long..." He managed to say through gasps and grunts.

"Please cum inside me Harry?" She said as she rocked harder on his cock and began to moan loudly. "Cum with me, Please...soon...I'm yours...you made me yours.." She shouted and he shoved himself as deep inside her as he could, with a last final exclamation he came inside her, coating her insides with untold

amounts of his seed. That pushed her over the edge as well and screamed as she collapsed on top of him. Ginny came soon after and lay panting beside them watching as his cum tinged in red began trickling down his cock.

"God that was the hottest thing ever!" Ginny exclaimed breathlessly. But she wasn't done yet. "Hermione you know my rules." Ginny said suddenly rolling over.

Hermione looked up a bit scared at the red-haired goddess before her. "Gin?" She tried to speak but was suddenly at a loss for words. In response Ginny grabbed her shoulder and rolled her onto the bed on her back beside Harry who disengaged from her with a wet plop, he looked on with lust tinged with amusement. His glistening cock, which had begun to sag a bit after such abuse suddenly, sprang back to attention.

Ginny quickly found her way between Hermione's knees and began lapping at the combined juices and a little bit of blood, not caring about the last as it was simply proof that her stud of a boyfriend had finally claimed her girlcrush. Hermione grabbed Ginny's head with both hands and her thighs closed around the girl's ears as her orgasm began to build again.

Seeing what was happening in front of him Harry remembered his conversation with Ginny from before and decided to fulfill a bit of it. She had her bum up in the air and she lay trapped and lapping at the other girl's folds. He got up with a groan and stepped behind her at the edge of the bed. He could stand and was almost perfectly aimed right at her slick entrance. He ran the tip of his cock from her clit up to her entrance where he pushed slightly eliciting an exited squeak from the girl in question.

"Harry?" She said nervously.

"I seem to remember you getting off, when I asked you if you wanted to lick my cum from Hermione's pussy while I pounded you from behind?" He asked lustily.

"Harry? We said..." She started, really really wanting him to do it, but not wanting to let her self down.

"I'm just going to tease you Gin, I know how you feel." Harry said suddenly, his tone that of extreme care for her feelings.

In response she dove back into the other girls folds and wiggled her bum at him. That was all he needed as he began to run his cock in circles around her clit, every now and then sliding it forcefully up to her entrance where it sank in just a bit to meet her maidenhead before sliding back out and repeating the process.

Every time he did so she had to resist the urge to push back and take him inside. To take her mind off that bit, she concentrated on the girl in front of her. She was fulfilling a long time fantasy. Hermione had been her best friend since her second year. They grew close during the summer when she stayed in Ginny's room. And now she had her female crush, and her male crush both making love to her. Ginny was in Heaven.

She Mmmm'd appreciatively each time she found more of his cum stashed somewhere in the girls folds. She had already lost count of the number of small orgasms Hermione had had. She simply lost her self in the sensations at both ends. Harry was half-shagging her and doing delicious things to her clit, causing wave after wave of pleasure building towards what she knew would be a mind shattering orgasm. And she could taste the slightly salty slightly vanilla taste of Hermione's sweat, the slightly bitter almond taste of her cum, and the sweet taste of Harry's cum all mixed on her tongue. She could do this every day for the rest of her life and be a very happy witch.

Dipping from the girl's clit once again she shoved her tongue into her wet entrance and pulled the bit of cum that was still inside toward her mouth. Swallowing appreciatively at her new found treasure trove she used her fingers to spread the girls lips even wider apart so she could see almost into her, and placed her lips against the hole. Sucking slightly she was rewarded with a long flow of cum and greedily sucked it down savoring the mixed flavors. Harry had given up on her clit and was now sliding in and out of her popping the head of his cock in and out with each stroke. Never enough to hit her barrier again so there was no pain, just pleasure and an intense urge to pull him all the way in side her.

"Gin...I need to..." he tried to say as his orgasm approached again.  
"Ginny I don't want to.."

"Please cum inside me Harry? I don't want to lose my virginity yet, but want to feel something of you inside me..." She said lifting her head from Hermione's abused snatch and looking him in the eye.

"Gin... Oh god..." He said and her long awaited orgasm ripped through her just as Harry began to spurt into her waiting hole. She felt the warmth flow inside her to places that had never been touched before and she screamed along with him before they both collapsed on top of Hermione who having had passed out a few orgasms ago just grunted.

"Oh god Gin, what did we do?" Harry asked now that he was coming back into his right mind.

"We shagged each other senseless Harry...Even if you didn't take my virginity. Even if we can't admit we love each other quite yet. That had to be the single greatest memory ever!" She said breathily.

"But what about..." He said motioning to the comatose girl beneath Ginny as he rolled off her and back to his place in the center of the bed. Ginny got up and Harry pulled Hermione to him, cradling and spooning her as he lay on his left side. Ginny crawled up behind him and spooned against his back, enjoying the feel of his cum oozing slowing out of her.

"She got exactly what she wanted. She and Ron may or may not work out, but she got what she wanted and I am happy for her. You did good Harry. Don't feel guilty." She said wisely, though sleepily.

"And you? Are either of you using protection? I mean I have a charm on me that won't let me get anyone preggers for nearly two years, but I didn't even think about that when we...I'm sorry Gin.. I should have asked."

She woke up enough to pull his head over his shoulder and kiss him, it was uncomfortable but Harry wasn't complaining. "We are both on a potion as well, you thought about it in advance just so if something happened in the heat of the moment like this it wouldn't be a problem. Harry that is so much better than most other boys would ever think to do. Don't beat yourself up, we didn't know if you had thought of it, but we already had. Though I hadn't planned on

anything like this happening for quite awhile." She said the last with an introspective tone.

"Anyway, do you have any idea how bloody amazing it was to feel your hot spunk fill me? How randy I am right now feeling your cum slowly dribble out of my cunt?" She asked him, enjoying the effect her coarse language still had on him as lust sparked in his eyes momentarily.

Hermione began to stir when she felt Harry harden once more against her. But simply sighed in contentment to hear her lovers talking.

"Ron told me he never wanted to hear another word about what went on up here. How am I supposed to face him later?" Harry asked.

"Ron is happy enough with the current situation, he gets off and goes to sleep. I don't think you need to worry about that. Just act natural and if there is a fight it will be between me and him, not you two." Hermione said, and the couple looked down at her and smiled.

"Welcome back sleepy head, I take it you enjoyed yourself?" Ginny asked.

"I was just shagged rotten by the Green-Eyed-Sex-God and his girlfriend. Yeah I'm a bit of alright. What about you Gin? I didn't know you weren't already his first...Do you hate me for taking that from you?" Hermione asked in a small voice.

"Mione if I hated you do you think I would have done any of that?" Ginny asked with a raised eyebrow the other girl couldn't see.

"I suppose not," She said primly, reminding them of the bookworm she was at heart. "So are we all okay?" She asked timidly again.

Harry nodded. "I guess were okay. We are not getting much studying done though, and if this is how we are all going to end up every time were naked together, we might have to start studying in the training room with our clothes on." Harry said smiling as he nuzzled Hermione's neck."

"And you don't mind that I am still with Ron?" Hermione asked, still disbelieving her luck.

"I gave up thinking about your strange relationship a long time ago Mione, If I have to share you with him I guess its just a bonus for me." He said and kissed her collarbone.

She wiggled closer and sighed in contentment. "This wont last forever. I am willing to wait for him to grow up a bit, but I cannot ignore my needs in the meantime. I could shag him all I wanted but he just doesn't know how to make me feel safe and wanted like you do Harry." She finished, thinking to herself she should just confess that she was in love with him and the plan be damned. But she stubbornly refused to give up on her Ron project, and secretly feared rejection by Harry if she asked for more than a quick shag.

"However long it lasts I will be grateful, Harry said kissing her shoulder and hugging her close. Ginny sighed behind them.

"This is really nice," She said looking at the ceiling to a chorus of agreement from the other occupants of the bed. "Harry you can consider this your birthday present having two days off to shag us silly without needing to study." She groaned as she rolled out of the bed. For now though, Hermione and I need to get to work on the details of your party." She said walking to the other side of the bed and tugging on Hermione's hand.

"Don't wanna.." She complained eliciting an amused chuckle from Harry.

"Aren't I supposed to be the one that falls asleep?" Harry asked playfully.

That got her to groan and roll out of bed as well. They headed into the bathroom to take a shower and Harry lay staring up at the ceiling, wondering idly when he died and went to heaven. He had seen it coming for quite awhile but those two angels were anything but human.



## Chapter 19: Come In Small Packages

Harry wore a stupid look for the rest of the day. Ron had noticed but was not allowed to say anything because he told Hermione if it was about Ginny he wouldn't talk about it, and he had told Harry he didn't want to know what was happening upstairs. He remembered what he had mistakenly said as he drifted off and suspect that Harry had just shagged his girlfriend. Ron was not a happy person.

That night as dinner approached held many surprises. The first was when the Twins showed up early and pulled Ron into an unused room on the second floor. "All right little brother, we need to have a chat with you." Fred began.

"That's right brother of mine, it seems Ronnikens here is attempting to interfere with our GinGin's relationship." George said.

"And you know Ronny, not only does she have one hell of a Bat Bogey, she learned how to prank from the masters." Fred continued.

"Namely us, and apparently she apprenticed for a short time under Sirius. All in all I would say you are making a very bad decision." George added.

"Now to top it all off GinGin is dating THE Harry Potter,"

"The Harry Potter that she has been dreaming about since she was nine years old?"

"The very same brother of mine, and since I am the smart one.."

"Wait, I thought I was the smart one."

"Which one are you again?"

"I'm George!"

"First of all I'm George, and he isn't the smart one, he is the handsome one."

"Oh right dear brother, where were we?"

"Harry Potter Fred."

"No your Fred, I'm George."

"Sorry, I get confused."

"Happens to the best of us brother."

Ron's head was spinning, "Both of you bloody stop it and get to the sodding point please?"

Both of them looked at him and smiled, "Right-o then Ronnikens, you asked us in that letter to teach him a lesson Weasley brother style" Forge said.

Gred nodded, "See the problem is Harry is the only one we would let touch our baby sister."

"Not that we want to see it, but knowing about it in a round about way we can handle"

"Right-o, now Harry Potter who owns a life debt from half of our family."

"Wait, eventually we might have to fight Death Eaters,"

"Right, like Ron did?"

"Exactly like that Forge,"

"Wait I'm Gred!"

"Don't start that again, spit it out!" Ron growled at them. "Do you have a point or do you just like to listen to yourselves prattle on?"

"I like to listen to myself prattle on actually, and since he has such a beautiful voice,"

"Thank you dear brother"

"Naturally, I like to listen to him prattle as well. But the point is, you asked us to get into a fight with Harry Potter,"

"Who got a Double-O on his Defense OWL,"

"Highest score ever actually,"

"Who taught us most of what we know about defense,"

"And you as well,"

"And who is legal tomorrow to use magic to defenestrate us right into St. Mungo's."

"Sorry Ron looks like you're on your own." They said in unison and left him in the room rather stunned. Harry wouldn't defenestrate him would he? What did that even mean?

A thoroughly confused Ron walked back down the stairs and into the kitchen where his girlfriend was sitting a little too close to his supposed best mate. Worse he could swear she was flirting with his Sister. That was wrong on so many levels. When he came in Hermione immediately left the other boys side and hung from his arm possessively, but Ron really didn't feel any better for it. She had better make it up to him later.

Fred and George coming to dinner was not all that big of a deal on it's own. But a few moments later the fireplace in the kitchen flared to life, and Bill appeared out of the flames. Ginny immediately jumped from Harry's lap and into Bill's arms. "My Billy what are you doing here!" She squeed as she shot across the room and nearly knocked him back into the fireplace.

"Well Ron invited me down and since I just got a new job..."

"New job?" Ginny asked with huge eyes.

"Yeah midget, I am going to be putting up wards for Gringotts customers. I'm moving back to England." Bill said with a smile.

She jumped into his arms and hugged him for all she was worth. She was a bit taller and heavier than the last time she had done this but Bill still held her as if she were weightless. "This is wonderful Bill, I've missed you so much!" She kissed his cheek again.

"Are you going to introduce me?" Bill said motioning over his shoulder to the young man with the glasses and the lightning bolt scar who could only be...

"Harry Potter, this is my favorite brother Bill Weasley. Bill this is my boyfriend Harry." She said dragging him over to shake hands.

Harry was nervous as hell from the moment the man with the ponytail and the tooth earring stepped out of the fireplace filling the immediate area with an aura of danger and cool. He tentatively reached a hand out and shook Bills hand, which must have been twice as thick and twice as large as his own. "Uh, nice to meet you...Um I uh..heard a lot about you and..um Egypt?" Harry croaked out, cursing his not quite mature voice.

Bill grinned evilly at the boy where Ginny couldn't see. "I'm sure the pleasure is mine, what with meeting the Boy-Who-Lived and all." Bill said appraising him as he spoke. His career as a Curse Breaker had taught him how to size up situations in an instant. That ability carried over to people. Harry was probably just less than six foot tall, but that might change over the next year or so. He was wiry and immediately the older man could tell he could handle himself in a fight, be it magical or Muggle. Though he wasn't overly strong, he would be quick.

"Please don't use titles with me, I have enough trouble with it without my friends spouting them off, that is if you don't mind me putting you in that category. Ginny's favorite brother has to be okay in my book." Harry said, amazed at the clarity and tone he was able to produce when he didn't over think the situation.

Bills estimation of the young man shot up. Ron's letter along with what he read in the Daily Prophet, made him out to be an attention seeking, womanizing, half deranged nutcase who was no good for his baby sister, life debt or no. But this Harry was shy, quiet spoken, but exuded an aura of leadership and strength even though he hadn't grown into it yet. He was going to have a talk with Ronnikens later.

"You take care of her and I promise you can count on me as a friend, Deal?" Harry nodded and finally a real smile graced his face. Bill immediately saw what Ginny did in him.

Hermione smacked Ron's shoulder. "What? Oh! Um, Bill this is Hermione Granger." Ron said. Hermione smacked him again. "My uh, girlfriend." Finally she smiled as she held out a hand. Bill took it and kissed it palm down as he looked into her eyes.

"Echente Mademoiselle." He said smoothly causing her to blush. Ron wondered when Bill learned French.

"I uh, hope you don't mind, but I brought a couple people with me. I cleared them with Dumbledore since she is joining the Order." Bill said, realizing he was speaking with the owner of the house.

"Well, Dumbledore aside, if you trust them then so will I. Anyone I know?" Harry asked.

"Actually you three go back a ways, be careful though I think the little one is in love with you. You might have some competition GinGin." He said smiling at the youngest Weasley. Ginny shrugged as if it didn't matter at all to her, which confused Bill to no end.

Just then Harry felt the wards flair followed by a Crack in the back garden. "That would be them," He said walking over to the door. "Nice work on the wards by the way Harry, most fully qualified wizards couldn't have set up that Apparation point without recasting the whole thing." Once again Bill raised his estimation of the boy.

Bill opened the back door and Ron felt himself leave his seat, Hermione growled and pushed him back down before he wondered why he got up in the first place. Harry was unaffected for some reason. It might be related to his ability to throw off the Imperius Curse, Harry decided to research that later. Because in walked two of the most beautiful women he had ever seen. He smiled and winked at Ginny before he slowly got up and crossed the room. "Fleur!" He said and pulled her into a hug. "How is my favorite Tri-Wizard Champion?"

"I am lovely Haree, and look at you! A leetle boy no more, Non you are a very 'andsome man!" She kissed him on both cheeks as she returned the hug. "You remembair my leetle seester, Gabrielle?" She said as the girl in question came up to him and pulled him into a hug and kissed his cheeks as well. "Ga..Gabrielle?" Harry stuttered out.

"Oui Harry, it is so good to see you." The little girl, no the young woman replied. The girl he held in his arms looked and felt more like fourteen or fifteen years old than the nine year old he thought he remembered pulling from the lake. "A leetle girl no more Non Harry?"

"Non.." Harry said. "I mean no, what happened I thought you would have only just turned eleven?" Harry asked, failing to notice he had not released her from his grasp yet.

Fleur smiled at the scene. "Non Haree, she is how you say? Late Bloomer, She is twelve years old when you pull her from ze lake. Veela are very beautiful but often..Murissent lentement..Uh..Maturing slowly?" She asked.

"So you are what?" he quickly did the math in his head. "Fourteen?" he could not believe it. Suddenly he blushed remembering what Bill said; this was going to be bad..very bad.

"Oui mon sauveur, I never deed repay you for saving my life." The girl said, still nestled in his arms and looking very comfortable.

Ginny and Hermione shared a look, on Hermione's part it was half jealousy, but over all it was amusement and a little lust. Ron on the other hand looked like he was about to hit someone. Harry saw the look on Ron's face once he dragged his eyes away from the little Veela. Quickly he pulled back feeling a slight loss at the contact.

"You are both welcome in my home, how did you two meet anyway?" Harry asked as he tried to center himself without closing his eyes, it worked, but only enough to keep him coherent. He made his way back to Ginny and wrapped his arms around her like a stuffed animal that made him feel safe. She hugged his arms back and giggled a little when she saw the jealousy flash across Gabrielle's face.

"This is going to be fun." She whispered into Harry's ear.

"This is going to get me killed." Harry whispered back, avoiding eye contact with the petite blonde bombshell.

"We meet while working for ze Goblins, I am apprenticing Curse Breaker when I meet my William and as zey say, ze sparks are

flying?" She said as she kissed Bill on the lips and melted into his arms.

"In fact, we have something to discuss with everyone at dinner tonight. Where is mum anyway?" He asked.

Speak of the devil, Molly walked in to the kitchen with Arthur and when she saw him she exclaimed, "Bill! Oh my boy is home." She said running over to him and wrapping her arms as far around his wide shoulders as she could. Fleur had the sense to get out of the way when she saw the redheaded rocket headed her way. "And who is this you were so cozy with?" She asked turning toward the older Veela in question.

"Fleur Delacour Maman Weasley." Fleur said holding out her hand. Molly pushed it away and pulled the girl into a hug, "Nonsense, if you and my Bill are that close you can call me Molly. Speaking of which.." She asked pulling the girls hand up to her face. Suddenly the rest of the room gasped, none of them excepting Gabrielle and Bill had seen the shiny diamond ring that adorned her left ring finger.

"Wait What?" Ginny exclaimed running over to examine the ring with Hermione in closely in tow.

Molly suddenly lost her cheerful demeanor. "Just how does my son get engaged before I have even met the girl in question?" She asked giving him the evil eye.

"We only got engaged a few days ago, we have been dating for nearly two years now. I thought you met her at the tournament?" He asked trying to sidestep an argument.

"We watched her compete, that is hardly the same as meeting her." She turned back to the girl. "Not that I disapprove, but I barely know you!" A tear streaked its way down her face.

"Molly, we av not even zet a date for ze ceremony, surely you and I weel know one another before zen, Non?" Fleur said in broken English.

"I suppose...As long as you are happy my Bill. You are all grown up after all.." She trailed off to a surprised look from her oldest son.

"Tha..thanks mum that means a lot to me." He stammered out still stunned and wondering if this was really Molly Weasley.

"And who is this lovely young lady?" Molly asked lightly, but noticed the looks she was throwing at her daughter's boyfriend.

"Zees is my leetle sister Gabrielle. She is staying with me pour l ete..er for ze summer. I 'ope eet is not an eemposition?" She asked looking between Harry and the Weasley Matriarch, not sure who to ask.

Harry nodded at Molly's look, and the woman sighed. "No dear, it will be lovely to have more people in this old house. Those four keep to themselves, If it is alright with Harry you can pick out a couple of rooms on the second floor."

Harry nodded again, "I would love for you to stay here, all three of you. Order business or not you are family and friends and more than welcome." He said with a smile.

They nodded and headed towards the stairs to pick out rooms. Gabrielle smiled predatorily at him as she walked past, Ginny giggled again. "Oh this is going to be good."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

After dinner found the group hanging out in the training room in its conversation mode. Ron and Hermione were sitting in one area talking to Bill and Fleur. And Harry, Ginny, and Gabrielle were sitting on a couch across from Fred and George playing Exploding Snap. The table was raised to a height suitable for playing games, and there were Butterbeers for everyone. Except for Ron who eyed everyone else with Jealousy.

The conversation was light, but under the table Gabrielle kept placing her hand on Harry's knee, which was bouncing up and down with his nerves. Ginny was enjoying his discomfort a little too much for his liking. But he supposed that after what happened earlier, she was already mentally separating herself from him. She seemed happy enough to still be with him intimately, as demonstrated in a quick session before the others had gathered outside his room. But she was happy enough to see him with other women as well. He just didn't know why she thought it was such a great idea for Gabrielle to



be flirting with him. As if Bill wanting to hurt him for dating her wasn't bad enough, what would he do if he found out that Harry had the hots for his soon-to-be sister in law as well?

As he let his mind drift too far three of his cards exploded in his hand and he stuck the offended fingers in his mouth. "Stupid Veela charm." He mumbled to himself eliciting a giggle from Ginny, and an odd look from the Twins who looked to be about to win again. Gabrielle just grinned at him. Soon the party broke up with Fred and George saying they needed to get up early the next morning to work on the shop, but promising to attend his party the following afternoon. Bill and Fleur were hoping for some alone time before Gabrielle was ready for bed, and Ron and Hermione wanted the same thing, but were smart enough not to voice it. Soon it was only the three of them sitting on the couch. The sex-god, the witch who liked to watch, and the quarter-Veela who wanted to claim him.

"So..." Harry said feeling rather nervous all of a sudden; he had plenty of time to get used to his study partners. But the knockout next to him had been sprung on him and he really had no idea how to talk to her.

Ginny laughed again, she had been doing that all night drawing strange stares from her brothers. "So..." She said enjoying his discomfort.

Gabrielle did not waste any time. "Harry, you are dating her zen?"

Harry nodded at the same time as Ginny shook her head. He looked at her with betrayal written on his face. "We were dating Gabrielle, now we are just special friends." She said confirming his earlier suspicions.

Gabrielle suddenly became more animated. "Oh? What is zis, Special Friend?"

Harry tried to find his voice when Ginny smiled at him and asked, "Yes Harry, please explain to our guest what kind of Special Friends we are?"

"Um.." He began not knowing how he could tell the girl they basically used each other. They were shag buddies in all but one way. Seeing his nervousness Gabrielle seemed to catch on quickly.

"Ah" she said sagely.

Harry looked at her in disbelief. "Ah what?" he said confused, hoping she didn't know exactly what it meant.

"Harry, I am fourteen, but I am also Veela, we understand these things instinctually." She said scooting closer to him and resting her hand on his thigh once more. "I especially so, my seester does not inherit as much of zee Veela as I do for some reason." She raised her hand higher on his thigh.

Harry panicked but as trapped as Ginny was not moving from his other side. "Uh...I don't..what are you doing?" He squeaked as she moved her hand again.

"I told you I never got to express my gratitude. You are my hero. Ze Headmaster was an idiot, Merpeoples are enemies with all magical races except for humankind. Why did you think Fleur did not make it to my rescue?" She asked.

"I thought it was Grindylows. That is what everyone was told." Harry said.

"Ah but none of zem could see into ze lake could they?" She asked.

"Non, I mean no, I could barely see." He said, getting into the story he was losing some of his nerves.

"Ze Merpeople attacked her for crossing zeir borders, and if you 'ad not saved me, I would have been kept until ze charms wore off and I awoke under ze water." Gabrielle stated with tears forming in her eyes, the most beautiful tears ever, but tears nonetheless.

He pulled her into his arms instinctively after years of practice with Hermione and the last week of advanced training. She sniffled into his shoulder and slipped herself on to his lap. "I am yours Harry, eef you want me?" She pleaded with her eyes.

He looked at Ginny, but rather than help, which she never did. Or encourage the other girl like normal. She had tears in her eyes as well. "Bloody hell." Harry exclaimed and pulled her to his other shoulder. He let the two witches cry themselves out before he spoke.

"Gabrielle I would be a very lucky man, but I do not want a sex slave. I have a special friend and that is enough for the time being. But please don't be sad."

She looked at the other girl and then back to him. "And can I be zis special friend as well?" She asked.

He shook his head. "I don't feel right taking advantage of you like that, and I don't know you well enough to date you."

Ginny pulled him into a hug and whispered in his ear. "Harry you need to practice, and you never know, she might be the one." He shook his head but she grabbed both of his cheeks and kissed him quickly. "Yes, Harry. I already decided that at your party tomorrow I was letting you go. We can still have fun together don't get me wrong, but if any opportunities arise this summer you are to take them. Understand?" She said staring into his eyes. Gabrielle looked back and forth between them confused.

"Opportunities?" she said the word not knowing if she was translating it correctly.

"Harry has never known real love in his life. Hermione and I have decided to change that, and I am forcing him to date as many women as possible before my OWL year is done." Ginny said looking at the girl.

"Ah yes, I understand, at Beauxbatons zose in the fifth year seem as though they are always studying Non? It ees a bad time to make ze relationship." She nodded in agreement with herself.

"No offense but aren't you a little young for this?" Harry said trying to find a way out. He had just shagged his first girl that afternoon, he wasn't ready to add more girls to his budding Harem.

She shook her head and smiled at the two of them. "Do not be fooled by my age, as Veela I am considered adult at fourteen." She gave him a serious look before she continued. "And I am no stranger to ze ways of a man Harry. I did not save myself for you, I am sorry but sex is like air to me even as only quarter Veela. I did not know if I will ever see you again, so I move on and have many other lovers. Do you think me dame de le nuit?"

Harry applied what he knew of Latin to the foreign words and came up with woman and night, he understood the meaning. "No Gabrielle, had you asked me that a week ago I would have called you a slag." She looked at him curiously. "Um, scarlet woman? Lady of the night?" She nodded at that last. "However now I know that sex is just an expression of feeling between two people. I have found out the more feeling the better it is, but I do not look down on anyone any more just because they like pleasure." He finished remarkably cool headed. He laughed, stopped suddenly. Then laughed again as he realized he sounded like Hermione reciting text from memory.

Both of the girls looked at him strangely. "Sorry, I was channeling Hermione there for a second and I amazed myself that I got it all out without stuttering once." Gabrielle nodded and then surprised him mid laugh by straddling his thigh and kissing him.

The kiss shot through his system like an electric shock, he may be partially immune to Veela charm. But she was a damn good kisser, and that five percent of him that still reacted to her did so with force. He kissed her back for a full minute before he broke for air and pulled back trying to gather his senses. "Damn!" he said before realizing he spoke out loud.

"God that was hot." Ginny whispered in his ear. He turned a shocked face towards her meaning to whisper something back but she captured his lips just as Gabrielle did. Surprising him the kiss shook him nearly as much as the last one had. "Damn." He said again, then remembered what he had been about to say and leaned into her ear.

"So my sexy witch likes other sexy witches now? Not just Hermione?" he asked in a sultry voice that caused the moisture to pool in her knickers.

"Only when they are with you Harry, except for Hermione of course." She added as an afterthought.

"Of course." He said sarcastically.

Gabrielle cleared her throat and gave them both a look that said she was supposed to be the center of attention. And apparently guessing what they were discussing she leaned across Harry and

captured the redheads lips in her own. Harry watched as their tongues did battle inches in front of his eyes and groaned, as his pants grew tighter.

"Damn is right!" Ginny said when she finally had to pull away.

"I never say zat my lovers were all men." Gabrielle said with a raised eyebrow dropping her hand onto his erection. "You like what you see Harry?"

"Ginny, You are going to kill me before Voldemort ever gets the chance." Harry groaned out. "Absolutely no help." He trailed off and Gabrielle kissed him again and Ginny leaned in to nibble on his neck. He pulled back. "First of all this really is no place to do this, I do not fancy Bill or Fleur walking in here to find you." He said pushing them both off his lap.

"Mine seester knows what I 'ave planned Harry, I deed not know you 'ad votre petite amie. She will still understand, she is Veela after all. I know she has had other woman in Williams bed." She smiled at the shocked look on Ginny's face.

"Please Ginevra, it is no uncommon in magical Europe to have many wives. Or recognized lovers." The petite girl shrugged.

"I just worry about Hermione's reaction." Ginny said. Gabrielle looked confused for a few moments before looking at Harry in shock.

"Non! Harry vous goujon! You stud. Does Ronald know?" She asked curiously. When they both blushed Gabrielle was even more surprised but quickly tensed a bit before asking. "I am not ze judge, but Ginevra and Ronald...do zey?"

"NO!" both chorused as Ginny pretended to heave over the side of the sofa.

"Oh, okay so Ronald he is okay with ze arrangement?" She asked still wanting to understand.

Harry cleared his throat. "Ron and Hermione have a strange relationship. Hermione wants eventually to make a real relationship but Ron is still too immature for her. So she takes out her

frustrations on us. And then we frustrate her back and she takes out her frustrations on him."

Gabrielle once again looked confused. "So you and Hermione do not beurrez le muffin?" She asked.

Ginny giggled, apparently her French was better than Harry's as she smiled at the girl. "Just this afternoon if you must know."

Gabrielle nodded. "I will deal with her, she simply needs to be told what to do and when to be quiet." The little girl said with conviction. Harry and Ginny shared a look and giggled. "I think zat Hermione likes to be le docile, and Ronald does not take charge. Do you take charge Harry?" She asked curiously.

In response he quickly disentangled from Ginny and picked the small girl up placing her on his lap and ran his hands under her shirt and raked them down her back as he kissed her rather thoroughly. She let out almost a purr and set her head into his shoulder. "Oh my," she panted, "Vous serez mon maitre? My master?" She asked trying to remember what language to speak.

"Gabrielle please. I really have no idea what to do in this situation Gabrielle. I have been friends with Ginny and Hermione for the best years of my life. I can't just use you."

To his surprise she grinned at him and nodded her head vehemently. "Please Harry? You are he I dream about for two years, and it is my nature to submit to you. It will bring me great pleasure if you use me and zen make me sleep at ze foot of your bed. I just want to please you." She said rocking slightly against his still hard cock.

He kissed her softly before pulling away, "Gabrielle I'm sorry, but I need to know you better. You are the most beautiful girl I have ever met, but I have my hands full at the moment."

She looked at him with tears in her eyes. "You are rejecting me?"

"I am asking for time Gabrielle, please be my friend, let me get to know you, in fact you can be the first girl on my schedule. So we are now officially dating, but I will not just use you for sex. Understand?"

"But Harry, I am ze submissive, please tell me what to do." She leaned in and kissed him passionately once again. She moaned into his mouth and pulled back, she licked his ear lightly before she whispered. "Command me master."

"I am a very lucky man Gabrielle, but I am not ready to take you to my bed." He said as he lid his hand up her thigh and under short skirt. Ginny leaned and kissed the girl once more.

"Give him time, you are his first Oppurtunity you lucky girl."

She moaned a little after this kiss but nodded at her words. "Will you please touch me Harry?" She said and grabbing his hand she placed in over her soaked knickers. "If you will not take me, will you please do zis?"

Ginny leaned in and whispered in his ear. "You have to start somewhere Harry. Remember you promised."

Nodding he leaned in and kissed the girl once more before moving his fingers in small circles, rubbing her clit through the fabric of her very thin knickers. She moaned into his mouth in response and reached down pulling her knickers aside so that his finger met her warm wet pussy instead. "More master, please?" She whined into his ear.

He stopped fighting and kissed her again, placing a finger at her entrance he slowly pushed it inside, causing her to buck in his lap. He increased his pace and once his finger was all the way inside her he located that spot that...

"Mon deu!" Gabrielle cried and began trying to ride his hand. Harry kept it up as she kissed him once again, and soon she came all over his hand. He slowly withdrew from her as he kissed her one last time.

"Goodnight Gabrielle." He whispered and Ginny pulled the girl to her feet, and towards the stairs. Both turned and smiled at him over their shoulders before decending.

"Bloody Hell, Luckiest Unlucky man in the world!" He exclaimed to the empty room. Getting up he headed in to bed, tomorrow was going to be an important day after all.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione had disappeared with Ron into his room, once again locking the door. She was a combination of nerves and jealousy and that did not work out well for pleasing her boyfriend. Not unless he would talk her down first.

He pulled off his shirt and placed his hands at her hips, but before he could pull her shirt off she stopped him. "I can't yet Ron, I'm too worked up." She said and sat in the desk chair.

"Huh?" Ron asked intelligently, putting his Chess Master brain to good use.

"That little Veela was all over him! And Ginny just let her do it, and did you see the way she was looking at him?" Ron listened confused until he realized she was talking about Harry, his mood darkened considerably.

"Harry bloody Potter, do you really think I care if he gets to shag one more witch? Do we really need to talk about him during my time?" he asked with venom.

Hermione froze when he used the phrase 'shag one more witch' how could he know? "Um.." She said suddenly at a loss. "You should be upset! She might try to take him from Ginny!" Hermione said trying to recover.

"No, Harry told me he and Gin were breaking up before school started anyway because of her OWL's or something. Honestly that girl needs to get her priorities straight."

That got her fired up. "There is nothing wrong with wanting good grades Ronald, life does not begin and end in a Bloody Broom Closet!" She half shouted at him.

"Language Mione." He said smiling at her.

"Don't call me that, is this all I really am to you? A quick way to get off without having to do it yourself? I just want to have a conversation with my Boyfriend about his best mate!"



Ron turned red. "I..You know I care about you Hermione, why else would I tell Harry he could shag you rotten as long as you came back to me?" He shouted at her.

"Because you great git, you don't want to lose access to this!" She said pulling her shirt off.

His eyes were glued to her chest for a few seconds before he spoke, trying to calm her down. "Uh..No Hermione that isn't it at all. I just want you to be happy is all." He said quietly.

"No Ron, you just want me to keep you happy." She said sighing as tears began to fall. "Why wont this work?" She asked nobody in particular.

"We can make it work." Ron said tentatively sitting beside her on the queen-sized bed.

"I don't think so Ron..I just couldn't admit it to myself until now. I never failed at anything before." She said as the tears fell.

"Hermione please, lets not just end it like this, I can be better, just give me a chance yeah?" He asked, wondering if she was right and he only wanted to use her.

"Ron I need a few days without us to think about it alright? I'm not breaking up with you just yet..I just need time to think about it." She said quietly as she stood and put her shirt back on. She turned and kissed him again trying to muster any real feeling toward him that she wasn't just channeling from her study partners. It didn't work.

"Mione look, I release you from your oath okay? Does that make it easier?" She felt the magic snap inside her but shook her head sadly.

"Maybe after Harry's party or the next day I will know all right?" She asked him.

His face getting redder by the second as he realized what was happening he said as quietly as he could. "Yeah, I suppose."

And she turned and fled into the bathroom across the hall to cry her eyes out. She couldn't face Harry and Ginny like this.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Ginny knocked on the only closed door on the second floor and heard a thump she could now identify as someone falling off the bed. "Don't get up on my account you two, I just wanted to let you know Gabrielle will be staying across the hall." She called out.

"Uh, Thanks midget. Go away now." Bill called back.

Giggling she walked down the hallway toward the hidden staircase. She sauntered slowly to give herself time to think.

Smiling she imagined what the two would look like together. She wanted Harry, she wanted Hermione, and she wanted any girl who wanted Harry. This week had been full of surprising revelations about herself. She figured out she really did like girls, it wasn't just a Hermione crush thing. She had loosened the morals that her mother had force fed her for nearly fifteen years and did not have a guilt complex, which was surprising. Her mother of all people had given her money for a contraceptive potion and simply told her to be careful. Yes things were definitely different this summer.

And then there was what had happened just that afternoon. She had watched her boyfriend shag her best friend. And loved every single second of it. She did not think she would ever be able to top her new number one erotic moment. Though if she had been asked after Harry accidentally came on her the first time, she would have said the same thing.

Definitely a surprising summer, but she would not change any of it for all the gold in Gringott's.

She popped the door and made her way up one level, before turning and heading down that hallway as well. She walked slowly down the hall thinking to herself. When he heard someone's quick footfalls behind her and was nearly knocked over by a lumbering Ron.

"Ron, what the hell?" She shouted at him. "Where are you running off to in a hissy?" She called out.

"Butterbeer." Was his only response as he stomped down the stairs. She wondered why Hermione would let him have Butterbeer when she heard a sob coming from the bathroom down the hall.

"Oh no..." She cottoned on as she hurried to the bathroom door. "Mione?" She called out quietly.

"Go away Gin I can't talk to you right now..." She paused her crying long enough to tell the other girl.

"Ron just went to get a Butterbeer, I take it you two aren't doing well then?" Ginny asked lightly.

Hermione laughed, "No you think?" Before sobbing again.

"Let me in Mione," The door remained firmly closed. Ginny remembered what Gabrielle had said earlier and took on a commanding tone. "Mione open this door Now."

The sobbing stopped suddenly, Ginny didn't know if she was scared or confused. But the lock turned. She opened the door to find Hermione sitting on the edge of the tub with half a roll of toilet paper in balls around her. She quickly closed the door and locked it behind her, wishing she could add a silencing charm.

"So?" She said with a raised eyebrow.

"I..I told him I needed a few days to get my head on straight. I needed to talk to him and he just wanted a bloody shag." Hermione said poisonously.

"My brother is highly intelligent for being an idiot." Ginny said sitting next to her and gathering up the used tissue to be placed in the trashcan. "What were you trying to talk to him about?" She asked.

"That thing in the kitchen." Hermione practically growled.

"Mione, since when are you racist? What about elves, are they things too?" Ginny asked her calmly.

"What? No of course not, but you saw how Harry reacted to her Veela charms. She is going to sink her hooks into him. That isn't

love Gin, we have to stop her!" Hermione said her tears suddenly stopping.

"Mione I saw how he reacted to Fleur as well. While you were restraining my dear brother from humping her leg, Harry was smiling at me." Ginny said trying to get her point across to the other girl. She slipped her arm around Hermione's shoulders. "So what's this really about?"

"I can't lose him Gin. He's my best friend and I can't tell him I am in love with him..." Hermione trailed off with fear etched into her face. Ginny just smiled at her.

"Well duh Hermione, you have been in love with him, real love for years. Don't think that changes the way I feel." The redhead said in a wise tone of voice. "To tell the truth I am this close to being head over heels in love with him as well. The question is what are you going to do about it?" Ginny asked.

"Nothing, he is my best friend and I couldn't stand to lose that because we had some stupid fight. Look what happened with Ron." Hermione said with tears starting again. Ginny pulled her into a hug and let the girl cry.

"How are you so sure he would reject you? Just tell him and get it over with. Maybe we don't have to go through with the plan." Ginny said though her tone of voice at the end expressed disappointment.

Hermione shook her head. "He needs the chance to see if he can find his own happiness, I don't want him to feel obligated to be with me. Besides I know a certain someone who is looking forward to sharing him." Hermione said finally cracking a smile.

Ginny smiled back, "I think someone else has a thing for watching too." Hermione promptly blushed.

"I..I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh come off it Mione, you couldn't stand to see us even accidentally going at it without getting yourself off, are you saying you don't want to watch him pound that little Veela into the mattress before pounding into you while you clean her out?" Ginny shivered and her face got flushed imagining the possibilities.

Hermione was stunned, mentally she was preparing to say no, but the sudden head rush and pooling moisture between her legs told her the truth. "Oh God! Ginny what am I going to do? I'm such a bloody slut!" she said hiding her face in embarrassment.

"Stop that right now, my girlfriend is not a slut, even if she did fool around with my brother." Ginny shivered playfully. "You never did shag him did you?" She asked only half teasing.

"No that was the problem.. After Harry earlier I was done for. I would have felt like I was cheating on Harry when I was with Ron. I just needed to talk to him, to get my head on straight. It could have been fixed but he just spouted off at me at usual." She said with a frown, which promptly turned into a smile. "So I'm your girlfriend?" She asked hopefully.

"That depends on two things." Ginny said and Hermione waited with baited breath. "One, there is a little girl who ended up snogging our boyfriend senseless after I convinced him it was okay, does that bother you or excite you?" Hermione blushed but quickly nodded her agreement with the end of the statement.

"Good, then the second is this, Hermione will you be my girlfriend?" She asked. In response Hermione pressed her lips against Ginny's forcefully and begged entrance to her mouth with her tongue. Ginny wrapped both arms around the other girl and opened up, her tongue dancing along with the other girls.

Panting Ginny pulled back, "So, what are we going to do with leetle Gabrielle?" She asked standing up and offering Hermione a hand.

"We are going to go welcome her properly some day soon. But now I want another good shagging!" Hermione said with a grin.

The two left the bathroom and headed up to what they hoped would be a very memorable evening.

## Chapter 20: I Like Girls

Harry lay contemplating all that was right in the world, in his head he held the image of his fingers inside of Gabrielle, he did not notice the girls standing in the doorway watching him idly stroke himself. Quickly undressing to nothing they both approached quietly and quickly lay down beside the occupant of the bed.

Harry looked up as he felt the weight shift. "Ah there are my two lovelies now." He said, having waxed poetic after talking to Gabrielle for so long. French just did that to him he guessed. Hermione leaned over top of him and kissed him longingly with her breasts smashed into his shoulder. Ginny then did the same.

"So.." He asked the air.

"So, you were having a little fun without us I see?" Hermione said grasping his cock firmly in her hand.

Harry just stared at the bushy haired girl. Gone was the lack of confidence from this afternoon. Gone were the guilty looks while she talked about shagging him soundly. "Mione, pardon the language, but what the hell happened to you?"

"I am taking a break with Ron, I don't know if we can fix it or not, all I do know is I am tired of you feeling guilty and tired of keeping myself in check. Please fuck me Harry?" She asked him as she slid onto his lap.

"Hermione I don't think I could ever just fuck you. You mean more to me than that."

"Harry, less talking more of this." She begged him playfully rubbing her wet slit against him.

Harry rolled over on top of Hermione. "If you want me to fuck you properly, then we need to be in the proper position." He said quietly into her ear. She promptly spread her legs wide beckoning him to her. Rather than dive right in he took his time to explore her body as he had done with Ginny's.

He began at her jawline and kissed his way slowly down to her collarbone, then back up and kissed her lips. She tried to wrap her

legs around him to pull him closer he arched his back and pulled away. Kissing her collarbone once again.

He trailed his kisses down to her breasts, which he then took in each hand marveling at the weight and softness of them. He had been dreaming of handling her like this for ages, and seeing the object of his fantasies on a daily basis was driving him mad. He took one nipple into his mouth and slowly languished attention upon it while he lightly tweaked her other as he had watched her do now many times during his sessions with Ginny. Hermione let out a long moan of suffering and ecstasy.

Meanwhile Ginny lay playing with herself, slowly building to orgasm, but knowing that only one of these two would be able to give her any real relief.

Harry had made his way past Hermione's stomach and was kissing his way as slowly as possible down her shaved mound toward the object of his ultimate plan. Hermione was shuddering uncontrollably and had her fists wrapped tightly in the sheets. She was barely keeping her screams from escaping. And the tension in her body as she tried to stave off an orgasm from Harry simply touching her was rapidly weakening her muscles. "Harry please?" She pleaded with him.

Finally he lay down on the bed even with her centre. He examined her visually for a moment, noting the subtle differences between she and Ginny. And then reverently he placed his mouth over her dripping entrance and licked all the way to her clit in one smooth motion. That pushed her over the edge and she screamed into the pillow next to her, only barely muffling her cries as her entire body arched off the mattress making it difficult for Harry to maintain contact. Her vision began to tunnel and the room was going dark. "Harry... Please... No more... Need you... inside me... please..." She panted as he continued to lap at her clit, never letting her come down from the peak of her orgasm.

After 45 seconds of pure pleasure he finally relented and let her collapse back to the mattress. She did everything she could to steady her breathing and remain conscious long enough to enjoy finally being dominated and taken forcefully by the man in front of her. "Now Harry, please? I need you inside me, I want to feel you

cum inside me..." She pleaded with him even as her breathing did not even out.

Ginny finally released a quiet cry of pleasure as her first small orgasm rolled through her. Ginny felt nowhere near to passing out as Hermione appeared to be.

Harry stared into Hermione's eyes as he slowly plunged her depths. Finally his balls rested against her bum and he was filling her fully. Hermione's eyes rolled back into her head and she groaned as he stretched her wonderfully. "Please Harry, before I pass out." She took a shuddering breath. "So good..Please cum inside me again? Please fuck me?" She asked him.

Without answer Harry began to slowly rock inside her, pulling out a little more with each stroke and building speed until his balls were slapping against her. She cried out in ecstasy, her words nearly unintelligible except for the occasional. "Faster... Harder... Gods!"

With a strangled cry Harry came into her pushing her over the edge a final time before she lost consciousness with a large grin plastered to her face, nearly drooling. Ginny came again at the same time. Ginny had lost count of small orgasms and she could not wait until the day that Harry could do the same to her.

Harry had collapsed on top of the other girl, but when he saw the expression on his face he quickly lost his fear about hurting her. Pulling out of her slowly he rolled over and lay on his side facing the girls. "Bloody brilliant that was." Harry said with his eyes half lidded.

Rolling over Ginny then began lapping at the cum pooled between Hermione's legs, waking her with a start as the pleasure washed through her system. She looked down to see Ginny's little pink tongue working its magic and felt another orgasm begin in her clit and burn its way through the rest of her nerves. "Oh Gods Ginny!" Hermione screamed as Ginny finished with the rest of the leftovers.

Feeling a bit randy and remembering what Hermione told the Veela at the start Ginny lay down on the bed and pulled Hermione on top of her. "Mione, please?" She asked. When Hermione looked confused Ginny changed her tone. "Now Hermione, between my legs!" Hermione jumped to comply before she realized what she was doing. She was now staring at the redheads exposed sex in awe.



"Gin I don't know how.. I..." She said trailing off, she was excited and scared at the same time. Harry lay enraptured by the site before him. He had not dreamed that Hermione might return Ginny's favor.

"Pretend I am you for a moment, what would you want me to do?" Ginny asked her.

Tentatively Hermione raked her nails down the girls thigh from her knee. And when she was close enough, she placed her thumbs on either side of the girls slit and pulled slightly. The girls flower opened up before her, the hood of her clit raised up and revealed the soft pearl beneath, and Hermione could see straight into the girls eager sex, showcasing that she was the only virgin left in the room.

Licking her lips, and then her fingers, Hermione slowly slid one finger inside the redhead eliciting a surprised moan. Hermione looked at her fearfully but she just closed her eyes and nodded. Enjoying Hermione's first time almost as the girl herself was. Tentatively she turned her hand and made a come-here motion as she had read and the girl on the bed arched her back immediately. "Damn Mione! Please, keep going."

Meanwhile Harry had begun to stroke himself as he watched. Not enough to orgasm but enough to cause him intense pleasure as he watched the bookworm turned kinky, eat out her best female friend.

Hermione slid that finger out, and joined it with another. Ginny hissed a little as Hermione slowly stretched her opening, but did not break the girls barrier. With her fingers in position she leaned in and tentatively began lapping at the girls clit, imagining what would feel good to her. Soon she joined her tongue to the rhythm oh her fingers and Ginny was bucking wildy beneath her ministrations. "Gods Mioneeeee, please...just a little more... AAAAHhhhhhhh." The redhead screamed as she released the orgasm that had been building since Gabrielle had kissed Harry earlier. Hermione felt the gush of fluid on her hand and chin, and removing her fingers gently began to lap up all that she could reach. Now she understood why Ginny insisted on cleaning her up after Harry was done with her. Ginny tasted strangely bitter with a fruit like sweetness mixed in. Hermione imagined Harry mixed in and moaned aloud, causing another small orgasm from the younger girl.

Finally Hermione crawled back up alongside the redhead and kissed her fully on the mouth. "You I can tell, I think I love you Ginny." She whispered and kissed her again. Ginny brought a hand up to the back of Hermione's head and pulled her deeper as the girl wrapped her arms around.

Harry had his eyes closed and was simply concentrating on pleasuring himself to the edge before backing down. In his head he was trying to figure out how one male and three females would share equal pleasure. While daydreaming of the perfectly formed blonde downstairs he did not hear a thing the girls were saying at the other end of the bed.

"I have had a crush on you since my second year, and unlike Harry I never gave up the one on you Mione." She said quietly. "I think I love Harry, I know I love you." She smiled and Hermione plunged in again for another kiss with a huge smile on her face. "You love him?" She asked when she pulled away.

"I think I really do, but I am not going to take away his fun at school this year. You?" She whispered back. Hermione glanced over her at him touching himself and shuddered with pleasure.

"Not on your life." She said with lust in her eyes.

"What about my brother?" Ginny asked quietly.

"Looks like I landed one Weasley, I'm not greedy enough to want two." Hermione said giggling.

As they gazed into each others eyes, not believing what they had just admitted to each other, they heard Harry groaning his release as he finally went over the edge. They watched as a long stream of cum shot out and landed directly on Harry's chest. He opened his eyes realizing what he had done and looked extremely embarrassed.

"My turn," Hermione said as she got up and moved over to him. She quickly lapped up every last drop. Hermione then slid down his chest and began cleaning his tool as well to which he groaned. She was not able to take him into her mouth so instead she licked every inch of him including his balls which he found extremely scary, and extremely pleasurable. Finally she straddled him and walked herself up his body. And leaned in to kiss him.

He tasted a bit of everything on her breath. He analyzed it slowly as he deepened the kiss with her. He moaned into her mouth as she ground against his cock but he was just too spent to get hard again, and remained just hard enough for her to rub against him. He could taste himself on her, realizing what she was saying about his taste. He had also heard that cum tasted nasty, mostly in off color jokes in the dorm. He also tasted bitter almond and overripe strawberry. Finally Hermione ended the kiss and Harry looked up to find Ginny playing with herself once again.

"Your turn." He said rolling over and walking up the bed to her.

She spread her legs for him and pulled him down to her. His unfortunately still flagging member meant there was currently no danger of an accident. He simply began kissing her. Running his fingers through her hair and down her sides. Eliciting light moans and sighs of pleasure. He pulled back a bit and began teasing her nipples, his manhood hanging along her slit. They both jumped a bit when Hermione began lapping back and forth between his cock and her wet entrance where they lay partially together.

Harry felt himself finally starting to stir again. And as he reached full mast he lay back atop her. Propping himself up on his arms he stared down into her brown eyes. "Gin, all of this is because of you. Hermione and I would still be dancing around each other and I would have refused Gabrielle outright. It all revolves around you pushing me to find love and giving them a chance." He kissed her again quickly as he saw tears starting to form in her eyes.

"Harry, I want you to promise me you will go through with the plan ok? Even if you don't fall in love with any of them, I want you to promise me you will at least try dating them. If you shag them rotten I wont be angry alright?"

He looked at her quizzically, "Okay Gin but I already promised you that, why?" He asked her.

She placed his cock at her entrance and began moving it in small circles, unbeknownst to him, slowly stretching herself. "Because I have something to say to you that would cause you to call the whole thing off, and I want to watch you shag every girl in Hogwarts that will have you."

Once again he looked at her completely lost. "I don't understand Gin, if that is what you want you know I will do it."

She locked her ankles behind his back and pulled him all the way inside her breaking her barrier with barely a hint of pain before her pelvis touched his, and his cock bottomed out against her womb. She had done all this before he could react. His eyes grew wide at what had just happened.

"Gin! I'm so sorry, you wanted to wait.." She cut him off.

"Until I knew I was in love Harry." She waited patiently for his brain to catch up.

"Gin? You..Love me?" he asked with disbelief plain on his face.

She grinned and nodded as she wiggled her hips a bit. "And you're just going to have to share me with any girl who wants you, I'm yours." She told him as he moved inside her.

"Gods Harry I have wanted this for so long. Please make love to me?" She asked and he slowed his pace. He did not notice the tears of happiness on Hermione's face as walked through the passageway and closed it behind her. Her oath no longer in effect she could give them the time alone that new couples should have.

## Chapter 21: At Last!

Harry stared down at the girl beneath him as he slowly made love to her. She had her eyes closed in ecstasy but it was not the same simple need for pleasure they had shared in the past. She looked like he completed her. And when he thought about it, those three little words made him feel whole.

Slowly, gently, he continued to rock inside her. He had already come twice tonight and was nowhere near it again now. This suited him perfectly; as he did not ever want to stop the way he was feeling right now.

He noticed that Hermione had disappeared, back to her room he assumed. And suddenly understood that not only had she broken up with Ron, he had released her from her oath somehow. For the next half hour they moved in rhythm to one another, Ginny orgasming softly every few minutes but never tiring of having him inside her. Finally he needed to know, what was he feeling, could he tell her he loved her as well?

"Gin." He said and she looked up at him in adoration. "How do you know?" It was a simple four word question, but he couldn't figure it out for the life of him.

"She moaned quietly as he continued to move inside of her slowly. "I just... do Harry." She said. "I will do anything to make or keep you happy." She looked up at him for a reaction, but couldn't quite make out his emotions.

"Is that all it takes?" He asked, and he kissed her again as her eyes fluttered closed and he felt the gentle massage her muscles gave him as she came once again.

"No, I would also die to protect you. I would rather you live, than live without you." She said quietly gazing into his eyes. He continued to move and she continued to enjoy every exquisite second of it.

"Please don't Gin, I don't think I would want to live without you." Or Mione.. a surprising thought entered his head.

"Then you will just have to stay out of danger, or accept that we are going to be there with you." She said and rolled them over so she was now on top of him setting the pace.

"Why Gin? Why do you think I still need to date all these girls? What will I gain by shagging them, if you love me?" He questioned through gritted teeth. The extra pressure and increased movement were getting to him. When he was in control he could draw his orgasm out as long as he wanted, but she was pushing him.

"God Harry!" She shouted quietly as she rocked a little harder. "For one, because I like to watch you get other witches off okay?" She asked him as she threw her head back and moaned.

"Is that a good enough reason though..oh..grrr." He caught her hips and held her still for a moment as he groaned, trying to keep from cumming and ruining the perfect moment. She sat him up and wrapped her arms around his neck. Kissing him even as he held his breath.

His breathing coming back to normal he released her hips and she began to rock slightly again. But he was sitting now, and while he did not penetrate as deeply, he felt the increased movement around the head of his cock and groaned in pleasure.

"Do you know you are in love with me Harry Potter?" She asked him without stopping her movement.

"I know I feel a lot of what you just said, but how am I supposed to know? I can't tell you that. I..I'm.." He trailed off and wrapped his arms around her and falling back onto the mattress pulling her with him. He continued to hold her as he set the pace once more. It was tiring work, but he knew it was worth it. He never wanted to leave her again. "I can't tell you that yet..." She noticed his tone and tried to head off his depression.

"Harry, Hermione and I are in love, we just figured it out while watching you get yourself off." She whispered to him and he bucked his hips on accident eliciting a shriek of pleasure from her and a groan from him before he slowed his pace back down.

"I still don't get it. I am happy for you though Gin." He said at a loss for words.

"I figured out I was in love with you and her at the same time Harry. I like girls Harry, I like watching you with Girls. And I want to watch you with as many girls as I can." She told him as she began adding her own movements to his. He was helpless to stop her and finally he released her from his bear hug and let her set her own pace once more, it was much easier than fighting her.

"We are never going to have a normal relationship, at the very least Hermione will always be a part of our lives. So why should we even try to be normal by societies standards?" She asked him.

Groaning as she pushed him as deep as she could he answered. "You know that isn't fair, smart witches are my weakness." He said groaning again and trying to stop the tingling in his balls. "But I see your point. That still doesn't answer my question though, we could even include Gabrielle and I would be happy." He told her as she began moving in circles in his lap, causing whole new sensations for both of them.

"But do you know you are in love with either of us Harry? Can you promise that you will fall in love with us?" She asked him as she moved faster building towards another orgasm on her part.

"You know I can't say that. I feel something for both of you but I don't know what it means to be 'In Love' properly." He gave up and rolled her over again, knowing he was going to cum soon but wanting to draw it out as long as he possibly could.

"Then there is a good enough reason to give Hermione and I what we want. We get to fantasize about, certainly hear about, possibly watch, and if we are lucky participate while you shag all of those girls. Harry there is nothing sexier than seeing another witch orgasm and knowing my boyfriend did that." She said trying to bring him around, and urging him to move faster with her heels digging into his back.

"Oh, so now I'm your boyfriend again?" He asked her with a grin.

"Only if you remember its my OWL year and you will just have to get loving somewhere else when I'm busy." She grinned back.

"Fine I give up Gin, I... What are you going to do if I fall in love with one of the other girls?" He asked her.

"Gods Harry please stop making love to me and Fuck me!" She growled at him. "I'll tell you afterward." Always aiming to please and knowing he didn't have long left anyway he unmercifully pounded into her for another minute. Finally she screamed out his name and passed out as he filled her with an hour-long buildup of semen.

He lay inside of her just staring at her unconscious form. Knowing she would come around soon. It was all he could do to hold himself up but he wanted his answer and knew if he collapsed they would sleep until morning. His abused member finally deflated and with a wet plop was forced out of her. He pulled back and just watched as his cum began to pool at her opening. Proof of what he had just done. He had claimed her virginity, she had given him something precious to her and he vowed to make it up to her.

There was almost no blood as far as he could see. But it had been an hour and was thoroughly mixed in with their juices. Remembering his kiss with Hermione earlier he decided he would take a page from Ginny's book.

Sliding down between her legs he placed his fingers on either side of her slit and pulled slightly opening her up to him fully. Gathering his courage and feeling extremely horny for the pure dirty deed he was about to perform he just dove in and licked from her back door all the way to her clit, receiving a hefty mouth full of his own spunk and cringing before he actually tasted it. Ginny awoke with a gasp and stared down at the new hottest thing she had ever seen.

He soon swallowed and let out a relieved breath. He really did taste okay, and Gin tasted like what he could only describe as overripe strawberries. He dove back in and began lapping at her and licking and sucking at her entrance trying to get every last drop of his new favorite flavor. Eliciting moans of pleasure as she built toward yet another orgasm. "Harry this has to be the last one or I wont be able to dance with you at the party tomorrow." She told him through clenched teeth.

He placed a finger inside her entrance and wiggled it, soon rewarded with the last of his cum oozing from her eager hole. Before he dove back in he told her. "I am enjoying myself, you enjoying me



enjoying myself is just a bonus. And he went back to work licking slurping and sucking before he locked onto her clit and sucked it into his mouth. She screamed a last time before passing out once more with a huge smile on her face. He pulled himself up behind her and spooned against her back as he pulled the sheet over top of them.

"I love you too Gin." He tried out and it felt right. "Even if it isn't true love, it feels right." He got no response from the sleeping witch. "I need to tell Hermione as well." He mumbled as he lay back down. Sighing he drifted off to sleep with his new favorite teddy bear.

"I love you too Harry." She said softly smiling, not letting him know she had been awake for that revelation.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione awoke to an empty bed. She had gotten used to cuddling with Ginny, and then with Harry. And waking up alone was a very strange sensation.

She had gone to bed alone, but happy. She was in love, with a Weasley, just not the one she had planned on. Somehow over the course of a week, all of the little feelings and twinges that she used to get around Ginny bloomed into love. To top it off she finally admitted to herself as well as Ginny that she was in love with Harry.

The poor mistreated, misguided Harry, who did not know how to love, or even what it felt like. Once again she vowed to hurt Dumbledore and the Dursley's. Although she knew that she was in love with him, as well as Ginny. She was afraid that it wouldn't be enough in the end.

No Harry would stick to his schedule until he figured out what love was and how he could use it to defeat Voldemort. She began once again going over the plan in her head. And resolved to make sure he understood that no matter the relationship between Ginny, Herself, and him. That he needed to take every opportunity to explore his feelings.

Not to mention how hot it was watching him get Ginny off. She couldn't wait to watch him with the perfect example of womanhood downstairs. According to Ginny, Gabrielle had offered to be his

plaything, and the idiot had refused her! She definitely needed to work on his self-esteem and his initiative.

Getting out of bed she decided it was as good a time as any to check in on the love birds. Smiling all the way she made her way toward his room. It was his Birthday after all and she had plans for him.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry was having a wonderful morning. He woke up wrapped around a witch he cared deeply for, even if he wasn't IN love with her yet. She had given herself to him the night before and they had spent over an hour making love, just the two of them. He was just about to wake her and see about a quickie before taking a shower when the mattress sank on the other side of her. He saw Hermione lie down and curl up against her back.

"Morning Harry, have a good night?" Hermione said with a cheeky smile.

"Absolutely the best night ever," He said and remembered the promise he made himself before falling asleep. "Mione, she told me last night you two are in love, I'm really happy for you. And I..." He tried to say it out loud but things were different this morning. "I just wanted you to know." Hermione teared up and leaned in to kiss him.

"I love you too Harry, I'm sorry I took so long to tell you." Her smile reflected pure joy at his announcement. He was one step closer to defeating Voldemort. She felt like shagging him cross-eyed but the girl between them stirred.

"Good morning Love." She smiled and looked up cutely with half-asleep eyes at them.

"Good morning," Hermione and Harry chorused, and promptly fell into giggles.

"So what's going on today?" Harry asked and they both stared at him.

"Lets see here, what is today's date." Hermione said holding a finger to her chin and looking off as if thinking.

Ginny spoke up, "July 31st if I remember correctly."

Harry suddenly realized it was his birthday and faster than they could catch him, sat up and shot off the end of the bed. He then came around Hermione's side and picked up his wand off the nightstand.

"At last, My arm is complete again!" He said dramatically and began laughing. Hermione laughed right along with him but the other girl looked confused.

"Don't worry about it, It's some BBC production I had to watch in grade school. And I have always wanted to say that." Harry explained. Both of the other girls just shrugged it off. Suddenly Harry looked lost in thought. Now that he could use magic for absolutely no reason, he could not think of any reason to use it! "Accio Glasses" he said brandishing his wand. His glasses shot off the other nightstand and hit him in the forehead with such force he was promptly knocked out.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Several minutes later Harry came-to surrounded by naked witches. "I'm in heaven and my heart beats so that I can hardly speak." He said with a grin. "Did someone get the license plate of that Hippogriff?"

"Harry!" They exclaimed as one and both tried to kiss him at once. Ginny won out and promptly wrapped her arms around the prize as she kissed the mark between his eyes.

"Harry what did you do?" She asked and the other girl nodded.

"I summoned my glasses, I thought that was obvious...Where'd they go anyway?"

Mione handed them to him and he placed them on his face, only to notice twin cracks in the lenses. Remembering the charm Hermione performed on his first train ride he pulled them off his face and looked around. " My Wand?" He said quizzically.

Hermione retrieved his wand from where it had fallen on the bed. Looking at it as if it was going to bite him he pointed it at his glasses cringing. "Oculus Repairo" he said quietly and heard them snap back together. Opening his eyes he tried them on. "Huh... I didn't realize my prescription was out of date..." He looked around. "Wow, you beauties better get out of here before my girlfriend gets back. She might be jealous." And he began giggling once more. The girls joined him for a few moments but when he didn't stop and instead began rolling on the floor laughing out loud they got worried.

"Sorry, I just...I had this theory about my 'super magic' and it looks like I might have been right." He promptly began laughing again.

Hermione raised an eyebrow still unconvinced. "Harry, can you stop laughing long enough to get up on the bed?" She asked.

He stopped laughing for a moment, taking deep breaths, giggling every now and then but eventually he calmed down. The girls helped him to his feet and onto the bed where they promptly claimed their places on either side of him.

"Now care to explain that again?" Hermione said.

"Alright Mione, you remember the Wandless book?" She looked at him strangely but nodded. "Well did you ever find a pool or fountain of some sort at your center. Anything?" He asked.

She nodded, "I found a representation of my magical core like the book said. Why?"

"Because I never found anything like that." Harry said.

"Well the book said it could take some time..Are you sure you haven't just missed it?" She asked him curiously. Ginny just sat back and soaked up her first lesson on Wandless magic, making mental notes for her next meditation.

"Hermione, you do remember that in here." He tapped his temple, "I am a god right?"

Shaking her head but smiling fondly at him she answered, "Fine Harry, so what do you think it means that you could find no representation of your magic?"

"You have to remember I wasn't in my right mind at the time..." He trailed off.

"Harry stop that you're scaring us again." Ginny interjected.

"Well I sort of think that my entire center is a representation of my magic. It would help explain how I am both a Natural Occlumens and Legilimens." He said looking back and forth between them.

"But Harry, that would mean you are magic, or at least you have nearly unlimited resources. Didn't you pass out from magical exertion first year?" Hermione asked him.

"That was Madame Pomfrey's explanation. I think I might have a better one." Both girls waited for him to continue.

"Alright. What if, and this is just a theory. What if Voldemort was drawing power from me through our link? What if when I finally set up my barriers and blocked him out, I also stopped that power drain?"

Ginny looked a little lost again for a moment then it hit her. "You mean all the crazy magic you have done in the past. And that wasn't you at full power?" She asked amazed.

He nodded, "It would make sense if you think about it. My biggest magical feats have been because of love, the one emotion that Voldemort can't stand. My mother's love protected me from Quirrel, blocking him from my magic. My love for the Weasleys gave me the strength to live through Basilisk venom long enough for Fawkes to heal me." He pulled Ginny onto his lap and gave her a tender kiss before turning her to face Hermione and setting his chin on her shoulder.

"My love for Sirius blocked Voldemort from drawing power long enough for my Patronus to drive away hundreds of Dementors." He said looking at Hermione who remembered the scene and shivered.

"At the graveyard... My parents came out of his wand... and they gave me time to get away from him. But before that happened I felt so weak. How did I force that spell back into his wand? Why did they appear? Dumbledore said that they were not really my parents?

Does that mean they were something I thought up. I wanted the bastard that killed them dead!" He said losing his train of thought.

Hermione pressed against Ginny and kissed him over her shoulder. Ginny just relished the contact on both sides. "It's okay Harry, we're here." She whispered.

He nodded and took a breath. "And last year when he was possessing me, if he was using my own power to possess me. Then when I thought about you and forced him out. What if he wasn't in pain because I was thinking about love, what if he was in pain because love helped me block him out?" Harry finished his theory. It had been bouncing around in his head for awhile and it felt strange to bring it all together.

"I know it isn't foolproof, but it seems to fit mostly." He told them. "And I haven't felt a twinge since I got my head on straight. For a month now we haven't heard of any attacks on his part. I doubt he will stay quiet forever, but maybe my growing feelings for you two cut him off and he had to adjust to losing that source of magic. After all his new body was created with dark magic." Harry finished.

Ginny trying to lighten the mood a bit wiggled into his lap and felt an immediate response from his member. "Gin..." he whined. "I'm working here..."

She just shrugged and winked at Hermione who smiled back. "Okay Harry, if we go with that theory, then it seems like the more love you can fill yourself with, the weaker he will get. Unless you think you already have him completely blocked."

He shook his head. "No, it makes sense now, but at the time I had no clue what I was looking at. There is a section of my shielding that won't keep without maintenance. Every time I enter my center I check it now, and even though I haven't felt him knocking. I think it is where I am connected to him." Ginny gasped and Hermione pulled her hands to her mouth.

"You mean you can actually see it?" Hermione asked. But he shook his head.

"Its more like I know its there. I have to constantly check up because it is constantly wearing down my barriers. But it has gotten much better since we.. um..." he trailed off.

"Shagged like bunnies?" Ginny asked with a grin.

"I was going to say since I realized a little about what love is about, but that too." He said.

"Well Harry," Hermione began. "This is your incentive to date as many girls as possible. Whatever small bit of feelings you might have for them should help you keep him out, and if he is weakened then you are probably more than a match for him. But you really need to work on your control." She said leaning in. As she kissed him she ran a hand up Ginny's inner thigh and grasped his now hard cock.

"I think my control has gotten a lot better." Harry complained lightly.

"Oh I agree, but practice makes perfect." Hermione said and Ginny slipped out from between them to watch the show. Harry looked at her apologetically but she waved him on. "I'm still a little sore Harry, I just want to watch."

"Well then," he said switching to a tone Hermione did not recognize. He gazed into her dark brown eyes and slowly unlocked his Patronus memories as he had done before. Pushing the feeling through his eyes until he heard her catch her breath.

"Harry?" She breathed out.

"Hermione, I spent an hour last night making love to Ginny for the first time. I feel the same for you even if I am not ready to call it love, I want to make love to you properly." He said pushing her down to the mattress and placing a knee against hers. Instinctively she opened her legs and he lay down atop her. Poised at her entrance he gazed into her eyes once more.

"I do not know enough to know that I am IN love with you, but enough to know I should tell you. Now, do you really think I need to shag half the school?" He said pushing slightly at her entrance and feeling his head slide inside of her, where he stopped.

She nodded her head, "Gods Harry, Please? I want to watch you do it!" She pleaded with him.

He pushed a little further in and stopped eliciting a groan from her. "Who do you want me to shag first?" He asked her.

Hermione thought quickly, and the first face that swam to mind was little Gabrielle. "Ah, Gabrielle?" Harry asked the witch beneath him as he pushed a little further, now just halfway inside her. She groaned again, "How did you know that?" She asked.

Ginny lay down beside them and kissed the other girl. "Remember me telling you he played me like a fiddle?" She nodded.

"Natural Legilimens can see surface thoughts without touching your shields. You have that little girl swimming all over your head." He said with a lecherous grin.

"Of course I do, you saw her right?" Hermione growled at him. "Has to be the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, no offense Gin." She said looking at the girl with pained eyes.

"Oh I agree wholeheartedly." Ginny said grinning at them.

Hermione continued, "And she wants you bad Harry. I was jealous as hell during dinner when she kept flashing you those looks. Now I want to watch you shag her senseless before you do me!" She practically shouted at him.

"I still don't understand you two." He said a bit too seriously. "Why does seeing me with another woman get you off?" He slid a little deeper trying to entice an answer out of her.

"I don't know Harry, I think you inspire love as much as you use it as a weapon. I want to watch you give pleasure to another woman, knowing it is because I told you it was okay. I want to pleasure her while you watch. Gin is enough for me." Ginny cut her off.

"And Mione is enough for me."

The brunette continued, "But since we both agree, we want to watch you with other women Harry, as many as you can stand. I really want to taste Gabrielle though." Hermione said giving up on him and



pulling him the rest of the way into her with her heels. He groaned and then leaned down to kiss her.

"This is going to be a very interesting year isn't it?" He asked.

Ginny nodded as she reached her hand between them and rested it on Hermione's belly. She worked her finger into the girls slit and quickly found her clit. Working slow circles as Harry began a steady rhythm inside her. She moaned loudly in response.

Ginny voiced a thought, "I think if the DA is going to be an official club, you should have unrestricted use of the Room of Requirement, maybe an office to plan 'lessons' if you know what I mean." She said watching his face as he caught on.

"Oh? And would these be lessons in love as well as defense?" He asked.

"Something like that... Oh and you should ask to be exempted from curfew like prefects are." Ginny nodded still thinking. Meanwhile Hermione slowly arched off the bed as Ginny's fingers continued to torture her button. And Harry refused to pick up the pace. Her orgasm was building slowly and would likely leave her a satisfied pile of goo afterward.

"Actually...since...You're...Head of...House...now...you can request...private rooms...mmmm...if you are willing to pay extrAAAAAH." She screamed as her orgasm was suddenly upon her. Harry took that as a cue to begin pounding away. He could tell Hermione was running on empty having not had breakfast yet and she would likely be out like a light after one big orgasm.

Ginny began to fondle herself as Harry built toward an orgasm of his own. She watched him, still in awe, as his face screwed up and he slammed himself inside her one last time as his seed was released. He then rolled off of her before collapsing to the bed. As usual Ginny began to clean up his mess enjoying every drop.

Watching her enjoy herself, Harry decided he could finally give her that fantasy. He began stroking himself while watching her ministrations until his cock was rock hard once again. He then got up and repositioned her, placing his cock at her entrance.

She looked over her shoulder and her eyes went wide, "Harry I'm sore..." She said before she nodded and pleaded with her eyes. He pushed into her slowly making sure she wasn't in any real pain. He doubted he would cum any time soon, but did his best to pound her into Hermione as she ate the other girl out, quite literally.

Ginny lost track of what she was doing to Hermione. Harry had never claimed her in this position and he was hitting her spot perfectly with every stroke. It did not take her long to howl her pleasure before collapsing in orgasm, which continued to roll through her even though Harry was no longer inside.

'Best Birthday Ever' Harry thought to himself as he lay beside his lovers. 'And we haven't even had breakfast yet.' Then it hit him like a ton of bricks. 'Crap, Ron will be at breakfast.'

## Chapter 22: My Sweet Cherry Pie

Not too much later a thoroughly showered and shagged trio headed down to the kitchen, upon arriving they were promptly ushered into the dining room by Winky who told them she could not work with so many people in the kitchen.

Entering they found Molly halfway down the table talking to Fleur with Bill sitting beside them staring off into nothing. Harry assumed it must be party or more likely Wedding plans if listening to his girls talk were any indication. Ron sat at the far end of the table with a Butterbeer and a plate full of bangers, mash, bacon and eggs. That he could smell from the far end of the room had liberal amounts of garlic salt sprinkled over the top. Hermione looked at him and seemed to get almost physically ill when her gutter-mind kicked in and she understood the implications.

And sitting at the close end of the table near the kitchen, was Gabrielle. Ginny leaned in and whispered something in the little girl's ear and she turned and gave the redhead a hug eliciting a curious look from Bill. Hermione just smiled knowing Ginny was being congratulated for finally telling Harry she loved him, and getting a proper shagging in the process. Ron looked daggers at the four of them smiling and flirting before returning his eyes to his plate.

Sitting down beside the smaller girl they all began talking in hushed tones, Gabrielle was physically restraining herself from jumping into his lap. He happened to be sitting beside her though, as part of a ploy on the part of his girlfriends.

She dropped her hand in his lap and caught her breath before leaning in and whispering in his ear. "Harry? May I give you ze Birthday Present after breaking the fast?" She asked him letting her tongue just touch his flesh.

Harry shivered and his eyes flew to Bill, who thankfully was looking at his Mum. He turned his head as he placed his own hand on her thigh beneath the table. "I think that can be arranged, but I have work to do today." He whispered back.

The little girl nodded and soon the usual fare was placed before them. However Harry noticed a shake similar to the one Ron had

yesterday sitting in front of him, next to his orange juice. "What's this?" He asked Hermione.

"Um," She said quietly, trying not to be overheard by the adults in the middle of the table. "Ron always ate enough for three men, you don't have that problem. And there is nothing wrong with..." She looked down the table again. "The taste, but you never know if it could be better." She winked at him and he nodded, having tasted it himself. "I also had Winky brew some Virility and Endurance potions. I hope the smoothie tastes okay with just trace amounts added to it. That is why I included the orange juice. To wash it down just in case."

Harry eyed the glass speculatively, not noticing the evil glare Ron sent him from the other end of the table as he picked up and drained his Butterbeer. "Well, Gryffindor Courage and all that." Harry said and took a large swallow.

"Hey not too bad. I can taste a bit of potiony ick, but it's bearable. Why doesn't Madame Pomfrey do this?" He asked, already having heard the answer in the past.

"Because if the potions tasted good people would take them when they didn't need them, Harry I think you have spent enough time in the hospital wing to know that by now." Hermione said primly.

"Yeah, I just think it's sexy when you use your lecture tone." Harry said directing his emerald green eyes at her. Hermione nearly fell out of her chair but luckily Ron seemed to be suddenly choking at the other end of the table. So no one noticed.

Nobody seemed to have a clue what to do so Harry quickly got out of his chair and raced behind Ron. Placing his hands beneath the boys ribcage he pulled up and in three times before a piece of banger flew across the room.

There was applause from the rest of the table. "Ronald you should know to slow down eating by now dear, the food isn't going to run away." Molly said as she got up and hugged Harry. "Thank you for saving him Harry. What on earth was that you did?"

"It's called the Heimlich Maneuver Mrs. Weasley." Hermione said. "What I wonder is where Harry learned it?"

"I had to play lifeguard for Dudley when he went swimming. Never got to swim myself but the Dursley's sent me through CPR training which included Basic First Aid." He shrugged. Not noticing the sad look in Bill's eyes when he realized the horrible childhood the Boy-Who-Lived must have had.

Pulling himself from those thoughts Bill smiled at Ickle Ronnikens, "Looks like you owe him a life debt now too Ronny. That makes it half the family." Ron's face grew dark and he stormed out of the room. "What's with him?" Bill asked looking at the other teenagers. Only then did he notice that Hermione had draped a hand on Harry's shoulder directly opposite his midget doing the same thing. He glanced over at Fleur who had a knowing look in her eyes and he groaned.

"Mine 'as broken up with Ronald temporarily." Gabrielle said trying to hide a grin. Fleur smiled at her sister and Bill dropped his head to the table with a loud thwack trying to clear out thoughts of a foursome that included his sister.

Fleur whispered in his ear, "Be 'appy for zem my William, you are not the complaint when I bring my best friend to bed weeth us, Non?" He just shook his head, he didn't actually find anything wrong with the situation, he just did not want the pictures that were in his head at the moment.

"I'm fine, just bad thoughts." He whispered back earning him a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm sorry it isn't working out dear." Molly said oblivious to the conversation on the other side of the table. "He will be fine, it has only been a week or so since you began dating." Molly said wisely. Hermione and Harry nodded in sync as they hoped she was right. Bill noticed and dropped his head to the table again with a loud thwack.

"Bill did you get enough sleep last night?" Molly asked him.

His eyes went wide before he realized she was not referring to his sleeping arrangements, meaning Gabrielle was not sharing her room with his fiance. "Uh, that must be it mum, Apparation lag and all that." She just nodded and looked at her daughter.

"And how are you and Harry doing dear?" She asked with smiling eyes. It was apparent that something had changed between them once again; her little girl was in love for the first time.

"Wonderful mum, thank you for asking." She kissed him quickly on the lips causing him to blush, and Gabrielle nearly lunged toward him. Hermione had noticed and luckily had placed a restraining hand on the girls shoulder.

"It is so nice to see young love when so much sadness is happening in the world." Molly said tearing up a bit. "Well I am off to the kitchen to help out with your party preparations dear. When are the guests arriving again?" She asked getting up.

Hermione spoke up, "The parchments were timed in pairs about 5 minutes apart, and they should start arriving at about eleven this morning."

"Very well dear, I trust you ladies can handle it? Though I don't like that they will be traipsing through my kitchen...Sorry dear, Harry's kitchen." She corrected her self.

"Molly while you are here you may think of it as your kitchen..." He paused, "That is if you can get it away from Winky." He finished eliciting laughter from those who had met the little elf.

Harry closed his eyes and sought out his connection to the wards on Number 12. He then designated a Portkey drop off point in the Sitting Room on the first floor rather than the back garden. Bill felt the change in the wards with his hyper alert senses. "Harry what did you just do?" He asked with wide eyes.

Harry looked at him confused. "I just moved Portkey traffic from the back garden into the Sitting Room, Why? And how did you know that?" He asked.

"Practice Harry, years of Curse Breaking gave me a sixth sense for wards and traps. I felt the wards shift and had no clue what was going on." He said still staring at the boy.

Harry shrugged, "Makes sense I guess, if you don't learn quickly you probably don't come back."

"Yeah I lost a few apprentices that way, luckily all of them are alive, just missing a limb or two." Bill shivered as he looked at Fleur. "I'm glad my current one decided to stick around." He smiled at her.

"But Harry, you should be flat on your back at the very least. Changing the wards like that, even with an old family Ward stone, should have wiped you out until at least lunch time!"

Harry shrugged again. "I read that somewhere but Dumbledore watched me set the Apparation point the first time and didn't say anything. I wonder what the old man is playing at this time..." Harry trailed off.

Molly stuck her head back in from the kitchen, "Now Harry, I am sure he is not 'playing at' anything. He has a century of experience on anyone in this room and you should respect his decisions."

Hermione and Ginny bristled, Gabrielle noticed and tried to rise to his defense as well but was again restrained by Hermione. Harry spoke quickly to calm them down. "Molly, the Headmaster has admitted to me more than once, that he has made mistakes with concern to my well being for the last sixteen years. I do respect the man for what he has done and what he stands for. But I will not blindly listen to him anymore." This was his first public declaration of independence from Dumbledore and took everyone, including the girls, by surprise.

Molly bristled at his tone, and nearly laid into him with a normal redhead rant. But she seemed to shrink a bit as she thought about the skinny boy who showed up in rags every year at the Burrow. And reminded herself that he was an adult now.

"Alright Harry, I'm sorry. I grew up in a time when he could do no wrong, and I still see him that way. But I understand your point. Thank you for explaining it to me, and I am glad you still respect him." She sniffed a bit before disappearing back into the kitchen.

Everyone sat stunned for a moment, even Harry. He was expecting her to forbid him from seeing her daughter and pack them all up and head back to the Burrow. Anything but quiet acceptance, and even an apology!

Bill stared at the kitchen door, which was still swinging back and forth on its hinges. "Who was that and where is my mother?" He asked looking at Ginny. "What the hell was that? Mum has never apologized like that unless she was proven wrong beyond the shadow of a doubt, and even then she has held onto grudges. What on earth did you do to her?" He asked her with accusing eyes, but a bit of a smile tugging on his lips.

Ginny smiled at him, "I think it was Sirius actually." She said but was interrupted.

"Sirius Black, last owner of this house, accused and escaped Mass Murder suspect Sirius Black?" he asked in shock.

"The very same, at his Will reading..." She pulled Harry to her and wrapped her arms around him eliciting a smile.

"Thank you Gin." He said hugging her.

"Ehem?" Bill interrupted them.

"Sorry," Ginny said with no trace of apology, "Anyway at his Will reading he singled Mum out and told her she needed to recognize that he was an adult now, that he had been through things that most adults never will. I think she extended that to the rest of us. Haven't you noticed she hasn't complained once about your hair?"

He nodded thoughtfully, "I noticed, but I had no idea it was like that. You know I bet we could even get Charlie to come back for a visit." He said lost in thought.

Harry was confused. "What do you mean? I thought Charlie was in Romania to study Dragons?"

Bill smiled at him, Ginny looked confused. "All right midget, I will tell you this but you can never reveal it to Mum or Dad." He stated looking into her eyes. She nodded and he leaned across the table conspiratorially.

"Charlie likes Dragons, he is even good at his job. But when he chose that career, he did it specifically to get as far away from Mum as possible." He said winking at her.



"Oh my gosh, that makes so much sense now!" Ginny exclaimed. "She seemed to disapprove of everything he did besides making prefect and being on the house team." She said trying to remember it all.

Bill nodded again, "He said he loved us all, but he could not stay in England and be babied for the rest of his life, so he off and moved to Romania." Bill began laughing.

Ginny got an evil look on her face suddenly, "I wonder where he got the idea to move so far away from home?" Bill suddenly froze and turned his face slowly toward her.

"I have no idea what you are implying Gin, I refuse to patronize you with an answer to that question." He said giving her a significant look. She just shrugged and smiled at him.

"If I learned anything from the Twins its how to keep secrets about people. Blackmail does wonders for a person after all." She grinned at him as he paled.

"You wouldn't!" He half shouted eyeing the doorway nervously for any sign his mother was listening.

"Of course not Billy, you're my favorite brother after all." She smiled like the cat that caught the canary.

"Not to interrupt or anything," Hermione interrupted with a smile. As everyone looked at her quietly they heard the Grandfather clock in the sitting room across the hall chime ten times. "But we have just under an hour to finish our party preparations upstairs. Come along you three, Ginny is helping me and I am sure Gabrielle can keep you entertained Harry."

As they all got up and walked out the door they heard another loud thwack as Bill's head hit the table once more.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Heading up the stairs Gabrielle had taken Harry's hand as soon as they were out of site of the others and was holding onto him for all she was worth. He just smiled and squeezed her hand, which was small enough to fit perfectly inside his own.

Once they were on the top floor the girls shooed them into Harry's room telling him they had decorating to do and did not want to bore him. He kissed Ginny goodbye, and as he kissed Hermione Gabrielle looked at the redhead who nodded and smiled, before she dragged him out of the room.

"A sickle she shags him?" Ginny asked as the door closed.

Hermione nodded, "I'll take that bet, I think he will hold out without one of us to, uh, help him along."

Ginny nodded in reluctant agreement. "Winner joins them next time?" She asked earning a predatory glance from Hermione. "I can accept that, as much fun as it would be. Harry is only human, and I don't think he could handle all three of us." She said shrugging. "I still want to watch though." To which Ginny nodded her agreement. They got to work hanging streamers and blowing up balloons. All the Muggle way since they were not of age and Hermione refused to ask the Elves to help no matter that she accepted them as Harry's employees.

Meanwhile Gabrielle locked the door before she launched herself at Harry wrapping her arms and legs around him as she kissed him passionately. Harry backed up and blindly found his way to the bed where he sat down. Enjoying every second of the kiss, and every curve of her body. Finally he broke for air wondering how the little girl held her breath for so long. She stood up and pulled her blouse over her head revealing a lacy black bra that supported more than it hid anything. He stared in wonder at the C-cup sized breasts that somehow did not look out of place on her otherwise petite frame. She stood about five and a half foot tall but was mostly legs, meaning that when standing next to him their waists were just about even in height. Her hair was corn-silk blonde but shone silver when the light hit her just right, and her eyes were blue topaz.

She brought him out of his thoughts when she spoke. "You like what you see Master?" She asked as she slowly pulled down the zipper on the side of her skirt.

His mouth and throat were suddenly very dry. "Uh...very much... please don't call me master okay?" He asked her.

She shook her head. "Non Harry, I am le docile. I am like to dominate but to be submissive is mon desir de coeurs. My hearts desire." She said quietly to him as her skirt fell to the floor.

"Gabrielle I know what you told me, but I don't even own my house elves, I won't let them call me master, I can't let you. I don't want to own you." He said fighting a losing battle in his head.

"But you do own me Harry, I can be whatever you want me to be in public, but in privacy you are my Master, even if you do not claim me, I am yours." She said as she straddled his lap slowly and placed a slow and tender kiss on his lips. He groaned aloud.

"Did..Didn't..Err..Didn't you mention a birthday present?" He asked trying not to swallow his tongue.

"Oui Master, Will you make me yours now?" She asked him.

"I'm sorry Gabrielle, it's too soon. I am not doing any of this for sex." He said hugging her to him, relishing the feel of her soft skin against his fingers and her curves pressed against him in all the right places.

"Then will you allow me to pleasure you? It eez your birthday Non?" She said with huge begging eyes.

He gave up, at least a little bit. He had told Ron he wished his biggest worry in life, was where he could touch a girl. Well he would be trying to adopt his girlfriends' attitude a little more. "I have been told to stop passing up opportunities. He said before kissing her." She gasped into his mouth.

He ran a hand through her waist length hair, enjoying the perfect silky feel of it before he reached her bra. Remembering his 'Wandless magic' lessons with Ginny he made a snapping motion and felt the tension give way. Gabrielle moaned in to his mouth and pulled back. Slowly she pulled the garment from her perfectly formed breasts and tossed it on the floor with her other clothing. "You wish to touch me Master?" She asked.

In response he brought his mouth down to her right nipple and gently sucked it between his lips. He idly noted that she tasted as perfect as she looked. To his mind she tasted the way that ink and parchment smelled, combined with vanilla, grass and strawberries.

Once that faded a bit she had a simple refreshing flavor, like water after a long run.

Gabrielle moaned and pulled him closer to her chest, shoving as much of her tit into his mouth as possible. "Harry, Please?" She begged him.

He sat up and looked into her eyes. "Gabrielle you need to stop asking, you made it obvious that you want me to, but I won't until I am ready okay? Otherwise this isn't going to work."

She gazed back at him, and nodded quietly. "I still have ze present to give you, Non?" He smiled and nodded.

Standing up she pulled him to his feet and slowly pulled his shirt over his head, where it joined hers on the floor. She dragged her fingernails lightly across his left nipple, as she tongued and nipped at his right, causing him to suck in a breath and buck his hips. She smiled up at him as she slowly lowered her self down his body to a kneeling position on the floor. She undid his trousers so quickly he assumed it was Veela magic, and then slid his boxers and trousers to the floor.

She eyed is nine inch length and moaned lightly before she dove in. Harry was startled so much he fell back on to the bed, but the little girl never left her position. Suddenly he felt her nose touch his pubic hair and moaned in amazement and pleasure. "Oh my gods! How are you doing that?" He asked before throwing his head back to the mattress.

She began to bob up and down, breathing through her nose and sucking on the upstroke, then swallowing around him on the down stroke. He felt the muscles in her throat slowly trying to swallow him whole and groaned. He was not going to last long at all. "Gab..Gabrielle, Please?" He didn't even know what he was asking her for.

She looked up with him still in her mouth and her eyes twinkled as she swallowed again. His orgasm was nearly instantaneous and he bucked hard as he came down the willing girls throat. He then collapsed in a heap onto the bed and lay panting. Gabrielle soon crawled on top of him, and cuddled into his chest. "Thank you master, that was amazing." She said quietly.

Harry had to take a minute to get his bearings. Somehow she fit his whole member into her mouth, a feat that Ginny had been attempting for a week. And then preceded to get him off in under a minute, he was hard pressed to do that himself at times. "Bloody Hell!" Was all he managed to say, he felt her giggle on top of him and his traitorous cock stirred beneath her soaked knickers.

"You want me now Non?" She whispered in his ear. He nodded his head.

"Non, I mean yes...wait No, not yet. Gabrielle remember, my pace. That was amazing and you have gone a long way toward convincing me. But I don't just want to shag you I want to find love." He whispered back.

"Sorry master, you make me want you so badly." She whispered into his ear.

"Shhhh, its ok pet," He noticed her pleasure at the name, "I am beginning to understand what you meant about being submissive. Why don't you explain while I calm down a bit? Despite appearances I really am inexperienced at all of this." He whispered back to her and kissed her forehead. Idly he began running his fingers through her hair, and she stretched into him and then relaxed like a cat and began what he could only describe as purring.

She let out a long sigh. "Veela need to be controlled, after a certain point she simply cannot function without ze lover to tell her what to do. Mine seester is lucky she has more of Papa in her than Maman. Where as I actually feel more Veela than even Maman does. Papa does not like it, but he married a Veela so he accepts that I am different."

"What does that mean to me though? Why do you call me master?" He asked.

"I owe you my life, to wizards that is a small thing en comparaison. To Veela a life debt is a bond; I want to live mine life for you Master. You gave it to me and it is yours to do as you wish." She said with no hint of sadness.

Harry had tears in his eyes however, "Gabrielle, you owe me nothing. I do not want to take advantage of you because of a life debt. I do not want a sex slave." This brought a confused look to her face. "You have to forget that and just get to know me, alright?"

The petite girl smiled at him, dazzling him for a moment. "Whatever you say my Master." Harry groaned, "I do wish to know you better Harry, I am compelled to do as you wish regardless of feeling, but I do wish to love you if you will allow me the chance?" She asked hopefully.

He nodded but spoke again. "I am learning to love Gabrielle, are you willing to share with Ginny or Hermione? Or give me up if I fall for one or both or any other witch? There are things I have to do that require me to find love and I can't let you stop me." He finished seriously.

"Harry I am yours, if you wish me to be your maid or your friend I will do so. Until you find ze love may I still sex you?" She said pushing her underwear-clad form into his body.

"At this rate?" He smiled up into her eyes. "I don't doubt it. But just let me come to you yeah?" He asked her even as his throbbing member pressed into her slit.

"Will you give me ze birthday present?" She asked him hopefully.

He rolled her over slowly and kissed her. He tried to imagine feeling the way he did for the other girls, and examined the stirring feelings this girl gave him. It was closer to the way he felt about Ginny a week ago, he just wanted to shag her brains out. His biggest problem was what Hermione had told him yesterday. 'What's stopping you?'

Still thinking, he slowly sank down the girl's body, touching with his fingertips and licking and kissing with his mouth. The girl moaned underneath his attentions and he again marveled at the soft skin and the way she seemed to taste like all the things that brought him pleasure. Open sky, fresh cut grass, and he realized suddenly that the vanilla and strawberry reminded him of his other girlfriends.

Neither of them noticed the pair of eyes watching from the passageway. As Harry finally knelt on the floor at the altar of

Gabrielle. He reverently pulled her knickers off. And gazed in wonder at her perfectly sized, perfectly pink, perfectly hairless pussy. His mouth began watering as he wondered if her cum tasted as good as the rest of her did.

Hermione and Ginny quickly removed their clothing and lay on the floor behind him. Watching as he began his ministrations to the girls dripping sex. They played with each other idly, for pleasure, but not really trying to bring each other to orgasm. They were just making love to one another as they continued to watch Harry with the other girl. Hermione was surprised by just how hot it made her to hear Gabrielle moan his name, and even hotter to hear the girl call him Master.

Ginny enjoyed the sensations Hermione was giving her almost as much as the grin on the girls face every time Gabrielle moaned his name. She pulled the girl to her and whispered in her ear. "Isn't this the best show ever?"

Harry finally ran his tongue along the girls slit tasting her for the first time. It was just as good as the rest of her. He moaned and pulled her clit into his mouth eliciting a cry from her. "Yes Master!"

"God yes," Hermione whispered back before blushing. "Is it right that I love him, but I want to watch him claim that girl. Is it bad that I like it when she calls him Master?" Hermione asked.

Ginny moaned, thinking about it. "No, I don't think so. I gave up wondering a long time ago. I just want him to be happy. If that means we get to watch him do this for the rest of our lives I will die happy as well."

Harry placed two fingers inside the girl and quickly located what he had named the O-God spot when he was exploring with Ginny. Gabrielle arched off the mattress but was pinned down by Harry's tongue. She felt her orgasm washing through her even as the next one built up. Harry was massaging her inside with his finger and working her clit with his tongue. No one had ever been able to get her off so easily. She knew then that she had always been his.

Harry heard twin moans behind and below him as he slowly let the girl wrapped around his fingers down from her high. As her bottom touched the mattress she came again suddenly squirting past his

fingers and all over his chest. Harry sat stunned forgetting the girls on the floor behind him as Gabrielle screamed once more.

Ginny crawled up beside him and kissed him passionately. "God that was hot, only one thing hotter." She said after she pulled away.

Hermione leaned in on his other side and kissed him. As she did she moaned and looked down at the panting form of Gabrielle with her sex still spread wide open in front of them. "Does she taste that good in person?"

Harry nodded and licked his lips before looking down at his soaked chest. Hermione noticed and immediately began lapping up any traces she could find. Ginny joined in as well.

"What was.." He hissed mid question as twin mouths nibbled on his nipples. "God..Gin what was the one thing hotter than that?" He asked through gritted teeth.

She leaned up and whispered the answer in his ear and he grinned. "Later then." And she kissed him excitedly. She whispered something else in his ear and they both glanced at the still panting girl on the bed before returning to their whispered conversation.

Hermione kissed him again, then turned and ran her hand idly down Gabrielle's belly, and then down the girls slit getting her to buck her hips as she pulled her hand away. "What are you two discussing up here?"

"I was just telling Gin I don't feel ready to take the next step with her." He said nodding in Gabrielle's direction.

Gabrielle spoke up. "Whenever you are ready Master. I know now that I want only you, no one has ever pleased me like zis." She said, still catching her breath.

"We'll see." Was all he would say. However he did stand up and lay on top of her as he kissed her once more. His cock bounced along her entrance and up to her clit and she moaned again into his mouth.

"Torture, but I like." She whispered.



"The room is ready Harry, you have about half an hour to get ready. And since Gabrielle looks like she has just been shagged, she will probably need longer than that." Hermione said. In response Gabrielle held her hands up which both girls took as Harry stood, and pulled her up. She swayed for a moment from the blood rush, but was soon steady on her feet.

She then bent over and shook her hair wildly, before standing up and snapping it back over her shoulders. All three of them stared in awe as her hair fell perfectly in to place and she grinned at them. "Ees one of the perks of my Veela heritage." She said with a shrug, and began gathering her clothing. Harry went to gather his but she shook her head and dropped her clothes.

"Non, Master... It ees your birthday and I am dressing you." He just stared at her as the other girls got dressed and sat down on the bed to watch.

"But I need a shower." Harry said feigning disinterest.

"No Harry, I think that scent is perfect on you." Ginny said with a leer. Suddenly he understood her meaning but smelled only his favorite things. He looked at the Veela strangely.

"If you are my Master Harry... zen I will be perfect for you. Veela magic makes my scent the most attractive thing you can think of." She said as she picked up his foot and then the other, placing his boxers on.

She slowly slid up his body pulling the garment with her and giving the girls a perfect view of her perfect rear end. When she reached his waist she quickly licked the head of his cock before pulling the material over top. He groaned in response.

"If you are my Master, zen you will taste your favorite tings when you taste me." She said as she repeated the performance with his trousers.

"What... What would I taste if I am not your master?" He asked curiously while swallowing the lump in his throat.

"If I am without a master, I taste like any other girl. If I am taken from my Master by force I taste bitter and smell horrible. If I am doing my

Masters bidding." She said looking over her shoulder and licking her lips. "Zen I will taste to them of zeir favorite things as well." She grabbed his shirt and pulled it over his head.

"To non-Veela they will no smell anything of me on you, unless they are l'animal. Zen they will smell ze pheromones just as ze Veela do. Ze Veela know you are mine Master zis way." She said. As she finished dressing him.

"Do you taste me Harry?" He nodded the truth absentmindedly. Moony and Fleur would know what had happened. He gulped.

"Zen you are my Master and I shall have no other. I am yours Harry, my Master." She kissed him thoroughly before she began getting dressed herself.

Ginny and Hermione got of the bed and walked over to him. "You smell yummy boyfriend." Ginny said before she kissed him.

Hermione nodded before she too kissed him. "Best cologne ever." She told him.

"But Moony...Fleur. Oh my god!" Harry said panicking.

Gabrielle finished getting dressed and not a wrinkle was to be found on her. "Fleur knows Harry, I have confessed to 'er and she is 'appy for me." She looked at him, "I do not know zis Moonee. But if he loves you 'e will say nothing. As I say before, recognized mistress or multiple marriages is not uncommon in Wizarding world. It eez only ze British who look down on such things." She sniffed dismissively at the thought.

Harry just shook his head. "And what about the other girls?" He asked still not believing nobody else could smell her on him.

"Zey will likely be turned on by you." Gabrielle said and winked at Ginny, Hermione caught the action and smiled.

"You mean this is like a love potion?" Harry said panicking again. "I can't do that, it isn't fair to anyone!" He tried to turn toward the bathroom for a shower, but his lovers had captured both hands and Gabrielle wrapped her arms around him.

"I say nothing about ze smell Master, I speak only of you." She smiled and kissed him again; both girls released his hands and he gripped them in a group hug. Harry found himself in a four-way kiss and began to get confused.

"Alright alright. Ground rules." He looked at the three of them waiting for a reply. Gabrielle seemed to perk up like a puppy as his tone was commanding. Ginny just smiled and nodded. Hermione smiled but did not notice she was standing straighter as well.

All three giggled, and chorused in reply, "Yes Master?" Ginny cheekily, the other two not so much.

"Okay, number one. Gabrielle you are not to call me Master in public. I try not to let my house elves do it and I will be damned if I get accused of enslaving you." He said looking her in the eye. She just shrugged. "Of course, as you command me Master." This time her smile was cheeky.

"Number two. There is no way I can handle all of you at once, I don't care what a dream come true the fantasy is, its bloody confusing and I don't want any hurt feelings. So if you have to..." Hermione interrupted him.

"I already worked out a schedule with Ginny." She grinned at him again, also cheeky.

"Fine you cheeky witches. Three I am not shagging you until I am damn well and ready, so quit conspiring to get me inside her." He finished pointing at the girl in question. Ginny and Hermione shared a look and said nothing. Gabrielle simply nodded and dropped her eyes to the floor.

"Pet look at me," He said trying out a nickname again and finding he liked the response he got from her. She looked up into his eyes and looked like he had given her the world. "I want to take it slow, that isn't a bad thing, I just need time to be comfortable. I might shag you eventually, but I want to make love to you the first time. Do you think you can wait and give me that time?" He said looking into her eyes.

In response she jumped into his arms and kissed him. "Do you mean it Master?" She asked excitedly. He glanced at Ginny and

Hermione and sighed. "My girlfriends seem intent on including you and I will do anything to make them happy.

He was tackled to the floor and his face was covered in kisses again. Then he sat up suddenly.

"What is it?" Hermione asked fearfully.

"Our first guests have arrived."

## Chapter 23: Party Time!

They got up and headed down the stairs and found four people in the sitting room instead of two. Rather than joyfully greeting him he found Molly holding Susan Bones in her arms crying, and Hannah Abbot trying to comfort the poor girl. And Amelia Bones holding the invitation to his party and covered in spell burns.

"What the hell?" Harry asked, receiving a glare from Hermione and Molly.

"Harry!" Susan cried and flew across the room into his arms. He fell onto the couch with a thump with her sitting in his lap.

"Susan what's going on?" He asked the still crying girl.

"They...They attacked our house, they were after Aunty, your Portkey saved us..." She stammered out through her sobs. Not knowing what else to do but having plenty of practice with weepy women he spoke up.

"The others will be arriving soon. Lets take this into the dining room." And with that he stood up, still supporting Susan, and walked across the hall with the others following. Sitting down in one of the chairs he was only a little surprised when the girl crawled back into his lap.

He looked up at Susan's Aunt. "Madame Bones?"

Amelia sized up the young man in front of her. The only time she had seen him before had been on trial at the Ministry this time last year. But she had seen what Susan could do in person, and knew she owed it all to him. "Please Mr. Potter, call me Amelia." She said.

"Only if you call me Harry, now what's going on here?"

She began her recitation, with the efficiency of a Senior Auror; "I was supposed to be home alone today, but Hannah and Susan decided to leave from our house. The Floo was knocked out and Apparation Wards went up before I could do anything. The Death Eaters entered and attacked us at approximately 10:50am, the girls and I were able to fend them off until your Portkey invitation activated at 11:00." She finished before her face softened. "Harry Susan told me about the training you gave last year while Delores

was teaching. I saw the two of them in action today and I know we three owe you our lives. Sorry to crash your party." She smiled down at him.

Susan pulled away before quickly kissing him on the lips, earning her a scowl from Molly and a soft look from Amelia. "Harry thank you so much, between the training and the Portkey you saved us all today." She smiled at him before realizing the compromising situation she was in. Getting up quickly she got up and hugged her aunt tightly before turning to face him.

Just then Dumbledore entered and looked surprised to see them, especially Amelia, his eyes went wide as they landed on her. "Madame Bones, I am very happy to see you alive, we just received information that your home was attacked."

Getting a hard look to her eyes she approached him. "Albus, how pray tell did you know there has been an attack when we have only just arrived here and not notified anyone?"

He looked surprised for the smallest fraction of a second before he answered. "As you well know Severus has always been my spy, he informed us a mere 10 minutes prior to the impending attack. As I said I am most pleased to see you and yours alive. Now if you will excuse me it seems that everyone here has already received the information. Happy Birthday Harry, I regret that I will not be able to attend your party."

Harry nodded and the old man left the room. "He knew." Amelia said to no one.

"Excuse me?" Molly asked.

"I have years of experience interviewing guilty men Mrs. Weasley..." She was interrupted.

"Molly Please."

Amelia smiled at the Weasley Matriarch, "Molly, he is guilty. If I find out he knew about an attack on me and my family, and did nothing for his Greater Good or to protect his spy, I swear I will toss him in Azkaban." She said with steel in her eyes. Molly dared not argue and simply looked away.

She turned back to Harry as he spoke. "What can we do for you Amelia?"

"First let me apologize again for crashing your party," He waved that off. "I would like to use your Floo if possible. And Susan, I would like you two to stay here for the party. I am in no immediate danger, but as I don't even know where here is I am guessing this is the safest place for you at the moment."

Harry nodded. "The Floo connection is in the kitchen through that door. And Amelia?" He said as she turned away.

She turned back before him and he looked her in the eye. "The Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix, and incidentally my home, is located at Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London." He watched comprehension dawn in her eyes.

"Of course, this is the Black place right?" She asked and he nodded. "Fidelus Charm and you are the secret keeper?" He nodded again. "Very smart of you Harry, and thank you for trusting me with your safety."

"Amelia, if I cannot trust the Head of the DMLE who can I trust? Certainly not Fudge..." He trailed off before she interrupted him.

"I would not worry about the Minister for much longer Harry. A petition has been circulated and I expect the actual vote of no confidence to take place this week." She smiled. "Is there anything I can do for you before you go?" She asked.

"Actually there is, you saw how my friends handled themselves in a fight. I would like to get you a list of people I think should have permission to practice defensive magic outside of school, beginning with those in this room." He said nodding to the girls.

"And Mr. Ron Weasley as well, I assume." She said noting the absence of his known associate.

"Oh, yeah I suppose. Can I get you that list later then?" He asked.

"On the condition that you let Susan, and if her parents agree Hannah stay with you the rest of the Summer. I have a war to fight and I can't be worrying about her safety every day."

Harry looked at Susan who smiled and nodded enthusiastically. "Of course, and you are welcome in my home as well."

"Thank you Harry, I will keep in touch." She hugged Susan before heading to the kitchen and out the Floo to the Ministry.

"Harry, do you realize you are on a first name basis with the possible next Minister for Magic?" Susan asked him.

"What?" Harry half shouted.

She smiled at him as she explained. "Aunty is the one that started that petition. Tradition dictates that if the vote passes, she be the first Nominee. And in my unbiased opinion she would be the best choice we have to replace Fudge."

Harry just stared at her for a few moments before Ginny and Hermione wrapped him in a hug. "Don't worry about it Harry. This is just how you work. You did the right thing, and good things might happen because of it." Hermione said. "Now if I am not mistaken you have more guests arriving any moment now." His eyes flicked across the hall as he felt the wards flair again. And Luna arrived along with Neville.

"Hey guys!" Harry said getting up and crossing the hall. He pulled Neville into a quick manly hug, which was returned with a back slap, and then was pulled into an embrace by Luna.

"Hello Harry, thank you for inviting me. I do hope it was okay to hug you, it looked very nice when you did it to Neville." As usual Luna left him at a loss for words.

After a few seconds he regained the ability to speak. "Of course its alright Luna." He said smiling at her and returning the hug, noting that she felt rather lovely pressed against him. "What are friends for?"

She looked up at him and kissed the corner of his mouth causing him to blush and Neville to cough nervously. "Thank you Harry, I



was worried that the DA would not reform this year. I have missed you all this summer, the DA was almost like having friends." She finished and drifted off to hug everyone else. Harry shook his head to clear it and looked at Neville.

"Don't look at me mate, she's pretty but sometimes I think she's a few peas short of a pod."

Harry shook his head, "She has no social skills, and she seems to see things others don't, but I don't think she's really barmy, just out there, ya know?"

Neville nodded before shrugging. "Happy Birthday Harry."

Harry nodded and smiled at him, "Happy Birthday Nev, did you do anything special yesterday?"

"Nah, we had cake during tea with Gran and her old ladies group. But I did get a new plant from my Uncle Algie. My greenhouse at home is going great."

"That's wonderful Neville glad you at least got something nice for your birthday." Harry said.

"How 'bout you? Get anything nice for your birthday?" Neville asked.

Harry's eyes flicked over to Gabrielle quickly and back before he blushed. Neville followed the path of his eyes and had taken three steps forward before catching himself. Harry was polite enough to only chuckle. "No. No way? Harry Potter what did you get from...from..her?" He seemed to have lost the ability to speak coherently.

Harry blushed again and decided not to answer. "Don't worry about that Nev, lets go back to the dining room and socialize." And he walked back in that direction, listening as the others talked idly.

"Excuse me, if you wouldn't mind, Hermione can show you the way to the party room upstairs. There simply isn't enough room to receive everyone in here. I will be up shortly, but I want to greet all of my guests as they arrive." Everyone nodded and he smiled at Hermione as she left the room leaving Ginny and Gabrielle alone with him.

"Did you enjoy your kiss from Luna?" Ginny asked him as she kissed the place her lips had been.

"It was nice, but nothing compared to this." He said dipping her quickly and kissing her deeply.

"Gods Harry, how do you expect to make it through this party unshagged if you do that?" She asked him breathlessly.

"Who said anything about that?" He asked, and Gabrielle got a very hungry look in her eyes "Down girl." He said softly but with his commanding tone and she quickly complied sending him a dazzling smile.

Once again he felt the new arrivals before he saw them. "Dean! Seamus!" He called out as he crossed the hall once again. "How's it been?" he asked.

"Stiff and to the left as usual," Seamus replied earning a smack on the shoulder from Dean.

"Hey Harry is Ginny..." Dean began before he saw her walk up behind him and drape an arm over his shoulder. "Oh...Hey Ginny, I guess Harry got his head out of his arse before us regular blokes got a chance huh?"

Ginny nodded before kissing Harry. She then turned back to the guests. "It's only a summer thing, but I love him. Come Hogwarts I am going to be too busy with OWLs to worry about a boyfriend so he is free to date all he wants. If he is available next summer we will pick back up where we left off. So don't you two go guilt tripping him in your dorm room." She said giving each of them the evil eye.

"Whoa lass, no worries here, I ain't 'xactly the proper gentleman meself." Seamus said holding his hands up.

"Yeah Gin, that's real great of you to let him off the hook. You really love him?" Dean asked. To which she nodded happily with a dopey grin. "So much that you want him to date other girls this year?" She nodded again and her smile grew wider. "Mate, you are one lucky sonofa witch. You know that?" He asked turning back to Harry.

"Yeah mate, I am the luckiest unlucky man in the world. But she keeps insisting I shag half of Hogwarts so I know how to treat her proper next summer." Harry said causing the girl to blush, He felt bad for a moment giving out details like that, but she started it.

"Nothing wrong with wanting my lover to be world class now is there?" She said predatorily earning an appreciative look from both of the other males.

Harry shook his head and dipped her again with a passionate kiss. Her eyes clouded over before she moaned. "Harry, what did I tell you about getting through this party un-shagged?" She asked forgetting about the other boys in the room.

"Guess asking you out is really useless this year then eh?" Dean said after clearing his throat.

Harry was still holding her in the dip, so she looked at him upside down and nodded with a Grin. "Mate I dunno what you did to her, but good on you." He said before turning into the Hall. "Now where is the party?"

"Gabrielle." Harry said and the little girl was instantly at his side. Both boys' eyes bugged out and they began fighting each other to get to her first. Harry snapped his fingers in their faces and they looked at him for a moment before looking contrite. "Will you take these two to the Party? You can come back down right after you drop them off to Mione." She nodded and kissed his cheek as chastely as she could manage before flouncing out of the room. She looked over her shoulder and smiled. And both boys followed her like hungry puppies.

Laughing Harry pulled Ginny up into a hug. "Harry that was mean, and how dare you reveal so much to them!" Ginny said playfully beating his chest.

"You started it, and it will be much easier having them on my side, especially as Seamus is known to flirt with anything that is remotely female. Better if he is on my side, than hunting me down."

"That's my boyfriend, always planning ahead." She giggled and he kissed her again before the next two people arrived. "Hey Gred, Hey Forge!" Harry called out.

"Hello lovebirds," Gred said.

"Just so you know Harry, Ron tried to get us to talk to you,"

"About taking care of our baby sister,"

"but we both let him know,"

"To butt out!" They finished in unison.

"Thanks guys, Party is all the way up the stairs. I'll see you up there in a few. Oh and you can prank any of the males at the party, leave the girls alone yeah?"

They nodded smiling and headed off up the stairs. "Now where were we?" Harry said pushing Ginny back against the Dining room table. She sat down and wrapped her legs around his thighs as he deepened the kiss.

"Gods Harry, this isn't fair. You realize I am going to be dripping wet the entire time?" She asked him.

"That's the plan anyway." He shrugged. "Besides, you were probably going to end up like that after your little meeting later anyway. I know how you get when you think of me with another woman."

She growled and pulled him to her once again. Kissing him as hard as she could, wanting to mark him as her territory somehow, just so those other girls would know who to thank as they lay in a puddle of post-orgasmic goo.

"I see you are getting comfortable, zis is the real Party, Non?" Gabrielle asked. He held out a hand to her and as she took it, he pulled her into a three-way hug. "This is the real party, but we have to head upstairs at some point pet." He kissed her quickly causing her to grin. The wards flared again and he pulled away from both girls to see who was arriving next.

Mandy Brockelhurst and Katie Bell. "Hey Harry, thanks for the invite." Katie said as she winked at Ginny. Harry gulped but

pretended he was not nervous as hell at the prospect of dating whom he considered his hottest teammate, well excluding Ginny.

"No problem Katie, but Hermione and Ginny here put together the guest lists. I just get to enjoy all of you." Suddenly his face colored darkly with a blush. "I meant enjoy seeing all of you!" He almost shouted trying to cover his Freudian slip.

She giggled and leaned in to kiss him quickly. "No problem Harry Happy Birthday." She pulled back. Mandy looked extremely lost, and Harry was equally as uncomfortable. She was a Ravenclaw in his year but until now, she had been about as social as Hermione was her first year.

He looked at her for a moment as he thought of what to say. She was tall, about his height, and thin. With wavy black hair, and equally black eyes. She had a light smattering of freckles across her nose reminding him of Ginny a bit, and overall she was very pretty. But she looked more nervous than Hermione after a test. "Hey Mandy, you know as much about why you are here as I do. But I promise if you want, we can get to know each other better. Alright?" He asked and she nodded shyly without speaking.

"Gin, I think you better take this lot upstairs before we get into something we can't stop." He said looking at her with a smile. She kissed him quickly and walked out the door with the girls following behind leaving him alone with Gabrielle who promptly attacked him.

She pushed him against the table and her hands went to his zipper before he stopped her. "Pet, settle down." He whispered.

"Sorry Master, but all of zees girls want you, I want you first." She said with a pout.

"What did I say pet?"

Gabrielle sighed, as she wrapped her arms behind his neck and leaned in so that he could feel her breath wash against his lips. "Let you set ze pace?" She asked.

"That's right pet, and you know what?" He asked, not pulling away. She shook her head without looking up at him. "You're being a good girl, and good girls get treats later." He said against her lips and then

kissed her quickly. She moaned in anticipation of what her Master referred to as treats. The wards flared and Harry pulled away from her. "Later." He whispered.

"Padma, Parvati welcome to my birthday party." Harry said to the most beautiful set of twins he had ever seen. They had only gotten more exotic and more beautiful in the past month. Either that, or he had simply failed to notice them last year beneath the school robes. "Lavender, I didn't know you were invited. But I'm glad you came. To be honest, you are welcome to my celebration, but I did not think either of you girls would consider what Mione and Gin came up with." He said quizzically.

"Hi Harry, um I was with Parvati when she got the invite and asked to tag along, I hope you don't mind me crashing." Lavender said.

"Not at all Lav, the more the merrier, it was less about who and more about the restrictions on how you get here. Dumbledore thought 10 invites were enough, but with you it looks like we managed to snag thirteen." He smiled at her and then a thought hit him. "Um, so you saw the whole invitation then?" He asked tentatively.

She winked at him, "I did, and I would love to give it a go, but I'm not waiting for you, and I can't guarantee I will be available when my chance comes up." She finished with a smile.

Breathing a sigh of relief he answered her, "No, that's a wonderful idea, I don't want every guy at Hogwarts after me for stealing the girls either." She smiled and walked back into the sitting room looking at the painting. Obviously giving the other girls time to chat with him.

Padma began, "Harry, we saw your family on the platform last year. It's no wonder you didn't know the first thing about how to treat a girl. Ron has no excuse, so I don't blame you just because you asked me to go out with him."

Parvati picked up the conversation, slightly reminiscent of the Weasley Twins, but these two had distinct personalities he would never confuse. Despite the fact they were currently dressed exactly alike. "And the same goes for how you treated me, you at least danced with me, and not just for the first dance. I know your best mate was having a dreadful time and you were both pining after

Hermione. She took hours that night making herself up and even I had the urge to shag her, you shouldn't feel bad for having issues after seeing her like that for the first time." She finished.

Harry smiled at them and opened his arms shyly; both girls hugged him at the same time and kissed him on opposite cheeks. Padma whispered in his ear, "I only went on that date with Ron to be closer to you anyway." He looked at her in shock before Parvati whispered in his other ear. "If you had asked we both would have gone with you, I don't have any problem sharing everything with my sister."

Harry nearly fainted, but Gabrielle walked up to him and politely coughed. "Uh, um, Lavender, Padma and Parvati this is Gabrielle Delacour, you might remember me pulling her from the Black Lake along with Ron." He stammered out. The girls looked dumfounded.

"A Veela?" Padma asked her sister with a raised eyebrow.

"An of age Veela?" Parvati asked back with a small grin starting.

"Is Harry your Master then?" Padma asked the girl, surprising her with this insight, she simply nodded dumbly. Padma looked back at Parvati, "That could be fun." She said licking her lips. Parvati nodded, "Really fun." She replied then looked back to the little girl. Harry just stared back and forth between them.

"Uh, Gabrielle, why don't you show these three the way upstairs, I will bring our last guest up in a few minutes." Harry said for lack of anything else to say at the moment. Gabrielle smiled at him and led the girls off.

"Bye Harry." They said in unison with identical evil smiles on their faces. Oh boy he was in trouble...

For some reason this last guest made him the most nervous. He was over her, he was sure of it, but there was unresolved tension, as well as unresolved feelings mixed together. The girls had talked him into seeing her and giving her another chance. He had agreed but that meant opening up some wounds that he would rather have left buried. Besides the fact that his fondest memory of her was a wet kiss in the Room of Requirement. The wards flared and there stood his crush from fourth year, his girlfriend from the last. "Hey

Cho." He said nervously closing the distance across the hall, and entering the sitting room.

To his relief she smiled and seemed just as nervous as he did. "Hey Harry..." She trailed off leaving a bit of an awkward silence behind.

"Look Cho, I wanted to apologize for a couple of things." He began but she cut him off.

"Wait Harry, let me go first, and you can decide if you still feel like you need to apologize alright?" He nodded in confusion. "Look, in fifth year I really liked you, but Cedric asked me first...I felt really really bad that I couldn't go to the ball with you. I think I fell in love with him, but we had so little time together. She took a deep breath and tried to move past the pain. But he knew that was not what she needed. Sighing for what he was about to do he sat down on the couch and pulled her down with him.

"Cho, you need to talk through this, I am the king of guilt, so I know what is going on. Please just talk to me. You needed to do this last year, why not try again now?" He asked and she broke down crying on his shoulder.

"Harry you brought him back, and he was gone." She cried. He soon gave it up as a bad job, unable to resist pulling her onto his lap as he did with Ginny or Hermione when they were sad. He wrapped his arms around her and idly ran a hand through her black silken hair. "Shhhh, its alright Cho, just let it out and then we can talk about it." He whispered in her ear. His suppressed feelings for her returning full force as he felt her small athletic body press into his own, and her lips so very near to his.

She sobbed quietly for a few moments more before speaking. "I'm so sorry Harry, You brought him back, I thought I loved him, but then I moved on to you so fast the next year, I felt like I was betraying him, even though I had feelings for you first." She let out another sob, "Harry what if I didn't really love him? How do I know?" She asked with tears running down her cheeks.

"I am the last person to ask about love Cho, I am still trying to figure it out, you got the note from the girls right?" She nodded. "Tell you what, maybe you and I can learn together what it really is alright? But right now you need to stop feeling bad. Cedric was a great guy,



and I can see why you liked, maybe even loved him. But there is nothing wrong with moving on now that he's gone, I know he would have wanted you to love again." He was very proud of himself for that explanation. Apparently hanging out with girls so much was rubbing off on him and he now had the emotional range of a teacup rather than a teaspoon.

She sniffed. "And then I went and complained about you wanting to see Hermione on Valentines day. I understand now that must have been when you did that interview. But Harry, I should not have accused you of having anything with her. That wasn't fair to either of you."

Harry pulled her back into a hug. "You weren't all that far off though, Hermione and I are special friends now, things have changed over the summer hols this year. So you were not entirely wrong, you just saw it before I did." He said trying to soothe her.

She shook her head. "And then I sided with Marietta even though I knew she was wrong. I'm so sorry for that too Harry."

"But you know it was wrong, so I forgive you. Do you forgive me for going to see Hermione on our first real date?" She nodded. "Do you forgive yourself for possibly loving Cedric?" She nodded again and surprising him she kissed him. It was wet again, just like the last time. But it was nice in comparison. These were tears of relief, not tears of sadness or tears of frustration.

"You know, I don't think I have ever kissed you when you weren't crying?" He asked her with a smile. She smacked him on the shoulder but smiled shyly. "Now clean yourself up, we have a party to get to, and my summer girlfriend is probably being hit on by all the guys...well except her brothers." He said.

"Are you worried about her? If it's a summer thing then it must not be serious?" She asked a little hopefully.

"It's serious enough, but it's her OWL year... Speaking of which, its your NEWT year, are you sure you want to try dating at all this year?" In response she kissed him again, no tears this time and it was surprisingly everything he had dreamed about in his fourth year. He kissed her back for a minute before pulling back and smiling at her. "See, that was so much better, don't you agree?" She nodded

and smiled shyly at him. "I guess that answered my question. The girls are going to have some sort of union meeting later and explain the rules to you or whatever." She raised an eyebrow at him. "Honestly, I have no idea what they are going to tell you lot, I have an honest to god reason to learn all I can about love. They are just trying to help me." He said with a shrug.

She thought for a moment and then shrugged. After standing up from his lap she offered him a hand. "Well then, lets go have a party, and find out what I am getting myself into."

"Sounds like your going to go along with it no matter what?" He asked her with a raised eyebrow.

"I think you're worth a shot, not matter what stipulations they wish to apply."

Harry pulled her into another quick kiss, "Stop that, sexy intelligent witches are my weakness." And then grabbing her hand he pulled her up the stairs and into the party.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

When they got upstairs the party was going well. Seamus was making a fool out himself, not realizing that every girl in the room was interested in only one guy in attendance. They had brought the Wizard Wireless up and it was now setup in the corner of the room playing Weird Sisters songs. Harry wasn't really keen on the band, or Wizard music in general. But it was much better than Celestina Warbeck at any rate. As soon as they noticed him his trio of girls swarmed him and gave him hugs, though once again Hermione had to restrain the little Veela from simply taking him on the floor.

Ron sat in the corner of the room on a short backed couch, sulking and nursing a Butterbeer. Not only had the git stolen his girlfriend after promising not to. He now had a Veela trying to get into his pants, and owned Ron by way of a life debt. He didn't think things could get much worse, then Harry walked in with Cho and all the girls in the room turned their eyes on him. He smacked his head back against the wall and groaned.

"You know Ron, if you get a head injury before the Quidditch season even starts I might have to hurt you." He heard a familiar voice say.

"Lavender?" Ron asked looking up at the vivacious blonde.

"The one and only, now what has you drinking alone and beating your own head in?" She asked him as she sat down next to him on the couch. A little closer than he thought was proper, but he wasn't going to complain.

"Hermione and I broke up." Ron told her flat out. He watched as her eyes flicked to the three girls standing closest to Harry and groaned when comprehension dawned in her eyes.

"I see." Was all she said for a few moments. "How long were you two dating? I only saw the invite that mentioned you two were together yesterday." She asked.

"Only a week, but I have fancied her for years. And we had this really strange relationship, she was always all over Harry, and then she ends up breaking it off with me after I'm pretty sure she shagged him." He said taking another swig of his bottle.

"Did you love her then?" Lavender asked.

That brought him up short; any thoughts of love had gone out of his head when he told her she could sleep with Harry as long as she shagged him. No it had turned into lust and jealousy. It didn't make him feel any better, or hate Harry any less for stealing her. But he didn't dislike her anymore.

"I suppose not. It still hurts though, ya know?" He asked.

She pulled him into a hug, surprising him. He knew she was a huge flirt from Dean and Seamus, but had never been on the receiving end having always been hanging out with Hermione. She was rather soft and cuddly and made him feel nice. "Feel better?" She asked him smiling.

"Yeah, thanks." He said smiling back, she noted the Butterbeer in his hand.

"You know," She said slipping it from his grasp. "You should really drink less of this stuff, juice is much better for you."

She didn't realize he knew exactly what she was talking about and grinned at her. "Dobby?" He called and the elf popped in next to his elbow.

"Yous called Mr. Ron?"

"Can you bring me one of my smoothies please?" Dobby nodded and popped out.

"Smoothie?" Lavender asked him.

"Yeah, new favorite. Pineapple, Banana and a bunch of other stuff. I hear it has side effects as well when taken in large doses." He said attempting to flirt with her as the elf dropped off his drink and popped away again.

Her eyes lit up, "Well then, maybe you will just have to explain it all to me sometime?" She asked him. Ron was feeling much better.

Hermione cleared her throat as she turned down the music. "Excuse me ladies? Anyone who would like to is welcome into our room for a quick tour. The bathroom and the closet are to die for."

All of the girls nodded and quickly followed her into the bedroom closing the door behind them, leaving just the guys in the huge room. Seamus was the first to ask, "What the hell was that?"

Ron looked disgusted again as Lavender abandoned him for the meeting, and spoke up. "Probably sorting out who gets to shag Harry first!" Harry saw red.

"Ron, what is your problem? So you and Hermione didn't work out, honestly we used to think you two fought to get express suppressed feelings. But now I can see you two are only friends because of me. Now will you please stop sulking and making accusations? I want my damned friend back!"

"Bugger off!" Ron growled as he stormed out of the room. Fred and George excused themselves and followed closely behind him.

"We'll take care of him Harry,"

"Don't you worry about it." They told him with devilish grins.

Harry watched them go before turning back to the other three occupants of the room. "Do you three have something to say as well?" He asked before losing some of his steam and apologizing quickly. "Sorry, didn't mean to snap at you."

Dean nodded. "He's always been a jealous git, and he always comes 'round in the end."

Seamus nodded in agreement, Neville looked thoughtful for a moment before speaking. "Did you really steal Hermione from him? I thought you were with Gabrielle?" Seamus and Dean looked at each other and then scrutinized him closely.

"We thought you were with Ginny..." Dean said looking a little dark.

"You heard what Ginny told you right? She loves me, and I feel for her, but she can't handle a boyfriend and OWLs so she wants me to date. Gabrielle sort of fell in my lap..."

"Literally." Neville interrupted then promptly blushed.

"Not quite, but close," Harry continued. "And I have always been close to Mione, Ron can think whatever he wants but I didn't steal her from him. He was a selfish, jealous lazy git and she decided he wasn't worth the fuss." He finished with a shrug. "Now are you three gonna cause trouble for me this year? There are reasons I am suddenly going to start dating that I can't go into, but I'm looking for love, not trying to shag every girl at school alright?" He didn't tell them that was Ginny's idea not his.

"Fine mate, don't worry 'bout us, guess we been lucky you stayed outta the game this long eh?" Seamus asked.

Harry grinned as he got up and clasped hands with the Irish boy, "Oh Aye, 'tis been a long time comin. But I 'spect 'tis going to be a long time goin' as well." Seamus punched him playfully for his extremely bad attempt at an Irish accent.

"Whatever Harry, you know you can count on me." Neville said with a shrug. Harry nodded and smiled sincerely at him.

"That I do Nev, speaking of which you and I need to have conversation with Luna sometime."

Dean looked at him for a long moment. "Well, Gin and I didn't really have anything going on anyway so it isn't like you stole her is it? I just hope the female population doesn't pine away for you this year. Give us other blokes a chance yeah?" He finished with a grin.

"Thanks guys, Oh I almost forgot. I think I just got permission for the DA to practice magic over the summer." Harry said changing the subject to something he felt was not only more important, but a lot less awkward.

"Honestly? How'd you swing that one?" Dean asked.

"Susan and her Aunt showed up with the first Portkey. They escaped because of the DA training and my invitation." Harry said.

"Wait, what does Susie's Aunt got to do with anything?" Seamus asked.

Neville surprised them by interjecting himself. "Susan Bones, as in Amelia Bones, as in Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement." He finished looking at the other two.

"Right in one Nev." Harry stated. "Guess you could say she thinks she owes me one." Harry said with a shrug.

"Well I'm all for getting to use Magic over the hols, thanks Harry." Dean said and the other two agreed quickly.

"Well don't start until you get something from me or the DMLE." Harry said as they sat down again and went quiet; occasionally throwing glances at the door to the girls' room.

"How long's it take to look at a bleedin' bathroom?" Seamus asked.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Once inside the girls all stood about looking in awe at the size of the bedroom. "You two share this? This has to be at least the size of our Dorm!" Lavender commented. Both girls nodded smiling.

"And that's not the best part." Ginny said as she pushed against the wall exposing the secret passageway. Half of the girls gasped, the other half looked a little leery.

"So you and Hermione have full access to him at all times then? How do you ever stop shagging?" Susan asked. That finally got the whole group giggling.

Hermione jumped up on the bed and cleared her throat again. "Alright ladies, things have changed slightly since you received your invites. Ginny and I are both in love with the git, but because of how he was raised he doesn't know what real love is supposed to feel like." She said as a tear ran down her cheek.

There were a flurry of questions as to what she meant by that. And between her and Ginny they answered most of them, the atmosphere in the room was heading toward depression until Luna spoke up. "Well I suppose we will just have to clear all the gimlets out of his system then."

They all turned and stared at her, Hermione holding her face in her hand shaking her head. "Luna, what are Gimlets?" She asked not really wanting an answer.

"Oh, Gimlets eat feelings, especially love. Professor Snape has been infected since my first year at least. Looks like Harry picked them up somewhere as well." Luna said without blinking.

Ginny smiled at her friend, "And please Luna, how do we get rid of them?"

Luna smiled dreamily and answered in a huskier voice than normal. "Well the easiest way is through ejaculation." This got gasps and giggles from the room but she continued as if she didn't hear them. "But any vigorous activity will do it eventually."

Lavender considered Hermione for a moment, "So then I take it you have removed most of the infection already?" Hermione blushed very prettily before replying. "Not entirely I'm sure." Before blushing even deeper.

Ginny saw that this was getting nowhere so she began speaking once again. "We two want him to learn to love properly. And we

have no problem sharing him in the meantime." She licked her lips involuntarily which only a few of the girls noticed. Some reacted with contemplation, some with fear.

"Now Hermione has a schedule set-up already but you can feel free to swap your time as long as both parties agree. You can try to fall in love with him or shag him sideways for all we care, hopefully we can give him the jolt he needs." Ginny said.

"What happens if he falls in love with one of us?" Cho asked shyly, still not entirely comfortable surrounded by DA members once more.

Hermione looked at the girl speculatively. "We are willing to share if you are, if not, we really just want Harry to be happy, even if it isn't with us." She finished quietly.

"So you really want us to shag him?" Parvati asked in disbelief.

"If he will let you. He hasn't even slept with Gabrielle yet and she has been throwing herself at him. The little girl blushed, but stood defiantly as the group examined her with awed eyes.

"He refused a Veela?" Padma asked in disbelief. Gabrielle dropped her gaze to the floor in shame.

"Oui, he tells me he does not want a sex slave. He eez looking for l'amore." She sniffed and Ginny pulled her into a hug.

Katie spoke up quickly. "Looks like we definitely have our work cut out for us then." Hermione nodded in complete agreement, remembering how he reacted to taking her and Ginny's virginity.

"It has absolutely no bearing on whether you are allowed to date him, but just to be curious, how many of you are Virgins?" Hermione asked.

Hesitantly Luna, Cho, Susan, Hannah, Padma, Mandy, and most surprisingly Lavender held up their hands. All of the other girls stared at Lavender. "What?" She asked incredulously. "There are a lot of things you can do without losing your virginity. I am not a saint, but I haven't given that up just yet." She stated firmly, waiting for anyone to contradict her. When no one did she nodded and looked



back to Hermione. "And I don't plan to sleep with him just to get him to fall for me. Is that a problem?"

Both of the ringleaders shook their heads. Ginny spoke up, "I didn't until I knew I was in love. Even if he couldn't tell me back." She said, "We don't expect everyone to just drop your knickers and..." She trailed off as her eyes rolled back in her head and she caught her breath. Gabrielle caught her and sat her on the bed eliciting chuckles from a few girls and strange looks from the others. Hermione picked up where she left off.

"No one is required to sleep with him, even if you decide you want to you might have an uphill battle to fight. Now...if you need help convincing him, either one of us would be willing to uh..." She blushed and lost the use of her voice. This time all of the girls chuckled.

"So you two swing both ways then?" Lavender asked with a hungry look at Hermione.

Ginny had come back around by this time and shook her head still trying to catch her breath. "Uh, only Harry, and anyone with Harry. God it's the hottest thing ever to watch him get another girl off." She surprised herself with the outburst and she appeared to nearly glow with the force of her blush.

"In any case," Hermione began trying to bring a little order back to the issue at hand. "Are we all in agreement then?" There were nods all around except Cho who had a speculative look.

"And how are we supposed to get him to fall in love with us with you two hanging all over him?" The other girls hadn't thought about that.

Ginny sniffed a little but held back the tears. "Hermione and I have decided that in public at least, we are not going to advertise our relationship with Harry. That means that as far as the rest of the school is concerned, he is only dating whoever he is currently with."

Hermione nodded, it had been her idea after all. "Both of us might still want to be with him, and in between you lot we may have to drag him into a broom closet and shag him senseless." She just couldn't stop blushing during this meeting, and it didn't help that

being a Prefect, shagging Harry in a broom closet was doubly as dirty a thought.

She continued on, "That being said, if you want an actual shot at dating him. We will back off completely while you are together. We really do want him to find love, even if it is with one of you." She finished quietly, the atmosphere in the room was getting rather sappy and though all of the girls wanted to at least try to build a relationship with him, they had a pretty good idea that after this experiment was over, Harry would have at least two witches already picked out.

Mandy finally spoke up quietly. "Uh, what about other girls? Is he allowed to date anyone that isn't in here right now?" She asked feeling rather insignificant in comparison to the rest of the flesh in the room with her.

Ginny smiled at her, "We do not own Harry, in fact he actually owns one of us." She threw a look at Gabrielle who grinned and nodded looking for all the world like a puppy who was being offered a treat. The other girls laughed as one, even if they were thinking of the complications it would cause having a sex slave in the relationship. Especially if it got serious.

Ginny continued on, "That being understood, then even though we have a schedule written up. If Harry decides to continue dating one of you, it will be considered a queue. If he wants to date someone that isn't in this room that is his choice as well. This is about what is best for Harry, not what is best for us. Do we all agree to these terms?"

Everyone nodded and voiced their agreement. "Now we do have some suggestions." Hermione said getting their attention once more. "If you want a chance to learn the secret to why all of this is necessary you will need to learn Occlumency. The easiest way for Ginny and I to relax enough to meditate is funny enough in the nude." The other girls giggled.

"Harry was reluctant at first, but he now works on his Occlumency in the nude as well. The distraction that a naked witch provides helps him develop better concentration, and honestly, the distraction a naked Harry provides made it nearly impossible for me to improve my technique for the first few days." She smiled at the memories.

"But the end result of you learning Occlumency from Harry might be that you get to spend a few hours alone with him, with a perfectly good excuse to be naked." She grinned as all of their eyes lit up, and then a few promptly blushed at feeling so randy.

"Is Harry really the Chosen One?" Hannah asked quietly.

Ginny and Hermione shared a look. "The short answer is yes, Voldemort..." The room shuddered. "Honestly people, use his damn name!"

Ginny grinned, "Language Hermione!" getting a nervous giggle from the gaggle.

"Anyway, Voldemort," She paused as they reacted, though less strongly this time. "Knows that much of the Prophecy. If you want to know more, you will have to be able to protect the secret, and you will have to convince Harry to tell you."

All of them nodded in agreement before a pounding on the door startled them. "Hermione Open up, we need to speak with you!"

Hermione looked at the door strangely for a moment. "Dad?"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The boys were still sitting in silence when Harry felt the wards flare. Wondering who else was arriving. He got up and headed downstairs after excusing himself. When he got to the kitchen he found Dumbledore speaking quietly to two people.

The woman had straight blonde hair that curled at the ends, but her face was all Hermione, the man had bushy brown hair that screamed that he was Hermione's father. "Mr. and Mrs. Granger I assume?" Harry asked startling the old man.

"Ah Harry, I went to check on the Grangers after the attack on Amelia and they insisted on seeing their daughter." Dumbledore said with his eyes twinkling. Harry was immediately on his guard.

"Thank you for checking on them, but what led you to believe they might be in danger as well?" Harry asked cautiously.

"I simply did a routine check, knowing how valuable Ms. Granger is to you, I am certain Voldemort would have placed them near the top of his list." Dumbledore answered calmly. Harry decided he would think on that explanation later.

"Is there anything I can do for you at the moment Sir? Ma'am?" He asked looking at each of them in turn.

Mrs. Granger spoke up, "Harry. Hermione has told us enough about you, as well as the fact that you are legally an adult today. Please call me Emma and this is Dan." She said elbowing her husband in the ribs. He grunted and extended his hand giving the boy the 'I hate anyone who might touch my baby girl' look.

"Now Harry, where is our daughter? She has some explaining to do about all of this. She has been downplaying the significance of the events that she has related, and after speaking with the Headmaster she has neglected to inform us of other things."

Harry couldn't hide his shock, not only that Hermione had been lying to her parents. But that Dumbledore had told them the truth of what had happened at the school in the past few years. Not even the Ministry or the Prophet seemed to know the real story behind half of what happened.

"She's upstairs at the party, showing off her room to the other girls. Follow me." He said stunned.

When they reached to top of the stairs Dan looked at the doors and then at Harry. Understanding the unspoken question Harry pointed at the one on the left. At least Dan had the decency not to walk into his daughter's room unannounced, as he knocked and called out.

"Hermione Open up, we need to speak with you!"

## Chapter 24: The Proverbial Wrench

Hermione opened up the door, and Ginny quickly closed the passageway. She invited her parents into the room where all of the girls were trying to get into the closet at once. Her mum smiled at her.

"No wonder you wanted to show off, this room is enormous!"

Hermione just beamed, "I know mum, I share it with Ginny but we get along. Come look at the bathroom. As she pulled her mother into said room, her father began looking for any trace of boys and the other girls began filing back out to the other room where Harry had turned the Wireless back up. Her father closed the door cutting out the sound so they could speak with their daughter.

Coming out of the closet chattering like best friends Hermione and her mum walked toward him. He cleared his throat and gave her a look. Emma looked contrite as she turned back to Hermione. "Dear, we just had a long conversation with the Headmaster, and you seem to have left out some key points in your tales of the Magic World." She began.

"More like flat out lied to us, honey how could you lie? Why did you feel like you couldn't tell us the truth?" Her father looked very hurt as he sat down at her desk.

"Daddy I'm so sorry, I was afraid you would pull me out of school and I can't let that happen. I finally belong!" She said pleading with him.

Her mum dragged her to the bed and they sat down on the edge and Hermione threw her arms around her mother and began to cry. "Shhhh its okay dear. Now why don't you tell us your version of events? The Headmaster seemed to be holding back on us."

Hermione cried for a little longer before pulling back and nodding her head. "Will you promise not to pull me out of Hogwarts?" She asked timidly.

"Now we cannot promise that Hermione. We have to look out for your well being." Her father said.

"Daddy I am Muggleborn, and I am listed on the rolls as attending Hogwarts. Even if I don't show up to school this year, that won't stop them from coming after me." She said watching as her parent's faces went white.

"Then...Then we will just have to leave the country." Her father tried again.

"No Daddy." Hermione stated firmly. He just looked at his little girl, who had never disagreed with him in the past, and began to see the beautiful, intelligent self-sufficient woman she was becoming. He broke down and sobbed, desperately holding in his choked cries and keeping back his tears.

Hermione immediately jumped up and hugged him close. "I'm so sorry Daddy, but this is where I belong now, I need to go to school to learn how to defend myself. And I have friends and obligations here." She whispered loud enough for her mother to hear.

"Just tell us everything honey, it is apparent we cannot change your mind, and locking you away somewhere would only succeed in keeping you safe until you were of age." Her mother said cool headedly, but she had tears running down her face as she watched her husband who had just realized his baby girl had grown up.

Hermione told them everything over the next half an our. They looked on in awe and wonder as she spoke of Giant snakes, Fire-breathing Dragons, and attempts on Harry's life every year he was at Hogwarts. Emma had always had a suspicion about her daughters feeling for Harry and they were all confirmed as she watched the girls rapt face when she spoke of his deeds, his home life and his kindness.

As she wound down and couldn't think of anything more to tell them her father spoke. "Please come home for the rest of the Hols?"

Hermione froze. She didn't want to leave Harry or Ginny behind, and knew there was no way that her parents would approve of her bringing a boy home for the summer. Thinking quickly, and not wanting to hurt them any more she asked. "Can you stay here?"

Dan and Emma shared a long look before her mother shook her head. "I'm sorry Dear but our practice is all the way on the other side of the country. We can't just drop our patients like that.

Hermione nodded, recognizing the logic in the argument. She had gotten more than just her looks from her mother after all.

"May I bring a friend?" That got her a very concerned look from him.

"Now Hermione, I realize you have grown up, but I cannot allow you to bring a boy home even if he has saved your life and is the..." She cut him off giggling.

"No Daddy, I meant Ginny. She has never spent much time in the Muggle world and it would be a wonderful experience for her. I would also feel much better not being caged all alone for the rest of the Hols." She said with a smile.

Sighing he nodded his head and Emma spoke. "If Mrs. Weasley agrees then you may bring your friend along. But we really want you home, besides Crookshanks misses you." At the mention of her beloved orange cat she gave in.

"Alright, I need to go tell them." And she got up and left the room.

Her mother smiled at her retreating form wondering which one she would miss more if they forced her to leave them here.

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The party had rapidly gone down hill after Hermione's announcement. Cho had kissed Harry goodbye quickly before heading downstairs to Floo home, as had most of the other girls. Dean and Seamus left at the same time thanking him for the food and drinks as well as the company. It had not been the party of the year, but it had been nice to get together with everyone.

Hermione had convinced her parents to let her stay one more evening to pack and she and Ginny would head home in the morning. Reluctantly the Grangers had allowed Dumbledore to take them home, cringing at the thought of using a Portkey once more.

Ron never had come back to the Party, but the Twins had. Apparently when Ron refused to stop being a git he had somehow ended up orange and stuck to the ceiling of his room with a silencing charm on the door. It would wear off in time for breakfast, and as he was over the bed, he shouldn't be hurt too badly. They had then each drawn a bottle of Firewhisky and placed it on the table in front of him as he sat on the couch. Wishing him happy birthday they both popped back to the flat above their store leaving Harry alone with Neville, Luna, Susan, Hannah, and his girls.

Once they were alone, and before he knew what was happening Gabrielle had claimed his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. Once she burrowed into his chest she sighed in contentment as he gave a shy and apologetic look to his other company. Susan and Hannah grinned, and Neville looked amused and stunned at the same time. Luna just looked on as if it were a perfectly normal occurrence.

Harry remembered his idle thought when he had first seen the adjustable table they were sitting around and decided to voice his thoughts. "What say we play a drinking game or two?" He asked. The others quickly agreed as they eyed the bottles on the table. He called for Dobby to bring them shot glasses as they discussed which game to play.

"How about Truth or Dare?" Hannah asked the group, some nodded but Susan looked at Neville, who looked at Luna and Susan before blushing.

"Uh, how about I never?" He asked.

"Hmmm, how about strip poker?" Luna asked, "Nudity attracts all sorts of fun creatures you know." She said dreamily.

The group gulped almost as one before Harry filled each glass with half a shot. "How about we ante up first?" They all took a glass and saluting each other, drank it quickly. The bit of steam that shot from their noses made them all giggle.

"Now that we are all a little intoxicated, how about we combine the three?" His girls looked ready for anything, the other girls all looked excited. Neville was turning redder by the moment. "Nev, you can leave if you don't want to play. None of us will think less of you."



Harry said, not wanting his friend to leave, but not wanting to give up a chance to play this game before he lost his girlfriends for the summer. He repressed the burst of depression that tried to overwhelm him.

"I...I think I might go ahead and leave. No offense to any of you or anything. I just..." He stammered and lost his train of thought. Hannah leaned over Susan and kissed him on the cheek.

"It's alright Neville. Nobody blames you, do you think I might come by sometime before school starts?" She asked him hopefully. He turned bright red so she tried to diffuse the situation before his head popped. "I meant to see your greenhouse silly." He deflated a bit and smiled at her.

"I'd like that." He said. She rose and took his hand pulling him up. And walked him down the stairs and to the Floo.

"I had a nice time tonight Neville, you are a wonderful dancer and you kept the conversation up. I look forward to seeing you again." He stared at her as if he couldn't believe her words. She kissed him on the cheek again. "Good night Nev." As she headed back down the hall toward the staircase she heard the whoosh as he entered the fire.

Once back upstairs she heard Harry explaining the rules.

"Alright, how does this sound. You spin this Butterbeer bottle, and ask that person if they want truth or dare. If they say truth then they have to do an "I never", but it has to be one where they take a drink. Of course if you have done that as well then you drink. If they choose dare, and decide not to do the dare, they have to take off an article of clothing."

They all thought it sounded good enough, so Harry stood and very carefully cast a Diversion charm to make people think of other things to do, and a Silencing charm on both stairways, earning him strange glances from those that didn't know about the hidden one. Harry laid the bottle on its side and spun. It landed first on Luna who looked a bit lost at first before picking up her shot glass. "I've never been naked on the Quidditch Pitch." She said before draining her glass. The rest of the group stared at her, and then surprisingly, Susan

blushed and drank hers as well. Luna spun the bottle, which landed on Harry.

"I've never lost my virginity." He said before throwing back his shot, and watching as Hermione, Ginny and Gabrielle downed theirs before he spun the bottle. It landed next on Susan.

"I've never kissed a girl." She said glancing in Hannah's direction. Everyone at the table drank along with her. Susan spun the bottle, which landed on Gabrielle.

"Dare." The little girl said looking at Harry.

Susan was not expecting that and had nothing prepared. "Um...I dare you to tell us how many lovers you have had." She stumbled out.

Gabrielle looked put out at getting a question instead of something to do "I have only four lovers." She said and Ginny Hermione and Harry looked at her startled. "What? I say I did not wait, I did not say I am sexing everyone." She shrugged. Harry wondered if he were included or if that was only those who she had slept with.

She spun the bottle and watched as it made its way all the way back around to her. Everyone stared at Harry. "Um... I guess that is an automatic piece of clothing?" Gabrielle smiled and her blouse seemed to disappear she removed it so quickly. She spun the bottle again landing on Hermione.

"Dare." She told the little girl whose eyes went wide.

"I dare you to kiss me like I were Harry." She said, watching as Hermione moved around and leaned in toward her. The kiss lasted only a half a minute or so but the little girl was moaning before Hermione sat back down. "Mon Dieu! Harry." She exclaimed softly as Hermione spun the bottle that then landed on Ginny. Ginny shrugged and took off her shirt before spinning the bottle. It landed on Hannah who looked just a bit uncomfortable. "Uh, I never made love to a girl." She blushed as she drained her glass. All but Luna drained their glasses. Spinning the bottle it landed on her again and her blush deepened. She stood and quickly removed her shorts before sitting down again to hide. Harry got a quick flash of her white

panties and round but very pretty rear end. She spun the bottle once more and it landed on Luna.

"Dare." Luna said.

Hannah looked at the girl as if betrayed. "Fine, I dare you to kiss Harry the way Hermione just kissed Gabrielle."

Harry's eyes got wide as Luna walked toward him and leaned in. "It's just a kiss Harry relax." She whispered before her lips connected with his. By the end of about 45 seconds during which the two looked completely lost Luna had straddled his lap. They broke for air and she walked back to her chair with a dreamy smile. Harry took a few moments to recover as he just stared at the girl.

Luna spun the bottle and it landed again on Hermione who shrugged and removed her shirt as well. Next was Susan who was getting into the game, and removed her shirt with Hannah looking at her like she had grown another head.

The bottle landed on Gabrielle who again asked for a dare. Susan had to think for a moment of all the dirty things she could make the girl do but didn't want the game to end too soon. She had a feeling the little girl would drag Harry into the other room. "I dare you to remove a piece of Harry's clothing." She said.

"Hey that's not fair!" Harry said playfully.

"It isn't against the rules either." Susan said back. Shrugging he stood and held his arms out to his sides. Gabrielle kneeled and ran her hands up his thighs and under his shirt, which she then pulled over his head earning smiles from Hermione and Ginny, and intakes of breath from the other three girls in the room.

The bottle landed on Hermione and Ginny again in order, who both removed their shorts, now clad only in bra and knickers. When Ginny spun the bottle it landed on Susan once again. "Fine Susie, you want to play that way. I dare you to remove a piece of Hannah's clothing." The girl in question looked at her betrayed and then to Susan who shrugged and began tugging at her top. She fought for a few seconds before exclaiming, "Fine!" and helping pull the shirt over her head. And exposing her DD sized breasts as Harry sucked in a breath.

Susan spun the bottle and when it landed back on Ginny she grinned evilly. When the girl asked for a Dare she complied. "Fine, I dare you to strip." Ginny looked surprised for a moment. But got up and removed the last articles of her clothing doing a clumsy strip tease that never the less had Harry panting.

Hannah looked at the girl hungrily before catching herself and blushing. Susan elbowed her and wiggled her eyebrows. "Stop it." She whispered to the girl as she blushed.

The next in line was Hannah who wanting to get back at Susan lifted her glass, "I never gave my best friend an orgasm." As she drank Susan blushed before drinking, followed by Harry and the Trio leaving poor Luna out.

Lucky for her the bottle landed on her next, "Dare please." She said as if it didn't matter what they made her do, which was entirely possible.

"Fine, Luna I dare you to strip as well." The girls eyes lit up and funny enough, she did a better strip tease than Ginny, but in Hannah's lap causing the girl to blush madly the entire time. Luna had a very thin frame with perfectly sized B-cup breasts. And a tuft of golden hair nestled between her legs. Harry drooled a bit before she caught his eye and smiled.

She spun and it landed on Harry. Feeling bold, and more than a little drunk Harry asked for a dare, pretty sure what would be asked of him. He stood and began to tug at his jeans before Luna spoke stopping him. "Kiss me like that again Harry." She said lightly. He stared at her for half a minute before giving up and sitting back down as the beautiful naked girl stalked toward him and sat down on his lap. She pressed her nipples into his chest and his arms automatically came around her back before he kissed her soundly once again. By the time they were done he was painfully hard inside his too tight trousers.

Hannah was getting too uncomfortable. "I'm sorry guys, but I really need to get home. I might come back if my parent's let me. But I doubt they will let me stay somewhere they can't find." Harry nodded and stood. Giving the blushing girl a hug before she got dressed and headed down the stairs.

Luna stood as well. "This has been fun, but Daddy will wonder where I am when I can't find myself later. So I should really be there to help him look if he gets lost." They all stared at her, not at her naked form before she started her way out of the room.

"Uh Luna, You might want to get dressed." Hermione said.

"Why would I want to do that, I quite enjoy being naked?"

"Because you have to walk back through this house and Molly will wonder what is going on up here?" Harry asked her. Getting an Ah Ha look on her face she began getting dressed. She gave Harry a quick kiss before leaving just the five of them in the room.

Hermione spoke to break the silence. "Um, Susan you can stay in our room if you like there is plenty of room. Actually if you and Gabrielle would like, it's yours for the rest of the summer.

Susan was touched, and was about to say as much when she thought that tonight she would possibly be alone in that room. "Thank you, I would like that." She said looking at the Veela who had reclaimed Harry's lap. Gabrielle looked up at Harry and back at Susan as if sizing her up. She then grinned and nodded.

"Shall we keep playing?" Harry asked.

Susan filled each of their glasses. "I think I need another ante first." The others all drained theirs before she spun and watched as Harry was selected.

"Dare of course." He said looking her in the eye, causing her to shiver.

"Naked Harry." She whispered shyly. He stood and Gabrielle slowly pulled both his trousers and his boxers down freeing his aching member with a sigh before he stepped out of his clothing and looked at the girl.

"Susan?" He asked her, she had her eyes down and her face was red. She shook her head so he sat down. "There I'm sitting down again." She peeked up at him nervously before breathing a sigh of relief. That his lower half was hidden from view. "You know, you

should be careful what you ask for." He smiled at her, causing her to blush again.

The bottle was spun and landed on Gabrielle. "Dare." She said with a growl.

"Fine pet, stand on the table and strip for Susan." He said giving the other girl a sly glance to see her reaction. He was not disappointed as her eyes lit up before she looked down again.

"What's this? You see naked girls all the time Susan." He said.

She shook her head, "It's different." She squeaked.

Gabrielle got up on the table after Harry lowered it; exposing his extreme arousal and promptly making Susan look away. She crawled across the table carefully avoiding knocking anything over and stood up. Susan kept sneaking glances as she bent over and slowly pulled off her knickers and shorts. Exposing her perfect snatch to the girl who licked her lips. Then Gabrielle's bra all but disappeared in another bout of extreme skill mixed with Veela magic. The little girl kissed Susan on the cheek and walking around the table, sank carefully onto Harry's slap so that his cock now sat encased between her thighs against her warm wet slit. Just the head of his erection was poking out the top where Susan saw it when she tried to sneak a glance at Gabrielle.

Once again the bottle spun and landed on Hermione. "Dare of course!" She exclaimed. Gabrielle motioned to herself and then to Hermione who taking her cue, stood and was promptly as naked as the other three. Leaving Susan the only one clothed in the room.

Hermione spun the bottle, which much to her enjoyment landed on Susan once again. "Dare." She said quietly.

"You're the only one left Susan, You can either strip completely, or lose one article of clothing. Or if you're ready you can go to bed." Hermione said with concern, but lust in her eyes. Susan looked at her and her eyes ran down the girl's naked form and back up before she stood.

"In for a penny..." She said as she quickly divested herself of the last of her clothing. Harry looked at her with longing, which she noticed

when she peaked at him, and she promptly blushed again. Harry stared in awe as he watched another witch strip for him. She was a little heavier than Hermione, but nothing was out of place. She had D-cups that rivaled her best friends and made Harry's hands ache to feel them. He liked small breasts, but he had never handled anything larger than a C-cup. And She had a perfect line of auburn hair directly above her slit, which was shaved perfectly. Harry thought he remembered the term "Landing Strip" From one of his cousin's crude conversations.

This time the bottle landed on Ginny. "Please Dare me Susan." She said licking her lips.

"Uh..." She stumbled. "I dare you to give Gabrielle an orgasm while we watch." She mumbled.

Ginny carefully turned the bottle back to Susan, "Only if you take one more dare first?" She asked.

Susan nodded and looked to the girl for instruction. "Take Gabrielle's place on Harry's lap." She said causing Susan's eyes to widen. "You don't have to do it, we can take this to the bedroom." Ginny said but Susan shook her head.

With her heart beating so hard she was certain that everyone else could hear it, and causing her to sway in time to her pulse, she stood. Harry's eyes were locked on hers, but he licked his lips as his eyes strayed down her body for a moment. She blushed, which made him lick his lips again.

She slowly walked toward him, afraid with every step she was going to pass out, but committed to finishing this game properly, at least this far. Gabrielle got up slowly, revealing Harry to her inch by inch before she smiled and moved out of the way. Susan could see a light sheen sparkle on his cock, which she knew, was Gabrielle's arousal. It was about to be joined by her own.

Stifling a moan she turned around and slowly tried to sit down. Harry was holding onto the sides of the chair not touching her out of respect, which she appreciated. The problem was when she reached his cock, it pressed into her back door softly. Still not moving Harry was forcing her to do it.

She spread her legs a bit as she bent over slightly. Wondering if Harry was staring straight into her sex. It made her want to moan again knowing he was watching her and that his raging hard on was being caused by what he saw. She reached between her legs, spreading them slightly farther apart, and as she grasped his erection she felt the moisture in her nether lips release and spread her lips wide open to him.

Then lowering herself slowly again, she resisted the urge to rock and moan in pleasure, as she felt his hot pole touch her wet flesh. She didn't realize just how long he was, and as she finally sat down on his lap she felt his cock slide along her clit and pop out between her legs. Finally she did moan, but she was where she had been dared to be. Sitting in Harry's lap with his cock between her legs. She could feel her moisture running down along his length and his breathing heavy against her neck.

"You can relax Susan, I am not forcing you to do anything." He said softly in her ear. She nodded and slowly released the tension she was feeling, relaxing back against his chest. He brought his arms up and slowly placed them around her abdomen, avoiding touching any of her more sensitive areas.

Finally as they both relaxed, they looked to the table where Gabrielle had lain down and now had Ginny between her legs, moaning, as she tasted the girl directly for the first time. Gabrielle was moaning equally as much, but she did not seem to be experiencing the same level of pleasure that she had with Harry earlier. Susan was entranced watching, and secretly wishing that Hannah were here to see this, or that she was in Ginny's place. When Harry speaking past her ear, causing her to move on his lap and them both to groan, startled her.

"Pet, please cum for me?" He said.

Suddenly Gabrielle arched her back and twisted her hands into Ginny's hair pulling her still amateur tongue deeper. She screamed in release and then collapsed panting to the tabletop. "Thank..You...Master..." She panted as she lay with her eyes closed with her chest heaving, doing wonderful things to her perfect breasts.

"Its your turn Susan," Harry whispered to her. She looked at the bottle which was all the way on the other side of the table, and did



not want to get up, or to go through the exquisite agony of sitting down on his lap again, she didn't want to leave, but was not ready for a repeat performance. In fact she was fairly certain she would pass out from the effort. "I can't reach it." She said as Gabrielle finally caught her breath and got up, her hair falling perfectly back into place. She moved the bottle back within Susan's reach, but only if she leaned forward.

"Oh god." Susan said as she looked at the insurmountable distance of about three feet.

"Does that mean we're done playing?" Hermione whispered in her ear and she shook her head. "Wow, I think you should have been a Gryffindor." She whispered again getting another blush. 'How the hell can one person blush so much?' She thought she must have burst every blood vessel in her face.

Taking a deep breath, which all by itself caused enough movement to make her moan. She slowly, oh so slowly, savoring and dreading every second of intense sensation, as his cock slid along her clit once more. She spun the bottle and debated for a moment sitting back up or staying where she was. She heard Harry groaning the entire time, which only made her wetter and she knew he could feel it.

The bottle landed on Ginny again. "Change to the rules?" She asked causing the others to ponder for a second before shrugging. The shrug once again moved her enough to elicit a groan from Harry as well as herself.

She sat up quickly hoping it would be easier than trying not to move, instead she shuddered as a minor orgasm tore through all of her nerves, making her extremely short of breath and making Harry buck beneath her which caused another small orgasm. Luckily she controlled that one and did not move, only breathed faster and dug her fingernails into her palms as her vision swam slightly.

Ginny smiled and continued. "I propose that we make 'I never' dares. If you haven't done it, then you get to do it now." She said sweetly. Not knowing where she was going with this Susan nodded.

"I never sucked Harry's cock while it was between another girls legs." Ginny said and this time Susan did moan along with Harry.

Hermione and Gabrielle lined up with Ginny in front of her and slowly sank to their knees. Susan grabbed Harry's hands and wrapped her fingers through his before gripping the chair. Gabrielle placed a hand on one of Susan's knees, and Hermione on the other, then they both slowly pulled the girls legs apart, Susan looked down as Harry's full 9 inches appeared coated liberally in her juices and looking as if it was coming from her own body.

Ginny leaned in and wrapped her hand around his cock, accidentally of course, rubbing her knuckles along Susan's slit. The girl gritted her teeth, determined not to cum again on Harry's lap. The girl then leaned in and sucked his head in between her lips and she idly stroked his cock, and incidentally, Susan's clit.

Susan arched her back and not realizing what she was doing, she placed Harry's hands over her breasts and squeezed which he took as permission to play with them. She was surprised when she felt his palm wrap around each nipple and squeeze lightly eliciting a gasp from her.

Ginny backed off and let Hermione in, Hermione was able to get half of his cock into her mouth before she choked and backed off a bit. She smiled up at Susan as she repeated Ginny's performance, but her eyes remain locked with Susan's, as she not so accidentally used Harry's cock to rub small circles against her clit. She finally had to moan out her release and her juices flowed a bit more down around his cock, Harry had begun nibbling on her neck and abandoning his hands to the massage he was giving her breast, she wrapped a hand into his hair and turned her head to kiss him passionately.

Gabrielle replaced Hermione and promptly took him all the way into her mouth, and down her throat. Her nose ended up pressed against Susan's clit and Susan released Harry to look down at the Veela, she gasped at what she saw.

"Oh my god, how can you fit that all in there?" She exclaimed before the girl wiggled her nose in response causing her to wiggle against the base of his cock. Harry sucked in a breath as Gabrielle began bobbing back and forth bumping her nose into Susan's clit each time. Susan gave up and soon the biggest orgasm she had ever had crashed down upon her. She screamed out Harry's name and Harry

came down Gabrielle's throat. Pulling Susan to him tightly and groaning into her neck.

As they finally calmed down Susan pulled away and turned over her shoulder to kiss him once again. Gabrielle had released him and was currently kissing Hermione. Sharing the taste of her Master. Ginny leaned in to whisper in Susan's ear. "We leave tomorrow, you have our vote if you want to go ahead with lover boy here. But don't feel like we are forcing you to sleep with him. Let it develop naturally." She then kissed Susan just as passionately as Susan had kissed Harry. Hermione soon replaced Ginny at her ear and Gabrielle kissed the redhead.

"You did really well Suzy, if you enjoyed yourself, he is all yours for another two months. We are going to try to visit but my parents are intent on spending time with me this summer so I can't say when." Hermione backed off and Harry turned Susan sideways in his lap, hugging her to his shoulder.

"That, was bloody amazing Susan. I really didn't mean for anything to happen because of this game. But I am very happy you were a good sport. This doesn't mean I expect you to shag me. In fact I do not plan to take your virginity until you beg me or I know I am in love with you." He whispered. She kissed him once again relishing the contact.

"Thanks Harry, this was a little fast, but I wouldn't change a thing. That was the most amazing orgasm I ever had." She blushed again and cursed herself. 'Damnit! After all that I am still a bloody blushing virgin!'

Harry looked up. "You two are leaving early, have you even packed yet?" He asked and they both looked down at the floor like they had just broken a window. "Lucky for you I learned a packing charm isn't it?" He asked.

Hermione looked at him. "Packing Charm?" She asked.

"He reached down to the floor and pulled his wand out of his trouser pocket. He pointed it at the ceiling and said 'Winky!'. Before putting his wand down to an amused look from Ginny and a perturbed look from Hermione.

The elf appeared with her eyes looking at the floor. "Master...sorry Harry calls me?" She squeaked.

"Harry promptly blushed. "Um, sorry about our state of dress Winky, can you make sure these girls are packed and ready to go for the morning?"

Winky nodded and popped out. "Is the game over yet?" Harry asked ready to get his witches to bed.

Gabrielle shook her head and turned the bottle to face him. "I dare you to make love to me Master." She said loud enough for the other girls to hear.

Harry shook his head giving Susan an apologetic look before he stood picking her up with him. Placing her gently back down on the couch. Hermione and Ginny grinned at each other. Before Ginny turned to the girl. "You are not required, but if you would like you can watch the show."

Susan blushed before shaking her head. "You two go ahead."

"Well, if you want to peep you know where the passage between our rooms is." Ginny said with a grin, getting another blush but a nod at the idea.

The girls got up followed the other two into Harry's room and closed the door.

## Chapter 25: Farewells

Susan looked around the room in complete denial of what she had just been a part of. She had sat naked, in an equally naked Harry's lap. She shivered remembering. She had that huge hunk of meat between her legs, and she had soaked it with her juices as she came on him.

She shook her head, she really hadn't meant to go this far, but Hannah left. And she was a little bit drunk, and a whole lot horny. She was really worried about being pushed too far, but one look in those green eyes had made her feel safe with all of them. They had ganged up on her at the end, but she didn't think she minded.

Still naked she surveyed the room, spread around her as if their owners had up and disappeared out of them. She suddenly realized that she only had the clothes that were discarded on the floor, and that if anyone walked in here they would immediately know what had happened. Trying hard to remember the elf's name she called out. "Um, Dobby?"

Dobby popped in and looked around with a smile. "Yous wanting Dobby to begin cleanings in here?" He asked hopefully.

"Thank you Dobby, um, if you could begin with the clothes, especially mine. It would be nice to have them clean tomorrow morning as they are my only possessions at the moment." She said, blushing from head nearly to her toes as she realized she was naked and talking to him. But Dobby made no mention of it as he began picking up the clothes. "Um Dobby? You also might want to put those bottles of Firewhisky away somewhere for Harry. Mrs. Weasley would not approve." Dobby nodded and continued cleaning.

Susan walked into the girls' room and climbed into the huge bed. Staring up at the ceiling she tried hard not to think about what was happening in the next room. That only made it worse and her fingertips were tingling as she remembered watching that little Veela take Harry in her mouth whole, and then get her off with her nose at the same time. The fingertips were joined by a burning behind her navel that began to spread slowly into her still soaked cunny. Unable to take anymore she let her hands wander and began dreaming of Harry as something more than he had been tonight. The girls had

told her she could consider herself as dating him for the rest of the summer. She moaned lightly as the tingling began to build.

She thought about a repeat performance at some point, Just her, Harry, and Gabrielle in a big bed like this one. Watching as Harry sank himself slowly into the girl before pulling out and her taking his member into his mouth, savoring the flavor of the other girl. Her moaning became louder as her fingers continued to tease and tantalize her.

She then vividly remembered looking down and seeing the full length of Harry's cock, superimposed on top of her dripping cunt, and she finally let out a small yelp as she found her release. Her toes were now tingling nicely but she couldn't get the images out of her head. Deciding there was nothing for it, she got out of the bed and pushed on the section of wall she had seen Ginny open earlier. As she approached the other side she heard the little Veela moaning loudly in pleasure and Ginny as well. She pushed the door open slightly and gazed upon the candle lit scene before her.

Harry was kneeling on the floor between Gabrielle's legs, and her angle allowed her to see his tongue dart in and out of the girls extremely wet and glistening folds. Hermione was in much the same position laying beside the Veela but with Ginny's head even with Gabrielle's hips and facing the other direction. The girls each had one hand on the head of their lover, and one hand teasing each other's breasts.

Gabrielle pleaded with Harry, "Now Master?" and he pulled back, he gazed at her for a moment before Susan heard his reply.

"Are you really sure? Do you really think you won't ever be able to love anyone but me?" He asked the little girl who nodded. Susan couldn't believe the sincerity and caring in his voice, even as he showed remarkable self-restraint. Finally after a few moments contemplation he nodded and crawled up the bed until he as poised over top of her. Hermione continued to pleasure Ginny as Ginny gazed at the point where the couple's hips met with anticipation.

Susan began touching herself, she simply couldn't help it. This was hotter than anything else she had ever seen or done in her life. She could see Harry's cock line up with the girls perfectly pink pussy,

and push ever so slightly inside her as the girl moaned and begged him once again. "Master now please?"

Harry pushed slowly inside the girl, getting a moan from both she and Ginny. Susan stifled a moan of her own as their hips became one. Slowly he began rocking gently inside of her. Ginny watching with rapt attention looking back and forth between their faces and the site in front of her watching as she just saw the base of Harry's cock every time he withdrew from the girl.

Susan came once again as she heard the girl do the same. Shuttering she was finding it hard to stand so she snuck into the room and sat in the desk chair. Continuing to play with herself, half hoping that one of those on the bed would notice and watch her. That thought brought her over the edge again and she couldn't help but moan out loud. To her disappointment and relief Gabrielle and Ginny both moaned at the same time as they came together. Harry continued to slowly make love to the girl beneath him. But looking at his face Susan hoped it wouldn't be long.

Pushing two fingers into her now sopping wet hole, and hissing slightly as she stretched her barrier to the brink, she began moving them in and out of her imagining what it would be like to have Harry inside her, pretending it was her on the bed she was watching him make love to.

"Master Please, just Fuck me, I want to feel you cum inside me!" Gabrielle called out and Harry increased his pace. Susan opened her eyes and watched him pounding the little girl into the mattress, she could see his face as he held himself off the mattress with his arms, and his head hung down kissing the girl. He pushed himself back up and opened his eyes, looking directly at Susan.

Him watching her pushed her over the edge again as one hand worked inside her and the other worked at her clit. She screamed in unison with Gabrielle as they both came a final time. Harry looked into her eyes before increasing his pace one more time, and then gazing into Gabrielle's eyes as he finally came filling her with his seed. Susan promptly collapsed on to the chair breathing very heavily, her legs were quivering from having two orgasms standing up in the passageway earlier.

Harry pulled slowly out of the little girl and as he stood Susan saw his cum pooling at the little girls entrance, and she moaned again wanting to taste her like that. Wanting to be her and have someone taste her after being filled by him. She opened her eyes from the quick daydream to find Harry standing in front of her with an almost full erection, sparkling with combined juices. He was looking at her as if she were a puzzle.

She saw Ginny move and dart between the girl's legs to eagerly begin cleaning up her boyfriend's mess. Gabrielle's moaning told her that she appreciated the thought.

Deciding to help him solve her, she dove forward onto her knees and began licking all of the moisture from his hardening cock. He groaned as he ran his fingers through her hair gently before he finally pulled away, and then pulled her up into a hug.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked. She blushed again, damnit, and nodded into his chest. Loving the feeling of skin on skin. "Did you want to join us over here?" She shook her head.

"I couldn't get to sleep, I had to watch..." She trailed off, and he leaned down a bit kissing her lightly. She responded by throwing her arms around him, pinning his cock to her belly, and kissing him back with a passion she didn't think she should already feel for him. Scaring herself a bit she pulled back but remained in his arms.

"Tonight has been amazing Harry, but I am nowhere near ready to take a step like that." She began but he placed a finger on her lips.

"Susie you don't have to do anything. If you want you can just come cuddle for a little while. She smiled shyly and nodded as he took her hand and led her back to the bed. He lay down in the middle of the bed and Gabrielle claimed one shoulder while Susan was placed in the crook of his other shoulder. Ginny curled up behind Susan and began running her fingertips lightly from the girls shoulder down to her hip and back. Hermione was doing the same to Gabrielle on the other side; Harry kissed Gabrielle deeply for a moment, before turning and gazing into her eyes.

She stared into his face as her fingers ran down his chest, and lightly touched his still hard member. She could not believe she was touching a Penis. And not just any penis, It happened to be Harry



Potters cock. She wrapped her hand around him and looked down, marveling at his size and girth, and at the way he felt in her hand. She stroked him idly a few times liking the way the skin moved over what felt like bone, but in reality she new was just a honeycomb tissue filled with blood.

She kissed him quickly on the lips and then looked into his eyes. Her hand was still lightly playing with him, but he was staring into her eyes and smiling at her.

"Don't do that Harry," She said and he looked at her confused.

"Do what?"

"Don't look at me like I am the most important thing in the room to you, it makes me want to fall for you." She whispered back to him.

"There's nothing wrong with that, as long as you're willing to share." Ginny whispered with a smile. Eliciting a smile from the other three and a blush again from Susan.

"You know, I think you blush more than any girl I have ever met. It's really cute." Harry said kissing the tip of her nose, and then quickly kissing her lips.

"It's bloody annoying is what it is. I'm still a blushing virgin."

"There is nothing wrong with that either. I respect your choice to stay a virgin, and I already told you I am not going to force the issue. Not until I can tell you that I am in love with you, or you beg me to do it." He said grinning at her. She hated him for giving her an easy way out.

"Thanks Harry." She said and then looked at the girls curled around him. "Gabrielle, why don't we go to bed and let these two have him tonight. We get him the rest of the summer." She asked. Gabrielle looked up at Harry who smiled and nodded before kissing her soundly once more.

"Did I tell you thank you for giving yourself to me like that?" He asked the girl, who teared up.

"Non Master, It is I who should thank you. At last I feel complete, I have not felt zis way since you pull me from ze water two years ago. I am yours." And she kissed him just as soundly before looking at Susan and back to Harry who nodded.

"Go on pet, I will see you tomorrow." Gabrielle got up and pulled Susan with her. Their spots were promptly claimed once more by Ginny and Hermione who sighed in contentment. Gabrielle led Susan by the hand back into the Ladies room and to bed, where she simply lay down on the bed and patted the mattress beside her. Susan looked at her with a little trepidation.

"I will no bite unless you are asking me to." Gabrielle said with a dazzling smile. Susan crawled up and lay down beside the Veela. The girl turned her on her side, and spooning into her back pulled the covers up over them and whispered in her ear. "For tonight I just hold you, however I am doing mine Masters bidding so if you like we can fool around." She told Susan as she sat up before kissing her quickly and gazing into her eyes.

"No, it sounds lovely, but it has been a long day, and I really do need to sleep on all this. I am confused." Gabrielle lay back down and nodded into the back of the girl's neck and kissed her shoulder. "Zen sleep well, I know my Master will, in a couple of hours zat is." She giggled causing Susan to smile. This was going to be the best summer; she just didn't know how to explain it to her best friend and part time lover Hannah.

Closing her eyes she drifted off to sleep dreaming of sharing Harry and Gabrielle with Hannah.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The next morning was subdued for all involved with the departure of Ginny and Hermione. They had not fooled around since falling asleep the night before. They had taken separate showers, and they now all sat around the breakfast table. Hedwig flew in carrying two letters, one from Gringotts, that Harry sat aside for later and one from Madame Bones, which he opened.

Dear Harry,

I took the liberty of granting provisional use of magic licenses to everyone we have on record as being involved with the incident at the Department of Mysteries this past June. If you will forward a list of those you feel are qualified to defend themselves and others the way that Susan and Hannah did I will ensure that they receive the same.

These provisional licenses mean that magic may be performed without repercussion in the event of an emergency or practice. However we recommend that a fully qualified Witch or Wizard be present at such times, except in the case of Muggleborn students or those living with Muggles. Luckily you now qualify so you may instruct anyone staying at your home.

Please let Susan know that my home was burned after we escaped. I can take her shopping some time later for necessities, but for the moment I must ask to impinge upon your hospitality once more. With so many females in that house I am hoping you can find her some temporary replacements. You are of course welcome to join us on our outing.

Thank you once again for all you have done in the past and at present, and I look forward to a continuing relationship in the future.

Madame Amelia Bones, Interim Minister of Magic

"Susan your Aunt has been appointed Interim Minister." Harry said handing her the letter. He turned to the girls who were leaving today. "You two will be happy to know that you have been given provisional use of magic licenses, and are allowed to use magic at Hermione's."

They both gave him quick kisses on the cheek and sat back down. "This is wonderful Harry. My parents have never seen me perform magic, maybe they will understand better what it is I am learning."

Susan spoke up after finishing the letter, "That means Aunty has an 86% chance at being instated as the full Minister at the next full session of the Wizengamot." They all looked at her, even Hermione seemed lost. "Sorry, when your Aunt is this high up in the Ministry you learn this stuff, I think she has been grooming me since I was nine. Statistically speaking 86% of those selected as Interim Minister have gone on to be confirmed as Minister."

Harry stood and walked around the table and Susan's eyes went wide. Stopping behind her he pulled her slowly to her feet. Her heart was pounding again as if last night had never happened and she fought valiantly to stall the blush she could feel creeping to her face. "Harry?" She said swallowing the lump in her throat.

"I guess I haven't told you yet, but I have an extreme weakness for intelligent witches." He breathed against her lips as her eyes drifted closed.

"Oh." She said breathily before he captured her lips, he deepened the kiss slightly and she felt her knees buckle, just as her bum hit the seat once again she heard an exclamation from the doorway to the kitchen.

"Bloody Hell, if you are all gonna shag then get out of the kitchen and get a Bloody Room!" Ron shouted at them grabbing half the rasher of Bacon and five slices of toast before storming out. Susan promptly lost the fight with her blush.

"Don't worry about him." Harry whispered into her ear. "He's just a jealous git. He'll get over it eventually, or he will get the hell out of my home." Harry shrugged as he returned to his seat.

"Harry you wouldn't actually kick him out would you?" Ginny asked quietly.

He sighed before answering. "No I really doubt it, not unless he does something exceedingly stupid. Til then I will just try to stay out of his way and work on my self-study. I expect you two will be continuing your lessons as well?" Both Hermione and Ginny nodded.

"Harry, how can you just let them go like this? Didn't Dumbledore say that the Grangers were in danger?" Susan asked quietly.

"I'm not sure I believe for a second that he went to the Grangers house out of fear for their safety. Something tells me he was trying to get me away from these two."

Hermione and Ginny snapped their heads up at this revelation. "Harry! How can you say that?" Mione asked.

"That man has one too many pieces on the chessboard and one too many screws loose. The more I think about the way he has treated me, the more I feel like he is manipulating everyone."

Ginny spoke up, "What? What do you mean, Dumbledore may be barmy but he isn't evil!"

"No, I don't think he is evil, but I sure as well don't want to follow him against Voldemort. I wonder if his plan all along has been to have me die and take Tom out with me." Harry's face fell as he revealed this.

All of the girls crowded around him into a hug and whispered that they would figure a way out for him. He just nodded and smiled. "I never said anything about letting Dumbles have his way."

They heard the Grandfather Clock strike nine and sighed.

"That's our cue to leave," Hermione said as she kissed him and walked over to the Floo.

Ginny kissed him quite soundly, eliciting a moan from him, and as she pulled away he followed her trying to prolong the kiss, he could see tears in her eyes. She leaned in and whispered in his ear.

"Harry, remember, you are going to take every single opportunity that presents itself and try to learn something from it. If Cho bloody Chang comes back over here and offers herself to you, you are to take her up on the offer unless you have a good reason not to, like Susan there who is a virgin. If Susan begs you to do it you are to shag her rotten and we will sneak into the Headmasters Office and use his Pensieve to watch later." Her hot breath was doing strange things to him as it washed across his ear.

Harry felt a sudden jolt of what felt almost like adrenaline descend from the area at the back of his neck igniting nerves as it went. His body seemed to tingle as he thought about what his girlfriend told him. He felt the jolt enter his heart and spread down his arms to his finger tips and race down behind his navel and to his toes, racing back up it hit his balls and his cock and suddenly he felt like he was in the midst of the longest orgasm of his life, even as he stood

completely still, with only the stirrings of an erection. His heart beat in his ears and he swayed with his pulse.

Taking a steadying breath he looked at her. She had just given him blanket permission to shag any girl who was available. He stared at her and she leaned in to his ear again. "Shag them all as much as you want, but next time I get you alone I expect you to tell me, and show me exactly what you did with them." She smiled against his ear as she heard his breath catch.

"I will ask the old man or anyone else for help creating emergency Portkeys for you lot." Harry said to them. "I may not believe there is really danger, but I don't want to trust your safety to fate either, lord knows your close enough to me that the bitch probably has it out for you too." He finished with a large smile, lightening the mood somewhat as Hermione cleared her throat.

Ginny walked over to the Floo to join her. Waving they disappeared heading toward the Leaky Caldron where her parents were picking them up.

Harry tried his hardest to take deep steadying breaths and get himself back under control. He thought it might be the hottest thing yet, to whisper his exploits into Ginny's ear as he brought her to orgasm. He nearly creamed his shorts at the thought and he was still only at half-mast as far as his erection went. This was a very strange and very intense feeling he could only explain as horny.

He was finally beginning to calm down when his eyes met Susan's and he groaned as he dropped his head to the table with a Thwack! Much like Bill had done at dinner the other night.

"Harry are you ok?" Susan asked him with concern; Gabrielle nodded as her face showed equal concern for him.

"I'm fine ladies, just a bit twitchy, but I will get better. Um, if you call Winky you are welcome to have her pick you up some clothing. Just have her get your measurements and tell her what you would like from Madame Malkin's or any other place you know of. She can't shop for Muggle clothes so those will have to wait." He paused as Susan nodded and Gabrielle's eyes lit up thinking of shopping. "Well, I'm sure you girls can entertain yourselves somehow. For now I

really need to get to work getting my magic under control." He said standing awkwardly and still breathing heavily.

"Harry?" Susan asked and he looked down at her. "Um... never mind." She was going to ask him for a repeat performance of last night, with her on his lap and Gabrielle taking care of his obviously aching member. But she simply could not bring herself to say it aloud.

Waving he made his way up stairs to the training room. He had Dobby place it in Duel use mode once more; the elf had placed it in Dueling mode earlier to make it easier to clean the carpet. And Harry sat down in the middle of the clear part of the room, trying to center himself once more. With thoughts of shagging strange witches and reporting his activities back to Ginny or Hermione running through his thoughts.

It took him a long time to get calm enough to continue.

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Gabrielle looked at Susan. Susan looked back at Gabrielle. They both looked toward the staircase longingly at where Harry had disappeared. Susan met Gabrielle's eyes once again and the two stared at each other for a few moments, neither blinking. Gabrielle licked her lips and Susan lost the staring contest in giggles.

They were both soon giggling uncontrollably and Susan felt that she might have found a friend besides Hannah that she could really talk to about what had happened last night. Although she hoped Hannah would come over today to check up on her.

"I have no idea what to say." Susan began, it was an absolutely meaningless sentence, but it broke the silence between them.

"Well, body language has eetz merits." Gabrielle said with a smile, eliciting another giggle from Susan.

"You know, no offense, but I really got the impression that you were just Harry's toy last night." She paused in thought. "Well, Harry, Ginny and Hermione's toy. But today you seem totally different...I don't know, normal. Please don't be offended." Susan said awkwardly.

"Oui, I am all zat you say. But I am also ze normal girl, I 'ave friends at school, and a family zat I love. It iz just something about Harry. He rescue me from zat Lake and mine life iz no longer ze same. Non?" She asked looking at the girl to see if she understood.

"You mean because he saved your life?" Susan asked feeling rather unintelligent at the moment, despite what Harry had said before he disappeared.

"Oui zer is that. But ze Veela in me bonded to him. If he wanted I would do nothing else with my life but be his plaything. Indeed even now I can feel ze pull to him, to do just zat no matter what he tells me about l'amore." The girl looked away and Susan thought she could see tears forming.

"Hey, he will come around. You are in with Ginny and Hermione, I don't think he could stand up to either of them let alone both together. Why else would he be dating me?" She asked quietly.

Gabrielle looked back at her with watery eyes. "Non Suzy, you are very beautiful, and you taste wonderful." She said getting the effect she was hoping for when Susan blushed. "Harry would not agree to date you just because his mistress tells him to. My Master is very strong willed." Gabrielle finished with a hint of pride in her voice.

"Do you love him then?" Susan asked in a small voice, not looking at the girl.

"I do not know," Gabrielle began but stopped, waiting for the girl to look up at her again. When she did the Veela continued. "I 'ave zis bond with him zat makes me want to do anything for him. I think I love him in some ways, and I wish to love him, and to be loved in return. Iz zat close enough Suzy?" She asked.

Susan thought for a moment and nodded. "I guess you don't have much choice, but Harry seems to be a much better Master than you could have hoped for. I don't understand how he could have told you no before last night. Even I had thoughts about jumping you when I met you in the Dining room." Susan said and blushed again.



"You are very beautiful Suzy, and I am always 'orny. I believe Masters idea to Keep you entertained allows me to, how you say, fool around?" Gabrielle said with a hungry look.

Once again she blushed and wondered how she had enough blood in the rest of her body for it to run properly when her face was taking such a disproportionate amount. "Um, as wonderful as that sounds, and believe me I... Anyway no thank you. Last night was amazing but I think I need to slow down with him before I end up begging him to take me." Susan said.

Gabrielle nodded, "Oui, he is sexy Non?" Susan grinned and nodded. "So you do wish to sex him?" She asked.

"In my head, and my body, I wanted nothing more than to ram him inside me last night." Susan said, surprisingly with no blush this time. "But my heart tells me no, do you think he could love me?" She asked.

"I think Master has no idea how much people love him, and I think he 'as unlimited ability to love. Veela have ze saying I think some wizards as well. Love Grows." Gabrielle said.

Susan looked at her waiting for her to expand on that answer. Sighing Gabrielle continued. "Love is no finite. Ginevra eez child number seven, does Mrs. Weasley love her less than William?" Susan seemed to get it suddenly. "Non, she loves zem just ze same. Love grows, there is always more."

Susan sat in silence with the other girl lost in thought for a few minutes. "Does that mean I have to share him with every other girl that was at the meeting then?" Susan asked a little downcast.

"If you love Harry, you will not mind. Love should no be jealous, as long as there eez understanding. Non?"

Again Susan nodded, "How do you know so much about love at fourteen?" She asked changing the subject slightly.

"I am Veela, at age twelve Harry rescued ze little girl from ze lake. By age thirteen I look like zis, Maman keeps many books on ze subject due to our Heritage. Some Veela are kept as slaves, but for ze past two centuries, zey are more often kept as beloved Mistress,

and ze Veela have written much about ze subject of Love in zis time."

"But you haven't actually experienced it?" Susan asked.

"My family loves me, even my Papa who does not like what I have become, understands and loves me no less for being Veela. But I have never known true love such as you speak. Poor Harry as not even known ze love of family. His godfazer comes close but is taken from him so soon." Gabrielle said as she teared up again.

Susan moved around the table and hugged the girl. "How is that even fair? Where was Dumbledore?"

"I do not know, I hate zis Dumblydore even more zan I did when he left me to die in ze Lake." Susan got a confused look on her face before something she had read clicked.

"Merepeople are enemies of other magic species... you mean he knew that you and possibly Fleur might die during that task just because you are part Veela?" She said with a gasp.

"Harry saved me from more zan just the cold, zis is why he owns me and I serve 'im happily. Ze life debt is a bond zat cannot be broken for a Veela. If he sends me away I will become ugly and lose my magic. I have no told him zis, please do not. He wishes to love me, I will not go against his wishes and force him to accept me." Gabrielle cried into Susan's shoulder.

"Shhhh," Susan hushed her as she patted her back, marveling at the girl's soft hair even as she tried to think of what to say. "I won't tell him, you deserve his love just as much as any of us do. I promise I won't send you away, even if Harry chooses me over Ginny and Hermione." That got her to stop crying as she looked up and then kissed Susan chastely on the lips.

"Thank you my Suzie, now shall we see if we can get you new clothes?" The tear streaks had disappeared and the girls eyes were no longer red, Susan would kill for just a little bit of Veela heritage, being bound to Harry for eternity had its perks after all.

"Winky?" Gabrielle called out and the she-elf appeared. "Yes Gabrielle?"

"Susan eez to get a small wardrobe using Harry's funding. Do you think you can take 'er measurements and pick out an assortment of robes skirts blouses and under things?"

The little elf nodded, "I can do that Gabrielle." And the elf popped away, presumptively to get her measuring tape and something to write on.

Susan looked at the girl strangely. "They call me Ms. or Mistress, they constantly slip up and call Harry Master even though he chastises them for it, but they call you Gabrielle?"

Gabrielle smiled conspiratorially. "Dobby and Winky have freedom eet iz true. But zey cannot be free, ze elfs need to be bound to share magic with a Master. Even at ze school Dobby bound himself to the staff and the students. Winky was not being bound until Harry asked her here, zis is why she was dying in ze kitchens. Zey simply recognize zat I too am Harry's possession."

Susan took a long minute to take it all in. "And when did you have time to figure this out?"

"Ze elves barely need sleep, I asked to speak to Winky on my first night here because I was so worked up being near my Master after two years I could no sleep. Zey would explain it to Hermione or Harry if asked, but are happy just to serve, even if they must accept money. Actually zey save ze money they are paid and zey will buy Christmas gifts with this." Gabrielle said still smiling, Susan found it wonderful and strange that the girl was happy to be treated as an equal by house elves, but decided as long as she was happy then there was no reason to worry about it.

Winky reappeared with her measuring things but looked around skeptically. "Shall we go to the Ladies rooms Gabrielle, Mistress Susan should be nude for best fittings."

Gabrielle nodded and took the other girl's hand walking her up the stairs, she had a slight gleam in her eye but Susan couldn't identify it. They found Harry sitting cross-legged in the middle of the room with his eyes closed.

Susan whispered to Gabrielle. "What is he doing, I thought he said he was working on his magic?"

Gabrielle nodded but before she could speak there was a small burst of flame from his outstretched palm. Both girls stopped the gasps before they made any noise to disturb him and quickly filed into the Ladies room.

"What on earth? That level of Wandless Magic is supposed to be impossible, a Fairy Tale! It could have been accidental but it was so controlled!" Susan exclaimed once the door was closed.

Gabrielle just smiled, "My Master is more powerful than the average. I do not think he knows he has done this, I think he felt it, but did not see it."

"Shall we measure now Mistress?" Winky asked Susan who nodded, but Gabrielle shook her head and pulled the girl once more toward the passageway and into The Masters room.

"We shall do it here." Gabrielle said firmly. Still wondering what Gabrielle was up to Susan simply nodded and began taking her clothing off and placing it neatly on the desk.

## Chapter 26: Super Magic?

Harry sat in his mindscape after reading 'Silly Wand Waving' once again. He decided to go with his instinct and assumed that everything he could see was representative of his Magic. So he tried once again to do some of the exercises from the book.

None of the others had been successful just yet, as far as he could tell. This final one was supposed to harness the fire element. Since, magic was supposed to be based on intent according to the book, he should be able to conjure fire with a thought. He decided that if this didn't work he was going to have to start with the other method described in the book. Slowly reducing his use of incantations to whispering and then thinking. Followed by reducing his wand movements to zero.

So imagining that he could feel himself full of power as he had done in the previous exercises he brought himself out of his trance and just under the surface. He held out his hand palm up. He made a fist and thought about what he wanted. It was not the same as a bluebell flame or Incendio charm. What he wanted was fire that would burn anything but himself. He would be able to direct it like a thing alive. He squeezed his fist and imagined he could feel the heat beginning to build and as he slowly opened his fingers he imagined he could see the fire expanding into a ball floating above his palm.

He opened his eyes and saw nothing, so he tried again, this time he could have sworn he felt a trickle of something happen but once again when he opened his eyes nothing was there. He tried it again with his eyes open but when nothing happened he sank all the way back into his 'study' and centered himself once more. He found a large jumble of stray thoughts about Dumbledore, and created an entire separate file of those along with a few quickly thought up ways to get back at the meddlesome old man. He saw a few images flicker past of a very naked and very delectable Susan sitting astride his cock, he groaned and quickly sorted those thoughts away as well, wondering if that were the distraction that was keeping him from accessing his magic properly.

He brought himself to the surface once more, and without opening his eyes he slowly let the magic build up, and slowly opened his fingers imagining the tingle of magic extending between his fingertips in a five pointed star before fire flashed quickly and went

out. He knew he felt something that time but didn't want to look yet. So he tried it again after a few minutes and felt the same results.

Taking another five minutes or so, he couldn't be sure since time flowed differently inside his own head, he tried one more time opening his eyes just in time to see a quick flash in his palm. It was so fast he could have imagined it but decided he would simply believe. He smiled to himself before realizing he was completely soaked in sweat. Apparently that was very hard work physically as well as mentally.

He groaned out loud as stood, sitting in that position for so long was bad for his joints. He decided he needed a shower before finding out what the girls were up to. Turning he headed into the Masters room quietly closing the door behind him. He turned around and froze. Susan with her back turned to him and her arms stretched out to the sides, completely naked once more in his room, with the windows wide open. She was even prettier than he remembered. He idly noted the elf measuring her before shaking his head and running past her into the bathroom.

Susan heard the bathroom door close and turned curiously. "Harry?" She asked in a very scared voice.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to." He called through the door.

She got a confused look on her face before she remembered she was completely naked, and promptly blushed to her navel. "Um, Harry you've seen me naked before...and well, more than that..." She trailed off.

His muffled voice came through the door once more. "That was amazing, but this isn't a game and I didn't have your permission. I'm sorry."

Susan threw a look at Gabrielle who was laughing quietly on the bed. "You..." She said with narrowed eyes, prompting the girl to burst into renewed giggles.

"Winky is there a robe or something I can wear?" The elf nodded and popped out then back in so fast that it seemed as if the robe in her arms appeared from thin air. She put it on and walked over to

the door. "Harry, I have a robe on now, can you come out and talk to me?"

The door opened and he looked at her sheepishly. "Sorry, I know we've been, um, rather intimate but it is still a shock to walk in and find a naked girl in your room. Why are you in here anyway?" He asked suddenly sensing trouble.

"I'm afraid that is Gabrielle's fault, apparently she thought it would be funny if you walked in on me like that, I didn't know I promise." She said with only a slight blush. 'Maybe there is a potion or charm to stop blushes.' She wondered idly as he stared into her eyes.

"I was never blaming you." He said softly looking into her eyes and causing her to melt a little. "Just wondered. I am rapidly losing any problem with nudity as far as I am concerned, but it takes me quite awhile to get used to it from anyone else, especially girls. Mione and Gin both still get to me if I don't watch myself."

She nodded. "I...I don't mind too much Harry. It...it makes me feel sexy when you look at me." She said in a very small voice.

He lifted her chin so she met his eyes once more. "That's a good thing, since you are sexy." He kissed her quickly. "Now I need a shower and unless you want to watch..." he sent her a look getting the blush he was waiting for.

She turned back into the room and faced him and knowing full well he was watching she dropped the robe and nearly fainted as her heart began racing in her chest and her pulse pounded in her ears. But she pretended she was absolutely fine as he stared at her for a full minute nearly drooling, before he turned and walked back in to the bathroom. The water started but he had not closed the door.

Winky quickly finished the measurements and she flopped down on the bed beside Gabrielle who began idly tracing circles over her naked flesh, and watching the girls nipples pucker without touching them. "You enjoy yourself Non? I did good?"

"That was a dirty trick and I don't know if I should kiss you or smack you." Susan said with a smile.

"You know now zat he thinks you are beautiful though, Non?"

"Yeah..." She breathed out with a dopey smile. "But I don't think I am ready to run around here naked just yet. I feel like its too soon no matter how much fun it is." Gabrielle just nodded.

"Zen we need to get you sexy things to sleep in, Eef I share his bed, you are welcome to share with me." She said to the older girl. "To sleep of course." She finished with a smile.

"Of course, what else would I be doing in bed with the Green-Eyed-Sex-God?" Susan asked.

"Cuddling again?" A naked Harry said walking out of the bathroom toward her. She let out an eep but didn't move.

"That sounds nice..." She said quietly. "Um...but I think I need to put something on."

"Why?" He asked, "I thought you didn't mind."

"That is why, at this rate I am going to beg you to shag me by nightfall." She told him, not realizing that her legs had spread open toward him of their own accord, until she followed his gaze. She sat up quickly placing a pillow over her front.

"Whatever you want Susie, but if you are in my room, I am probably going to be naked." He said shrugging.

"I never said I didn't like to look." And she grinned as she got to see him blush, even as his cock bounced once or twice. She realized she was staring at it when he cleared his throat and she looked up to see him smiling at her.

"This has been fun Susie, but if you really don't want anything to happen, I think you should probably get some clothes back on and I will get dressed and meet you in the training room. If you like?"

Susan nodded until she saw Gabrielle staring at Harry's cock much the way she had been. "Actually, I think I am going to go take a shower as well, looks like our friend here has other ideas for you. She got up and trying to look as if it didn't bother her dropped the pillow and walked toward his bathroom. Leaving the door open she stepped into the glass enclosed shower and turned on the water.



She heard Gabrielle moaning lightly over the sound of the water, and she watched the open doorway intently as she began rubbing small circles on her clit. Half Hoping and Half Fearing what would happen if he walked in and found her right now...

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After Susan was satisfied that she was completely clean, three times, she decided that Harry was respecting her enough to not look in on her in the shower. She grabbed the fresh towel that had been hung on the door, and realized with a start that one of the elves had placed it there in the last half hour, meaning they had seen her...she didn't even try to fight the blush as it exploded from her. She blushed more than a Weasley and that was saying something.

Getting out and drying off she casually walked over to the sink just in front of the door, her heartbeat had never really died down and she glanced out the door, knowing if Harry so much as glanced this way he would see her again. It was maddening. She had told him she wanted to slow down but now that he was actually listening to her it was as if he didn't want to see her naked. Closing her eyes she could see his bouncing boner and knew that was not the case.

"Stupid perfect Gentleman." She muttered aloud.

"Oui, he eez." She was startled enough to let out a tiny scream as she looked in the mirror and found a very naked and very satisfied looking Veela staring back at her with hungry eyes.

"Geez Gabrielle, you just about gave me a heart attack!"

Gabrielle strolled in and started a bath. The bubbles began foaming almost as soon as the water hit the bottom and the white stood out nicely against the black. "I am sorry, but you are ze one that stands in front of open doorway, you are trying to give Harry a show, Non?"

"Non!" Susan said in denial of exactly what she was doing.

"Oh, well Harry is in ze bed panting, he says something like I am trying to keel him. Why would I wish to do zis?" She asked as she tested the water and nodded in satisfaction.

Susan's eyes strayed again to the doorway, imagining a thoroughly shagged Harry naked in bed, and she shivered. "You are that good then?" She asked.

Gabrielle smiled seductively. "I am ze best when I have him all to myself. He had never experienced me when he let me 'ave my way."

"Oh." Was all Susan could say. She watched as the perfect blonde slipped slowly beneath the bubbles, moaning as the hot water hit her skin.

"You would like to join me for ze bath?" She asked.

That actually sounded really nice, Gabrielle touched a stone on the side of the tub and suddenly there was bubbling and moving jets of water swirling around her. She moaned once more and that decided it for Susan. "Well I suppose we don't have anything else to do today, it would be nice to relax."

The bathtub was large enough for easily a handful of people so she did not have to sit anywhere near the other girl. But she felt drawn towards her so sat down next to her as she slipped into the water. Joining the other girls moans of pleasure as the hot water swirled past her. "Magical whirlpool bath? The Black family may have been pureblood snobs, but at least they used and improved a Muggle idea." She said as her large breasts floated up to the surface of the water.

"Non, ze wizards of Rome had magical whirlpools at ze roman bath houses, Muggles are imitating us zis time." Gabrielle said absentmindedly.

"Oh, that's a nice fact to know." Susan said letting her hands drift along with the current until they came in contact with the other girls breasts causing her to blush, but it was hidden because of the heat. "Oops, sorry, I'm not trying to get fresh."

"Please do? Honestly Suzie I am sexual creature, I want you and I know you want me. If you will not give yourself to pleasure zen at least you can be comfortable in my presence. I promise not to attack you." Gabrielle said as her own hand slid lazily across Susan's bobbing breasts, instantly stiffening her nipples.

"Um..." Susan said not knowing what else to say but not stopping her arms as she bobbed along side the other girl, occasionally touching her own floating hands or her smaller but perfectly shaped breasts. She just decided to consciously ignore anything that happened along those lines. It isn't like she and Hannah had not spent last summer and any time they were alone in the dorm last year exploring much more than that.

"Harry said he would join me soon, ze bubbles will hide you if you wish to stay modest. Ozerwise I suggest you go ahead and get ready for ze rest of ze day." Gabrielle mentioned as if it had absolutely no bearing on the direction Susan's relationship would take with Harry. Once again Susan decided to ignore it and see where the situation took her. She was not really opposed to playing with Harry some more, she just thought it was not proper, but was rapidly losing any sense of societal propriety.

They floated along lazily touching each other for another ten minutes until Harry entered and stared into the bathtub looking lost. "Uh, Hi Susan." He blushed making her feel much better.

"Come on in, the water is fine." Susan said feeling bold as she looked up at his rapidly stiffening genitalia.

Harry thought quickly. Susan was sending him hot and cold signals, she was all for playing the game after the party, and then she seemed scared to find him looking at her, and then dropped her robe as if it was nothing soon after that. He decided that from now on, he would let her do whatever she wanted, she knew he was going to be naked in his rooms, and she was in his bathtub after all. If she wanted to play like that he would just ignore any awkwardness.

"That sounds wonderful," He said slipping into the tub beside her getting a quiet squeak as she was now pinned between Gabrielle and Harry, the latter whose eyes were glued to her chest where it appeared to support the entire rest of her body with its buoyancy. She enjoyed his attention she decided. It was getting easier every time he looked at her, but the little surprises and anticipation were what made it so exciting. So she decided she was going to tease him as often as she could, and simply hope he returned the favor. As long as she stayed away from penetration she thought she could simply enjoy his attentions in whatever form.

Her mind decided she closed her eyes and let her feet float to the top as well, exposing her legs and allowing him to catch glimpses of her pubic hair. She felt decidedly randy so decided to try and takes things a step farther. She let her hand drift accidentally into his lap, and brush across the tip of his cock.

Harry sucked in a breath. "Sorry Harry, the movement of the water and what not, I can sit up." She said cracking an eye in his direction.

He gritted his teeth and smiled at her. "No, that's not necessary." And apparently deciding that she looked comfortable he took a deep breath and floated to the surface along with her, his erection popped out of the water and stood straight up looking to her eyes almost like a shark fin. Suddenly she remembered a Muggle movie she and Hannah had gone out to see and promptly began giggling.

"What?" Harry asked suddenly confused. Was she laughing at his body? She seemed interested enough in him before.

"Sorry Harry, I have a song stuck in my head." She giggled again and caught her breath as her fingers slid across his bum before coming in contact with his hand. For some reason she felt an intense need to hold his hand, even more so than to touch his prominently displayed cock.

Harry looked at her quizzically, "Jaws Harry, the shark movie." She said with a significant glance at his cock and back to his eyes. "Daaaaah dum." She hummed. That seemed to jog his memory because he promptly blushed.

"Glad to know that my body and my condition are amusing to you. I find that it's good for things besides comedy though." He said looking her in the eye and releasing one or two Patronus memories.

Susan nearly drowned as her eyes rolled back in her head and she let out a breath, she was saved as his hand caught her and pulled her back to the surface before the water went over her face.

"You okay Susie?" Harry asked.

"Um, yeah...just forgot to breath I guess." She didn't let go of his hand though.

"Uh, well I was thinking that for lunch, maybe we three could hop a taxi and find our way to some pizza." Harry said trying to change the subject.

"Harry Potter, are you asking me on a real date?" Susan asked with mock surprise.

"Well, I figure if your gonna do something..."

"Do it right? Yes Harry that sounds lovely, but what about Dumbledore, what about protection?" She asked. Harry suddenly smiled evilly.

"Well I don't find Dumbledore attractive, and I am on a charm that makes me unable to reproduce until close to graduation, but what does that have to do with our date?" Susan promptly began spluttering again as her face went below the water.

"Uh, okay thank you for asking Harry." She coughed out as he sat up and dragged her to the side of the tub. She unthinkingly sat herself in his lap since she didn't release her arms from around his neck. Which meant she was now sitting sideways with his erection pressed along her thighs toward her knees, and her breasts were smashed perfectly against his chest. She saw the pain on his face from the position and opened her legs slightly, jumping as he popped up and bumped her clit. Their eyes locked and she waited for him to kiss her but he just looked into her eyes.

"I wont kiss you," He whispered.

"Why not." She asked breathlessly. Resisting the urge to squeeze her thighs around him.

"You set the pace, it's all up to you." He whispered back, both were oblivious to the Veela floating beside them with her eyes closed but a smile on her face.

"Harry that's not fair!" Susan said.

"It's fair to me, if I just want a quick shag I can always see Gabrielle. No offense ma petite amie." He said to the girl in question.

"None taken Harry, I live to serve." She said happily.

"But Harry...I want to do things...to you. And I won't if it's my choice."  
She whispered back to him.

"Then that means you aren't ready, and I refuse to force anything. I had a lot of fun at the Afterparty." She cut him off.

"So did I,"

"But we aren't playing a game now, and even at that party you were dared to do it, but you were told you could leave at any time. I won't force you to do anything that you think is not right. Even if you do feel really really nice where you are right now."

She leaned in and kissed him quickly. Just at the point where she wanted to deepen the kiss he started to pull away. She made a growling noise in the back of her throat, it was infuriating and frustrating that he could act like he didn't want this as badly as she did. She pulled his head toward her and begged entrance to his mouth to which he promptly replied in kind. But before it got much further she stopped and got quickly out of the tub, finding more fresh towels on the counter and cursing those voyeuristic elves as she wrapped herself in one. Let him see how it felt to be frustrated, by her at least. She smiled at him as she walked out to get ready for their lunch date.

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Not long after found the three walking out the front door. Molly had not been pleased with the plan, especially seeing a girl on each arm of her daughter's boyfriend, but really had no choice in the matter. She knew Harry could protect them if need be, and she knew her daughter well enough that if she did not know what was happening in her absence, she could handle the fall out.

After watching the door close behind them she decided she needed to talk to Ginny in any case and quickly penned a letter and sent it off with Pig. Ron was nowhere to be seen and she assumed he was still Moping about in his room. She remembered that lovely but strange girl Luna had a long time crush on her youngest boy and headed to the Floo.

Taking a pinch of Floo powder she called out "The Quibbler" and waited until the face of her old friend, looking much worse for the wear, popped in.

"Ah Molly, what can I do for you on this glorious day? You haven't per chance Floo'd about the infestation of Gnarlacks have you?" He head asked.

"No Xeno, I was actually calling to see if Luna might come over here for a few days this summer, I need a little help around the house, and I know my Ronald has been in a bad mood lately."

"Ah, the same Ronald that Luna was infatuated with for the first 12 years of her life? I trust you will keep an eye on those two?"

"Yes Xeno, I don't fancy grandchildren from him any time soon either, but it would be nice to see them together wouldn't it?"

Xeno nodded his head for a moment, "Alright, perhaps Luna can catch or photograph a few of the Gimlets that are running around that place...um...wherever that place is." He said sounding confused.

"Don't worry about it, I can come get her and bring her back through the Floo, is she available now?"

Xeno pulled his head from the fire but the connection remained open, Molly heard him calling to her,

"Skunkweed?"

"Yes Daddy?"

"Would you like to go over to...um...wherever it is that Ron and Molly Weasley are right now? Molly mentioned needing some help and Ron is apparently lonely."

"Yes Daddy that sounds lovely, maybe I can catch one of the Gimlets that is running around there."

"That's what I thought, of course you know there are only a few ways to dislodge them?"

"Yes Daddy, I promise to be very careful if the chance arises."

He stuck his head back in, "Molly she can come right over, do you think she will be staying the night?"

"Actually if she would like to stay a few days or the rest of the summer I think that would be lovely."

"Alright she will go pack some things, perhaps you should Floo over in about half an hour?"

Molly nodded, "Thank you Xeno, I will do that." After he nodded the connection was closed. Molly was wondering what on earth a Gimlet was and how you dislodged one. She supposed Ron would be able to help her with the project.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry and the girls began walking in no particular direction keeping an eye out for a taxi. Harry figured at worst he could lead them back with his mental map; which was constantly updating. They turned a corner and found themselves on the Euston Road and followed it along for a ways. Suddenly spotting a cab Harry attempted to signal weakly. Gabrielle surprised them by whistling and the cab pulled quickly over.

"Where to mate?" The cabby asked them.

"Uh, first I don't have any cash on me do you take credit?" Harry asked. The cabby nodded.

"Well were looking for pizza and were not familiar with the area." Harry said still more than a bit nervous.

"Well no need for a cab then, there be a Dominoes 'bout half mile from 'ere. Left on Baron, Left on White Lion, can't miss it." The cabby said tipping his hat and pulling away just as quickly as he stopped.

"Huh, guess there is more to do around here than I thought." Harry said shrugging. They walked the way they were told and were soon at the pizza place. They only did Delivery or Carry-out so they ordered a Pepperoni and waited the fifteen minutes in awkward silence. Gabrielle kept smiling back and forth between the two thinking it was cute.



Once they had the Pizza and a couple of drinks Harry asked about a park and got directions to Regents Park about a mile and a half away. The girls decided the walk would be nice so they set off in that direction, finally some idle chatter began and soon they were all giggling at small jokes and in general having a good time.

Once at the park Harry took out a napkin and looking around quickly, transfigured it into a picnic blanket. They ate their fill of Pizza and lay back on the blanket cuddling with Harry and looking up at the sky.

"You know I never got to just lay and watch the clouds before? When I'm playing Quidditch I don't have time to enjoy the view, and when I was a kid my cousin and his friends would always hassle me." Harry said.

Susan gave him a peck on the cheek. "It's not fair Harry, how could Dumbledore leave you there?"

"I don't know, he said it was the safest place for me til I came of age. Something about blood protection wards."

"But didn't Voldemort use your blood in the...um" Susan trailed off not wanting to bring up bad memories on such a lovely day.

"Yeah, I hadn't thought of that." Harry said his mood darkening. "Why did I have to go back there after that? I mean, I can forgive most of it before then if the protective wards are true. But after fourth year they would have been useless against him, though I suppose Death Eaters still could not have got in."

"That is enough of unpleasantness, so you say you never get to look at ze clouds?" Gabrielle asked him to which he shook his head.

"Well when I was a girl I used to lay in the field and try to find shapes in the clouds." Susan said, quickly pointing at one. "See, there is a bunny rabbit, um a rabbit with a unicorn horn." She corrected.

"Hmm, wonder if that's the crumple horned Snorkack that Luna is always on about?" Harry asked before pointing one of his own out. "Look, that one looks like a snitch!"

Both girls smiled at his boyish tone, glad to have been witness to the all too brief glimpse of Harry the boy, not Harry the adult, or Harry the Hero.

"Boys and Quidditch, Honestly!" Susan snickered.

"I see ze kitten playing with ball of yarn." Gabrielle said pointing and they nodded.

"Harry this is really nice." Susan said taking his hand in hers and holding it up. She examined the way her hand fit into his and decided it was a very nice match.

"It is isn't it? I haven't been out of that house in over a week, and before that I hadn't been out of Privet Drive for a month." He did not see the looks of sorrow on the girl's faces.

"Zen we need to do zis at least weekly." Gabrielle said kissing his cheek and grabbing his other hand in her own. Beside him he felt Susan nod into his shoulder.

"As great as this is, I have a letter to read, and some training to do. Are you two ready to head back?" Harry asked both girls nodded and stood before pulling him to his feet. Looking around once again he vanished the trash and the blanket.

They began walking back and Susan didn't release his hand. After what they had already done and seen with each other, it was interesting that this small gesture meant so much to both of them. If Harry had to guess at his feelings he guessed that this was as close to a normal relationship as he had been involved in yet. Moving slowly was not something he had tried, unless you counted the last six years with Mione.

He already missed her terribly, and Ginny. Both had quickly become a part of his life and he was finding it difficult to function without their presence. Susan and Gabrielle were doing a good job as substitutes but couldn't wait to see the other two again. Especially if something happened between him and Susan.

The last thought caused him to shiver as he squeezed the girl's hand. She looked at him and caught the bit of lust that he quickly hid.

And she grinned in spite of wanting to move slow, she liked knowing he wanted her.

They chatted more as their hands swung between them and Gabrielle trailed behind slightly enjoying the view. As they neared Camden Town once again Harry was suddenly on guard. The change in scenery was accompanied by a change in the feeling of safety. He reached back and took Gabrielle's hand in his free one and scanned the area as they continued talking.

Nearing Euston Road again Harry got some sort of tingle that told him there was danger just before a man stepped in front of them wielding a gun. "Aft'noon govena, I thinks if you don't want either of 'ese lovely birds to get 'urt you'll be 'andin over your wallet. Now."

Harry tightened his grip on Susan's hand as he pulled Gabrielle behind him and his hand slowly made it's way toward his wand. "And why would I do that?" Harry asked trying to distract him.

The man looked confused for a moment. "Cuz I got a gun and you don, now come along no sudden movements."

Just then a car backfired and the man pulled the trigger. Before Harry knew what was happening the most solid magical shield he had ever seen had sprung up before them and the bullet had ricocheted off into the side of a building. At the same time the man had been thrown a few feet by an invisible force and did not appear to be moving.

"Harry? You better drop the shield before a Muggle sees it." Susan whispered in a shaky voice.

"You mean you didn't cast it?" Harry asked curiously.

"No, I can't cast a Protego like that literally to save my life. Gabrielle?"

"Non! I left my wand at home." They both looked up at Harry, the shield still stood visible in the air before them, clearly magical as the semi transparent energy seemed to shift and swirl.

"I thought a Protego didn't work against solid objects or dark curses?" Harry asked as he examined the shield.

"Then I guess this isn't a Protego. But Harry, how are you doing this?" Susan asked.

"I dunno, we better hurry back and hope it fades before we get there or that nobody sees it..." Thinking quickly he cast a notice-me-not charm on all three of them and hoped that if they walked on either side of the shield nobody would notice.

Quickly they found themselves back inside the front entry of Number 12 and made their way upstairs to the training room. Harry attempted to cast a finite several times before sitting down in worry on the couch.

"Accidental Magic, it has to be." Harry said.

"Non Master, you may have done this on accident, but this is too focused to be accidental magic." Gabrielle replied.

"But maybe it was triggered like Accidental Magic?" Susan asked. That got Harry thinking, he had just been thinking of how nice it was to hold Susan's hand, taking it slow, sort of. And how he thought that it might be the way to discover the difference between Love and Lust. When the situation had changed and his girls were threatened he must have reacted instinctively but he still had no idea how to get rid of it.

"Give me a minute." Harry said as he closed his eyes and sank into his center. Once there he re-examined the memory and put it in its proper place, he felt a wash of magic and opened his eyes to see the shield had gone. He was immediately hugged by both girls and Susan began sobbing.

He pulled her into his lap and held her for a few minutes until she regained the ability to speak. "You saved our lives again Harry."

"But it was an accident, please don't tell me you owe me a life debt, that bullet could have been heading for me rather than either of you." He said trying to head off what he knew she was thinking.

"Multiple life debts aren't going to change anything, but I will let you off the hook this time mister." She said kissing his cheek with a smile,

but the tears were still falling, he guessed they had gone from tears of fear to tears of relief.

"The fact remains that accident or not, you were my real life Superman today." Susan said. He just stared at her blankly. "You haven't seen Superman?" She asked incredulously, her tears disappearing as her fear was replaced with Rage.

"The only reason I got your Jaws joke was because Dudley watched a re-run on the Telly and I heard the music and saw the shark fin in the water. I never went to the movies or got to watch much Telly growing up." He shrugged before she leaned in and kissed him on the lips for a good thirty seconds. She did not press for a deeper kiss, it was light and her lips still tingled from the soft contact afterward.

She considered him for a moment before continuing. "In Superman the Movie the bad guy shoots a gun at him and Lois Lane in an alley, He catches the bullet as the man runs away and tells her the guy missed." She said, he nodded once he got the reference.

"What are you going to do about zis Master? Zat was impressive!" Gabrielle exclaimed.

"I don't know. My magic has been all wonky since my birthday, possibly since I learned the prophecy and destroyed half of Dumbledore's office..." He trailed off looking with fear at the two of them.

"Hermione and Ginny told us that you are the Chosen one, they said that V..that he already knew that much so it was okay to tell us." Susan said before panic could set in. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"If you really want to date me Susie, and this goes for you as well Pet, I can teach you Occlumency and let you in on the why's of what were doing." Harry told them.

Gabrielle shook her head, "It is no matter to me Harry, I live to serve you, you may send me away or keep me but I will be with you, prophecy or no!"

He smiled at her before turning his eyes on Susan. "Uh, I would like to know Harry, if I am going to fall for you, and have to share you

with at least three witches, then I would like to know the whole of it."  
Susan said quietly.

"In for a penny?" Harry asked her and she nodded.

"In for a pound."

## Chapter 27: Nothing More Than Feelings

Harry had a letter to write to Amelia Bones with the names of the DA and a select few others. First he retrieved his copy of "Occlumency for the Occluded" and handed it to Susan who began reading it immediately as she lay on his bed. He sat at his desk and Gabrielle sat on the floor at his feet despite his protests.

He began his letter:

Amelia,

It is strange to call the Minister of Magic by her first name, though Fudge tried to get me to do so. Congratulations appear to be in order, as Susan has informed me you have a good chance of being confirmed soon.

I have included a list of those persons I have trained or feel have enough training to be trusted in a dangerous situation. You may not agree with some of the names on the list, but I hope you will trust my choices.

I have purchased Susan a small wardrobe of Wizard clothes, including an assortment of casual robes and necessities. However we have not had the chance to shop for anything remotely Muggle. I look forward to a shopping trip with you.

Congratulations once again, and I am sure Susan would enjoy a visit from you in the near future. You know where to find us.

Respectfully,

Harry Potter

He reviewed the letter quickly, trying to make sure there were no political motivations to his words. He just wanted to send a friendly letter. He figured he could have Susan look over it later. He then pulled out the letter he had been waiting for.

Harry,

Included is the overview of the requested information if you wish an in depth accounting I would be more than happy to meet with you.

Griphook - Account Manager, Gringotts London

On the second and third pages he found the list of accounts, investments and holdings.

He apparently was worth nearly four billion galleons with his two families combined and being the only remaining member with a claim to either one. About half of that was liquid assets, the rest were, as the man said at Quality Quidditch, wrapped up in most of Knockturn alley and half of Diagon Alley, there were also many Muggle businesses he was invested in, scanning the list he only found a few he recognized including Microsoft, Apple, and IBM. He assumed those had been his mother's idea.

He had at least five homes, though one of them was Godric's Hollow, which was now apparently held in trust as a memorial to his parents. He really didn't mind because he didn't think he could stand to live where his parent's had died. But he did make a note to visit some time soon.

Suddenly he felt the tears flowing down his face and did not understand where they were coming from. Before he could sink into his center and examine he emotions Gabrielle was sitting in his lap cooing at him and kissing his tears.

Susan hurried over from the bed and hugged him from behind. "Harry? What happened? Was there something in the letter from Gringotts?" She asked in a very concerned tone. As far as Susan knew the only time Harry had ever cried in public was after he brought Cedric Diggory back in fourth year.

"I don't know!" Harry said before he started giggling even as the tears were renewed.

"Harry you're scaring us, what do you mean you don't know? Why don't you explain what you were reading?"

Still laughing through his tears but unable to stop crying for some reason he handed her the letter. "I just finished reading about Godric's Hollow and decided I couldn't live where my parent's died." He said but the tears didn't abate.



Gabrielle was at a loss until Harry began shivering, "Master, please try to take a deep breath, you look like you can't breath!" She motioned for Susan to help her pull him to the bed. Once there Gabrielle pulled his shirt over his head quickly and did the same with hers. Susan was stunned for a moment and looked strangely at the girl.

"He looks like he eez in shock, I do not know ze reason but we must keep him warm before his system begins to shut down!" The girl nearly shouted as she dropped her skirt and knickers to the floor and unsnapped her bra quickly. She then finished stripping a now shaking Harry and lay him on the bed after pulling the covers.

Gabrielle cradled Harry to her chest wrapping her legs around him tightly and looked at Susan with worry all over her face. Deciding this was not some ploy to get her naked in Harry's bed once more. Susan quickly divested herself of her clothing and climbed in the bed with them, pulling the covers up to their necks.

"Harry please settle down and talk to us?" Susan whispered in his ear and kissed his cheek. "You said something about your parent's house. Have you ever seen it?"

He shook his head but his lips were blue and his jaw was clenched too hard to answer properly. Gabrielle was rubbing his chest and arm trying to keep the circulation flowing, so Susan began doing the same. Completely lost as to what she was doing but trying to follow the other girl's example. She at least seemed to have an idea what was going on.

His breathing evened out a bit but he was still cold to the touch, which scared Susan even more than the shivering or the tears. "You haven't seen your parent's house? Nobody ever even offered to take you?" She tried asking again.

"NnnnNo." Harry said as fresh tears fell. "Why wouldn't someone think of that?" He asked sounding better but still looking like hell. Susan pulled herself against him tightly, willing heat into his body as she felt herself begin to sweat in the summer heat. Gabrielle noticed and pulled the blanket off leaving them only under the sheet but much more comfortable.

"So does that mean you have never seen where your parent's were buried?" Susan asked again. Suddenly he burst out sobbing again. He turned away from Gabrielle and buried his face in Susan's chest as he pulled her close like a teddy bear. In any other situation being held by Harry like this would have made her swoon, now she was gripped by fear.

He wailed in between sobs. "The only memory I have of them is the night they died. The only memory I have of my mum's voice is of her asking him not to kill her and screaming." He sobbed out. Her hair was now wet with his tears but she did not try to force him away. Gabrielle had spooned against his back and was kissing his shoulders as she whispered sweet nothings trying to soothe him.

"Zey loved you Harry, Your Maman died to save your life. Zat is ze ultimate love." She heard Gabrielle tell him and felt him nod his head shortly.

"I can't believe I never even asked to see their graves." He whispered and he shivered again, but this time she hoped it was because of a sob and not because he was in shock. "I spent my whole life wondering about them, never believing the Dursley's when they told me my father was a drunk who killed them both in a car crash. And the minute I find out I'm magical I forgot all about them." He cried.

"Harry its okay, please don't beat yourself up. Maybe you just weren't ready to face it before now..." She trailed off not even believing her own words.

"Why didn't anyone ask me? Sirius was not at the funeral because he was in Azkaban, but what about Moony? What about Dumbledore?" Harry's eyes narrowed to slits and he hissed the name a second time, quite literally, in Parseltongue, causing Susan to shiver feeling and hearing what she could only describe as a snake curse against her skin. "Dumbledore knew and never thought to ask me. He took me to help him hire some stupid Potions Professor instead of taking me to see my parent's final resting place. I am sick and tired of that man!" He growled out and Susan had to let go of him as she felt a static shock in the air. Gabrielle had noticed as well and backed off to a comfortable distance with fear and awe in her eyes.

"Master? Can you please calm down?" She asked him quietly.

He rolled onto his back and stared up at the ceiling barely registering the Veela's words. "That man has made my life hell, he has manipulated me for the last time. It is possible that I just happen to stumble into situations every year and I can never prove it, but I feel like he has been leading me into danger as some sort of demented training program." He hissed out, though in English this time.

"What do you mean Harry?" Susan asked, at least while he was pissed off he didn't appear to be in any danger of going into shock again.

"All the clues, all the puzzles so easy an eleven year old can figure it out, things have been different since I rescued Sirius my third year, I bet I threw a wrench into his master plan to train the weapon!" Suddenly he deflated and looked at both girls like a scared little boy.

"A weapon?" Susan asked, and he nodded with fear in his eyes.

"I can't say anymore until you can protect the secret, I'm sorry Susie...I'm so sorry." He began crying again and wrapped his arm around her again to cry into her hair.

"Shhhh Harry, don't be sorry. Everyone needs a little cry, have you ever cried for the loss of your parents?" She asked him, he shook his head. "Did you cry for the loss of your Godfather?" She asked him and to her relief she got a small nod.

"I think that is why you were suddenly crying. You have sixteen years of repressed sorrow flowing through your system right now. And that was before you learned Occlumency. Harry its okay, were here for you...I'm here for you. Do you want to make a trip to Godric's Hollow some time? I'm sure if you asked Professor Lupin he would take you." But Harry shook his head.

"Why didn't he offer before now?" Harry asked her.

"Maybe it's hard for him too, he lost all of his best friends that night." She said quietly and his crying suddenly went quiet.

"Oh my gods, poor Moony!" Suddenly he was crying for someone other than himself, which she thought might be a small improvement. "That thing will die." Harry said quietly but Susan felt the crackle in the air again, it felt a lot like the tingle of magic when someone offered you a Wizards Oath but this one was not given to anyone specific. She felt an answering connection from somewhere; possibly even from Harry himself and the magic seemed to explode outward. She was sure if Molly were home she would be running up here soon to see what was the matter.

"Gabby, can you please go head off anyone who wants to know what just happened? See if you can convince Molly that Harry just realized he had never grieved for his parents, and then see if she can get ahold of Remus Lupin?" Gabrielle nodded and getting dressed quickly she left the room.

"What can I do Harry? We are going to try to get Professor Lupin here soon, hopefully he can help you find them." Harry nodded into her shoulder.

"Stay here with me?" Was all he asked and she nodded in response before placing a kiss on his lips.

He hungrily kissed her back and she felt his hands roaming across her chest and down her thigh, his fingertips ran through her pubic hair on the way back up to play with her breast and then into her hair, he pulled back and looked into her eyes with fear. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to, I guess I am too used to Gabrielle, Susan please I..." He trailed off but before he could begin sobbing again she grabbed his hand and placed it between her legs before closing them and trapping it there.

"Harry, I have wanted you all day, I don't mind a little playful exploration alright? As long as we don't do any penetration I want to have fun with you. Do not feel guilty for making me feel sexy do you understand?" He nodded dumbly before she kissed him again. She deepened the kiss and released his hand by spreading her legs. He tentatively began exploring her body once more, this time though it was more in awe as opposed to the greedy need she had felt from him before.

The kisses got softer and the touches got lighter and suddenly he was asleep in her arms with a smile on his face. She did not know

what to do about all the feelings and emotions running through her body at the moment. She had gone from scared to death for a friend, to scared a bit for her own safety, to sympathy, to sensual, to horny and now she lay in his arms feeling everything at once. Above all she knew she was in trouble. The man in her arms damn near owned her heart and they had been dating for only a day.

"I love you Harry Potter, it is bloody crazy, but I do." She whispered and enjoyed the suddenly peaceful look on his face. "Even if I can't have you, I will always love you, I just hope one day you can tell me you love me too." She whispered. She got no response except for a sense of peace and resignation that fell over her. Whatever it takes she thought.

"In for a penny, in for a pound."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Molly had just stepped through the Fireplace with Luna in tow when she felt the magical outburst. Thinking it could only have come from one place she left Luna in the kitchen and ran up the stairs to find Gabrielle standing guard outside Harry's door.

"Stop zere Mrs. Weasley!" The girl said with a surprising amount of force.

"What was that?" Molly demanded.

"Harry just had a small break down, or perhaps ze breakthrough? It eez no matter. Susan is looking after him now. He requested you contact Remus as soon as possible zo." She said still with an aura of command.

"But why? What has happened, Why cant I see him?" The older woman nearly screamed.

"Molly." The girl said switching her tone to one of understanding. "Harry just realized he 'as never grieved for his parents. He has never been to see where zey are buried. Many years of built up sorrow are upon him at zis moment and ze last thing he needs is his Muzzer Figure, he needs his girlfriend." Gabrielle told the woman.

"But Ginny is all the way across the country and the Grangers are not on the Floo!" Molly exclaimed. Gabrielle just looked at the

woman, deciding whether it was her place to tell the distraught woman the truth.

"Before your Ginevra left, she tells 'Arry that she will no date him at ze school zis year. She is in love with him, but does not wish him to be lonely during her OWL year." Gabrielle wagered it would be enough to calm the woman.

"But they seemed so happy, so perfect together." Molly said forgetting the poor boy in the bedroom and wondering how her little girl was doing after losing her first serious boyfriend.

"You misunderstand, zey are still togezer in a sense. After ze testing zey will be togezer, but until zen she wants him to learn how to love."

"What do you mean, I could tell he loved her!" The poor redhead was beyond confused.

"Molly you must trust her in zis. I agree with her zat it eez in Harry's best interest. Zat is true love Non? She sets the butterfly free and if he comes back to 'er zen it is meant?"

The Weasley matriarch wondered where this little girl had become so wise in the ways of love, but remembered that she was at least part Veela, sudden realization dawned on her. "You too? And Susan? What about Hermione?" She asked in rapid sucession before her face grew dark. "What is that boy doing leading all of you on, and how could he do this to my baby?"

Gabrielle sighed. "If it were up to Harry he would be alone. He accepted Ginevra into his heart but he has never known how to love. Zese Dursley's are caretakers zey were never his family. We are teaching him how to love and in ze end he will choose one or more of us."

"That is immoral!" She cried.

"Non Molly, love is not finite. I do not know eef I love Harry but I will die for him. I do know your Ginevra is very much in love with Hermione, and zey both are in love with him. Do you wish your leetle girl to be happy? Or do you wish your leetle girl to be unhappy but considered normal?"

That brought Molly up short, of course she wanted her baby to be happy. She just couldn't wrap her head around sharing her husband with any other woman, if they tried she would kill them where they stood after removing the offending appendage they used to touch him. "I just don't understand but I want her to be happy. How is that possible if she has to share him?"

The Veela pulled the woman to a couch and sat them both down. "Love should never be jealous. Do you trust your Arthur to be true to you?" Molly nodded. "Zen you have no need to worry. Any woman zat tried would be told off by him. But it eez different with us. We all want Harry, and we all will share. It is up to him zo, and I think he will choose only Mine and Ginny in the end, I only hope they will allow me to stay." She trailed off.

"So Susan is?" Molly tried to ask but couldn't form the words.

"She is comforting him, zey are not 'aving sex but Harry went into shock and we had to warm him back up."

Molly had read up on Muggle first aid after Harry rescued Ron. So she knew what the girl was saying, body heat was best transferred through skin to skin contact. "I just, you are all so young, how can any of you know what love is?" She asked, ignoring her hypocrisy where Ginny was concerned.

"I am Veela, Hermione as loved him for many years, as has Ginevra. But Harry does not know how to love. I believe he loves us all in some way, but he is afraid to say as much for fear he is wrong and will hurt us. Molly none of zis concerns you, if you must please speak to Ginevra but do not speak of zis ever to Harry. What he needs now is for you to bring him Remus."

Molly got up and walked down the stairs without answering. Her head was spinning and her heart was aching for the poor boy. She decided the only thing she could do was what Gabrielle had suggested, she needed to have a heart-to-heart, woman-to-woman conversation with Ginny and or Hermione. Not until after she contacted Remus.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Remus arrived after a frantic Floo call from Molly concerning Harry. He still looked a bit haggard from the full moon only three days ago, but he would do anything for his Cub. Molly informed him that there was a Veela standing guard as his doorway and it would be in his own best interest if he announced himself to her and waited for Harry. She did not explain anything else that was going on but he had his suspicions after the incident with Ginny and Hermione.

Reaching the top of the stairs he locked eyes with the Veela, noticing immediately that she reeked of Harry as though she had been in close personal contact for at least a few days time. He said nothing and sat on the couch across the room. Gabrielle seeing how far away he had to sit called out. "Dobby?"

The elf popped in and without being told he clapped his hands. Remus watched in awe as the room reformed itself and his seat was the only area that had not moved. There was now a seating area just outside of the Master Suite so he got up and moved closer, all the while keeping an eye on the Veela. His werewolf senses were screaming danger at him and he sensed something from her that only said one word to him. "Alpha."

So whatever was going on, this was Harry's Alpha Female. He didn't know enough about Veela to be certain but if she were a Werewolf then she would be in charge of the pack, or of all the other females if there were a Male Alpha. Finally he spoke up.

"So, you are bonded to Harry then?"

She looked startled for an instant. "How did you know?"

"Your scent is practically screaming Alpha at me, and mixed in with Harry's scent as well it lead me to that conclusion."

She eyed him before understanding dawned on her face. "L'animale? You are ze werewolf? Moony is fitting name zen Non?" She asked with a small smile. "As to zis Alpha, I am whatever Master needs me to be, at zis moment I am in charge of his safety."

Remus nodded though he only understood a little. "My friends all had nicknames that related to their Animagus forms. I don't have a form but as I am a wolf...well you get the connection. But when did you bond to him? I thought he was dating Ginny and Hermione?"



Once again he saw the confusion on her face as she tried to figure out how he knew. "Ah, much ze same way, you uh, smell zem on him?"

"And he on them, even while Hermione was supposedly dating Ron." Gabrielle nodded.

"I am bound to him when he pulls me from ze lake two years ago. He is saving my life, and so he is my master." She shrugged.

"And Hermione and Ginny?"

"Zey all four had ze strange relationship, even I would not have approved. Ronald is lazy and jealous and Mine has enough and quits him." She said with a sniff.

"I will not ask any further questions about your relations, Harry is old enough to take care of his own issues, and I know for a fact that he is being safe. So what is going on in there?"

She quickly related much of what she told Molly, and much she had not due to time constraints. At the end the werewolf looked older as he sagged into his chair. "It was so hard..." He trailed off.

"Moony, I do no have any problem with your actions. You lost your best friends it eez understandable. But Harry will need you now, be prepared for him to be angry, but do not be afraid to defend yourself. He will understand eventually. He needs you." Remus just nodded and the girl disappeared into the room.

Fifteen minutes later Harry emerged looking much worse for the ware, but much better than he had an hour ago. The pheromones hit Remus and he was almost physically ill. No way would he try to keep him from Gabrielle. Once that realization was made the smell stopped bothering him.

"Hey Moony..." Harry said trailing off.

"Harry I'm so sorry, I avoided that place like the plague because I still feel guilty. Guilty that they didn't trust me with the secret, guilty that I turned on Sirius, guilty that I couldn't raise you properly like they would have wanted..."

"Moony wait okay? I know you couldn't take me because of anti-werewolf laws, and even if you could Dumbledore would have forced you to leave me with the Dursley's in any case. I guess I just don't know why nobody ever thought I might like to visit my parents." He said as fresh tears rolled down his face. Remus quickly closed the distance between them and pulled him into a hug.

"I'm so sorry Cub, I should have thought of this before, especially after..." He couldn't complete the sentence.

"After Sirius?" Harry asked and got only a nod in response.

"Will you take me? Today preferably?" Remus nodded again with his own tears joining Harry's.

"As long as we are ripping off scabs why don't we take care of Sirius's room in the meantime?" The older man stiffened, but nodded eventually. Harry left the room heading down the stairs one level and stopped outside of the door that had been off limits. "Dobby?" He called as his voice cracked.

The elf popped in and looked around. "You is ready for Dobby to open the door sir?" Harry nodded, the elf did so and popped away again.

As the door slid open with a creak Harry whispered an incantation and the gaslights in the room lit.

"Uh, bad timing and all, but the gaslamps reminded me, do you know anything about electrical wiring?" Harry asked. Remus nodded but said nothing as he looked around the room.

There were pictures and posters all around, one in particular of the Marauders smiling and waving in their Hogwarts years, Wormtail was cowering in the corner though the others seemed to have learned to ignore him a long time ago.

The most predominate feature of the room though, was the Prophet pictures of Harry, which were tacked up on nearly every wall. Overall the room made them feel overwhelmingly sad. "Do you really think there is anything in here we would want?" Harry asked.

"He may have spent the last few months of his life in here, but he ran away from here at fifteen and lived with James and your grandparents. It looks like you were the only thing that mattered to him in here." Remus said quietly.

Harry grabbed the photo of the Marauders and quickly tore the corner containing the cringing Pettigrew off before handing the photo to Remus "Not the only thing."

Remus sat down on the bed and cried unabashedly. Harry just sat beside him and wrapped an arm around the mans shoulders, he immediately turned and cried into Harry's shoulder for about fifteen minutes before he looked up embarrassed and the tears stopped. "Guess I needed this more than I thought." He choked out. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be Moony, you should have seen me upstairs just now, and that is just the tip of the iceberg. I will need you to repeat the favor before long." Harry said with a sad smile.

Remus just nodded and stood, he looked around one last time and asked Harry. "I'm ready when you are, shall we go from here?"

Harry nodded and Remus held out his arm. Grabbing on they both disappeared with a crack!

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Luna knocked before quickly entering Ron's room startling him as he held his erection in hand. He looked at her with scared eyes before he quickly grabbed a pillow and threw it over his lap.

"Loony! What the hell didn't anyone ever tell you to knock!"

She eyed the pillow for a moment with a small smile before looking up into his eyes. "Did no one ever tell you that you should lock the door before masturbating?" Ron's angry face suddenly turned maroon.

"That's not the point!"

"What is the point Ronald? Are you trying to rid yourself of Gimlets?" She asked him, her face still not showing any sign of awkwardness.

He spluttered for a minute before giving up. "What are Gamlitts?" He asked trying to shove his erection back into his shorts and failing miserably.

"Gimlets, they feed off of emotions, in your case they seem to be eating up all your common sense." She said still staring at the pillow.

"Uh, okay, how was I getting rid of them?" He asked not able to connect pleasuring himself with her imaginary creatures.

"Ejaculation of course. Would you like some help?" She asked him.

His eyes went huge but he saw the opportunity. "Um, if you don't mind?"

She nodded and pulled the pillow from his lap. He couldn't look her in the eye so he threw his head back on the pillow and waited. Glancing at her he saw that she was looking at him with detached clinical interest.

She wrapped both hands around him, and then apparently deciding that was too much, she wrapped one hand around him and began to pump. "I have not actually performed the extraction myself before, but I think I understand the mechanics." She continued on and he simply nodded and closed his eyes.

Before long he felt his orgasm approaching and opened his eyes to watch her hand on his cock. But her eyes still held a clinical look, as if she were performing surgery. He came with a grunt splashing her hand with his cum as he relaxed back into the mattress.

"Hmm, no gimlets in this batch. I suppose we will just have to keep trying." She remarked absentmindedly, this sounded wonderful to Ron.

"Yeah okay, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, your mother asked me to stay over for a few days or a week. I don't think she actually has anything for me to do, I think she expects me to date you." She looked into his eyes and he caught his breath.

"Um, and would you uh, like to date me?"

She looked away and got up walking toward the bathroom where she continued the conversation while washing her hands. "I don't believe so, I liked you for a very long time but you did not treat me very nice. Harry is much nicer."

"Bloody Harry Potter." He growled and lay down again, tucking his suddenly smaller penis back into his boxer shorts.

"Yes it really is no wonder Harry has at least five girlfriends, he is very nice, and much more mature than you are. Hermione is much better off with him." She called out dreamily.

"Get out, I don't need to hear a damn thing about him and Mione!"

"Alright Ronald, so same time tomorrow?" She asked as she walked back into the room.

"What?"

"The Gimlets, Daddy asked me to try and capture one." She said unblinkingly.

"Oh...your not gonna talk about Harry anymore are you?"

"The subject might come up, but I don't understand why that would stop us from performing the procedure?" She said with a confused look on her face.

Ron gave up, if she wanted to give him a hand job every day he supposed he could listen to her prattle on about the Prat-Who-Lived. "Yeah, fine. Maybe later tonight too?" He asked.

"If you say so, practice makes perfect and all that." She turned and left the room and a thoroughly confused Ron.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Susan still lay in Harry's bed after he had been gone quite awhile. Gabrielle came back in and after stripping down, lay on the bed with her and pulled her into a hug.

"You deed very well Suzy, ze only thing I could think to do was to shag some sense into him. I am glad you are here." Gabrielle said quietly.

"He looked so lost..." Susan trailed off, still not believing she told him she loved him.

"And you helped him find his way." She hugged her closer.

"I told him I love him." She whispered and Gabrielle smile grew wider.

"What did he has to say?" She asked.

Susan shook her head, "It was after he fell asleep, I realized that after a single day dating him he is in my heart. I feel like an idiot fan girl." She said with a tear trailing down her face.

Gabrielle kissed her cheek and wiped the tear away. "Non, Harry is easy to love, zis does not mean you belong to him. You still have choice even if you always love him."

"I know that, but it just feels so strange to put words to a feeling. The only other person I ever said that to is Hannah." For some reason Susan felt comfortable with this girl to reveal her darkest secret.

"Ah, so you and Hannah are ze lovers? She is very nice girl, Non?"

"Hannah is the best, she didn't seem to happy with me for playing that game though."

"Perhaps she is jealous? Or maybe she is just embarrassed, to love anozer woman is looked down on in Britain Non?"

"Yeah, we didn't mean for it to happen, we've been best friends for ages and last summer we played truth or dare, just the two of us...we ended up kissing that night and it sort of went from there."

"Are you ashamed of Hannah?" Gabrielle asked quietly.

"What? No! Why would you think that?" Susan asked incredulously.

"You did not advertise zat you are together."

"Oh, well we just didn't think it was anyone's business." She answered.

"Does Hannah like Master? Or did she come to zis party to be with you?"

That brought Susan short, "I think Hannah likes girls more than boys, but she seemed interested in Neville."

"Ah, yes Neville is not typical man zo is he? Zere is nothing wrong with being effeminate but he was not attractive to me. Would you be sad if you have to give her up?" Gabrielle asked just making idle conversation.

Susan thought about it. "As long as we remain friends, I just want her to be happy."

"And she feels the same way?"

"I don't know. I really need to talk to her. You think Harry would mind if I gave her a call?"

"Non Suzy, I think he would want you to be happy."

Susan nodded and got out of bed, she found the letter to her aunt on the table top along with the list of persons he recommended. She glanced over it and nodded before folding it, as she turned Hedwig flew over from her perch.

"Oh, Hello girl. Have you just been waiting for this?" She asked holding up the letter and got a happy screech in reply as well as a quick flap of her wings as if showing she was ready to go. "Alright, here you go, this is for Amelia Bones at the ministry, you shouldn't have any trouble. Hedwig looked at her indignantly before flying out the single windowpane that was designed just for owls.

She got dressed as she watched Gabrielle lightly playing with herself on the bed. "Are you trying to get me to come back to bed or something?" She asked playfully and Gabrielle opened her eyes and smiled.

"Maybe, or maybe I just feel like cumming. Zere is nothing wrong with that." She closed her eyes and continued her task making Susan smile even as she felt an urge to do the same thing.

Sighing she walked out the door and quickly down to the kitchen where Molly sat with a cup of tea lost in thought. "Oh, Mrs. Weasley! Um, is everything okay?" Susan asked feeling extremely uncomfortable.

"Fine dear." She answered noncommittally before suddenly looking up. "Oh, Susan...so Harry is alright now then?"

"Harry is not fine, but he is doing better. Remus and he disappeared about an hour ago now, are you okay?" She really didn't want to have this conversation, but knew if she were staying in the house this summer she was going to be forced to eventually.

"I'm just worried about my children. Ron wont come out of his room, and poor Ginny has already lost her first love. No offense dear."

"I really think you need to talk to her Mrs. Weasley."

"Molly please, everyone else is calling me Molly or Mum now."

"Uh, okay Molly, Ginny made it very clear that she wants Harry to date until she is ready to devote her time to him. And she gave me her blessing before she left." Susan said trying to keep the conversation light.

"And what about Hermione?" The older woman asked surprising Susan with her knowledge.

"Um...yes, Hermione also, though her intentions once we are back at school are less clear. Both of them would rather Harry find true love with someone else, than stay with them out of obligation."

Molly nodded and said nothing for a minute. "Was there something you needed dear?"

"I actually had a private Floo call to make, if you don't mind?"

The Weasley Matriarch got up with a tight smile and made her way out of the room without another word. Susan breathed a sigh of



relief and kneeled down on the floor after taking a pinch of Floo powder.

"Abbot Acres!" she called out the Floo address and her head began spinning dizzily until she was looking into a familiar sitting room. "Hannah? Mr. or Mrs. Abbot?" She called out.

Soon Hannah came running and slid to a stop on her knees in front of Susan's face. "Susan! Is anything wrong?"

"No Hannah I just really miss you, and needed to talk to you about things." Susan said quietly.

The other girl nodded and looked around quickly, Susan did the same making sure Molly wasn't listening in. "I'm clear on this end." The other girl said and Susan nodded.

"Did you come to the party for me or for Harry?" She decided to ask point blank.

Hannah's eyes went wide as she thought of an appropriate answer. "I think Harry is nice, and definitely sexy, but I don't know if I like the possibility of sharing him with a bunch of other girls." She said.

"What if it was just me and one other girl?" Susan asked and Hannah paused.

"I don't know. I saw a side of Neville the other night that I like, but he said I couldn't come over to see him until just before school starts." She said quietly.

"Hannah, if I fall for Harry will you hate me?"

That brought the girl to tears, "Of course not! How could you think that?"

Susan sighed in relief. "Because I did, and last time I saw you was after the party and you didn't look happy on your way out."

"Wait, you fell in love with him after only one day?" Hannah asked in a disbelieving tone. Susan nodded her head.

"I don't know how it happened either, we had a very emotional moment earlier and it sortof crystallized everything. I'm not in love with him but I definitely love him enough he makes me want to shag him senseless." Susan said, some of her feelings suddenly coming clearer just by talking to her best friend.

Hannah nodded, "What are you really asking me?"

Susan screwed up her courage. "I really like Gabrielle too, some things happened at the end of that game, oh god you should have stayed..." She took a breath. "Anyway, if you came over for a few days, or came to visit every day. You and I could still be together, and if things happen with Harry it will be fun. You don't have to love him to have fun with him you know?"

Hannah nodded with a blush, "Yeah I know, but if I want to have fun with Neville this year too doesn't that make me cheating on him or something?"

"No, you have no idea what will happen with either of them, and if Harry would rather you dated someone instead of waiting your turn with him anyway. I have been put at the top of the list and I am inviting you to skip ahead as well. Besides, he is making me do everything!" She growled.

Hannah looked at her strangely. "You mean you do all the work when you...um?" She trailed off.

Susan laughed lightly. "Oh god its good to talk to you Hannah, no we have barely done anything like that. He wont even initiate a kiss with me, he is making me make all the moves so that he knows it's my decision how far we move. The problem is I want to do all sorts of fun things with him I am just a scaredy cat without you here." She blushed but Hannah couldn't see it through the flames.

"So you want me to come over there, and help my girlfriend possibly shag her boyfriend, and maybe get shagged myself?" Hannah asked carefully.

"There will probably not be any proper shagging, but I wouldn't be against pushing the boundries..um if you know what I mean?"

Hannah giggled a bit, which then turned into a full laugh. "You mean that dare when we both decided to?"

Susan nodded silently, "I want to stay a virgin, until he says he loves me just in case this is all some crazy hormone driven accident. But I want him inside me so bad it hurts, as long as he does a proper lubrication charm it might not be so bad..." She choked on the last word not really believing that his monstrous cock would be 'not so bad' but not revealing that to Hannah. Really she just needed moral support while she explored the relationship.

"Besides, if nothing happens between us and him, I still miss being with you... If your going to possibly date Neville this year we might not ever get the chance..." Susan whispered.

"You don't like Neville?" Hannah asked in surprise.

"It's nothing personal he's nice enough, he just isn't my type...whereas I know you have fantasized about Harry." Hannah nodded in agreement.

"Fine, I will see about coming to stay for a while, but I can't guarantee anything, call me back in an hour or so?" Susan nodded, smiling as Hannah closed the connection.

Susan felt much better now with at least the beginnings of a plan.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

When Harry and Remus arrived back from Godric's Hollow and the cemetery, Harry was an emotional wreck. He didn't have a breakdown like he did that afternoon, but he felt like every emotional wound he had ever received had just reopened. In addition to visiting his parents graves, where he had broken down on the older mans' shoulder and cried for nearly an hour, as he told his parents about his life. He told them everything about his life with the Dursley's, and about the things he had faced every year since finding out he was a Wizard. He told them that Sirius had finally found him and that he hoped they were all happy together once again. At this he once again swore he could feel Sirius standing behind him. After the longest hour of his life, Harry and Remus had taken a long walk through the graveyard collecting their thoughts

and making small talk, with the older man telling stories about Lily and the Marauders.

He had seen the family name Peverell and Remus mentioned they were distantly related; Harry had filed it away for research at a later date. As well as an interesting symbol on one of the gravestones he thought looked out of place. At the house Moony had been especially upset at the graffiti all over the plaque out front but Harry said he actually thought it was nice, that people had felt enough for his parents that they needed to leave personal messages.

When they reached the statue in the town square Harry had another long cry. Seeing his mother and his father holding what could only be himself as a baby made him long to be held by them once more. He wished he had one clear memory of hugging his mum. Or of his dad teaching him about Quidditch. All the things a normal boy might remember, instead of blowing out imaginary candles on an imaginary birthday cake in a cupboard under the stairs.

By the time they arrived back at Grimmauld Place Harry was too emotionally drained to do much else. He only had two thoughts in his head. Dumbledore must pay, and Voldemort must die. Until he found out the extent of the Headmasters manipulation of his life, he would only play large pranks on the old man. But if he ever discovered that the old man had intentionally ruined his life there would be hell to pay. Harry honestly still wanted the man to be a barmy grandfather who had made mistakes. He did not want to think of that man as an enemy. But he decided that his enemies would never again receive mercy from him. If Draco decided to open his mouth and say anything about Hermione or Ginny this year he was going to find himself naked and impaled on a gargoyle with a passworded sticking charm in place. Or stuck by his feet to a beam in the great hall ceiling hanging like bat.

Speaking of bats Harry had more than a few plans for his favorite professor. If the man so much as probed his mind without permission Harry planned to throw his consciousness in jail and throw away the key. Let St. Mungo's figure out what had happened to him, it would be interesting to see them blame it on him. Even if they could figure it out the law was clear that Legilimency was not to be used without consent of the DMLE and especially not on children. He would be well within his rights to torture the man mentally.

Gabrielle and Susan were sitting in the training room talking to Luna who had apparently shown up out of nowhere. They were chatting idly when Harry walked in looking like a Zombie. Luna sat on the couch and observed as the girls tried to hug him but he held out his hands to keep them at bay. He thanked them for their help earlier, kissed them both on the cheek, and promptly disappeared into his room where he threw up locking charms on both doors without trying to reign in his power.

Susan and Gabrielle knocked on his door a few times and Susan even tried the secret passageway but found it blocked as well. Gabrielle broke down and Susan had to hold her as she cried for an hour, for not being able to help her Master in his time of need.

Finally the door unlocked and Harry walked in showered and looking better, but in general still not entirely there. He sat down on the couch and seeing Gabrielle's current state opened his arms to her so she could crawl into his lap and cry once more into his shoulder. He whispered nothings to her and rubbed circles on her back, finally exhausted she lay down on the couch with her head on his lap and fell asleep like a puppy who had finally found its lost owner.

"Harry, what happened?" Susan asked quietly, Luna still sat silently and Harry had not seemed to notice her presence.

He went through the whole story, ignoring the tears flowing down Susan and Luna's faces. Gabrielle was still curled up happily asleep, all was right in her world as long as she was allowed to be with him. At the end Luna got up off the couch and leaned down kissing him softly. She pulled back and smiled at him. "I don't think anyone feels the way you do Harry, the power of your love is a weapon that turned upon its owner. We are here to help you put it back to its proper purpose."

Harry stared at Luna who, to his eyes, had simply appeared out of nowhere when she kissed him. Her words rang true and he wondered how much of the prophecy she already knew to use that exact wording. "What did you mean by my love being a weapon?" he asked quietly, not looking away from her eyes.

She shrugged, "I don't know, but it was the right thing to say wasn't it?"

He nodded in complete confusion, she had told him exactly what he needed to hear, but somehow she had no clue what she was talking about. Luna sat back down on the couch and Susan replaced her on Harry's lips. However Susan sat down beside him opposite Gabrielle and deepened the kiss while running her fingers down his chest and back up into his hair. "I want to help you learn to love Harry." Her eyes kept bouncing between his lips and his eyes. "We all want to help you, you just have to let us."

He kissed her chastely, much to her annoyance, and pulled back. "That means a lot to me Susan, but I think I need to stop completely with sex for awhile." Gabrielle looked up at him with hurt eyes and he returned the look with just as much hurt causing her to tear up.

"Master?" He shook his head. "Harry? Why?"

"Because I have become distracted way to easily. I really need to work on a few things on my own and I can't focus surrounded by naked sexy witches." Gabrielle's tears fell perfectly down her perfect cheeks and he leaned down and kissed her softly, causing her to moan as he pulled away once again.

"I am not saying we cannot kiss or cuddle, I am not saying there will not be any exploration." He said with a look at Susan who blushed prettily causing him to smile. "What I am saying is I will help you learn Occlumency, if you must be unclothed I will help you center yourself and then leave the room. We will both work better this way at least for now. And I think you can take turns sleeping with me at night but I will never be able to stand up to you both at the same time so I am requesting we keep it simple." He said looking back and forth between their eyes.

"I am staying for a while Harry, may I share your bed?" Luna asked in her normal dreamy tone which was completely out of place in the current conversation.

Harry looked up as he was jolted from his musing aloud. "Um, I guess if these two don't mind..." He trailed off. Susan and Gabrielle both shook there heads.

"Master? I understand zat during ze days we must work, but why do you deny yourself pleasure at night?"

That gave him pause, why was he pushing them away. It sounded like they would agree to keep things professional during the day so he could train and plan. And Ginny or Hermione might kill him if he didn't let things develop normally with Susan or he supposed now Luna.

"Because I was being a moody git like normal and pushing everyone away?" Harry asked and Gabrielle smiled up at him. "Your right pet, if things happen at night then I will not complain, but during the day we have better things to do. Besides," He said looking at Susan. "I find I rather like the feeling of moving slower in a relationship. One of these days I might even get a normal relationship."

Susan smiled and shook her head as she wrapped her arms around his neck. Gabrielle sat up and Susan straddled his lap. "Why would you want a normal relationship, its over rated." She said before kissing him soundly. He returned the kiss but pulled away before Susan was ready eliciting a growl from her.

"It's daytime, and I like moving slower with you, it makes it all that much better when we take the next step." He whispered and she blushed.

"Um Harry, I might have invited Hannah to stay a few days, and may have indicated that she could share your bed with me. Not that anything would happen, but that it might..." She said getting extremely nervous.

Harry smiled at her, "If Hannah wants to come over and keep you company that's fine," He paused and waited until her face fell thinking that was the end of the statement. "And if you want her to share your nights with me, I won't complain." She smiled up at him and kissed him again quickly before scurrying off his lap.

"Actually I think its been an hour, I need to go call and see if she is coming tonight..." She hurried out of the room and down the stairs.

Harry looked over to Luna. "So what brings you here anyway?"

"Mrs. Weasley thought Ronald was lonely and I could cheer him up. And my father thought it would be a great chance to capture the Gimlets I told him were all over this place."

Harry blinked, he blinked again. "Um, your father wants you to catch Gimlets?" She nodded.

"Or photograph them, I tried to capture one from Ron earlier but the procedure was unsuccessful. Would you mind terribly if we tried on my night in your bed?" She asked him with a straight face.

Harry didn't know what to think now, apparently she had her fathers permission to help them ejaculate. That must mean she had helped Ron along somehow... "Luna Ron doesn't have Gimlets, he is just a daft git. And I don't think I have Gimlets either." He said carefully.

"Oh, I suppose I will have to cancel my afternoon and evening sessions with him then. I wondered why none showed up in semen when he was so obviously infected with the ones that feast on common sense." She said staring off at some memory or imaginary creature, Harry couldn't be sure.

"I told Ronald I was not interested in dating him, however if you would like to help me practice the different procedures for extracting Gimlets I would still appreciate your help. I can always tell my father that even though there was no capture, I did get plenty of training."

Harry just stared at her for a while, he quickly noted the information he had on Gimlets and placed the memory aside to sort into the Luna section of his Library at a later time. "Uh, if that happens to occur, I would be happy to, um, help you with your research...I suppose." Harry finished even more confused than when he had begun.

Luna nodded and sat back on her own couch once more, leaving room for Gabrielle to stretch out and lay in his lap again. She rubbed her nose into his crotch quickly getting a response, "Down Girl!" Harry chastised her and she looked at him with innocent eyes but a devil's smile.

"I 'ave no idea what you mean Master."

"Remember, be a good girl and you will get treats okay?" She nodded excitedly and settled down properly onto his thigh where she seemed to pur in contentment.



Susan came back into the room with Hannah in tow and a huge smile on her face. "She will be staying tonight, but only one night a week." Harry and Hannah both blushed and Susan grinned.

## Chapter 28: A Helping Hannah

Dinner that night was a rather awkward affair. Gabrielle sat on one side of Harry grinning madly at Susan and Hannah across the table, who both blushed for no discernible reason as far as the other guests were concerned.

Ron was still taking meals in his room, though Harry did notice that at the very least, he was continuing to decorate the place. Molly had tried to tell Arthur what was going on but couldn't explain it properly. In the end he had decided on concerned disinterest as far as Harry could tell. He would look up, frown a bit, suddenly smile at some stray thought before seeing that Harry had seen the smile, and then promptly frown a bit again before looking back to the conversation he was having with his future daughter in law.

Fleur kept sharing knowing glances with Gabrielle as she spoke to Arthur about her father's work in the French Ministry and the integration of electricity into the forward thinking French Wizarding world. Hearing that made Harry think of Hermione's research project and he promised himself he would send them a letter later.

Bill kept sneaking glances in his direction. Gabrielle had explained the situation to Fleur, who had explained the situation to him. So he was rather confused. He wanted to hit Harry for fooling around on his sister; permission or not. But at the same time he wanted to slap him on the back and learn his secrets. He was marrying a Veela with a very bi-sexual female human best friend so he could not exactly be angry at the situation. The problem was he was perfectly fine with all of the girls surrounding Harry at the moment but every time his sister popped into his head he groaned and felt like running headfirst into the nearest wall. All in all Bill was a bit twitchy. Harry brought him out of his thoughts.

"Bill, you're a Warder for Gringotts now right?" Bill snapped his eyes up to Harry at the off the wall question.

"Yeah, but only their most important clients have access to my services. And I can't freelance, the wards have my signature on them and the Goblins would not be pleased if I worked without going through them."

Harry nodded silently, "Would you say someone with a few billion galleons stored in their vaults would be considered an important client?" Bill just stared and all conversation at the table had stopped.

Arthur spoke up first, "Harry surely you meant million with an M?"

Harry shook his head, "Nope, I finally got an account overview from Griphook and I am worth just over four billion Galleons, half of that is cash. Why?"

Bill stared at him again for a moment, if he wasn't pulling their legs Harry would have no problem keeping ten mistresses or Marrying two or three wives according to the old laws. "Uh, Harry. The current exchange rate would put that at about twenty billion pounds." Harry's eyes seemed to lock in the open position, as his breathing got shallow. Bill tried again, "Uh, or about twenty eight billion dollars."

"Oh." Was all Harry said.

Arthur spoke up again, "Um Harry, if you are correct that not only makes you the single most wealthy wizard in the world, it also puts you in the top ten if not number one of the most wealthy men in the world, period. In fact I bet that is more than many small countries are worth.." he trailed off when he saw his speculation was not helping.

Susan leaned in and kissed his cheek and whispered in his ear. "You're still just Harry to us, we don't care how much money you have. But now that we know we will stop complaining when you spoil us, okay?"

That finally kicked his brain back in gear and he smiled at her before looking back at Bill. "So that is a yes then?" Bill nodded.

"I want you to put up wards at the Grangers house. I don't actually think they are in any danger, but I would feel better with Ginny and Hermione being there. Give them the works, money is no object, if they agree I would prefer them to be under Fidelus as well, maybe with Mione as secret keeper?"

Bill just stared, he had never heard the phrase 'Money is no object' used when that was exactly what the person meant. He watched as a concerned looking Harry pulled his draftbook out and signed the top sheet before tearing it off and handing it to him blank.

"So how soon do you think you can have them up?" Harry asked the speechless redhead.

"Uh...tomorrow if the Goblins agree." Bill said quietly and Harry nodded.

"Talk to Griphook first thing tomorrow alright, I know you are just as concerned for Ginny's safety as I am." And both Bill and Arthur nodded in approval, any notions they had before of setting him straight blown completely away. They could see in his face just how much he cared for her when he spoke, and his actions paid homage to his words. Molly just stared at the richest boy in the world and wondered what her daughter had gotten herself into.

"Oh, uh Bill, if you don't mind playing delivery Owl I'd like you to drop off a couple letters for me as well." Bill nodded and went back to eating, his head swimming with too much new information.

Dinner finished quickly after that and Harry seemed to have shrugged off the new facts he had just learned. He really could care less about the money. Dinner was over, it had been a long day, and despite his earlier comments he really couldn't wait to get to bed, knowing that Hannah might be joining them.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Luna knocked before entering Ron's room and was disappointed to find him eating at the desk rather than taking himself in hand again. She was not infatuated with him any longer, and in fact she preferred Harry, but she still found him attractive and had gotten a secret thrill trying to extract the elusive Gimlets earlier.

Ron looked up with his mouth full and swallowed the large lump before taking a long drink of some fruity concoction. She figured that must be why the Gimlets had not infected him, as they preferred less palatable semen. "Hello Ronald."

"Uh, Hello Loony...er Luna." Ron said trying to correct his mistake.

"Oh you can call me Loony everyone else does, it really doesn't bother me that they can't see the world as clearly as I do." She shrugged and he got a look of confusion on his face.

"Um, right then. So are you here to continue you're um...experiment?" Ron asked.

"No, Harry let me know that you do not have Gimlets, you are just an insensitive jerk who can't get over the fact that he lost his girlfriend do to laziness and stupidity not because Harry stole her." Luna said in one long fluid sentence.

Ron blinked, then his face darkened, "That excuseless git said all that!"

"No I worked most of that out for myself after he told me he didn't think you or he had Gimlets." She leaned in and whispered to him conspiratorially, "I think he doesn't believe in them, but I also think he's right. He may have had them but your sister and Hermione took care of the problem a long time ago." She leaned back and looked at him, he had an extremely confused look on his face as he fought between outrage and shock.

"Oh, so uh, does that mean you don't want to er, perform the procedure any longer?" He said looking downcast.

"Well, I decided I can get practice performing it, possibly improving the method in the process. Harry has already agreed and I thought perhaps you might as well?"

He stared at her again for a moment. "Uh, okay, so you still want to help me ejaculate. And in as many ways as possible, to test for the effectiveness of the method?" Ron said as a little of his chess master level intelligence showed through.

Luna nodded, "I think for now I will simply improve my technique with the first procedure, if you have no objections. You can feel free to make suggestions later."

He just stared at her for another long moment before he asked, "Oh, so did you want to do it now?"

She nodded and watched him get up and walk over to the bed. He looked at her as she watched him. She almost seemed to be staring at something over his shoulder. He removed his shirt and she commented. "Good idea, you wouldn't want to get it messy after all."

And he nervously continued by removing his trousers before sitting on the bed.

Luna knelt on the floor in front of him and looked up at him with a raised eyebrow. "Oh Right!" He nearly exclaimed as he pulled his erection through the flap to give her access. She wrapped one hand around him and once more began pumping slowly; she never changed her rhythm or her pressure. She was a bit machine like and clinical once again, but Ron had a pretty blonde giving him a handjob so he didn't complain. After all some handjobs may be worse than others, but there is no such thing as a bad handjob.

In almost no time at all he came dribbling down her fist. With a disappointed look on her face, she shrugged and went to the bathroom to wash her hands. "Well that seemed to work well enough, but I was really hoping for more semen at the end. Do you have any observations?" She called from the bathroom.

Ron once again just stared dumbly at her for a moment before answering. "Uh, well there wasn't enough buildup I suppose." He tried to think rapidly of the time's he had sprayed all over Hermione, but couldn't remember there being all that much spunk. Plus if he could get it to take longer it would feel better.

"Oh, well I suppose next time I can slow down and perhaps change my grip?" he nodded and she simply walked out of the room leaving him even more confused than the last time.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Upstairs Gabrielle had just left the room giggling as an extremely nervous threesome sat at the end of Harry's bed. Hannah sat on the other side of Susan refusing to look Harry in the eye, and Harry having much the same problem. Every time still felt like the first time to him, and of course with Hannah being here it was even true.

"So, um... What do you two want to do?" He asked nervously.

"Uh...I could...um...use a shower?" Hannah asked.

Susan tried not to giggle between the two. Having Hannah here made her feel much more bold, but it also ratcheted up the

anticipation to the point where she felt one touch away from orgasm at any given time. "How about a bath Hannah?"

Harry's eyes went wide remembering his last bath. Hannah seemed to consider for a moment. "That sounds nice, but what will you two be doing while I am bathing?" That did get a giggle out of Susan and a small smile from Harry.

"Um, My bathtub is big enough for all three of us." He said quickly, unfortunately Hannah understood him and promptly blushed, eliciting another quiet giggle from her girlfriend.

"Oh...um...okay then...that still sounds nice..." Hannah said. And Harry felt an erection stirring.

"So uh, why don't you girls go ahead then and I will um, join you in a bit?" Harry asked. Susan immediately saw his reasoning and gave him a kiss on the cheek, before dragging Hannah into the closet where she practically ripped the girls clothes off.

"Susan slow down, I can take my own damn clothes off!" Hannah said blushing and smiling so big her cheeks hurt.

"Sorry I'm just so excited, god this is hot!" Susan replied with her own grin.

"Why am I so nervous? We planned on sleeping in his bed tonight anyway, and from what you told me he would likely be sleeping naked..." Hannah asked.

"Because this is so bloody hot!" Susan replied again now quickly disrobing and opening the door to the bathroom. Hannah joined her a moment later blushing shyly as she saw her naked from in the mirror before her eyes went wide.

"Holy crap this bathroom is awesome!" She exclaimed earning her a quick kiss from Susan before she turned on the taps in the tub.

"You're so cute." Susan said winking at the other girl who frowned playfully at her.

"Harry told us we could go first, that way if you want you can hide under the bubbles." Susan explained to her girlfriend whose face suddenly flashed with insight.

"Wow, that was really thoughtful of him, I thought he would be pushing us straight to bed and pawing all over me by now!"

"No, not my Harry, he is too much of a bloody gentleman most of the time." Susan said before she slipped into the water and sighed. Hannah joined her also sighing before Susan hit the activation stone and Hannah exclaimed her surprise before relaxing back against a jet and feeling her muscles start to melt. She joined her hand with Susan's and enjoyed the hot water and the company for a few minutes. Even as her breasts bobbed along the surface just like Susan's, her nipples popping through the bubbles every now and then to say hello.

Then Harry walked in with a Robe on blushing madly, which made Susan giggle again. "Hey," Harry said.

"Hey," Hannah said sliding closer to Susan but patting the side of the bathtub beside her. Harry dropped his robe quickly exposing his fully erect cock to Hannah for the first time to took a deep breath and gave Susan a look like she was completely mad. Susan just shrugged and watched him slip into the water and settle on the other side of Hannah still blushing.

Susan 'accidentally' bumped Hannah who bumped into Harry and both of them blushed again when their hips touched, but the touch barrier had been broken which was an important first step. The two got a little more comfortable now that they knew they would not literally die from embarrassment. Susan thought it was funny that they were all acting like twelve year olds when they were all thinking the exact same Adult thoughts.

Finally not able to stand the silence Susan spoke up. "Okay, we need an icebreaker. Hannah you missed out on the best part of the game, so I propose we play Truth or Dare. I go first, followed by whoever gets dared."

Glad to agree to anything rather than sit in awkward silence they both nodded so Susan turned to Hannah. "Truth or Dare?" She asked.



Hannah thought about it and decided with everything she had done with Susan in the past that this was nothing, and Truth was for wussies anyway. "Dare." She said surprising Harry.

"I will start out easy, Kiss me for 30 seconds." Susan said. Hannah moved away from the side of the tub and sat on her knees between Susan's legs. She leaned forward and kissed the girl with plenty of tongue as Harry looked on, his erection beginning to ache as their breasts rubbed against one another in the current. Hannah sat back down between them and looked back at Susan.

"Truth or Dare?"

"First of all, are any of us really doing to say Truth?" Caught off guard both of them shook their heads before blushing again, the heat was beginning to hide the color though. "Then lets skip the question and go straight to the dares."

Hannah nodded, "I dare you to kiss Harry the same way I just kissed you."

Susan moved from her position until she was between Harry's knees, but she stood up exposing her breasts and the top of her pubic hair to him as she leaned in and wrapped her arms around his neck. His arms went around her waist and somewhere during the kiss she ended up pressed against his chest before he let her go breathlessly back to her spot.

"Damn." Hannah said in awe, finally causing Susan to blush once more.

"Harry I dare you to kiss Hannah for ten seconds." Susan said to a wide-eyed Harry who glanced nervously at the girl beside him, trying to ignore her nipples playing peek-a-boo in the bubbles. She looked just as nervously back but nodded to him.

"Hannah, we don't have to do this. There is nothing making you stay here, there is no reason you have to kiss me." She looked at him like he was crazy at first, and then like he was the sweetest guy she had ever met.

"Harry, don't you want to kiss me?" She asked shyly.

"I don't want to just have a physical relationship of any kind with anyone. Unless you want something too."

"Just shut up and kiss me then." Hannah said as she leaned in towards him. He came forward and met her halfway; trying desperately to make sure the only part of their bodies that touched was their lips. Suddenly he was lost in the sensation of a new taste and new feel of new lips on his own. They kept the kiss very light, neither deepening past turning their heads the other direction. And twenty seconds later Harry opened his eyes and sat back smiling shyly at her.

"Thank you Harry, that was really sweet."

"No problem." He replied smiling as he looked into her eyes. He turned his attention to the other girl.

"Susan I dare you sit on my other side, and put your head on my shoulder." He smiled at her.

"Harry you didn't have to dare me to that." She said as she moved and snuggled in next to him resting her hand on his thigh. Harry felt a slight jolt in his crotch that made him want to buck his hips, but he was learning to control the impulse.

Susan looked at Hannah for a moment until the girl met her eyes, Susan raised an eyebrow and Hannah looked at Harry quickly before blushing and nodding her head. "Hannah, I dare you to sit on Harry's lap for three turns."

The girl took a deep breath and moved slowly until she was sitting on his knees and laid back until his boner was pinned between them before she let out a sigh of relief. "Well, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but I guess it works." Susan said.

"Guess you just have to be more specific." Harry told her with a look that would have made her knees weak if she were standing.

It was Hannah's turn again. "You know all of this daring is getting boring, can we just go with the flow?" Hannah said as she turned sideways on Harry's lap and felt his cock pop up between them and brush her elbow making her catch her breath.

Harry shrugged, "Honestly, I am nervous as hell having two hot witches in my bath. If you don't dare me to do something, I doubt I'm going to make a move." He said looking at the corner of the room.

Hannah pulled his chin to look at her. "I'm nervous too, don't worry neither of us is going to try to shag you, but Susan had a few things she wants to do, and honestly I'm curious as well. Can we just play and we'll tell you if we are getting uncomfortable?"

He nodded and leaned in to kiss her again. She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him back, this kiss was much more intense than the last one and she tentatively touched his bottom lip with her tongue. He opened his mouth and deepened the kiss until she moaned into his mouth. He pulled back and grinned shyly as he reached between them and pulled his balls free with a sigh. "Sorry, that was getting a little uncomfortable."

Hannah giggled and let her hand trail down his chest until it brushed against his cock making him catch his breath. "Would you like me to touch you Harry?" He nodded without opening his eyes, and she wrapped him in her soft hand and squeezed, this time his hips did buck a little.

"God Ginny and Hermione were right, there is nothing hotter than watching my boyfriend with another witch." Susan breathed out as she began to touch herself.

Harry opened his eyes and look at her. "You know what's hotter? Watching my girlfriend with another witch." Harry said quietly making her catch her breath and glance at Hannah who shrugged.

"Do you dare us Harry?" Susan asked him.

"If I have to, Susan I dare you give Hannah an orgasm on the side of the tub where I can watch." He whispered as if afraid to say it out loud.

Hannah slid off his lap and slowly stood up with her heart beating loudly in her ears. As she stood he gazed in awe at her DD sized breasts and watched the suds trickle down past her nipples and down her stomach to a patch of dark blond hair between her legs.

She slid up onto the side of the tub at an angle that would give him the best view and opened her legs revealing her dark pink slit.

Susan stood and moved over to Harry and reaching between her legs she sat down on his lap the same way she had the first night, pressing him against her clit and then begging Hannah to come closer with her eyes.

The girl slid closer so that one leg was over Susan's shoulder, and the other ankle now rested on Harry's as he stared at her centre making her breathing come in gasps. Susan leaned in and slowly began to kiss the others girls sex as Harry ran his hands up her sides and to her breasts, tweaking her nipples softly and making her moan into the other girls cunt.

Hannah began to moan as well and Susan rocked slightly forcing Harry's cock to slide along her clit. Harry let go of one breast and slid his hand down Hannah's thigh and used his thumb to pull her opening wider apart so he could see better what Susan was doing.

The thought of Harry watching her, staring at her pussy pushed Hannah over the edge quickly as she quietly came making hardly any noise but her legs began twitching and Harry almost feared she would kick him.

That much done Susan pulled back and Hannah sat up to see what she was up to. She sat up and lay back against Harry's chest as she reached between her legs and wrapped her fingertips around his cock. Hannah slid closer to them once again so that Harry's hand was pressed against her opening. Harry sucked in a breath and when he opened his eyes he met Hannah's who bit her lip and looked down where his hand rested before nodding to him and laying back on the edge of the tub once more.

Harry slid one, and then two fingers inside the girl and she moaned her appreciation. Susan began to stroke just the head of his cock with her fingers while using him to rub against her slit. Harry began working his fingers inside of Hannah and could hear her breathing change when he got the rhythm right. He bucked his hips a bit as Susan's fingers began working their own magic. Hannah came once again before Harry or Susan had a chance to, still quietly but with noticeably more force than the last time.

She quickly slid back into the tub breathing heavily and moved in front of Susan. "Here, let me." She said to the girl, but as Susan let go Hannah pulled her from his lap and turned her around to face him. "Straddle his hips and my arm." She said as she wrapped her hand around his cock once more he just stared waiting for whatever she had in mind.

Susan quickly complied and was forced to lean forward and support herself on his chest. Hannah then placed the head of his cock against Susan's entrance getting a startled gasp from the girl. "Don't worry Susie, I have my hand wrapped around him just under his head, he can't penetrate you. Do you trust me?" Susan nodded into Harry's shoulder and Hannah let him pop just inside her entrance getting a deep moan from the girl who sat down on Hannah's hand before she knew what she was doing. Luckily the girl had spoken true and instead of impaling herself on his cock, she knocked him back out of her with a startled gasp of pleasure from both of them.

"Careful Suze, don't want to hurt him." Susan nodded again and Hannah performed the same action, just the head of his cock was inside the girl and then Hannah ran his cock up to her clit where she made a small circle as she stroked him and brought her hand back up to the top as she popped him back inside her.

"Oh God!" Susan moaned and the girl took that as her cue to continue. She repeated the motion over and over until Susan began to cum. Harry was getting close as well and when Susan kissed him hard and nearly screamed into his mouth he came in Hannah's hand, bucking his hips as his seed entered the bath water after rushing across the girls clit.

Hannah released him and hugged them both as she sat down beside them. Susan sank on to his lap carefully positioning his cock between her legs where he was bumping against her back door. She decided now was not the time to think about trying that. She had pushed herself to the limit and was thoroughly satisfied. She pulled back and kissed Harry, then Hannah.

"Thanks Han, I never would have gotten this far without moral support." Hannah gazed back at her and then looked at Harry.

"The pleasure was mine, I'm sure." Harry grinned at her eliciting a laugh from all three. Finally some of the nervousness had disappeared.

"You ladies ready to go to bed? I would be happy to just cuddle with both of you." He said.

"That sounds really nice, but I can't guarantee that all we are going to do is Cuddle at least with each other." Hannah said with a predatory look at her girlfriend.

"At night, whatever happens happens in my bed. I won't be taking anyone's virginity until I know I am in love with them, or until they beg me to do it though." Harry said as he looked into the other girls eyes. Hannah captured his lips and had a good long snog, which re-stiffened his cock. Susan noticed.

"Han, Harry here seems to be ready for another go, would you like me to do for you?"

"Maybe in bed later." Hannah said with a look that Harry interpreted as definitely in bed, like now!

"Out of the bath and into the bed we go then. This has been a lot of fun girls. Thank you for including me." He said as he placed Susan on the seat next to him and stood unwittingly placing his erection directly in front of Hannah.

"Damn." She repeated her earlier phrase.

They dried off and headed for the bed where Susan pushed Harry to his spot in the middle and he watched Hannah crawl up his body until his cock was sitting against her slit, she kissed him and she sat down slightly so that he was pushing against her barrier. She moaned as she collapsed onto his chest.

Susan wrapped her hand around Harry at exactly that point and began to repeat Hannah's performance from earlier. Hannah came twice before Harry's orgasm began building once more.

"Hannah I'm safe, but if Susan keeps that up I might be cumming inside you instead of on you." He strangled out between ever shortening breaths.

"Oh god, Please Harry? I've never had that before!" Hannah whispered into his ear as she had long ago lost the ability to use her arms.

With a final groan and a slight buck witch pushed him a little deeper and made her sting a bit she felt the hot splash of his semen against her womb and down the sides of her pussy. She screamed a final orgasm before pulling him out of her and rolling to the side panting. "Any... more...of..that..." She caught her breath. "And I wont be a virgin for long!"

Susan seeing what happened immediately dove between her girlfriend's legs and moaned into her folds, she gathered some of his cum in her fingers and placed them in front of Hannah's mouth. She closed her eyes and looked like she was taking a potion until she had sucked them in, and promptly moaned as she continued suckling the girl's fingers. Susan removed them and went back to work sucking and licking all traces from the girl.

"God Harry, I heard cum tasted awful but you taste good enough to eat!" Hannah moaned as another small orgasm built and released, forcing the rest of his seed into the eager girls mouth.

Finished they repositioned themselves at his shoulders and gave him twin kisses on his cheeks. "Thank you Harry, and thank you Susan for including me in this." Hannah said sleepily.

"Thank you for being here Han, I never would have had the courage without you." Susan said through heavily lidded eyes.

"Thank both of you, tonight was wonderful, now lets go to sleep." Harry whispered to them as he removed his glasses and strained to place them on the nightstand next to his wand. Hannah grabbed them and finished placing them for him.

Susan was asleep before the other two and they both smiled at how cute she looked.

"I love you Harry." He heard her whisper and his eyes went wide as he looked to Hannah, who had an 'O' shape on her lips.

"She does you know, she knows its crazy after only two days, but she loves you. And I can see why." Hannah said.

"Why's that?" Harry asked, still stunned.

"You treat us like ladies, not like slags. You are considerate of our feelings so much that it was almost annoying." She said that with a smile to let him know she was joking. "And you're just loveable. I don't know what it is, but I could fall for you too...if you'd let me?"

Harry shrugged slightly and stared up at the ceiling. "I still don't know what true love is and I don't want to tell someone until I'm sure. It wouldn't be fair to them. I think that's why I'm afraid to believe this." He said quietly pulling Susan closer. "Mione and Ginny I have known forever, so it wasn't such a shock. Gabrielle may not love me truly, but she says she wont ever be able to love another man and she wants me. How can I refuse her when Mione, Ginny, and Susan approve of her being here?"

Hannah just shrugged, "I don't have those answers Harry, you're loveable, that's all I can say. I will promise though not to say it just to say it. If I do fall for you it will be for real." She finished by raising her head slightly and drawing him into a passionate kiss that lasted a good minute. She then dropped happily to his shoulder.

"What about Neville?" Harry asked, as usual shooting himself in the foot.

"There isn't anything with Neville yet. Are you going to stop me from loving you because you think I should fall for him instead?" Harry shrugged, "Because that wouldn't be fair to me now would it?"

"Han...um can I call you Han like Susie does?" She giggled but smiled at him.

"Only people I trust completely can call me that. Yes Harry, you can call me Han."

Again he was stunned at the change in the relationship, shaking his head he continued. "Han I already have Mione Gin and Gabby. Susan seems to be well on her way, I am not trying to start a Harem here. How is it fair for you to share me with all of them?"



"Harry, is it fair for Susan to share me with you? I was her girlfriend first you know."

"I don't know, I didn't think of it like that. I just knew that it was what Susan wanted and I wanted her to be happy and comfortable." He said.

"So consider that if I chose to fall for you I would already know up front that it probably wouldn't be just Susan and I. So knowing that ahead of time, you can consider it perfectly fair alright?" He nodded. "Good, Susan isn't into Neville, for the moment I am going to share her with you because I trust you. If something happens between me and Neville I hope you will be here to take care of her. Now go to sleep you stupid noble git!" She giggled as she burrowed into his shoulder.

## Chapter 29: Loony, or not Loony, that is the question

The next morning found Harry surprisingly still on his back with a witch on each shoulder. It was a wonderful way to wake up but he really wanted his other witches. Just as he was about to throw a pity party Gabrielle walked in just as naked as the three of them and climbed up on the bed at his feet.

"Good Morning Master." She whispered grinning devilishly at him.

"Morning Pet, what do you think you're doing?" He asked as she began to slowly pull the sheets and covers off of them.

"I am greeting you properly." She said still with a sly smile.

"Uh, it isn't night time any more Gabrielle, were supposed to save that for later..." He trailed off as his cock bounced into view when the covers revealed it to the morning chill. Gabrielle slowly made her way up to his chest and sank onto his stiff rod just as slowly releasing a growl until he was all the way inside her. On either side of him Hannah and Susan snuggled closer due to the sudden draft.

"Master has needs in ze morning as well as in ze evening. I promise I will no attack you during ze day today." She said as her eyes closed and she sat up, beginning to rock on top of him.

Hannah awoke to a groan from Harry and looked up to see a perfect pair of breasts bouncing. She followed the line down to the perfectly bald pussy that was currently wrapped around Harry's cock. "Oh!" She exclaimed.

This woke Susan who had nearly the same reaction. "Sorry ladies, she attacked me I swear, this isn't the way I wanted to wake you up!" He commented through gritted teeth. He longed to grab a hold of the girl on his lap. He wanted to play with those beautiful breasts and feel her soft skin. But he was pinned down with two other witches. He decided they would just have to do and began running his hands up and down their arms. The only place he could reach.

The girls were glued to the scene before them before Susan noticed Harry's wandering hands. She pulled his arm out from beneath her and directed it between her legs and wrapped her arms around his bicep. Harry immediately began playing with her suddenly slick folds.

Seeing this Hannah grinned at him before doing the same thing, eliciting a groan once more from Harry as he began to diddle the two witches simultaneously, while Gabrielle completed her third orgasm. As both girls on either side of him came in his hands he finally released his seed into the Veela's eager receptacle.

"Now that is one hell of a way to wake up!" Hannah panted on his left side. Susan still couldn't breathe so just nodded, and Gabrielle had collapsed onto Harry's chest and was purring contentedly.

After a few minutes of post-coital bliss Harry finally had enough energy to try waking up again. "Thank you Pet, but I think we need to get up and do some work today." He whispered loud enough for all three of them to hear. Gabrielle shook her head but slowly lifted herself up and off of him as the other girls watched and his cum dribbled down onto his cock. Hannah gave up all pretense and hummed happily as she cleaned his tool. Causing him to growl at her. This only made her smile up at him with his cock in her mouth as she finished her job. And they split up to separate showers, Harry insisted he did not need any help in his own and promptly sent them out of the room with a grin. The girls played along and hung their heads like sick puppies.

After his shower he walked out of his closet, and found three thoroughly cleaned witches talking idly on his bed. All were dressed, as was he, which he thanked his lucky stars for. Before thanking them again for last night and this morning.

He waved and smiled shyly at them and Hannah blushed, apparently having had time to think of her actions from the night before and the morning. Now that the clothes were back on, the inhibitions seemed to be back in place, which suited him well at the moment.

He sat down to write a letter to Gin and Mione, as he tried to think of what to write he felt a hollow place inside him that he knew was where they belonged. He ached physically to touch them, even just to run his fingers through their hair, and he found if he concentrated he could almost smell them, which made the longing even worse. He tried hard to understand why it was so hard when he had three willing witches in the bed behind him, and just chalked it up to the longer friendship. He did have a bit of trouble closing the letter,

wanting to write love, but not wanting to give the wrong impression. He sealed the letter and signaling that he was ready, the group descended the stairs and was ushered into the Dining room by Winky.

Harry and the girls walked in and found nearly the whole household around the table talking quietly as they ate. His now customary seat at the head of the table was empty opposite the kitchen door, and someone even had the forethought to leave spaces for Susan Hannah and Gabrielle. Ron was at the other end of the table with Luna and sitting across from Molly were Remus and Tonks.

"Morning everyone!" Harry said cheerfully eliciting responses of the same from all but Ron and Bill, the latter who was looking at him as if he were a puzzle to figure out. "So uh, what's the plan for the day?"

Bill had cleared the job at the Grangers with his boss and received a promotion for being forward thinking. He was now heading up the London team of warders and curse breakers. Fleur and Arthur had both left already for work. Harry pulled out his letter and handed to Bill, before he paused in thought.

"Dobby?" Harry called and the elf popped in next to him.

"Harry sir calls?"

"Yes, um Dobby can you pick up two single red roses and get them to Bill before he leaves?" Dobby nodded and popped away. Bill looked at him even more interestedly as did the rest of the table.

"What?" Harry asked as his face turned red. "I miss them is all, I don't want them to think I forgot about them."

Molly eyed the girls surrounding him suspiciously but held her tongue. "That is very thoughtful of you dear."

Dobby popped in and placed the Roses on the table next to the letter before popping away again. Bill stood and picked up his charge. "Well, I suppose they should be awake by now, and I asked the team to meet me out front at ten. I don't want the Grangers to think they are being attacked when a bunch of wizards and a goblin show up." He said before leaving for the back garden.

"That really is thoughtful of you dear, if the Headmaster was fearful enough of their safety to check on them himself I don't know why he didn't offer to place wards for them." Molly commented unthinkingly as she refilled her tea. Harry said nothing only nodding, but thinking that it was indeed strange.

"Remus I know I asked yesterday, but do you know how to install electricity for this house?" Harry asked trying to change the subject.

The werewolf nodded and smiled. "Cost might be an issue since we have to retrofit the whole place, but using magic we should be able to get it all up and running in a day or so if you will help me out."

Harry nodded, "I would love to learn how to do that, I actually had fun installing the carpet upstairs the Muggle way, so it should be a blast doing magical construction. Oh, and don't worry about cost, it isn't an issue."

"Right then, I'm not doing anything later today so I can go pick up the supplies at the Hardware store. Once we have the place wired I will need to hook us up to the lines outside. That will be a bit of a problem since we can't tell them where the house is." He said with a slight frown.

"Can you piggy back off of the neighbors? And then pay the entire bill?" Susan asked.

"We could do that, but the neighbors might get suspicious." He answered.

Harry thought for a moment. "What about a slight Confundus charm? I don't approve of using magic on Muggles, but really I will be helping them out." Harry asked.

Remus nodded, "It has been done before, but you would need approval from the Ministry."

"I don't think that will be a problem." Susan said with a smile.

Remus laughed at that, "Ah yes, I forget you have friends in high places. Very well Harry, you get me permission and I will knock on the door and perform the charm myself. And I have no problem with

the plan since you are going to be paying their entire bill. We can go ahead and put in the wiring in the mean time. Did you have any special requests?"

Harry thought for a moment. "I think I would like to get rid of all the gas lamps but keep the stove. I really want overhead lighting in every room, we can always use no-drip candles for mood lighting." Tonks did a spit-take before she broke down in giggles. "Get your mind out of the gutter Tonks, I meant some members of the 'Old Crowd' would not be comfortable with Muggle lighting, so we can light plenty of candles for Order meetings." She just smiled at nodded at him.

"Since you decided to join the conversation Nym." She threw him a glare before she realized he had shortened her name to something she had never heard. "Do you think you can teach me Apparation?"

She was still lost in thought wondering at the nickname. "Huh? Oh yeah that would be fine, we can practice in the back garden."

Harry smiled brilliantly at her, which got her to smile in return. "Thanks Tonks, that's brilliant!"

"Anything for you Harry." She said with a wink, causing him to blush and the gaggle of girls surrounding him to giggle.

Molly spoke up, "We do have an Order meeting tommorow before dinner so don't take too long on your projects Harry." He looked up at the news.

"Hmmm, nice of Dumbledore to throw a meeting without informing me."

"Oh, well you are allowing him to use the house as Headquarters, I supposed he thought you would be fine with it." Molly said with a small shrug.

"No I mean, he agreed to allow me into the Order if I let him continue using the house." Harry said as Molly glared at him.

"Harry Potter please tell me you did not blackmail the Headmaster of your school?"

"No we simply had a conversation and he realized I am no longer a child. Speaking of which I need to see about Head of House privileges when we get back to school." Susan's eyes lit up.

"Oh, that's right, you get your own set of rooms and can bring your house elves along. I don't think a Head has attended Hogwarts in 50 years or so."

Harry nodded, "Mione actually pointed it out one night." Ron promptly began choking again but he was making enough noise that Harry knew he was in no real danger.

"Ronald what did I tell you about eating too fast? Honestly you act like the food is going to disappear!" Molly commented.

Luna patted him on the back and whispered something in his ear; he looked up at Harry and then back to her before nodding. Luna excused them both with a comment about research and they left the room. "It's lovely to see those two together, I was getting worried about Ron." Molly said.

Harry smiled back at her, she was unaware of the situation and Harry decided she was happier for the moment not knowing. "Yes, she actually asked me to help her with her research as well. I am just too busy until later at night."

Tonks promptly snorted tea through her nose and began banging her hand against her forehead. Before looking at him in awe. "Quick mover aren't you Potter?" She asked and surprising himself he didn't blush as he nodded, though he noted that both Hannah and Susan were blushing madly.

"Who am I to refuse help to a friend?" She shrugged. "Well ladies, we have work to do and Hannah I know you have to head home, I had fun last night, I look forward to you visiting again soon."

Hannah nodded shyly as she got up, trailing her fingers across his back out of view of the rest of the room as she walked around the table the long way, Susan followed quickly into the kitchen. Harry tried to repress the pleasant shiver that ran down his spine as he turned to Gabrielle. "What do you do all day?"

She smiled at him, "I help the elves to run ze house, it is," She looked at the table and back to him. "It is fun, do no worry about me Harry, I am perfectly happy until you are needing me later." With a grin she got up and kissed him on the cheek quickly before flouncing out of the room, earning yet another glare from Molly, and a giggle from Tonks at the sudden look on his face before he quickly schooled his features.

"Right then, uh, Tonks when do you need to be to work?" He asked.

"Well I am sure if I asked my old boss she would assign me to, er, protect you 24/7." She said with smiling eyes. Harry gulped and decided to up the ante. He closed his eyes for a fraction of a second and brought forth the memory from last night out of his Patronus stash, and willed the power of it through his eyes.

He looked back into hers and said, "I wouldn't want to abuse my relationship with the new Minister." But her reaction of blushing and squirming a bit in her seat told him she got the real message. She stood quickly and kissed Remus a little too hard on the lips before she ran away and he heard a crack from the garden.

Remus looked at Harry and grinned, "I don't know what you did Cub, but I get the impression that you and Sirius are the only two that have been able to get her to blush. Congratulations on whatever prank you just pulled. Well, I will see you all later, I have some supplies to pick up, Harry shall I use my funds for now and simply have you repay me?" He asked.

Harry pulled out his draftbook and once again signed it leaving the amount blank. "Just in case you need more, though I do hope there isn't 100,000 Galleons going into this project."

Remus stared at the blank draft in his hands, realizing he was holding two billion Galleons. "Uh, Harry I do not need this, my funds will more than cover the costs, and you should really be more careful with a blank draft like this." He said shaking slightly as he pulled his wand and sent it up in a puff of smoke.

Harry shrugged, "If I cannot trust my parents oldest friend who can I trust?" He asked earning him a sincere smile from both Molly and Remus.



"Thank you for your trust Cub, but really, ask for an amount next time alright?" Harry nodded and Remus turned and disappeared with a loud pop.

"You know it's interesting how people sound different when they Apparate, I wonder if there has been any study applied to the subject." He asked as Susan walked back in.

"Actually I tried looking that up my first year, as far as the Hogwarts library goes, there have been studies conducted by the Unspeakables but no results were ever published." She said sitting back down and starting on her meal once more. Harry joined her having forgotten the bacon and eggs on the table, though he had been idly sipping on his power smoothie.

"Well," he said pushing back after he finished eating. "I have some self-study to do, and Susan I think you might want to work on your Occlumency." Her eyes lit up. "Yes I will get you started, but you know our agreement. I have my own things to work on during the day." She nodded but didn't lose her silly grin. He leaned down and whispered in her ear. "Down girl." And her grin only got bigger

He laughed as he left the room and headed back upstairs.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Emma Granger woke up that morning and made her and her husband coffee but let him sleep in. Having Hermione home for the last few days had been nice, seeing her and Ginny playing in the pool and renting endless amounts of movies to watch while eating popcorn and drinking diet soda.

Ginny seemed addicted to soda, but Hermione had at least gotten her onto that so her figure would remain intact. And the Grangers had supplied her with a toothbrush, which thankfully the girl recognized, as well as mouthwash and floss, which she unfortunately did not. They had idly wondered if there was a magical equivalent to dentistry, but guessed that if there had been Hermione would have told them all about it.

As she carried two cups of coffee back up the stairs she stopped at the door to Hermione's room, which was slightly ajar, she pushed it open slightly and saw Hermione wrapped around the little redhead

and caught her breath. That was a lover's embrace if she had ever seen one. Emma smiled slightly as she remembered her best friend in college, and was simply happy for her daughter. Though she chose to keep the information from Dan for as long as possible. She pulled the door closed quietly and went to wake her husband.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione awoke, as was normal for the last few days, tangled up with Ginny in her bed. They had both thought nothing of leaving Harry for a few weeks until the first night. Ginny had broken down crying and Hermione wanted to join her, but decided she would be the rock that Ginny needed to cling to.

"How could I leave him? How could he let us go?" She cried on Hermione's shoulder. "God I love him, this can't be natural can it?" She asked as sobs quietly rocked her body.

"Of course it can, do you want the logical argument or the emotional one?" Hermione said quietly, she had tears running down her face as well, but her voice remained calm.

"Both?" Ginny asked.

Nodding the older girl began, "Logically, there is a physical need that can develop during the early stages of a relationship. We are both in fact going through withdrawals much as one would if addicted to a drug." Ginny looked up at her confused.

"You mean I am addicted to Harry?" She asked quietly.

Hermione smiled down at her and hugged her tight. "We both are Gin, I am just handling the symptoms better than you.

"Does that mean I don't really love him? I just need him like, caffeine in the morning or something?"

The brunette shook her head. "Maybe a little bit, but that's where the emotional argument comes in."

Ginny just looked at her strangely with tears still flowing, Hermione sighed, "The fact is we love him, truly and deeply. I can feel the

empty spot inside me where he is supposed to be." She said quietly and Ginny began crying again at once as she nodded in agreement.

"How could we leave him? Do you think he is as bad off as we are?" She asked.

"He doesn't realize he loves us yet, though I don't doubt that he does. So it won't be quite so bad. Plus we left him with Susan and Gabrielle to take his mind off of the pain." Hermione answered quietly with a smile.

"That isn't fair!" Ginny bawled out. "I'm...not jealous," She said trying to concentrate on her emotions, "I'm...I just miss him so much. How am I going to cope with the school year?"

"It will be different when we can see him every day. Right now it's just a shock to our system, like quitting cold turkey." She mused.

Ginny nodded again. "I just don't understand the way I feel right now. I want him all to myself, but I want to share you with him because I love you too." Hermione dipped her head and kissed the girl who returned it with passion for half a minute before she needed to breath and pulled back smiling at her. "Thanks, I needed that."

Hermione nodded with a smile, "Me too."

"So you and I are going to share him, I am perfectly fine with that. And then there is Gabrielle who feels almost like a sister, except extremely sexy. I wouldn't mind sharing Harry her with either. Or vice versa." Ginny pointed out.

Hermione nodded, "I don't think we can get rid of her anyway, there are things that are said to happen to Veela who get refused by their bond-made. Lucky for us we like her...a lot!" That caused Ginny to giggle and some of her tears to dry up.

"But now there is Susan and we aren't there, I wish I was, but I don't wish he wouldn't do anything with her. I just hope he chooses to stay with us when he learns to love..." She trailed off in thought.

"He will Gin, I think even he knows that. We just might pick up a Harem along the way. Do you have a problem sharing that much of

him?" Hermione asked trying to answer that question for herself as well.

"I don't think so, as long as I know he loves me, and I get to watch!" She giggled again and they settled down to sleep.

Each night since then had ended up the same. Ginny crying, bringing all of Hermione's repressed emotions to the surface. Followed by consoling each other and making love as quietly as possible.

This morning she looked down and smiled as Ginny's eyes popped open and she looked around sleepily. "Morning." She said as she stretched revealing her breasts to Hermione as the blanket slipped off.

"Morning did you sleep well?" Hermione asked as she slid out of bed and gathered her supposed sleep clothes for breakfast.

Ginny joined her doing the same, "I did thanks to a certain bushy-haired witch." She grinned.

"Should I be jealous then?" Hermione asked smiling at their usual morning joke.

"You better, she's dead sexy, unless you want to watch?" They both looked at the large mirror on top of the chest of drawers facing the bed, and grinned at each other. They had decided that Harry's room definitely needed wall to ceiling mirrors.

They headed quietly down to the kitchen where Hermione began making toast, eggs, and bacon as normal. Ginny poured them both glasses of Orange Pineapple juice as they sat down to eat. Her parents soon joined them thanking their daughter profusely for making enough to include them.

They talked about nothing for a while, Hermione lazily summoned the butter from the fridge and her parents grinned like toddlers at a magic show. "That never gets old." Dan said with a smile.

They were interrupted by a knock on the door and Hermione and Ginny pulled their wands out of habit, before deciding a death eater

would not be knocking. Emma opened the door to find Bill Weasley standing there.

"Billy!" Ginny screamed as she tackled him in a hug. "Why does it feel like forever?"

He grinned down at her, "Because there is a certain green-eyed wizard you can't stop thinking about?" He asked with a raised eyebrow causing her to blush. Dan smiled knowing that his daughter was safe from at least one threat; Emma on the other hand smiled deliciously, deciding she really needed to have a talk with her daughter.

"Anyway," Bill continued as he released her, "I'm not really here on a social call, that's just a bonus." He said winking at her. "Harry was worried for your safety after the Headmaster looked in on you himself, and sent the best at Gringotts to ward your property, I have been authorized to offer you the entire line-up including the Fidelus if you consent." He said looking at Dan, who just looked back confused.

Hermione cleared her throat and Bill smiled as he handed her the list of available Wards. Her eyes went wide at the prices listed next to them all. "Bill we can't afford all of this!" She exclaimed.

He shook his head, "Trust me Harry can, I just found out, and apparently so did he, that he is the richest Wizard anyone has ever heard of." Ginny raised an eyebrow.

"Just how much are we talking here?" She asked. "It doesn't matter, but I know Hermione won't let him protect her like this unless she knows he isn't bankrupting himself." Hermione blushed but nodded. Confusing Dan once again, he thought Harry was with Ginny.

"Well, I don't think he would mind you knowing, just over four billion galleons if he is to be believed, which I do." Hermione sat down hard as did Ginny. Dan looked confused until Bill turned to him, "That's about twenty billion pounds sterling." Dan's eyebrows shot into his bushy hair and Emma looked back and forth between the girls.

"Oh, well then...um, we will take the lot please?" Hermione said quietly and Bill nodded.

"Not that you don't understand better than they do but best to explain the Fidelus to them just in case." Bill said grinning at her reaction.

Hermione turned to her parents, "The Fidelus Charm is used to completely hide an object or building from everyone. If you knew of the place before you can no longer remember it, if you don't know the secret you cannot even see it as you walk by, and even if you do know the secret, only the secret keeper may reveal it to another person. For all intents and purposes this house will disappear except to those I tell of its existence." Dan still looked confused but Emma understood.

"So we won't be able to have house guests?"

"No mum, but I think that is a small price to pay for protection don't you? This way you can still live here and go to work, but I won't have to worry over your safety."

Dan thought about it for a moment. "This is important to you Honey?" he asked and she nodded. "Alright then, er, thank you." He rose and shook the redheads hand even as he eyed the strange fang that had to be fake dangling from his ear.

"Oh I almost forgot." Bill said pulling a letter and two beautiful red roses from his dragon hide jacket.

"How did you do that without crushing the flowers?" Emma asked off handedly.

Bill grinned at her and winked. "Magic." And he turned around and walked back out.

Hermione opened the letter and sat next to Ginny so they could read at the same time.

My Gin and My Mione,

Is there something wrong with me? I have Gabrielle and Susan to keep me company and I can tell you Hannah happened to come over last night to stay with Susan. It was a lot of fun. But as much as I like Susan, and as much, er, fun as Gabrielle is why do I feel like a part of me is missing?

I sent this along with Bill because I couldn't think of a faster way to get in contact with you, by the way Hedwig has turned her back on me even though I tried to explain it to her. So I sent her your way telling her I expected a reply.

Bill will be warding your property this morning; none of the wards should be too intrusive unless you decide to go ahead with the Fidelus. I think it would be smart for Hermione to be the Secret Keeper that way her parent's can't accidentally tell anyone. But that means they won't be able to socialize at all. A small price to pay for protection as far as I am concerned.

Hedwig should be along shortly I hope you will tell her your secret as well so I can continue to send you letters. It's funny how I am itching to write to you two, when you could hardly bother me to write a few lines last summer.

Oh yeah, please don't forget about your summer project, Remus does in fact know how to wire this place, but I don't want to pay for the electric forever if I don't have to. If you can figure out how to get here, remember you have an entire library at your disposal. If not I suppose it's only a month until we are back together at school.

Anyways, I hope your parents appreciate the offer, and I hope I learn to Apparate soon so I can come see you.

L- Y-s I L-  
With Love?  
Harry

Both girls had tears in their eyes after the point where he described the empty spot inside. "Us too Harry, Us too." Hermione whispered to the parchment and Ginny nodded alongside her.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Susan and Gabrielle had sat Harry on the end of the bed and forced him to stay there as they slowly stripped out of their clothes. Harry had questioned Gabrielle as to her need to be nude and she had commented back that she was "Ze sexual creature." And she spent her time having fun with herself when he was unavailable as well as helping out the house elves. She had quickly shushed him when he

tried to question her further by sitting in his lap and kissing him before turning to watch Susan finish removing her clothing with a blush extending down to her knees.

Harry had given up and enjoyed the show.

He helped her into a trance, which took forever with her constant blushes, but eventually she calmed enough to meditate. He told Gabrielle to simply leave her there until she awoke on her own. Susan had read the first few chapters of the book so she knew how to begin organizing her mind.

Walking back into the training room Harry called Dobby to set it into Duel mode once more, clearing the entire area for him to work. He started off casting all of the common charms, hexes and curses he could think of to warm up. He noted the increased power once again as a chair detached itself from the wall during a Summoning charm and nearly skewered him. Only a hasty dive to the side had saved him. He followed that up with a 'Reparo' that he could swear left the chair looking better than new.

Deciding this could get dangerous he began with the simplest spell he knew. Lumos He whispered and the tip of his wand lit up the entire room nearly blinding him. Remembering the attack in Little Whinging where he dropped his wand running from the Dementors. He recalled frantically calling out Lumos while searching for his wand in the dark tunnel. So he placed his wand on the floor and walked away. He quietly said the incantation and nothing happened so he stepped closer and tried again. He felt the tingle of magic leave him, which was decidedly an odd feeling. And the tip of his wand glowed dimly.

He decided to try a different tactic and picked his wand up again and concentrated on that feeling as he thought the incantation and what he wanted his intended result to be. The tip lit up with a normal glow and he breathed a sigh of relief. Quickly he walked into his room, as Susan was nude in the Ladies room, and grabbed a pillow off the bed.

Walking back into the training room he placed the pillow against the far wall and walked the length of the room. He turned and envisioned the pillow flying to him and thought the incantation. Nothing happened.



Frowning he sat down and centered himself. He examined the memory of the successfully cast 'Lumos' and sorted into a new Training category, which he would sort further at a later date. He decided the difference was that tingle of magic he was able to recreate.

Waking up he placed his wand on the ground and looking at the pillow, Accio'd the pillow once more. It slid halfway across the room before stopping and he concentrated on the feeling of magic leaving him.

Standing up he picked up his wand and repeated his earlier test, summoning the pillow to him quickly with no incantation aloud. He smiled as he wiped the sweat off his brow. And lay down on the pillow in the middle of the room staring at the ceiling.

Apparently, with just a little trial and error, he should be able to perform every spell he knew silently. And even if separated from his wand, he could cast weak spells. That could be very useful. He let his mind wander for a minute as he let his body and his magic cool off a bit enjoying the cooler air near the floor. 'I really need to get air conditioning once we have Power.' Harry thought to himself.

"Dobby?" He called out.

With a pop the elf appeared, "Yous call for Dobby Mister Harry sir?"

Harry rolled his eyes but grinned in spite of himself. "Yes Dobby, can you find wherever you put my schoolbooks and bring me the 'Standard Book of Spells: Grade One' Please? Oh, and do you know any air circulation charms? The air in the basement has to be cooler than the air up here, it would be nice if we could get a draft circulating somehow."

Dobby nodded and looked around for a moment; he snapped his fingers and Harry felt a draft slowly start up from the stairs. "That be the best I can do for now Harry sir, maybe a cooling charm on the ceilings would help?"

Harry nodded, cold air sinks, he remembered that much from his life before Hogwarts. He filed away that tidbit as well; the wizarding world was really clueless when it came to science, almost laughing

at it as Muggle nonsense. Harry thought they needed to change that, maybe with Hermione's power charm they could drag the whole magical world into the 19'th century or so.

Dobby snapped his fingers then clapped his hands and Harry felt a much colder and stronger draft hit him, he sighed loudly in contentment. "Wow what a difference, what exactly did you do Dobby?" Harry asked.

"Dobby cools the ceiling and adds another air moving charm just in this room to push the cooler air down and move the hot airs back up to the ceilings." Dobby stated proudly.

"That is wonderful Dobby, is there anything I can do to thank you?" Dobby looked almost hurt at the accusation.

"No Harry Potter sir, me and Winky lives to serve." And he popped away before Harry could ask for more information. It was funny that Gabrielle had used that same phrase.

Feeling much better he stood, Dobby popped back in quickly setting the book down beside him before popping back out. He picked it up and began methodically casting with his wand on the ground, followed by casting silently. Each spell they had learned in first year.

Finally exhausted after half the book in a little over two hours Harry asked Dobby for an iced version of his power shake. He thanked the elf as he walked back into his room absolutely loving the cooler air.

Since he had halted his own training for now he decided to check up on the girls. He walked silently through the passageway and quietly opened the door to the other room.

Gabrielle was lying on the bed playing with herself. Harry watched in awe as her fingers made perfect circles around her perfect little clit. He couldn't think of any other way to describe what he was watching. Her other hand was playing with her nipples which he noted, were both extremely stiff. As she came she moaned aloud instantly stiffening his cock the rest of the way.

She opened her eyes and looked directly at him with a huge smile. "Ello Master, I hope you 'ave enjoyed your self?" He nodded dumbly. Then his eyes landed on a nude Susan sitting in the middle of the

floor, with diamond hard nipples standing proudly out from her chest and his erection began aching even as his mouth watered.

"Uh, Susan?" He called quietly hoping to bring her gently from her trance. She slowly opened her eyes and met his before shivering.

"Who turned on the air?" She asked as she absentmindedly rubbed and tugged at her nipples.

"I did, or rather Dobby did." He said just as dumbly.

"A bit nippy in here isn't it?" She asked him with a grin and he just nodded.

"Did you have anything specific or did you just want to observe your handy work?" She asked as her eyes glanced down and back up to him. His followed but got stuck once again on her breasts.

"Uh... I forgot, wait! Lunch, I wanted to see if you wanted lunch?" He asked.

"That sounds wonderful." She nodded as she stood up and stretched.

"Uh, okay then, I'll just wait in the other room." He said quietly, exiting to the sounds of giggling coming from the bed.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

At dinner that night Harry found out that, despite his request, Tonks had been assigned to him as protection, incidentally protecting Susan as well. Apparently Rufus Scrimgeour the new Head of the DMLE was all for having 'the Potter boy' on the side of the Ministry. This meant she was free to teach both of them Apparation though Susan was only allowed to use it during practice and in emergencies. She had also mentioned his request for a compulsion charm while she was on a role and quickly had a signed permission from Scrimgeour allowing the charming of Muggles with no intent to cause harm.

Remus had gathered the needed supplies and said they should be able to get the job done tomorrow between the two of them. The light fixtures would take a little longer to install as the placement was

paramount but they should be done by dinner the next night. Harry was ecstatic and couldn't wait to have his own Telly and some 'real' music. Maybe then they could have a proper get together, and maybe he could get Mione and Gin back for the night.

After dinner the group headed upstairs, and to Harry's surprise the group included Luna and Ron. As they sat down he stayed very quiet but didn't comment when Gabrielle sat down in Harry's lap. They played some exploding snap but over all it was rather uncomfortable with him there and before long he excused himself for the night with a look at Luna who just waved and told him to "sleep well."

As soon as he was gone and Harry had cast his most powerful intrusion detection and aversion wards on both staircases he sat back down and breathed a sigh of relief. "I want to be friends with him, but even without opening his mouth he was still a prat." Harry commented.

Gabrielle sat down in his lap again and sighed in contentment. "Will you pet me Master?" She asked which surprised him. So he began slowly running his hands through her silky soft hair and she sighed once again and smiling, burrowed in to his shoulder.

Harry had just taken a sip of juice when Luna spoke up. "Can we practice capturing Gimlets tonight Harry?" Prompting him to choke slightly as he looked at the other girls.

"Yes Harry, shall we practice?" Susan asked him smiling.

"Uh, I suppose Luna, I thought you were practicing with Ron?" He asked her awkwardly.

"Oh yes, but you said we could arrange to practice as well, I need a thorough cross section of test subjects. Besides, I think I might enjoy practicing with you more." She said with a smile.

"Um, okay but uh, I don't think I can just lay down and, er, practice that. What say we head to the Hot Tub?"

Gabrielle jumped from his lap and grabbed Luna's hand dragging her toward the bedroom. Harry looked to Susan for help but she just giggled at him as she too headed in the direction of his room. He got

up and slowly made his way as well. He found the room empty except for piles of female clothing and he shivered a bit in dread and anticipation. This was Luna, his friend Luna, his decidedly 'out there' friend Luna. He felt like he was taking advantage of her.

Disrobing he made his way into the bathroom where the magical taps had already finished filling the tub with soapy water and the girls were already sighing with the jets massaging them. "Ah, hello Harry, has anyone told you that your penis is quite large?" Luna asked causing him to blush and the other girls to giggle at him.

"Um, no Luna...none of the others have said anything like that." He answered as he lowered himself into the tub hiding his apparently rather large erection.

"Oh, well I do not know first hand but statistics show that the average human penis is 6.5 inches, Ronald is about that average size, yours Harry must beat that by a good three inches?" He nodded dumbly, funny enough he had lost his erection by this point and just listened to the naked blonde prattle on as her breasts bounced along to the current.

"The funny thing is men seem so obsessed by penis size when the average human vagina is only 4 inches long even when sexually excited, but amazingly it can grow gradually to fit nearly anything, I mean think of how large a babies head is?" That did it, Luna the erection killer had struck and suddenly he pulled Gabrielle onto his lap hoping to revive his flagging member.

"Not that there is anything wrong with your large member Harry, I would very much like to attempt to fit you inside my Vagina." His erection stirred.

"Um, maybe eventually Luna, but I am against just properly shagging anyone, especially a virgin. That is something precious and until at least you are in love you shouldn't feel obligated to any man." Harry said as his hands began playing with Gabrielle's breasts, causing his erection to grow slightly once more.

"Oh, but why? I am fairly certain I lost my hymen quite some time ago." She asked him staring just above his left ear, giving him the urge to look over his shoulder.

"Uh, what?" He asked intelligently.

"Well I don't think my hymen would have survived encounters with carrots, cucumbers, and my wand for starts, but it is possible. Would you check for me later?" She asked as she stood up and slowly walked to ward him. His erection responded to the sight involuntarily.

"Um, I suppose, I don't exactly know what to look for really, just how it feels?" He asked as she got even closer and Gabrielle slid off his lap. He gave her a betrayed look, which she simply smiled at.

Luna stood so that the "V" of her mound was in perfect alignment with his eyes and then threw her leg up on the side of the bathtub pulling open her folds and exposing them fully to his eyes. She reached down and pulled them even further apart, opening her entrance so that he could see that she was indeed, not a virgin in the technical sense. "Do you see anything Harry?" She asked.

Well he no doubt saw something as his erection was now at full attention and his mouth watering. "Um, well you don't appear to be, um, intact?" He asked feeling rather stupid.

Her tone changed suddenly and her eyes focused on him. "Harry I know I am not exactly normal most of the time, but that doesn't mean I am not thinking clearly. I do see things in the world that other's do not. My daddy thinks it might be a form of the 'Sight' but I don't really care. My mother died when I was nine and they have been my friends since then. Daddy writes about them in the Quibbler, and some of them have actually come into reality so I know I am not crazy."

She leaned in and kissed him in his confusion and when he opened his eyes she was sitting on his lap with his cock wrapped in her fingers. "Gimlets are just an excuse I gave daddy when he found me playing with the neighbor boy one day when I was ten. They don't really exist. However I would still like to practice with you if you don't mind?" She asked as she began to stroke him.

"You mean half of the stuff you say is just an act?" He asked incredulously, though the last few words came out a bit slurred as her hand continued its motion beneath the water.

"Well, I think my sight is more like an infinite probability thing. It is rather annoying to see a creature floating over someone's shoulder that may or may not come into existence some day, and not know if it is actually there." She pressed her breasts against his chest and kissed him again dazing him in the process.

"What about Ron's Gimlets?"

She sighed but did not let up with her hand. "I had a crush on Ron for longer than Ginny had a crush on you. I let him use me, just so I could touch him, but it wasn't very much fun." She said getting a bit dreamy again.

"Um, So...you...Luna can you stop that until we finish this conversation?" He asked in one breath.

"I would rather finish this first, then the conversation." She whispered in his ear as his hands came up to her rear and began running up and down her slick thighs. He nodded and sat back simply enjoying what she was doing to him. Suddenly she dove into the water and pulled him into her mouth as she continued pumping. He tried to force his orgasm faster so that she wouldn't come up for air, and finally he filled her mouth with spurt after spurt of cum, as far as he could tell she did not miss a drop and she resurfaced kissing him immediately. She still had most of it in her mouth and was forcing him to kiss her through it. Luckily he didn't mind the taste and found it an extreme turn on, their tongues battled around each other becoming wrapped in ropes of his spunk before he swallowed and pulled back for air.

"Holy crap Luna!" He exclaimed and she just shrugged.

Susan saw him licking his lips and gasped. "Luna you didn't just snowball him did you?" The girl just smiled. "God that was Hot!"

Harry turned his eyes on Susan and Gabrielle, "It was, but I do not enjoy being surprised like that, and none of you will be doing that to me, if I want to taste my own it will be mixed with yours. Understood?" Susan nearly fainted at the implication; Gabrielle just nodded with a huge grin.

"I really like you Harry, you saw me when I was invisible, and you made me your friend. You never complained about my abnormality

even though I could tell you were uncomfortable sometimes. I would like you to be the first penis I have inside of me, and possibly the last if your Harem will agree."

"Harem? I don't want a harem Luna, I just want to find love." He said still reeling from the events of the past few minutes.

"Nonetheless you already have one. Ginny, Hermione, Susan, Gabrielle, if my observations were correct it currently includes Hannah on a trial basis and I am fairly certain Tonks wants to apply for membership privileges if not full membership." Harry just stared at her as she had sat back down on her lap running his half erect cock up and down her slit.

"Tonks is with Remus." He said, not even denying the mutual attraction.

"Things might change or not, that doesn't mean she doesn't think about joining." Luna said shrugging, which he always enjoyed naked women doing. "In any case, do you understand that you have a Harem now Harry?" He nodded stupidly, not really understanding.

"Perhaps Harem is not the correct word Harry, but the sentiment is the same. We all love you in some way, and so far, we are all willing to share just to get a piece of you." Susan said smiling at him.

"I don't understand, why is everyone suddenly in love with me?" He asked getting more confused by the second, especially with his now re-hardening member pressed up against Luna's slit.

Susan slid over to his other side and Gabrielle slit closer. "Because we do, because you are you. There really isn't any explanation Harry. We just do." Gabrielle just looked on with a smile.

"You know you are absolutely no help right Pet?" He asked her.

"On ze contrary Master, I know your heart wants zis even zo your mind says no. So I am being very helpful, Non?" She grinned.

"Non!" He said half-heartedly but with the beginnings of a smile. "And what am I to do dating those who do not want to be in my Harem?" He asked them.



Susan kissed him on the cheek. "Hermione and Ginny told us they were going to back off as far as they can when that happens. I will too, I want you to be happy and in love, even if you are not in love with me. It would not be fair to ask you to stay with us when you don't love us."

"But I will, I will be perfectly happy not to be in love." He exclaimed.

"What about the reason you started this? Mione and Gin didn't tell us anything except that you needed to learn how to love. Do you love any of us?" Susan asked.

He shook his head, "I don't know, this is so unfair to all of you. I need to learn to love its true, but I can't leave every woman I meet broken up because I can't return the feeling. I don't even know what the feeling feels like." A tear made it's way down his cheek.

Luna wiped it away. "You will learn and you will be stronger for it. Even if you fall in love with one single witch, two or three of us, or all of us, we will all be behind you when you face your fate." He looked at her.

"Is that a prophecy? I hate those things."

"No I don't do prophecies, I do probabilities, and this one is strong." She said surprising all of them.

"Alright, how about I forget about that for now and just try to love each of you, deal?" Luna nodded with a huge grin.

"It's my night tonight Harry, will you hold me?" He nodded and kissed her once more causing her to rock against his erection. He growled.

He rose from the tub and offered his hand to Luna who rose before stepping out. He kissed both Susan and Gabrielle and got out himself toweling off. "Good night Ladies, I trust you can find your way back to the Ladies Chambers?" He asked and they nodded.

He and Luna left and crawled into the bed where she lay on his shoulder and looked up at him. "This is really nice Harry, but I am afraid I am not going to remain this lucid all the time. It almost hurts to concentrate this much to block everything out."

He kissed her before speaking. "It's okay Luna, I always thought you were 'out there' not crazy. Now I know the truth and if I never judged you before, I can easily wait for you to come back to me now." He smiled and she kissed him rather thoroughly.

"I'm not crazy Harry, I just see the world differently than the rest of the World." She snuggled into his shoulder. "Will you touch me before I go to sleep?" She asked placing his hand between her legs as she rolled onto her back.

He nodded and slowly he played with her clit eliciting nice moans from her. He kissed her passionately, alternating between light and deep but almost never breaking apart except for quick breaths. She came quietly two or three times before she whined. "Inside me please Harry? I was not joking about using other objects but I have never had someone do it for me. Please?" She begged and he conceded.

His fingers slowly found their way inside and up to what he now knew was called her G-spot, which he began to apply alternating pressure to. She gasped and recaptured his lips breathing heavily through her nose until she came a final time and lay down into his shoulder with a smile. "Thank you Harry." She whispered into his lips as she began to drift off.

"No Luna, that was amazing thank you for letting me watch and be a part of that." She smiled and was asleep. He pulled the covers over them and fell asleep with a new witch in his arms. Wrapped protectively around her. If it was the world versus Luna, he decided he was her protector. That meant dealing with Ron if he continued to try taking advantage of her.

## Chapter 30: Apparation Theory

Harry awoke in the morning to a mouth full of blond hair and a naked witch thrown over top of him. It was nice, but it wasn't Gin and Mione. He really needed to see them, and he didn't think he could wait until school started.

There was a sudden flurry from the corner of the room and Hedwig landed on his pillow opposite Luna, he though she might be almost jealous but decided that was just the crazy talking. "Hey Girl, what's that you got?"

She held out her leg and he untied the letter she nipped his fingers affectionately and flew back to her perch. He opened the letter to be hit in the face by his two most favorite scents in the world; Vanilla and Strawberries. The parchment was covered in overdone lipstick kisses and the handwriting alternated back and forth. Harry's smile threatened to break his face in two.

Our Harry,

You have no idea how much we miss you, time seems to be standing still without you here. Thank for being so thoughtful and protecting us and my parents.

The writing changed here.

Harry oh Merlin I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I can't say it enough. I need you so bad it hurts even with Mione here to help me out. You had better set aside some time when we meet back up because you wont be able to walk for a week if I have my way, and neither will I.

Back again to Hermione,

Harry we both love you and we both hope you are having a wonderful time with the other girls, I am very glad for your photographic memory as I want details. And you better make that two weeks once we are together again, because after she is done with you, you're all mine.

Now that being said, the roses were beautiful, and Hedwig does indeed know my secret. I really wish Muggles were allowed to have

Floo connections as I see no easy way for us to come visit. Apparation will help immensely if you can get it down quickly. Seeing as you have had this strange power boost I am betting you get it within the week, however there is bound to be material in my library, god I love saying that, that you should read first.

Ginny once again took over,

We can't explain in words how much we love you and miss you, you mentioned that empty feeling inside where we should be, we feel it too Harry. Thank you for not forgetting us. This year is going to be hard but we both promise to behave...mostly.

We love you Harry Potter,

Mione and Gin

Everything was alright with the world for a few minutes. He looked down to find Luna staring at his face with a large smile. "Good morning Harry, you seem to have woken up happy." She said dreamily.

He leaned in and kissed her soundly, "I woke up to you, and a gift from Mione and Gin. Life is good at least for now." Her grin doubled.

"Well if what I am seeing at the moment is true you should be much happier right about..."

"Harry!" Susan jumped in the bed and claimed his other shoulder, kissing him deeply for a few moments, It was hard to kiss her through his smile but he managed.

Gabrielle sauntered in after her shaking her head but also smiling. "Good morning Master, it is time for your wake up call, Non?"

Harry just smiled as he repositioned himself and ran his hands down Luna and Susan's stomach's, Susan knew what to expect and had already spread her legs to allow him access. Luna quickly caught on and did the same rolling her eyes back into her head as he began to touch her.

They repeated the performance from the morning before with Susan doing the honor of cleaning his member for him. They all showered once again before heading down to breakfast.

Luna sat down next to Ron again and whispered something to him. He looked up and waved at Harry who waved back with a funny look on his face. He sat down and began eating wondering what Luna was playing at. She had all but declared her love for him last night, and yet she still sat next to Ron who she knew for a fact was just using her.

Still lost in thought he almost didn't notice Moony and Tonks arrive. She was carrying a small suitcase and had a broom strapped to her back. "Wotcher Harry." She called.

"Uh, Hey Tonks, what's all that?"

"Oh, well I am supposed to be security for you so if you don't mind I'll be moving in." She said with a forgive-me-grin.

"Will you be sharing a room with Wolfy here then?" Remus who had just taken a sip of tea promptly spit it out again.

"Uh, no Cub, she will have her own rooms." He said red faced. Harry just grinned at them.

"That's fine, it will be nice to have you accessible at all hours." He said to her with a straight face. Noticing a faint hint of redness around Tonks' neck. Me 4 Tonks 0 Harry thought.

"So I really want to get the house wired, but I really really want to learn Apparation. I'm at a loss at what to do..." He said thinking aloud.

Gabrielle looked up, "You know Harry, ze elfs would love to help, as would I. Zis means you can see how to do it and zen have a lesson with ze Nymph." Tonks glared at the girl but was not certain if that was an intentional slip or a language problem.

Harry grinned at Gabrielle knowing she did it on purpose. "Yes, that sounds like a reasonable compromise Nym." He said turning his Patronus fueled gaze on her, making her choke and blush.

"Right then, Uh, I will just go put all this away..." She nearly ran from the room and Remus began laughing.

"That is some trick Harry, you'll have to teach me sometime." He commented getting the blush from him that Tonks had failed to.

Molly was getting uncomfortable and bade them all good morning as she left the room. Susan took the opportunity to pick on Harry some more. "Oh, that was his come shag me look. It put Ginny out like a light from what I hear, and nearly the same to me. I don't know exactly what he does, but it works."

Remus' eyebrows were nearly to his receding hairline as he turned his eyes on Harry. "Oh really?"

"So anyway, it sounds like we have plenty of helpers, should we get started after breakfast?" Harry asked trying to divert attention from himself as the girls giggled around him.

Laughing quietly he nodded and after they all finished he walked them out to the back garden where he had placed all of the supplies.

"Now this," He said pointing at a large spool of black cable, "Is highly shielded 240 volt high temperature electrical wire. The shielding is to help negate ambient magic though nothing is foolproof but as long as you don't go casting at an outlet it should be fine." Seeing the dumb looks on the others faces he tried not to be so technical.

"What we will be doing is running this throughout the house inside the walls. We will be vanishing one section of the wall at a time and after that one section of stud at a time, we don't want to take out all the studs at once because that part of the house will collapse. So we will proceed in one-foot sections. Remove wall, vanish a section of stud, place cabling, put back the material around the wire, put the wall back over top. We will also be installing a breaker box in each room that will trip in case of Magical interference or power surge. And a main breaker that controls the whole house will go in stairwell by the kitchen." Dobby and Winky nodded as if they knew exactly what they were doing. Gabrielle elected to pull cable as needed rather than perform the magic and Harry felt a bit lost but decided to give it a try.

After his first stud completely disappeared however, he changed his mind. This was one spell he had not yet 'fixed' in his training sessions and could only cast out loud. He needed to learn control of something this delicate. So apologizing profusely he bowed out, Gabrielle and Remus waved him off as, with the elves helping the job would be done by lunch. Harry was to come back later and help Remus with placement of the overhead lighting.

Harry climbed the stairs to find Tonks, she had chosen a second floor suite and was reading a magazine on the bed when Harry walked in.

"Hey Nym, so you ready to do some training?" He asked startling her from her reading, he watched in amusement as she fell off the bed before glaring up at him from the floor.

"Who told you it was alright to shorten my name? I hate my name!" She said grumbling as she stood up.

"Nobody, you never told me not to call you Nym though, does that mean you like it?" He asked her still grinning from her accident.

"I don't know," She said looking confused. "I guess it's better than Dora or Nymphy, which by the way will get you castrated if you ever call me that again, understood?"

"You know," He said turning his shag-me gaze on her for fun, "You seem awfully interested in my bits, that's the second time you offered to touch them."

Her breathing sped up and she looked like she was about to panic, "I never, I mean I did, but that's not what I meant, not that I... Wait! What the hell was that?" She asked him as her brain caught up to her body once again.

"I have no idea what you mean Nym, now Apparation?" He asked trying to be suave but thinking to himself he had a very effective weapon against females at least. Maybe next time Pansy Parkinson opened her mouth he would give her 'the look' and make her faint or wet herself.

"Sure, let's head outside. So you decided not to help Wolfy with the wiring?" She asked as they headed back down the hall toward the stairs.

"I was in the way really, with the elves helping they will be done with that part by lunch easily. I decided to use my time more wisely. Besides my vanishing skills left something to be desired."

"Having control issues huh? I hear it's perfectly natural for a boy your age." She commented and darted down the stairs as he tried to grab her. He began running to catch her jumping over the wires in the hall and getting yelled at by Remus and an angry Winky. He stopped in the kitchen as he remembered Susan was supposed to be learning as well so he turned and walked up the hidden stairs and found her, nude, doing her Occlumency in the Ladies rooms.

"Hey Susie?" Harry called quietly; she came back to reality shortly after that with a smile, once again rubbing and pulling on her nipples. He thought she might be doing it on purpose this time but didn't care as his eyes didn't leave her chest.

"Must it be so chilly in here? I like the look, but the tingly feeling is distracting." She commented with a smile as she watched his eyes bouncing along with her hands. "I ask you again Mr. Potter, any specific reason or just wanted to see me naked?"

He grinned at her as he helped her stand and pulled her into a hug so she could feel his erection. "A little of both." He whispered into her ear causing her breathing to speed up.

"Oh really?" She asked quietly and pulled him into a kiss. He pulled away and smiled.

"Actually I am about to start practicing with Tonks and thought you might want to join us."

She grinned at him and began throwing her clothes back on and grabbed his hand dragging him out the door. She chattered at him as they walked down the stairs. "They actually have an Apparation course you can take at Hogwarts, but you need to be seventeen or nearly there."

"Oh, so Ron and Mione will be able to do the test at school then?"



"Well Hermione certainly will, Ron will be able to do all the classes but can't actually take the test until he is of age." Susan said as she walked through the kitchen and out the door to find a very annoyed Tonks.

"Where did you run off to then?" She asked him with her wand out, arms crossed, tapping her foot on the ground.

"Uh, I had to go grab Susan." Tonks eyes narrowed for a moment before she smiled as if nothing had happened.

"Right then, what do you know about Apparating already?" She asked.

Susan spoke up first, "Only what I have read, Destination, Determination and Deliberation." Harry just looked confused.

"Uh, it feels like being squeezed through a hosepipe. I don't know anything else but what you told me before, and that it's weird that everyone sounds different." He answered.

"That's alright, here is what I am going to tell you. If you mess up, you can splinch. That means you might leave a piece of yourself behind. It isn't usually painful, and almost never deadly. But it is very embarrassing; there is a whole team of people at the ministry who get paid to put people back together. I tell you this because a lot of people get scared. Don't be, I can put you back together if something goes wrong, standard Auror training."

They both nodded so she continued. "The three D's are annoying and old fashioned. What they really mean is concentrate on where you want to be. Then let your magic flood your whole body as you visualize yourself occupying that space, finally you just do it. You turn as if to walk the other direction, but instead of taking a step, you end up in the other place."

Harry still looked a little leery, but decided it was enough like his Wandless magic he could figure it out. That combined with his Occlumency and he should get it down in no time.

"Right," She said looking back and forth between them. "The first step is to Apparate short distance without splinching." She waved

her wand and two bright pink Hula Hoops appeared on the ground. "I want each of you to try and will yourselves into these rings. Remember, concentrate on the place, visualize yourself there as you let your magic flow, and then just go. Ready on three?"

Both teens' eyes went wide but Tonks still began the count. On three they both turned and were now facing the house in the same spot. Tonks laughed quietly behind them. "Well, it isn't like I expected you to get it on the first try so don't feel bad. Lets try again without a countdown. You clear your mind or whatever and when you're ready just go. I am only here to supervise and fix accidents. Only to the rings, now go!" Tonks said as she conjured a Muggle beach chair and sat down to enjoy the show.

Harry decided it might be easier if he stepped into the ring. So he did and looked around, cataloging the view with his photographic memory. He then stepped out of the ring and took note of the difference in his perspective. He closed his eyes and felt for the connection with his magic, that tingle he could feel without his wand in his hand. He built it up inside like he had during his Wandless magic exercises and imagined himself standing in the middle of the ring. Then he stepped...

With a faint pop Harry found himself standing inside the circle with a huge grin. Tonks looked up at him with a surprised look on her face, before she promptly began laughing.

"What? I did it! Did I lose an eyebrow or something?" He asked only then did he notice that everything was a bit blurry.

As she continued to laugh from the ground Susan walked up to him and kissed him lightly on the lips before slipping his glasses on his face. "That's an interesting trick lover boy. Jumping straight out of your clothes will save loads of time." And then she too began laughing hard enough that she fell on the ground.

Harry looked down to find that he had left all his clothing behind him when he moved. Grumbling he walked the few steps to the pile and began getting dressed. He was thankful that his nudity no longer bothered him, but two attractive witches laughing at his nude form was not helping his ego any.

"Are you two done bloody laughing now? Care to explain what happened Nym?" He asked which caused her to stop laughing, though she was still smiling.

"Looks like you held your magic a little too close to the vest, or in this case chest. You need to extend it a bit to include your clothes or you end up splinching them. That is how most splinches happen, people not concentrating and forgetting an arm or an eyebrow."

Susan nodded, "Harry what did you do anyway? That had to be the quietest Apparation I ever heard!"

"Dunno, guess I underpowered it a bit." He shrugged. Tonks had a contemplative look on her face.

"What do you mean by underpowered?" She asked.

"Well, if I didn't use enough magic to include my clothes, then I probably didn't take all that much air with me." He said shrugging but both girls looked at him in rapt attention.

"Harry, why don't you try again, this time overpower it just for fun. Make sure you include your clothes though." Tonks said.

Harry nodded, closed his eyes and forced as much of his magic as he could, he spread his arms out to his sides imaging taking the whole bubble of air around him. Then he turned...

He appeared once more in the hoop with an enormous Crack that knocked Tonks out of her seat and blew Susan stumbling back. "Holy Crap Harry! My ears are bleeding!" Susan said poking her fingers in her ears trying to get them to stop ringing, though there was no blood.

"Harry what the hell?" Tonks asked.

He looked at her before shrugging again. "Alright look. If you take a balloon and blow it up halfway before you pop it, the sound isn't nearly as loud as when you blow it up until it bursts right?" He asked and she nodded. "Did you go to a Muggle school before Hogwarts?" He asked her and she got a confused look on her face before nodding.

He continued, "So you know about sound waves and air pressure, at least in general terms?" She nodded and Susan did as well. "Well, if you use too much magic, if you take too much air with you, you are displacing an equal amount of air when you reappear causing that pop, or Crack in some cases." He said looking at Tonks as her eyes grew wide.

"How the hell did you figure all that out in five minutes?" She practically shouted at him.

"I've been listening since I got here. You gave me that little talk after Dumbledore left and got me thinking. When Remus normally Apparates he only pops loudly, but when we side-alonged there was a crack. I also notice how the elves are nearly silent when they pop, and I even saw Dobby sort of flow away once like a cloud, which was completely silent. So I bet there is a way to slow down your movement and not make sound at all, but I will need to test it."

Both of them stared at him for a full minute, "What?" He asked finally getting uncomfortable.

"I have to bloody try this!" Tonks said as she closed her eyes and Crack! She was behind them. "Damnit!" She exclaimed.

Harry turned to her and put his hands on her shoulders waiting until she looked him in the eye. He used Legilimency to help calm her down, pulling soothing thoughts to just under the surface. When she had calmed down a bit he spoke. "Nym, you told me you know Occlumency. Center yourself real quick and try to feel your magic." He whispered and as if hypnotized she immediately did so.

"Alright now I want you to calm down and visualize yourself Apparating into that hoop, but don't make that final step. First you need to feel the magic." She nodded after a moment and her breathing settled.

"Now see if you can reduce the feeling of that magic. Just slow down as if you are learning it all over again, and visualize just yourself and your clothes." She did so and nodded again. He let go of her and told her. "Now go."

She moved into the hoop with a loud pop, but nothing near the noise level she normally produced. She opened her eyes slowly and a grin

started to grow. Suddenly she threw herself at him and kissed him as she had in the hallway two weeks ago. Before she blushed and pulled away. "Um, yeah, uh thanks. That was bloody amazing!" She said quietly.

Susan looked back and forth between them grinning before Tonks caught her look. "What? I was just thanking him properly is all."

Still grinning she turned to her boyfriend, "Harry, will you help me like you just helped her? I want a reason to 'properly thank you' later." She said with a wink causing his breath to catch and his pants to get a little tighter.

He took a few deep breaths to center himself again before repeating the steps with her. Again he was surprised when she acted almost as if he had hypnotized her. He walked her through his entire process including the visualization exercises before he let go of her shoulders and told her to go.

With a pop about twice as loud as Tonks' she arrived in her hoop, however Harry grinned at her as he bent over and picked up her bra from the pile of clothing on the ground. "Looks like I'm not the only one with a new trick?" He said with a laugh.

She stalked over to him, completely ignoring her nude form and wrapped her arms around his neck kissing him thoroughly and causing his eyes to glaze over a bit before she began getting dressed again.

He came back to himself still grinning stupidly before he turned to Tonks again. "Now that was a proper thank you!" He said.

She just shook her head and grumbled something about teenagers as she walked back into the house. "I'm getting us some Butterbeer, you two keep practicing, and keep your damn clothes on!"

After she disappeared into the house, they both continued popping around the yard pausing for a drink with Tonks until Susan looked as if she was nearly going to collapse. "Merlin Harry, why aren't you exhausted?" She panted as she took Tonks' beach chair.

"Dunno, Super Magic?" He asked only half joking and she nodded remembering his little display from before. She never did ask if he knew what had happened.

"Wait what do you mean Super Magic?" Tonks asked curiously.

"Well," Harry said trying to put his thoughts in a way that would make sense. "When Dumbledore told me the prophecy I was pretty miffed and I blew up half his office. I don't know if I unlocked something or what, but ever since then my magic has been all wonky. You were close to the mark when you talked about my control issues earlier. That's what I work on all day upstairs." He finished looking at her.

"What do you mean though?" She asked conjuring another beach chair and getting comfortable.

He concentrated and silently conjured a chair like theirs. However his was much brighter colored and the metal was unidentifiable but curiously strong. He sat down.

"So what, you can do a little non-verbal magic? That's standard to pass your NEWT's nowadays though it's a bit advanced for just a fifth year graduate." Tonks said hiding her stunned expression by sheer force of will.

"Yeah, but see..." He silently transfigured a nearby pebble into a pillow and tossed it across the garden about six feet away. "Watch."

He called for it with a summoning charm and was knocked over by the force of it, letting out an "Ooof" as he hit the ground. "If I use the incantation out loud I overpower it, I have been relearning every spell they teach at Hogwarts, as well as a few I picked up during the tournament and elsewhere. I have to re-teach myself how to control my magic and the simplest way to reduce the power of my spells is to do them non-verbally." He said shrugging.

Tonks was still stunned and it started to show. "But, that's, I mean..." She spluttered.

"Yeah, exactly my thought." Harry said with a grin. "That's why I give up and chalk it all up to Super Magic."

Susan nodded. "It makes sense, sort of. It's almost like doing it out loud focuses it more." She trailed off lost in thought.

"Anyway, for now I am relearning it all non-verbally. Then I will work on my actual control both verbally and non-verbally. Eventually I plan to try Wandless magic again." Tonks gave up and exclaimed.

"Wandless magic is a fairy tale. I mean Dumbledore can do a few parlor tricks but really it's completely useless!"

Harry pondered her for a moment. Then he stood and handed her his wand. "Hide this somewhere on you where I can't see it." He turned his back and walked what he knew was his maximum distance and waited.

She put it in her back pocket and then called out to him. "Alright but I don't get what you're trying to show me."

He remembered what the tingle felt like as he called out 'Relatio' and suddenly Tonks was wrapped in ropes and bound in place. If she moved she was going to fall over.

"Bloody Hell!" Tonks exclaimed.

"No kidding!" Susan said with wide eyes.

"I am trusting both of you with this information. Now what I just did was not technically Wandless magic. I was just able to focus my magic through my wand at a distance. I don't know how it works, but I do know next time Voldemort ties me to a gravestone I am not going to be defenseless." He looked Tonks in the eyes until she blinked and looked away.

"Of course your secret is safe with me, but...Can you get rid of these please?" She asked and he nodded sheepishly as he called out the counter curse, releasing her. "Thanks, anyway as I was saying...Bloody Hell!"

"I agree, that is why I am working so hard to figure out what's up with my magic all of a sudden." He shrugged as he wrapped his arm around her and pulled his wand from her back pocket. Getting a blush for his trouble and grinning at her.

"So, Susan looks beat, is that enough for today then?" The girl in question nodded.

"You might be alright to work on it again tomorrow. If you both feel up to it come find me and we can work on longer distances. If you keep going at this rate I think you can test for it by the end of the week Harry." He beamed at her praise and they headed inside for Lunch.

All of the walls were back in place properly as far as Harry could see; it looked like all they needed to do was decide on placement for overhead lighting. When they entered the Dining room they found Remus with the Dining Room chandelier sitting on the table in front of him.

"What are you up to now Wolfy?" Tonks asked as she kissed his cheek.

"Just wiring this up so we can turn the lights on in here, but leave the candles for 'mood lighting' as Harry puts it." He said not looking up from the much smaller wiring than Harry had helped with earlier.

"There we go, Harry would you help me put this back up? Just levitate it while I hook the wiring in from the ceiling and screw it back in place." Harry nodded and was thankful he had already made it past *[Wingardium Leviosa]*.

Remus quickly finished putting it in its place and climbed back down. Harry released the spell and Remus gave him an appraising nod. "Silent casting, you know that is NEWT level? Very nice Cub." Harry just shrugged.

"Part of what I have been working on in the training room. It will be a huge advantage in a firefight if they can't tell what I'm casting." Remus just nodded as he walked around the table to the door by the kitchen and flipped the switch.

Glorious completely man-made light flooded the room, chasing away the shadows and in general making a huge difference. Harry felt more at home in this room than he had for a week in the rest of the house. Harry sighed as he sat down and just gazed at the beautiful twinkling crystal chandelier.



"Brilliant Moony, thank you so much! When did you hook up the power?"

Remus smiled. "About half an hour ago. There was no way to test the wiring without hooking it up first. This is the first light fixture I have installed. But there are outlets along the walls every six feet just in case you can find that many things to plug in. The switches are in place next to every door already and the breakers are hidden behind a portrait in each room, or in the closet of the bedrooms." He said this as he went to the hallway door and flipped the switch turning the light off before turning it back on." In the kitchen the outlets are mostly at counter height in case you want some appliances and a few along the other walls as well. All that is left to do is wire up the lighting."

"This is amazing! I never would have thought it could be done this quickly." Harry said still watching the twinkling lights.

"Well those elves caught on really quick and were soon doing the job for me. They were able to do entire rooms and hallways at once. Dobby was especially excited to do the basement for some reason." Remus said slightly confused.

"Oh, I told him he could have a Telly in his room once we got wired. Do you know how to install Cable as well?" Harry asked. Remus nodded with a large grin. "Good, I can't wait to have real television and some Muggle Radio's in this place. Seriously there is only so much to do around here before...uh...never mind." He said blushing, which Remus chose not to comment on, but Tonks couldn't help laughing at. Susan just kissed his cheek.

"Nothin wrong with a little 'never mind' Harry as long as you're safe and respectful." Tonks said causing both Susan and he to blush again along with Remus who dropped his head to the table with a Thwack!

'Damnit, Me 5: Tonks 1' He thought to himself.

The rest of the day was spent hanging light fixtures and Harry planned a shopping trip soon. He wondered if Amelia was ever going to have time. He decided he would just have to spoil Susan a bit the next day if need be. Then he had a sudden insight, he found parchment and ink and wrote a note for his estranged girlfriends.

Ladies,

I got the house wired and it's bloody incredible. Sorry for the language Mione but there is real fake... well you know what I mean. There is man-made light throughout this whole place and it finally feels like home.

I'm writing because I plan to head to Harrods tomorrow to do some shopping for Tellys and other gizmos. Susan also has a serious lack of Muggle clothing. I hope you two could find it in your hearts to meet us at Harrods at noon for lunch and shopping. I plan to spoil the lot of you so you can leave your bankcards at home if you wish.

Luna is staying with us, Molly seemed to think she would fall for Ron but she is getting awfully friendly with me. The girls have worked out a sleep schedule so they do not have a problem sharing. Tonight is Gabrielle's turn again, which means I probably won't sleep.

I plan to tell you all about it tomorrow if we get the chance. Otherwise I can't wait to just hold you in my arms, and remind you why you are important to me. Susan and I have gotten a lot closer. She told me she loves me. Hannah told me she could, and Luna...well Luna is a mystery wrapped in an enigma but she has explained to me why she is how she is and there is nothing wrong with her. We had a wonderful time last night, which again, I hope to tell you about at the store, it's a big place, there is bound to be a broom closet somewhere...

I look forward to seeing you; Hedwig should easily make it to you and back by noon tomorrow.

Good Night with feeling,

Harry

Hedwig was more than happy to take his missive to the other girls. Soon it was time for the Order meeting. He headed down to wait in the kitchen to wait for people to arrive. Tonks joined him and they shared a Butterbeer as they waited.

"So what really happens at these things anyway?" Harry asked her.

"Well, the last few have been pretty boring with He-Who-Is-Bald-And-Pasty laying low." Harry sniggered.

"Well Bald-n-farts is back, so what do you expect?" He asked her.

She giggled, "Well, you already know about the attack on the Minister and Susan, what you probably don't know is that Emmeline Vance was murdered that night. The Muggles were rather baffled that she was killed in a room that was locked from the inside. So they are on the move again, the question is what are they doing next, and what can we do about it."

He pondered the question for a bit. "What, so the entire purpose of the Order is to sit around and wait for him to attack?"

"No, we used to guard you too. Remus has been in touch with the Werewolves and you know about Hagrid. We are doing information gathering and trying to be forward thinking when it comes to those who might side with He-Who-Has-No-Hair."

"What kind of training does the Order do?" Tonks gave him a blank look. "I mean do you get together to learn new spells or develop tactics? Anything?"

She looked at him with her mouth open, "Um, no, nothing like that. We just kinda try to get there while the Ministry finishes its tea. You know?"

Harry growled. This whole thing really came down to him versus Tom. The Order was nearly useless in it's current form. He remembered the photo Moody had showed him last year, most of the people in the Order in the last war were Aurors and former Aurors, or family of Aurors. All of them people who had likely already had training. Most of the people he had met in the current order were old folks who just wanted to do something instead of waiting for the Ministry to step in.

"I don't mean to knock it or anything, but with Amelia in charge at the Ministry, it seems like what we need is not an undertrained reactionary force. We need an army." He said lost in thought.

"You mean like Dumbledore's Army?" She asked him.

"I don't know. Speaking of which I am changing the name, we're going to go back to the original which was Defense Association. It's mostly because I am too used to saying the DA. I don't like what I am hearing about the almighty Order of the Phoenix. Again, no offense"

"None taken, now that I think about it you're right. We were pretty useless as an intelligence gathering organization until you had those visions. Snape gives us information when it is too late to do anything, or tells Dumbledore who has to keep from reacting too strongly or risk revealing his role as a spy. And only a few of us are Aurors, the rest really are just well intentioned people." She trailed off lost in thought.

Soon people began arriving in the back garden, Harry was happy to feel only a few of them try to get into the house via Apparation, apparently the note had made it around. Harry nodded and waved to the ones he didn't know well as they entered the dining room. Remus, Molly and Arthur had joined them in the kitchen greeting everyone. They decided to head in and find seats before there were none left.

Upon entering Harry saw that there was apparently some magic involved, as the room magically resized itself to accommodate the number comfortably, including adding chairs to the now longer table. He sat down at his usual spot opposite the kitchen door earning him glares or looks of confusion from the other gathered members.

He felt the wards flare just before Dumbledore walked in from the kitchen. He was getting tired of the old man and quickly found his connection to the wards. If anyone hit the wards rather than the Apparation point only organics would be transferred to the back garden. The person's clothing would appear where they intended to arrive. He couldn't wait to see the look on the old man's face when he showed up outside Starkers. Then he quickly dropped his head to the table with a loud Thwack!

Some of those nearest to him turned and looked at him strangely and he just smiled and waved. Dumbledore called the meeting to order.

"Thank you all for coming, first we need to go over old business. Remus what can you report on the climate within the Werewolf community?"

He was interrupted before he could begin as people began asking why Harry was at the meeting. "Mr. Potter has graciously allowed us the use of his home and he is legally an adult. I see no problem allowing him to attend meetings as a non-operative member. However that is new business, Remus?"

There was more grumbling as people all tried to talk over one another. Finally Harry had had enough and pulled his wand performing the 'Cannon Blast' charm Dumbledore used at Hogwarts. Unfortunately he had not practiced, nor thought to try it non-verbally, resulting in the entire room falling nearly unconscious at the sudden pressure wave. Moony actually did pass out thanks to his hypersensitive hearing. Harry quickly revived him and apologized as the others regained their equilibrium.

He spoke, "Thank you all for joining me in My home this evening. Most of you know that the prophecy you were guarding at the Ministry was regarding myself and Voldemort." Half the room winced and Harry looked at Dumbledore as he spoke with venom.

"This is an organization dedicated to defeating Voldemort and half of you cannot even stand to hear his name? This is pathetic!"

The Aurors and former Aurors in the room including Tonks, Moody, and Shacklebolt all looked on approvingly, but a little witch in the back spoke up. "How dare you speak to us, speak to Him like that!"

Harry turned to look at her, he pulled his memories of the Cruciatus curse and threw them through his eyes like he did Patronus memories, she quickly fainted and he kept his glare in place just in case anyone else interrupted him. "I Dare because it is my right. This is my home, and this organization is centered around me whether you believe it or not." He turned on the Headmaster with his glare and the old man shivered as his legs buckled and he sat down in his chair. To his credit he did not pass out. "I Dare because this organization is next to useless.

"Rather than having casual meetings and reacting to Death Eater attacks. You should be training constantly and finding out where

Voldemort," Some winced again and he cursed in Parseltongue; a few passed out just from hearing it. "You should be taking the battle to him. If you cannot bring yourselves to do it I will have to form my own army. The children of Hogwarts are probably more effective in a fight than most of you thanks to me."

He turned back on the Headmaster, "I am tired of this Dumbledore, and I expect you will still allow me to run my Defense Association as a school sanctioned club. If you will not I will run it anyway much like I did last year. We cannot take the fight to him while we are stuck in school. But many of those will be graduating this year, and most of them will graduate with me next year. I expect you all to think long and hard about the priorities of this organization! I for one no longer wish to be a member."

He got up and walked toward the door to the kitchen before he turned to face the room once more. "Many of you are probably going to accuse me of going Dark now; Tough! I am going to do what needs to be done to take that snake-faced bastard out of this world. I would appreciate your help, but until you grow a spine I will do it on my own. Oh, and the Apparation point is in the back garden, from now on those who wish to test my defenses will learn a lesson." He said the last with a look at the Headmaster who cringed slightly once again. Snape entered the room with a flap of his cloak and sneered but before he could say anything Harry pinned him against the wall with his gaze. He then turned and made his way back up the stairs to the training room, which was still in dueling mode. He conjured targets at the far end of the room and began firing verbal Reducto's at them, having to conjure more after each hit.

He couldn't believe that the last line of defense for the Wizarding world was that room full of old ladies and cowards. That Dumbledore left them so defenseless, that it all really was up to him. How was he even going to get close enough to Voldemort to finish him if he had to wade through Death Eaters first?

He did not realize that he had dropped his wand at some point and kicked it across the room. He was summoning and destroying his targets Wandlessly though still using the incantations. The explosions pulled the girls from the Ladies room at the same time that Tonks reached the top of the stairs. They all stared at him for a few minutes as targets appeared and exploded in rapid succession

with no visible movement from Harry. Tonks was the first to notice his lack of wand.

Her training was taking over and she knew approaching him at the moment would just make her a target. Taking a page from his book she fired a Canon Blast in-between his spells and finally caught his attention. She felt the pain behind his eyes and had to look away before she was physically ill. Seeing this he suddenly calmed and his eyes cleared as he rushed to her side and pulled her into a hug.

"Oh gods Nym, I'm so sorry. I forgot to shut it off. Are you hurt?" He pleaded with her.

Luna, Susan and Gabrielle crowded around them as well. Gabrielle called for Dobby and he appeared changing the room to the full seating configuration and popped away, quickly he came back and dropped off five shot glasses and the bottle of Firewhisky the Twins had given him for his birthday before disappearing again.

The girls helped Tonks up and sat Harry down on the couch where they all tried to cuddle with him at once as an amused Tonks looked on. She poured them all a shot, which each took gratefully.

"Don't worry Harry, I don't know what the hell that was but I only got a little taste of it. Is that what you did to Dumbledore?" She asked.

He nodded. "What the hell is he playing at?"

"I don't know Harry, I don't think any of us second guessed him until this evening. There are those who will still follow him blindly, I on the other hand am inclined to follow you."

He looked up suddenly and locked eyes with her, and caught her sincerity before he consciously stopped his Legilimency. "Why?" He asked quietly.

"Harry I know better than most that you have a job to do, and you seem prepared, or at least preparing to do it. The old man may be past his prime. We need new blood to fight this war, not a bunch of old Fogies."

He nodded. "I don't have a plan Tonks, I just want people to train in offensive and defensive magic. I want them prepared in case of an

attack. On themselves or others. Snape be damned if we can't use the information he is able to gather. I still wonder whose side he is really on, and don't you dare give me that Dumbledore trusts him crap."

She grinned at him, "I never liked the greasy git anyway, can't teach for shite. I did self-study for my Potions NEWT and still got into the academy. What do you want me to do Harry?"

That caught him off guard. "For now? Make sure you and anyone you can get to join you are actually learning and practicing. There are things the Order is doing I agree with, I just couldn't stand to be in the same room with most of them any longer..." He trailed off.

"So you want me to be your spy in the Order?" She asked with a large grin.

He grinned back, "After that display I doubt he is still going to want to feed me any information. He gave me a wizard's oath but I am willing to bet he can find a loophole. That man needs to come to me with his hat in his hand and beg me for forgiveness, he needs to admit that he has in the past, and still is making mistakes left and right. Just because he killed Grindelwald doesn't mean he is the best leader against Voldemort." Tonks nodded.

"Right then, if you are calmed down a bit now I will go spy for you." She smiled as she got up and headed back down the stairs.

"What the hell happened?" Susan asked now that she could get a word in edgewise.

He quickly told him of his observations and his overreaction. They consoled him and agreed with him for the most part. He suddenly wondered where his wand was. They found it against the wall on the other side of the room and all realized his display of power had been completely Wandless.

That revelation made him a little woozy. Whether it was completely in his head or not he was suddenly exhausted. Gabrielle called for Dobby and asked him for a Revitalizing Draught which he quickly supplied. Harry felt much better afterward.



The whole thing had been draining but his witches decided he needed to be pampered to help him clam down. Harry was promptly dragged into the bathtub and treated to a few shows and sensations. Before Gabrielle dragged him off to bed at 10pm. It was her turn and she claimed she was not, in fact, trying to kill him.

He questioned her honesty as they fell asleep at one in the morning.

## Chapter 31: Sicco Publicus

Harry woke up earlier than normal the next morning. He was too keyed up with the possibility of seeing Gin and Mione today. Susan was amazing, and he was beginning to return some of her feelings. Luna was...well Luna was just as Luna as usual. Gabrielle had once again tried to kill him at least eight times the night before; she had then fallen asleep on his chest, where she still lay. He had long lost count of her orgasms and simply tried to survive the encounter. Not that he was complaining, he definitely felt something for the girl who had given her life to him.

She made it hard not to like her, he knew he had at least some feelings for her already, but she didn't care either way as long as she made him happy. He didn't know exactly how to feel about that. Gabrielle was amazing in bed but he much preferred his slow love making with Gin or Mione. He knew she would allow him to do that but he liked listening to her and feeling her orgasm around him too much to take it away from her.

Thoughts of his estranged witches brought a smile to his face, he looked over to the corner where Hedwig caught his eye and flapped over to land on his pillow.

"Morning girl," He whispered gently as he ran his fingers along the silky feathers of her breast. She puffed up and preened for him at the attention. "Oh and what does my beautiful girl have for me this morning?" She held out her leg and he took it with a smile.

"Did you have a good night?" Her reply came back to him as the sensation of wind beneath her wings as she dove to catch a particularly tasty frog. He pulled away from the memory quickly before he found out what raw amphibian tasted like. "Good hunt then? I know frogs are your favorite." He whispered once more and she nipped at his fingers before flying back to her perch and settling her head beneath her wing.

He opened up the letter and once again was greeted with his favorite smells in the world. Gabrielle came close but nothing like the real thing.

Harry!

Sweet Merlin we can't wait to see you tomorrow, we will meet you there come hell or high water and if they don't have a broom closet I know they have a section dedicated to mattresses. We would have to try them out completely after all.

Funny enough, that was actually Hermione. She must really be getting randy to talk like that, even in a letter. The script changed and he knew it must be Ginny.

The whole store can watch for all I care, I need you inside me Harry. You better tell us everything, and no offense to the girls but we need you to ourselves for a few moments before we involve them. They have had you for three whole days without us! We'll meet you at Harrods at noon for a mid-day snack and some food too. We can't wait to see you, and yes it is fine to spoil us. We look forward to it.

Love You Lots,  
Your Gin and Mione

He couldn't wait to get up any more. He decided to wake Gabrielle up and then surprise the other girls, as they seemed so fond of doing to him. He began stroking his fingers up and down her back eliciting quiet moans from the girl. His erection was a bit painfully pressed between them but she wasn't moving. He slowly worked his hand between them and adjusted his member until it sat against her always wet hole.

He tried again to wake her and when that didn't work he rolled them both over and slid inside her. She awoke with a huge grin. "Oh Master! Please use me, it ees a wonderful to wake up!"

He began moving inside her and whispered in her ear. "The acrobatics are fun, but it's much nicer to just feel close to you. You don't need to try to impress me, I'm not going anywhere."

She teared up and kissed him passionately as he moved slowly inside her.

"Now I don't want to wake the girls in the other room, so your job is to be as quiet as you can." He whispered to her.

She came as quietly as was possible for her as he lay his head on the pillow beside her and whispered nothings in her ear. He trailed

kisses down her neck from behind her ear eliciting small moans each time and nipping at her collarbone.

Finally he picked up the pace just a bit as his orgasm built until finally he spilled into her with a small cry of pleasure and lay on top of her staring down into her eyes. Yes this was definitely much nicer than having his brains shagged out. "Did you enjoy yourself Pet?"

She began sobbing beneath him confusing him a bit until she spoke. "Eet was everything I wished Master... Thank you my Harry."

He kissed her tears and then her lips and whispered that he was going to wake the other two up properly. She nodded and kissed him passionately once more as he slipped out of her warmth. She curled up and watched him go; smiling the entire time.

He slipped into the Ladies room, which was still a bit nerve wracking for him. Usually the girls came to his room. Susan and Luna were sleeping together spooning lightly. Not a lover's embrace, they just looked comfortable.

He softly pulled the covers over them revealing that they were not in fact naked. They were wearing extremely sheer nightclothes that actually made him hornier than if they were nude. He lay down behind Susan and lightly ran his fingers up and down her back as he breathed softly on her neck and kissed her shoulder.

Susan woke slowly feeling wonderful beyond words. She felt the tingle down her back and the warm breath on her neck and wondered when she and Luna had switched spots. She then felt the aforementioned blonds breast in her hand and figured it had to be none other than her boyfriend.

She stretched a little and turned her head to capture his lips in her own. "Morning Harry, this is a bit of a change isn't it?"

He smiled and kissed her again but continued his ministrations. "It is, I couldn't sleep in, I'm too excited about shopping."

"Right and having Ginny and Hermione there has nothing to do with it." She grinned at him and he just shrugged his shoulders.

"You know you have become important to me Susie, but I just have a deeper connection with those two. That doesn't mean I don't feel something for you." He whispered.

"I know Harry, I can tell by the way you touch me and look at me, it's okay. I knew what I was possibly getting into. Now will you wake me properly like the last two mornings?" She asked as she rolled onto her back and spread her legs.

"Only if you play my game. Your job is to be as quiet as possible so we don't wake Luna. She gets to go next." She nodded and he ran his hand across her belly slowly and his finger beneath the waistband of her knickers, into her wet folds.

He began by circling her clit until she had to bite her lip not to scream and then he backed off causing her to pant. He then slid his fingers inside her and worked them until she came into his mouth while kissing him, muffling the scream of pleasure. Finally she lay back panting and watched as he pulled his fingers to his mouth and actually tasted her for the first time. Her flavor was hard to describe. She was a bit bitter, which he had found was normal, with a hint of sweet honey. He gave up a long time ago understanding the differences in taste, thinking it was probably something to do with the bath products they used. He just enjoyed it, and the look on her face as she watched him. She pulled him into another kiss and then whispered in his ear.

"Tonight is my turn again and I want you to taste me properly." She grinned as she felt his erection bounce against her thigh.

He rolled out of bed and lay down on the other side of Luna as Susan cuddled behind her once again.

"Morning Lu," He whispered.

"Susan wasn't quiet enough, I was awake. Are you going to greet me the same way?" She asked a little sleepily, which was funny since she normally sounded dreamy instead.

"I would like to if that is okay with you?" She nodded and Susan scooted so Luna could roll onto her back.

He repeated his actions, noting the different feeling between her insides and Susan's. Luna had a smaller frame and thus, her hipbones were not as far apart. He was only able to get one finger inside her without being afraid to hurt her. After she came quietly around his hand he tasted her as she watched on. Luna was like sunshine and lemon. It almost reminded him of the smell of laundry that had been out on the line. She tasted a bit like that smelled, but in a good way.

He kissed her as well and got up. "Showers and then breakfast, we have shopping to do today!" He called and headed back to his room. He found Gabrielle in his shower who grinned at him.

"I am being naughty, Non? You must punish me for taking ze shower with you?" He grinned right back as he joined the already wet witch under the water. He pulled up behind her and whispered in her ear.

"Does that mean you want to be punished?" She closed her eyes and nodded slightly. "Oh really? Would my Pet like a spanking?" She tensed up in a good way as she nodded again, her eyes still closed.

Harry wondered at her actions, but guessed it was a kink she had not asked him to explore yet and decided it was at least worth a try. Drawing his hand back he let it fall with a loud smack! She groaned in pain and pleasure before calling quietly. "Please Master I have been a bad girl, spank me?"

He complied once more on the other cheek, she moaned and shook a little as she came. His erection was becoming painful as he found that this really turned him on. He decided to up the ante a bit and see what her reaction was. "Would my Pet like me to punish her further?" He asked as he pressed her up against the glass. She nodded again shyly. "What do you think your punishment should be?"

She reached behind her and placed his cock at her back entrance. "Please take me here Master? I am a virgin still."

He blinked; she wanted him to put that in there? And he would be her first in something? Suddenly forgetting his Master persona he asked her quietly. "Are you sure Pet, I don't want to hurt you."

She nearly screamed, "Please Master?"

He pressed slightly and was surprised when he met hardly any resistance. If he thought she was tight before it was nothing compared to this. Rather than wet and velvety, I was smooth and slick. He slowly worked his way deeper getting moans of mild pain and extreme pleasure from her. "Please Master, all the way inside." She pressed back against him and he complied, slowly his entire member disappeared into her rear passage and he shuddered with pleasure and extreme arousal at his first time to perform the act.

Slowly he began to recede and re-enter her much to her pleasure. He picked up the pace a bit and she called out for him to do it harder and faster.

Susan and Luna entered the bathroom at her plea and watched as her perfect breasts were smashed against the glass and Harry worked himself inside her. Bugging her in front of them.

"YES MASTER, faire de la creme de mon trou serre...Fuck my tight little hole, it is yours only, and only ever yours." She came shuddering; it was lucky she was against the glass as she collapsed with him still pounding inside her. She came again as he finally unloaded his orgasm inside her. He pulled her back up to him as his member slipped out and held her until her legs would let her stand once more. It was the first time he had worn her out.

"Thank you Master." She whispered as she kissed him.

"Oh my god Gabrielle, that was amazing!" He panted. She lifted her leg and washed her back door as his seed spilled out of her. He looked down afraid he might be covered in something he never wanted near that particular part of his body but was amazingly clean.

Noticing his surprise she commented. "Oui Master, zere is a potion zat keeps ze passage clean for medicinal purposes. It also allows ze fun without ze yuck. Non?" She said smiling up at him as he continued to hold her against his chest.

"Oui Pet, Oui." He whispered back.

Susan made a mental note to ask her about the potion before letting them know they were there. "Wow now that was a show!" Harry turned startled eyes on the girls but Gabrielle just grinned at them.

He turned the water off and got out but Susan and Luna had grabbed the towel and dried him off, taking extra time to dry his bits. Finally they released him to get dressed, and repeated the process with Gabrielle, much to the girl's pleasure as Susan used her tongue to wet her again before drying once more.

Gabrielle went to get dressed and they headed down to breakfast as a group. Winky allowed them to eat at the kitchen table since they were the first awake. They chatted idly while they ate; all of them had begun drinking a pineapple orange juice cocktail with potions added much like Harry. It took some of the mystery out of the drink to keep anyone from wondering why just he and Ron would be drinking it.

After breakfast Harry and Susan found Tonks and headed outside for more Apparation training. Tonks set up multiple targets around the back garden and once she was satisfied she side-along Apparated them to an empty field outside of Hogsmeade.

She conjured the pink hula-hoops once again and placed one on the ground, "This is target number one. They walked a few hundred yards and stopped where she dropped the second one. "Target number two. Now without cheating like you did last time and actually standing inside the circle," She gave Harry a look, "Lets see you Apparate to the first target, I will meet you there." She said as she popped away.

Harry concentrated and popped into the ring without a problem and stepped out of it. Tonks popped away with a smile and then back before Susan joined them. "That's great you two, this is what's known as line-of-sight Apparation. You can see the target from your current position. Now here is the hard part. We're going back to the garden, remember it wont hurt much if you splinch and I can put you back together. Just concentrate because if you miss the mark by too much I will have to get out the map and Scry for you. Now who wants to go first?"

Susan tentatively raised her hand earning a chuckle from Harry, "Alright then Susie, Ladies first?"



She nodded and popped away after a moment's concentration. Tonks popped right after her and returned a short time later. "She lost her pinky finger, it was snap to put it back but she was pretty freaked out."

"Wait, why didn't her finger stay here then like my clothes?"

"Well for long distances the parts usually get sucked along for the ride, they just don't make it back in the proper places. Don't worry about it you'll be fine. I'll follow right after." She told him.

He concentrated and turned and was standing in the garden in no time. The feeling was much more uncomfortable the longer he traveled. But it was manageable for the advantages. Susan jumped into his arms with a few tears still on her face. "Oh Harry it was horrible, it wasn't disgusting or anything it just felt so strange. I could even wiggle the finger where it laid on the ground." She said in to his shoulder. He was still consoling her when Tonks popped in, completely nude.

Harry stared for a moment, she was just as beautiful as Gabrielle in many ways, likely because she could make herself that way. A smile finally reached his face after a moment. At the same time she realized her situation covering up as best she could with just her arms and hands. "What the Bloody Hell?" she screamed as she popped away again.

Both Harry and Susan began laughing uncontrollably. They were just calming down when Tonks popped back again still nude, no longer trying to hide her form. "Where are my bloody clothes!"

Harry was caught staring again and she met his eye with a smile. "Enjoying the show Potter?" He nodded dumbly.

"Wait, you mean you didn't splinch your clothes?" Susan asked.

"They weren't there when I went back." Tonks grumbled as she tried to cover herself again. Harry quickly transfigured a rock into a blanket and draped it over her shoulders. "Thanks Harry, it was just a bit uncomfortable, not that you didn't deserve a look after that prank I pulled."

He just smiled and Susan looked lost, turning he explained quickly to her. "She tried to barge in on an Occlumency lesson, and ran away like a blushing virgin when I stood up and tried to give her a hug." Tonks was blushing again, and even with the blanket he could tell it went at least to her chest.

"Now Nym, where did you try to Apparate back to?" That caught her by surprise.

"Uh actually the kitchen, out of habit I guess. What does that matter?" She said eyeing him suspiciously.

He began laughing again, so hard he actually fell to the ground before he caught his breath. "Check the kitchen Nym, remember I told the Order members not to test my wards anymore?"

Tonks nodded as she headed inside and screamed when she found her clothes. She got dressed quickly and ran back outside where she promptly began tickling him mercilessly. "You think this is funny do you? You think it was a grand prank?"

He just nodded and laughed as she continued to torment him. "Sorry...Nym...meant...to...catch...Dumbledore." He wheezed out. Finally getting her to laugh along with him.

"When did you make that change?" She asked finally helping him up off the ground.

"Remember when I smacked my head on the Table?" Tonks nodded, and then began laughing along with him.

"Oh you poor boy, with your memory you are going to be seeing naked old man for the rest of your life." She giggled.

"Oh no, I locked that away where it would be most useful. Next time someone tries to use Legilimency on me they are in for a shock." That doubled the laughter for all of them until they finally calmed enough to head into the house once again.

As they sat sipping Butterbeer Tonks told them one more day of practice and she would take Harry for his exam, after that they could start doing tricky stuff like Harry mentioned. Moving from learning to experimenting.

It was nearly eleven so Harry and Susan went to collect the other two girls. Once they were all together they headed out the front door to catch a cab. When they got to Harrods Harry realized they hadn't said where they would meet only that it would be noon. So they all stood at the front door waiting.

At 12:10 a cab pulled up and disgorged both of them. They had to be the most beautiful thing Harry had ever seen. Before he knew what was happening he was flat on his back with two beautiful witches kissing him.

Ginny had tears running down her cheeks as she kissed him, Hermione looked close to it. "Oh Harry, this has been so hard. I'm so sorry for leaving you." The redhead cried into his chest. He stood and pulled them to their feet and back into a hug, kissing both of them and earning stares from the crowd.

"You have no idea how happy I am to see you two. How about we go get some food and catch up? I know it's only been days but it feels like forever." They nodded as they headed toward the map to find all the restaurants.

They quickly decided to head to the Pizzeria on the main level. They ordered their food and Hermione promptly sat in Harry's lap and began to torture him sweetly with kisses. She sat in his lap for almost the entire time just running her fingers through his hair and talking about the movies they had watched and hanging out by her pool. The conversation turned back to Harry and the girls, with Susan desperately trying to control the almost constant blush as Harry whispered to them and they looked in her direction.

When the food finally arrived Hermione left his lap with a sigh and they let Ginny lead the conversation for a while. "...and a few days ago I get a letter from my Mum asking me about our relationship. She was warning me about Gabrielle and Susan. That was one of the hardest letters I have ever had to write, basically giving my mum the new version of the talk. I told her to butt out, that I was happy, and that what Gabrielle had told her was the truth. Now what was this she said about you having a breakdown?"

Harry related the story to them, a few tears strayed down his cheeks but both Hermione and Ginny were nearly bawling into his shoulders

as they tried to hug him hard enough that he could feel their love. He hugged them close as he finally poured out the rest of the emotion he had suppressed even from Remus.

As the meal ended Hermione and Ginny sent a look to the other girls who nodded and said they would meet back here in an hour. They disappeared leaving a nervous Harry with two hungry looking witches.

He quickly paid the bill and they dragged him through the store looking for a suitable spot. They finally decided on a changing room and Ginny dragged him into it with Hermione standing watch outside.

She nearly tore his T-shirt as it went over his head and hers followed showcasing that she had not worn a bra. She pulled her skirt off quickly revealing that she had in fact gone full commando. She pushed him down on the seat and pulled his shorts down quickly before kissing him passionately. Finally as his cock was exposed she sat, feeling him sink slowly into her extremely wet passage. "Oh Merlin Harry," She cried quietly.

Once he was completely inside her she broke down once more and sobbed into his shoulder for a full minute. Whispering about how much she loved him and how much she missed him. She began rocking slowly, stifling her sobs as well as her moans of pleasure. Finally she picked up her pace as she kissed him, cumming quietly into his mouth and pushing him over the edge just behind her.

He stood up and had her stand on the bench so that her centre was now eye level and placed one of her legs over his shoulder opening her up to his ministrations. He dove in and was in heaven as he tasted her strawberry with his spunk once again. He cleaned her completely out before letting her down and she kissed him again, also enjoying the taste still on his tongue.

They got dressed quickly, the whole affair had only taken about five minutes, but two much happier teens emerged and Harry grabbed Hermione's hand as well as Ginny's as they set off once more on a mission.

He continued to whisper to both of them the things he had seen and done with the other girls in the last few days. They were especially interested in Hannah's role, before he told them about Gabrielle that

morning in the shower. Both girls were stunned but also extremely turned on as they pictured his member inside her back door while they had fingers and tongues inside her pussy.

It was finally too much as they approached the book section. The shelves were only six feet high and you could see through them between the books. They found themselves in a dead end row and Hermione's eyes lit up. Ginny grinned as she walked back to the beginning of the Row to keep watch.

Hermione unbuttoned her shirt and pulled up her skirt, apparently they had planned ahead as she also wore no underwear. "Harry, I always wanted to be shagged in the Library at Hogwarts. This is close enough for now, please?" he nodded and laid her down on the floor. He pulled his shorts down to his knees and quickly sank into her sopping wet entrance.

Hers was not the frantic need for physical sensation that Ginny had shown earlier. He slowly rocked inside her, and kissed away her tears as they ran silently down her face. She was grinning at him the entire time, even as they watched the feet of people passing by through the shelves near the floor.

He noticed her excitement every time someone walked by, "Does my sexy witch want to get caught?" She moaned into his shoulder. "Oh really, I think she likes to be watched, would you like me to bend you over a dusty old tome in the Library while everyone watches me pound your sopping wet pussy?"

She stifled a scream into his shoulder as she came. It had to be one of the biggest orgasms he had seen her have. He made a mental note but stopped talking as he rocked toward his own orgasm.

Finally they both came quietly and Harry repeated his performance with Ginny as he dove between her legs to clean up his mess. She came again for him as he pushed his tongue inside her to get at what was left over.

They quickly fixed themselves and finally having satisfied the physical need to be together, they walked around with their arms around each other. Just enjoying being together before making it back to the restaurant.

They did their shopping, the girls getting plenty of lingerie they might never use after they had modeled it for him. And picking out a few TV's and Stereo systems. Harry also bought table lamps and a Microwave. Though he doubted the elves would ever let him heat up leftovers. They would walk their purchases away from the counter and he would shrink it surreptitiously as they walked between rows of merchandise. Keeping an eye out he would cast silent Confundus charms at security cameras. He knew it wouldn't actually confound the things, but hoped it would interrupt the signal long enough to hide his newly shrunken items.

Harry's hands never left either girl for long. He couldn't get enough of the feeling of their skin beneath his fingertips and many in the store were confused as they would see him with one girl, and find him in another section with the other girl wrapped around him. The other girls respected the relationship knowing they would get him to themselves again later.

All too soon the sun was setting and Hermione and Gin had to head home for dinner with her family. They each received long lingering kisses on the sidewalk out front. Harry couldn't let either of them go, as one would turn to leave he pulled them back to him for another kiss. Which meant the other would turn to get her fair share. Finally the Cabby began honking his horn and they left him with tears running down their cheeks once more. Harry was crying right along with them until the cab disappeared from view.

Susan pulled him into a tender kiss as Gabrielle and Luna hugged them both. "You do love them, don't you Harry?" Susan asked.

"I wish I could say yes, I know I don't want to live without either one of them." He said still leaking a bit.

"Harry why can't you just tell them you love them?" She was secretly asking for herself as well.

"I'm afraid. What if it isn't real love and it wears off, what if in a few months we can't stand to be around each other because we said things we didn't mean?"

She kissed him again, "Harry I love you." She stated.

He grinned at her even through his tears. "I know." Was all he said catching her off guard.

"What do you mean you know?" She demanded

He pulled her back into his chest and whispered in her ear. "You told me after you fell asleep, the night Hannah was here." She blushed deeply but didn't pull away.

"Do you love me?" She asked in a small voice.

"I'm so sorry Susie, I can't tell you that. I know I care for you almost as much as I do for Mione and Gin; and just as much as Gabrielle. I hope that's good enough for now. But I understand if you don't want to be with me any more."

Susan kissed him passionately, once again getting stares from the passers by as he switched partners. "Harry whether you admit it or not, what you just said was as good to me as saying those three little words. It's crazy, but I'm in love with you and your not getting rid of me that easily." She whispered.

Harry heard Gabrielle whistle for the cab and when it came near they all piled in for the ride home. Gabrielle sat on his right, Luna on his left, and Susan on his lap kissing him the entire way home.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Arthur popped home just after the kids left. He was wearing a huge grin and had a bouquet of two-dozen roses in his hand. He walked into the kitchen expecting to surprise Molly by being home early. He found her sitting at the kitchen table with her teacup, staring at a letter that looked as if it had been read many times. She had tears running down her cheeks and he suddenly smelled Firewhisky.

"Mollywobbles?" He asked as he sat down beside her, placing the flowers on the table. She jumped up and began making sandwiches. Wiping her face with her sleeve to hide the tear tracks.

"Oh, Hello Arthur dear, your home early today aren't you?" She asked as if nothing were wrong.

"I have some wonderful news and I wanted to share it with you, I brought you a present as well." He said watching her carefully.

She looked at the flowers on the table and broke down crying again, finally sitting next to him as he pulled her to his shoulder. "Arthur what am I going to do? My children don't need me anymore, my baby is all grown up and telling me to stay out of her love life. And even when they are all here they are never around." She bawled into his chest as he shushed her.

"It's alright my Molly, it's a little sooner than we expected but we knew they would all grow up someday. Bill is getting married and you can bet there will be grandchildren in the house soon after." He whispered to her.

She sniffed again and grabbed the letter, pushing it in his face. "My little girl Arthur, what has she gotten herself into?"

Arthur continued to shush her and rub his hand up and down her back as he read the letter,

Mum,

Everything Gabrielle told you is true. I am very much in love with Harry...and Hermione. I know you probably don't approve but at some point you must realize this is my life to live. I am happy, please be happy for me.

Gabrielle belongs to Harry on a level even I don't understand. She claims to be his slave and she will not be going anywhere even if Harry chose me over Hermione, which I hope he never does, I would still have to share him. Mum I know it isn't normal, but Harry has never been normal.

He was abused growing up, just like a Malfoy House Elf. They never showed him real love; He was just learning to love Sirius when he was taken away. Mione and I asked Harry to date any witch that was willing in order to learn all he could about love, our wish is that he will choose us once he knows what true love is and can tell us. Until then we will share him or leave him alone as the situation calls for.

Please, be happy for me, for us. I haven't been a little girl since my first year. I am just finally acting grown up.



I Love you very much,

Ginny

Arthur's eyes went wide as everything clicked into place. He really didn't know how to act towards the boy he considered a son now. From what he could tell Harry was acting with the utmost respect toward all of the girls, even the one who claimed to be his slave. How could he fault the boy for not knowing what love is?

And his little girl, who said she was in love with another girl as well as Harry. He wanted his firefly to be happy no matter who the person was. If she could find twice as many people to love as normal then he wished her that much more happiness.

"Molly please look at me?" She pulled away and looked up at him. "Now Ginny is indeed almost grown, if she can find love from more than one person, then I wish her all the happiness that love can bring. And Harry will always be our son whether he is with her or not. Now do you want to hear my good news?"

Molly stared at him for a moment before nodding. "I was made Department Head today. A new department Amelia created under advice from Rufus Scrimgeour. The Department for Detection and Confiscation of Counterfeit Defensive Spells and Protective Objects. There is a pay increase, and they have offered me time off for a well deserved vacation."

She hugged him excitedly. Sirius' will had solved their money troubles but she was still excited as ever for him. "Arthur oh what wonderful news! The name is a bit long...but no mind. We need to have a family Dinner! Let me go and Floo the boys, oh and I will just have to pop over to the...The um..." She could not remember where Hermione lived. "Well were Ginny is and get her as well."

He pulled her back onto his lap. "Mollywobbles your not getting out of this that easily. Are you certain you are going to be okay now? I think we should take our vacation and to visit Charlie. Maybe go to Paris just the two of us, we never did get to go like we planned because Bill came along."

She teared up again. "I'm going to be fine Arthur, it's just a shock losing both Ron and Ginny at the same time."

"I know dear, now why don't you go ahead and make your calls." He smiled at her as she busied herself once more in the kitchen and quickly poured the contents of the cup down the drain before heading upstairs to change.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

When the teens arrived they were greeted by shouts from the kitchen as Molly and Winky were arguing as usual. It was Sunday so of course Winky was up in arms. The reason for the cooking frenzy was made apparent when Arthur made his announcement at dinner later. No one had been able to think of a way to get a hold of Ginny to invite her, which made Harry smack his head for his idiocy. He had just seen her and had not asked Hermione to reveal her secret to him. He told Molly she was welcome to use Hedwig to get in touch with Ginny after dinner. He also secretly hated himself, because if he knew where the girls were, he could have brought them home with him where they belonged, at least for the evening.

Harry called Dobby and Winky and presented them with a Telly each for their rooms. Arthur was astounded but grinned like a toddler when Harry gave him his shrunken set for his bedroom. Though Harry did request that he not take it apart unless it stopped working.

In the sitting room he enlarged one of the two stereos he had purchased and plugged it in with his fingers crossed. He turned it on and was greeted by the dulcet tones of a Muggle heavy metal rock band. It was sweet music to Harry's ears, as even that garbage was more enjoyable to him than the Wizarding Wireless. Pausing to test a theory he cast a Lumos spell and immediately the radio began to crackle with static. He canceled the spell and it immediately cleared. He made a note to research, or more likely have Mione research what caused static like that. Turning off the stereo he and the girls headed up to the training room. Where he pulled out of his pocket and enlarged an entertainment cabinet he and Ron had planned for the corner of the room, as well as the Projection Screen Telly, VHS player and surround sound stereo system.

It took him quite awhile to get it all put together but finally he unshrunk the large collection of Tapes he had purchased and popped 'Star Wars: A New Hope' in before settling down on the

couch with a witch on each shoulder and Gabrielle on the floor between his legs. He called for Winky to bring them popcorn and Butterbeer and they watched two more movies before bath time.

Once they were all thoroughly clean Susan dragged him to the bed, and just as usually happened she blushed very prettily once she realized what she was about to do. But she soldiered on.

She pushed Harry to the middle of the bed in his usual spot and crawled up onto his lap straddling his hips. She could feel his cock pressed against the length of her slit as she leaned in to kiss him softly. "I Love you Harry, will you make love to me?" She asked.

Harry was speechless. "Are you begging me?" He asked her back and she shook her head making her auburn hair fan out a bit.

"No but I thought it was worth asking." She grinned at him before rocking against his erection causing him to suck in a breath. "If you are absolutely certain you are not in love with me, then I guess you just can't have me yet." He growled at her and he turned them over.

"I seem to remember a request to taste you properly." He whispered in her ear causing goose bumps to run down her arms. He kissed her slowly and made his way down her body with her nearly Cumming just from the attention he lavished on her breasts and nipples. Finally he was between her legs staring into her pink folds. He kissed all the way around her never touching pink. Causing her to growl with frustration. He then moved down to her knee and slowly kissed his way back up the inside of her thigh.

Susan was quivering in anticipation as he reached her pelvis and dragged his tongue across the skin between her pussy and her back door making her buck trying to get his tongue to go in either direction. He noted her reaction but said nothing as he kissed his way back down to her other knee.

Finally he came back up to her entrance and gently licked her clit. She came hard with her legs shaking around his head screaming his name as fluid gushed from her. He tasted her properly as she had requested and was not disappointed. He worked two fingers into her entrance and began rubbing her G-spot as he licked her clit she came two more times before he let her calm down a bit.

Remembering her reaction to his tongue, he used her cum and made circles around her anus causing her to jump and look at him. He looked back bit scared at first, until their eyes met and her breathing sped up before nodding and laying back down. He slowly inserted his pinky, just a bit at a time. As he continued to work her with his other fingers and his tongue. She was flexing around his finger but he couldn't tell if she was trying to suck him deeper or force him out. Finally he had his pinky in up to the second knuckle and began sliding it back and force like a tiny penis.

She came loud and hard once more before she passed out. Not taking any chances he got up and washed his hands in the bathroom. She had awoken by the time he made it back to the bed.

"Enjoy that did you?" He asked her and she blushed.

"That was one of the things I needed Hannah here to get me to admit. Harry I want to keep playing, and eventually take you inside me. Will you do that for me?"

He was suddenly flooded with memories of the morning with Gabrielle. "But.." He began but she cut him off as she pulled him onto the bed.

"You will not be breaking my Hymen, that precious gift you go on about. But I need to feel you inside me Harry." She kissed him and then slid down his body to take his cock into her mouth.

She could only get a bit more than the head into her mouth, but her hands more than made up for it as she slowly brought him towards an orgasm. She could tell he was getting close when she backed off. "Will you do that for me Harry? I'm not saying tonight, but when we are together I would like you to try a little bit more each time." He nodded, agreeing to anything to get her to finish him.

Grinning she pumped him hard as her soft tongue swirled around his head until finally he came into her mouth. She lost a bit down his shaft, but claimed the excess quickly with her fingers before climbing back onto his lap. She then reached behind her and spread his cum onto her back door for lubrication and placed him against it.

He looked up at her a bit scared and did not move, but he also did not make any move to stop her. She sat back as she grasped his

cock between her legs and he felt her give way just a bit before she hissed in pain. She didn't remove him though. She took a deep breath and pressed him in a bit farther until the crown of his manhood was halfway through her entrance before she collapsed onto his chest, popping him out. She panted as she spoke. "That...was incredibly hot...I want it so bad...but it hurts. " She told him as she lay there.

"If it hurts why do it?" He asked.

"It hurts in a good way, your finger was amazing. After the pain goes away it is the most intense feeling, and gives me the most intense orgasm." She commented. He pondered the statement for a moment.

"Wait, how do you know all this if that was your first time?" He wasn't accusing her of anything, he was just curious.

"Hannah and I experimented a bit last summer with fingers. She was able to get two inside me before I couldn't take it anymore. I got three inside her. She wants to try it as well Harry. Will you try it even if you can't tell us you love us?" He thought about it for a moment and nodded. "I am actually losing my inhibitions. Hermione called it a little piece of skin that's in the way of a whole world of pleasure and I have to agree. But I am not going to push." He admitted to her and she silently screamed for joy in her head.

"Why don't we see what happens when Hannah comes over again? For now I am perfectly content." She whispered as she burrowed into his shoulder and rolled to his side to cuddle. He pulled her closer and whispered back.

"Does it make a difference that I wish I could tell you honestly that I love you?"

She tried not to cry, "It makes all the difference Harry. I love you, Good night." She kissed him and lay down to sleep.

## Chapter 32: License and Registration

The next day Harry woke up as usual between two witches, Gabrielle seemed to sense that he was alert as she soon rolled to face him. "Good Morning Master."

"Morning Pet." He smiled at her and kissed her softly, before long she had rolled over and sheathed him inside her. He was beginning to get used to this kind of wake-up and worried that he would go into withdrawals once they returned to school. Gabrielle was starting to make it a bit routine however; he much preferred making love to getting shagged, even if he couldn't say the words. He decided he needed to talk to her about that some time soon. Not now though, right now he was enjoying her ministrations.

After the normal morning routine of showering separately the three headed down to breakfast. They stopped off on the second floor and picked up a very sleepy Tonks before heading down to the Kitchen. They talked during the meal and Susan had elected to accompany him to the Ministry for the testing, and then drop in on her Aunt Amelia for a visit once he was done. Soon Tonks had enough coffee in her to wake up and they were out in the back where she set up a test area similar to the one the Ministry would be using.

"Right then you two, the first test is to walk into one room and Apparate into the other room across the hall. You do get a chance to see the room through a window first." That said she pointed at the two boxes, one with a window that allowed them to see a chair inside the room.

"Now just go into this box and Apparate into the other one." She crossed her arms and waited.

Harry went first; they had not practiced Apparating through anything yet so this was a first. But he figured it couldn't be all that different. He looked through the window and got a good mental image before stepping into the other box. He closed his eyes and concentrated before stepping through the tube into the other box with almost no sound.

"That was amazing Harry!" Tonks exclaimed. He just grinned and shrugged. Susan Apparated to the other side of the box on her first try but was able to get it on her second try. Harry pulled her back

against his chest and wrapped his arms around her. And they both looked to Tonks for the next part of the test.

"Right this time when you look in the window you will see that there is a target painted on one wall. Your job is to enter that box over there facing the target, and wind up in the other box facing in the opposite direction towards that target. Got it?" Harry nodded and was able to pull it off flawlessly on the first try, nearly silent as well which still stunned the Metamorph.

Susan got it again on the second try, Tonks told her not to worry; she responded that Harry had 'Super Magic' on his side so she didn't feel bad at all.

"Right, this time you see that chair?" They both nodded. "You are to Apparate in, sitting in that chair. This one screws a lot of folks up because they end up splinched into the chair. Susan can tell you it's uncomfortable but not painful so don't worry about it. Just do it." She told them.

Harry actually needed two tries to get it right. The first time he was standing on the chair. Susan took a full five tries before she was able to change positions to sitting when she rematerialized. That got Harry thinking about exactly what was going on during an Apparation anyway. He seemed to be adding to his long list of things to research.

"Alright, the final test is a long distance Apparation. They give you a Portkey that has a tracer on it which records the coordinates where you end up. I happen to have one right here thanks to your connections." She said with a wink. "If you can't make it back for some reason the Portkey is timed, they can use the coordinates to go pick up any splinched pieces. Now who wants to go first?"

Harry decided to go for it. "Now what happens if I end up in the middle of the ocean?" He asked and she just grinned.

"That's why the international Portkey. But I wouldn't worry; if I were you I would think east instead of west. Now get to it." Harry gathered his magic and just concentrated on traveling as far as it would take him. He stepped and when he opened his eyes he had moved about three feet.

"What the?" he asked.

"I don't know Harry, let me see that Portkey." She waved her wand over it a few times, getting more and more confused. "Alright, explain to me how the coordinates say you moved three feet, but the tracer says you traveled over 40,000Km?"

Susan gasped as it hit her. "No freaking way!"

They both turned to her and in unison asked, "What?"

"Tonks, the circumference of the Earth is just over 40,000 Kilometers." She said quietly. Tonks took a minute before she turned to stare at Harry.

"You mean to tell me the reason he looked like he traveled three feet, is because he traveled exactly all the way around the world plus three feet?" She nearly screeched.

Susan shrugged, "I don't know, but it is the only explanation that makes sense."

Tonks looked back to Harry. "Have you ever seen a picture of Ayers Rock?"

He nodded, "That great big mountain in the middle of nowhere Australia?"

"Yeah, I want you to picture yourself standing at the point whatever picture you're thinking of was taken. Pretend you are standing in Australia looking at Ayers Rock. Now go." She said handing him back the Portkey.

Harry concentrated and stepped and was suddenly very cold. He opened his eyes and gazed upon the amazing sight of Ayers Rock. Before he had time to properly process what had happened he felt the tug behind his navel and was ripped back to London where he landed in a heap. He groaned as he stood back up. "You know, I much prefer Apparation to Portkeys any day."

Tonks didn't even check him over as she grabbed the Portkey off the ground and ran the diagnostic. "No Freakin Way!" The



coordinate confirmed it. Harry Potter could Apparate anywhere in the world.

"So yeah, what is the normal Apparation license set at?" Harry asked.

"Harry, most witches and wizards can barely make it a few hundred kilometers per hop. And can only do multiple Apparations about ten times before they are exhausted." Tonks said.

"Um, well what is the highest license they offer?" He asked fishing.

"The highest I have heard of was a 500km for someone who could make it that far. Why?" She asked.

"Because I see no reason to advertise my freakishness. Lets get an atlas and pick me a spot to Apparate to during my test." Tonks' eyes lit up at his planning and she nodded turning toward the house. "Nym wait! Susie it's your turn."

Susan made it 200 kilometers, still putting her at the high average. She only wished she could join him for testing today, but was happy she was allowed to use it in emergencies.

Harry asked Dobby to bring him an atlas and decided on Berlin, Germany. A sudden thought struck him. "Dobby? Where is the library in this place anyway?"

"The Black family is keeping it's books in the dungeo...er in the basement. Dobby and Winky is cleaning it just as good as the rest of the house. Does you wants to see?" The little elf asked.

"No, thanks Dobby, it just occurred to me that I own this place, Mione owns the books, and yet I don't think either of us had actually been into the room."

"Oh yous not needing to go Harry sir. Dobby and Winky memorizes it and can tell you if a book is there or not."

"Really? So if I said, are there any books on...Apparation?" He nodded and popped away, presumably to the library and reappeared shortly carrying three books. Harry set those aside to read later.

"Dobby this is amazing, you're like a living card catalogue." The elf took the praise rather well, not even trying to hug Harry this time.

"Thank yous sir, is there anything else?"

Harry waved him off with a grin. The three of them got up and used the Floo to travel to the Ministry

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

They arrived in the Lobby and quickly had their wands weighed. Harry noted that there was much better security this time than before his trial. He assumed Amelia did not want a repeat performance of the end of June. Harry held Susan's hand and she and Tonks accompanied him to the lift down to the Department of Magical Transportation and into the offices of the Apparation Testing Center.

The three of them entered the waiting room and Harry had them sit down while he queued for a bit. Finally he made it to the window where a bored looking witch gave him the forms, which he filled out and was told to sit down and wait for his number to be called. The three of them chatted idly for ten minutes before an abnormally pale old wizard walked out holding a clipboard and called his number. Waving to his friends he followed the man into the testing area.

"My name is Willkie Twycross and I will be administering your testing today, if you will please follow me?" He said without looking up. Harry followed the man to a room on one side of the testing area where he was allowed to look in the window. He noted the location of the Chair and the target on the wall. He was then led to the other room where the man accompanied him inside.

"Right then, your first task will be to Apparate into the other room from here."

"Excuse me sir, do you think it would be possible to skip to test three? I wouldn't want to waste your time or mine." Harry said and the man looked up at him. Harry watched as his eyes went wide before glancing at the name on his clipboard.

"Oh, of course Lord Potter-Black..." As usual Harry cut him off.

"Please, just Harry or Mr. Potter." The old man nodded.

"Very well then Mr. Potter, into the other room if you please." Harry closed his eyes and quickly stepped, making sure to take enough air with him to cause a slightly louder than normal pop. He reappeared in the chair facing the target just as he was supposed to. Twycross joined him a moment later making notes on the parchment and making Harry nervous. He then walked to the corner of the room and got what Harry recognized as the testing Portkey.

"Right then Mr. Potter, this is a Portkey with a trace applied which will measure the distance you travel as well as record the coordinates of your landing. If you should happen to splinch it will return to this room in a few minutes and we can go gather your parts together. The highest license is unrestricted, however you would have to travel over 500 Kilometers to qualify. I have only met two people who earned the maximum."

"If I might ask, who were the other two people?" Harry asked, guessing at the answer.

Twycross' eyes lit up as he got to talk about two of his favorite students. "The first is Headmaster Dumbledore, the second was a about 50 years ago, a nice young man by the name of Tom Riddle. I never did hear what became of him after Hogwarts." He trailed off a bit before snapping his eyes back up to Harry. "Now Mr. Potter, whenever you feel ready please attempt to Apparate to the limit of your range."

Harry nodded and thought of the picture he had found from Berlin. Once again he let his magic fill him and stepped. When he opened his eyes he was facing the Berlin Wall and he grinned before quickly scanning the area to ensure no Muggles had seen him arrive. Then turning once more he popped back into the room behind Twycross, scaring the poor man half to death. "My Mr. Potter, well let us see what we have here." He cast the detection spell and his eyes went wide. "It says here you traveled over 900 Kilometers! Impressive, quite impressive!"

Harry just shrugged but smiled at the praise, it felt nice to be praised for something he actually did as opposed to being respected for something he had no memory of. Twycross made a few more notes on his clipboard before handing the form back to Harry.

"Congratulations Mr. Potter, you can take that to counter two outside where they will get you the license and file the paperwork, if I may say so, it has been a pleasure." He said extending his hand. Harry shook it noting he felt rather frail. He wondered for a moment if that and his coloring were the result of Apparating too much.

When he entered the lobby Susan noted the expression on his face before she met his eyes and he grinned, she then jumped into his arms and kissed him soundly. "Congratulations Harry, hardly anybody passes it on the first try!"

"What!" He exclaimed.

Tonks came up beside them, "It's true, I didn't want to freak you out. I hope you're not too upset." She had morphed her eyes to nearly twice normal size and was looking at him with doe eyes.

He turned Susan in his arms and pulled her against his chest with his arms below her breasts. Then he smiled at Tonks, "It's alright Nym, it's all over now anyway. So are you ready to go visit your Aunt?" He asked the girl in his arms who nodded with a large smile. He quickly went to the counter where he turned in his form and received his official license to Apparate. She then promptly dragged him from the room with a smiling Tonks behind them.

They once again entered the lift and headed all the way to the top floor. When the doors opened they entered at a very cushy looking waiting room. There was a receptionist doing paperwork at a desk in front of ornate double doors and hallways leading off to the left and right. Tonks walked up to the woman and spoke. "Hey Marie, the kids are here to see the boss."

The receptionist continued her paperwork as she answered. "Tonks the Minister is a very busy woman I don't think she has time for a couple of..." She trailed off as she looked up and saw Susan and quickly her eyes flicked to his forehead. "Um, I will go let her know you are here." She disappeared through the doors.

She re-emerged not long after, "Lord Potter-Black the Minister will see you now and your guests are welcome as well." She said opening the doors for them. Inside they found Amelia at her desk with paperwork up to her eyebrows. She stood quickly and came around the desk pulling Susan to her in a hug.

"Oh Susan, it feels like forever. I don't know how Fudge took off every day at four or how he ever found time for vacation, except that he was incompetent. Its no wonder were in the mess we are with underlings like Umbridge running the Ministry for him!"

"Well Auntie, Harry took me shopping for everything so you don't need to take extra time off for me." She said, and Amelia immediately took notice of the way they were standing. They were not touching overtly but Harry was standing just behind her. That combined with the lack of the Weasley girl led her to assume they had become an item.

"Harry, I don't know how to thank you. I never imagined you would take such good care of her how can I repay you?"

Harry just shrugged, "I wish I could do more, I make more in interest per day than most people make in a year, and I will never be able to spend it in my lifetime."

Her eyes lit up at his words. "Funny thing you should mention that Harry, why don't we sit down?" She asked. Harry immediately went on guard but had no reason to distrust the woman. She led them over to a soft seating area with a quad of comfy armchairs in the corner of the room. "Now Harry, you are not going to like some of what I am about to tell you, but please hear me out, can you do that?" He simply nodded.

"Harry the Ministry does not collect much in the way of taxes, just enough to run the departments. The problem is Fudge mismanaged so much of our money that we don't have any left to execute a war. In the past wealthy individuals have been known to make bequests to the Ministry for certain programs." Harry's mood immediately darkened.

"You mean like certain 'Imperiused' Death Eaters?" He asked quietly.

"Yes Harry, you can rest assured I will not be accepting any bribes to let people off for crimes. But the Auror program is underfunded at the moment and in no shape to fight this war. The hit wizards are nearly non-existent. I would like to request funds from you to properly outfit them once again and raise our recruitment. The last

Auror class to leave the academy was only 15 cadets. That didn't even cover our losses from death and retirement this year."

Harry's face darkened to match his mood, but he glanced over to Susan who nodded and he sighed. "Alright, but here are other things that Department can be doing as well. I want promises that response times are going to come down, and I think the Ministry should provide an Emergency Portkey for every wizarding home, including Muggleborn children."

Amelia had produced a Muggle notebook and biro from somewhere and was making quick notes. "Alright Harry, those are reasonable requests, I will make sure to pass them on to Scrimgeour. Anything else you would like to request?" He thought for a moment.

"I want Remus Lupin appointed as Werewolf Liaison and for you to work with him to change the Anti-Werewolf laws to be more humane. Right now all of these people cannot find work in the UK and are almost forced to join Voldemort. I also think we should provide Wolfsbane potion free of charge; most of them can't afford it. I do agree there needs to be some kind of tracking, perhaps require them to report to the Ministry for the full moon where they can be locked in a holding cell, only for the duration and they will be treated with respect, not like animals."

She continued to write everything down and then looked up. "That last part is going to be tricky Harry, there are an awful lot of bigots on the Wizengamot. You might need to take up your seat and do some dealing in the background." He looked up at that.

"Wait, I have a seat on the Wizengamot?"

She nodded and smiled at him, "Actually you have two. Dedalus Diggle currently holds the Potter seat in trust until you turn seventeen. The Black seat has been vacant since before your godfather went to prison. Due to your unusual circumstances you are able to sit claim that seat now."

Harry pondered it for a moment before nodding, "Speaking of the Wizengamot, when is your confirmation?"

"The next full meeting of the Wizengamot is on the 30th. Thank you for your vote?" He smiled and nodded. "We can get to work on this

right away. Shall I let you know the requested amount once we have a budget?" She asked him.

"I suppose that works, and if you must you can include Remus' salary though don't tell him that." He grinned.

She stood and they quickly followed. "Susan I would like you to join me for the last week before school at the Ministers Mansion. It should be fine being the fourth safest place in the UK." Harry looked up at that?

"Fourth?"

She nodded and began counting off, "Gringotts is the safest, I consider the House of Black to be number two, and there is a rumor about a house in a Muggle neighborhood that received every ward Gringotts could throw at it." She said the last with a significant look in his direction. "Unfortunately we are unable to find the house, or even remember who lived there. I do find it interesting that Hermione Granger's magical signature was recorded in the area." Harry just grinned at her.

"That makes the Ministers home the fourth safest place in the country. I used to think Hogwarts was at the top of the list as well but after the past few years it is nowhere near as safe as I once thought. Well you two should be off, just promise me you are being safe?" She said the last throwing a look to her niece who blushed confirming her suspicions.

"Of course Auntie." She said shyly, Harry finally caught the double meaning and blushed as well. "Right then I will see you soon Susan." She gave the girl another hug and shook Harry's hand.

They made their way back down to the Lobby and to the Apparation point. Tonks took Susan side-along and Harry disappeared with hardly a sound. Making his first legal Apparation with a large grin on his face.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Ron was sitting at his desk staring at paint samples, but that was the farthest thing from his mind. Luna had been slowly working on his attitude toward Harry. He had no idea why he would let her talk to

him the way she did sometimes. In the end he got a handjob so he would listen to anything she wanted to say. It had actually started to sink in a bit but he just couldn't get past the git stealing Hermione from him.

Luna entered without knocking and as soon as Ron saw her he walked over to the bed removing his shirt and dropping both his trousers and his boxers. Luna had been getting better each time, but it was more like a business arrangement than sex. He was beginning to get frustrated that she did not want to explore the other procedures she had mentioned before.

Luna pushed him back onto the bed and wrapped him in her small hand and began pumping him slowly before speaking to him. "Now Ronald, you have been doing well but I know you are still being a git deep down. We need to do something about that." Ron just grunted in response.

She paused and waited for him to meet her eyes before she continued. "Good now that I have your full attention we can continue. Ronald, do you realize you are getting more play from girls by simply being in Harry's vicinity than you would normally? He is going to be dating most of the girls at Hogwarts this year and you need to understand. Jealousy is not an attractive trait." He grunted again but kept eye contact.

"Now you chose not to do Occlumency and you treated Hermione like meat instead of like a person. I actually fancied you as well but you were not very nice to me. We both much prefer Harry but I am willing to possibly give you a chance if you can show me that you have changed. Do you understand?" She stopped her movement once again getting a groan from him.

"You mean you actually want to date me this year?" Ron asked and she began pumping slowly again.

"If you are a good boy I might. But I need you to promise to stop being jealous and accept that it was your own fault you lost Hermione. Do you think you can do that?" She asked as she continued to pump. His hips bucked a bit as his orgasm began to approach and he didn't answer. Suddenly her other hand grasped his balls and squeezed just hard enough to get his attention. He was



close to orgasm but his body was trying to retreat from the threat to its most important parts.

"Okay!" He nearly screamed. And she released his testicles as she began slowly pumping him again.

"You are going to apologize to Harry, even if he shags every girl at Hogwarts including Hermione, your sister and I, you are not going to be jealous, instead you are going to slap him on the back and support him like a true friend should. He has a valid reason for dating half of the school this year." He just nodded in response as he came close to orgasm once more.

She stopped and squeezed him member hard causing his eyes to shoot open. "So you are no longer going to get angry with him for doing what he must to defeat Voldemort?" Ron nodded and she began stroking once more, his balls were beginning to ache from holding off his orgasm for so long. "And you are not going to say anything to him no matter who he dates, even if it is your sister. Even if it is me?" Ron nodded again getting close once more.

"To summarize, you are going to support Harry no matter what, even if I do not date you, even if I fall in love with him. Even if he falls in love with Hermione and Ginny?" He nodded again but she slowed down causing him to groan in frustration. "And you are going to apologize and be the friend he needs you to be?" He nodded again as she picked up the pace, his hips bucking again.

She then squeezed the head of his cock preventing his imminent eruption. "Do you swear?"

"Yes I swear!" He said through gritted teeth.

"On your magic?"

He was so far gone he didn't care as long as she would let him orgasm. "I swear on my magic, So Mote It Be!"

She began pumping him rapidly until finally he came. Ribbons of cum flew at least a foot into the air and fell onto his chest and face looking like a fountain. Luna nodded as he lay panting from his largest orgasm ever. She got up and washed her hands before drinking two glasses of water. She exited the bathroom holding a

hand to her head trying to stave off the migraine headache she could feel coming on. As she pulled his door shut behind her she whispered back to him. "So Mote It Be!"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

When Harry, Susan, and Tonks arrived back in the garden they made their way into the kitchen where they found Luna holding her head in her hands and nursing a nasty looking concoction with a lemon slice on the side of the goblet. He quickly walked behind her and replaced her hands with his, lightly rubbing her temples.

"Rough day Lu?" He asked.

"You could say that." She replied as she downed the rest of the potion, not making any face to indicate that it tasted as bad as it looked. "I had a talk with Ronald, he should stop being a jealous git now. If not I suppose we could throw him to the Gnarlbeast in the basement."

Harry smiled as he pulled her into a hug. "Right now I'm still leaning toward the basement...What's a Gnarlbeast anyway?"

Tonks looked back and forth between them as if Harry was getting imbalanced simply due to his proximity.

"Oh, Gnarlbeasts are what Rats could become in a few millennia, I suppose that isn't very helpful right now is it?" She asked him.

"I don't know, I think throwing him to the Rats sounds pretty good too." He said kissing her on the cheek. Tonks looked back and forth between them before walking out of the kitchen saying something about crazy bugs.

Luna called out to her as she walked away, "Oh you don't have to worry about Crazy Bugs Nymph they're hibernating right now. They only come out in the fall." They didn't hear all of her reply but Harry thought he recognized the Thwack sound against the wall before she stomped up the stairs.

"Well Susie I think we can do some work before lunch, are you going to work on your Occlumency?" She nodded with a smile. "And what about you Lu?"

"Actually Harry it is getting to be too much concentrating all the time, and my job here is done anyway. I really need to get home in case Daddy gets lost and can't find himself. He usually leaves me a note." She kissed his cheek before stepping into the fireplace and disappearing. Harry just stared at it until he felt the smile on his face that only Luna could put there.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

At dinner that night Molly was not happy to find that Luna was no longer with them. But looking down the table she was glad to see that Ron was talking with Harry and the girls once again.

Ron was holding a whispered conversation with Harry. "Look mate, Luna got me to realize I've been quite the git. You offered me every chance to learn with you and I just pissed it away. I lost Hermione you didn't take her. I'm not gonna say anything even if you date half of Hogwarts this year, I'm just gonna enjoy the show."

Harry didn't know what to think of his sudden change in attitude, he was afraid it was some sort of trap. "Look Ron, I really feel something for both Ginny and Hermione but I have an honest reason that I have to learn how to love. Gin and Mione know that and are basically forcing me to date all these witches. That doesn't mean they aren't special to me."

Ron nodded, "Like I said mate, I'm your cheering section. I trust you not to hurt either of them."

Harry was quiet for a while before he spoke again, "I just can't do it again Ron, I can't take another betrayal."

Ron sobered quickly at the word and realized just how awful his actions had been in the past. "I can't apologize enough for fourth year Harry, and this was just icing on the cake. Can you forgive me?"

Harry though for another long moment before smiling and holding out his hand. Ron took it and Harry asked, "Brothers again?"

They both repeated the phrase from earlier in Unison. "Not if you're shagging my sister!" and just like that Harry's world was alright again

for a small amount of time, as far as he knew entirely thanks to Luna. That is until he began thinking about the aforementioned sister.

"Hey isn't Ginny's birthday in like a week?" Harry asked.

Ron looked at him sheepishly. "Uh yeah, I forgot all about it, good on you mate."

"I think we need another party!" Harry said as he began thinking up ways to get his witches back home where they belonged.

After dinner he approached Molly who was extremely excited about the idea. He realized just how much she loved planning and organizing, and wondered how she was holding up with all of her children gone. He told her she was welcome to use Hedwig to get in contact with the Grangers to set up the surprise.

The rest of the night was spent on the couch watching his new favorite movie 'Return of the Jedi' with a witch on each arm and Ron on the other couch. He took an immediate liking to the Telly and Harry almost feared giving him the set he had purchased for his room. He may have just gotten his friend back only to lose him to TV land.

Eventually the girls dragged him off for bath time and bed. Susan joined them for bed and was content just to watch the show while Harry took care of her needs much like in the morning. He did work two fingers into her other opening at one point giving her a huge orgasm but much to her disappointment they did not repeat the shower scene. She once again reminded herself to ask Gabrielle about that potion, she knew Hannah would be interested as well. When they finally drifted off to sleep Susan dreamed of the next time Hannah was coming over.

## Chapter 34: Spelunking

Susan awoke alone in her bed smiling; she had left Harry and Gabrielle alone the night before after sharing Harry's bed for three of the last four nights and simply enjoying the show and the company. But today was Friday, or more specifically, today was the day Hannah came to visit again. She got out of bed and brushed her hair and her teeth before sneaking into Harry's room where she found Gabrielle already beneath Harry. He was moving slowly inside her and whispering in her ear, and she appeared to be in Heaven. Susan decided not to interrupt and simply stood watching as Harry made love to the girl.

He may not be able to say the words, but his actions proved his feelings for them. Susan was almost ready to beg, they had been getting closer, and she had actually spent more time as Harry's girlfriend than either Gin or Mione. Maybe with Hannah's help she could take at least a step in that direction tonight. She had begun taking the potion Gabrielle supplied, and had owed the ingredients and the name of the potion to Hannah a few days before. Hannah had loved the idea, as the yuck factor was really the only reason they had stopped exploring that avenue of pleasure with one another.

Gabrielle came a final time along with Harry, she had her teeth in his shoulder as she attempted to muffle her screams of pleasure and then she dropped back to the mattress pulling him with her. There were tears in her eyes as she stared up at him in awe and affection. Harry whispered something to her and she glanced toward the passageway where her eyes met Susan's. She smiled before whispering back to Harry who turned and locked eyes with her.

He kissed the witch beneath him deeply for a few seconds before he stood and walked toward Susan. Her heartbeat sped up again and her breathing was getting short. She couldn't understand why after all the times this had happened he could still make her feel like this. "Good Morning Susie, Gabby was supposed to be quiet so as not to wake you. I guess it didn't work." He said as he finally reached her and pulled her into a passionate good morning kiss. She felt his member stiffen once more as it brushed against her pubic hair.

"I woke up on my own, I think this is proof that she did her best to let me sleep." She said with a smile as she pointed to the bite mark on

his shoulder. He looked down and then over to the bed with a menacing smile. Gabrielle suddenly looked like a puppy that knew she wasn't supposed to chew on shoes but did it anyway.

"Pet? You seem to have left a mark." Harry whispered but he was smiling.

"Have I been a bad girl Master?" She asked him quietly, her tone was very submissive, but the smile on her face gave her away.

"Oui my Pet, I think you need to be punished." He said as he took Susan's hand and pulled her with him over to the bed.

Susan's breath caught, last time Harry had punished her had ended with him bugging her in the shower. Why was he bringing her with him?

"Susan, would you like to help me punish my Pet?" He asked turning to her.

"What? How will I do that?" She said motioning toward her own feminine form; she smiled a bit as his eyes stopped at least three times before catching up with her hands.

"Well," He whispered as he rolled Gabrielle onto her stomach and then pulled up slightly on her hips so that she got the message, rising up to her knees and exposing her rear end to them both. "I thought," he got up and moved behind Susan before wrapping his arms around her, one hand brushing lightly against her mound. "That you could abuse her for me, while I do something like this." He whispered the last as he dipped his fingers into her folds causing her to shudder in pleasure. She only nodded as she ran her hand over the girl's backside.

She had been in the bed while the girl was involved with Harry, and the girl had gotten her off with her nose during that first party game. But since then she had not actually had any overt sexual contact with her. For some reason she felt almost as if she were cheating on Hannah, but Harry wanted her to do this, and she knew this would happen eventually. She was actually excited beyond words to get her fingers inside the perfect girl.

Harry began making lazy circles in Susan's folds, lightly brushing her clit but generally just giving small amounts of pleasure. Meanwhile she ran her hands down Gabrielle's bottom and up the insides of her thighs. She then tentatively touched that perfectly pink perfectly bald pussy for the first time and she moaned along with Gabrielle as she sank three fingers into her sloppy entrance.

Harry's cum had begun slowly leaking from her and Susan used it to lubricate what she knew the girl wanted. She pulled her now soaked and slick fingers from the girl's folds and up to her puckered and perfectly colored rear entrance. The girl moaned as Susan began rubbing the mixture of juices in circle around her anus to help loosen her up a bit. As she sank the first finger into her surprisingly receptive hole, Gabrielle let out a long moan. She was soon joined by Susan as Harry began rubbing her clit in tighter circles. She glanced over her shoulder to find his eyes locked on what she was doing with her fingers and she could feel his erection pressed against her bum.

She bent forward slightly and reached behind her with her other hand and placed him against her own back door. She knew they would never achieve any sort of penetration from this angle, but she enjoyed the thrill of knowing his cock was aimed at her most private of places. She joined another finger with the first inside Gabrielle's eager hole and rubbed Harry's cock against her own as he sped up his pace. Her own orgasm was approaching fast. Gabrielle still seemed to be waiting for something. So taking a chance she joined a third finger with the other two and began moving them in and out of her passage rapidly.

Gabrielle finally came all of a sudden with a strangled cry before she collapsed onto the pillow, passed out. Susan withdrew her still slick fingers and reached behind her to lubricate her own back door before leaning forward and looking over her shoulder. She caught Harry's eye and nodded before burying her face in the blankets.

Harry knew what she wanted, but he was still afraid to hurt her. So he spit on his fingers and tried adding a bit more lubrication to what was already slicking her entrance. He then slowly worked his middle finger inside her. Susan was on the edge of orgasm the entire time and was moaning appreciatively for his efforts. He joined the first finger with a second and she winced a bit in pain.

He stopped all movement until she nodded again and he slowly worked both fingers all the way inside her until she was shuddering in pleasure instead of pain. With his free hand he grasped his cock and ran it against her extremely wet slit, and brought just the head of his cock up to her main entrance where he sank until he felt resistance, getting a groan from Susan at the same time as he gathered more lubrication for what he was going to try next.

He withdrew his fingers and placed his cock against her back door. He worked himself in a slow circle trying to loosen her up a bit and so far she was moaning in pleasure. So he tried to push just a little farther. She hissed and he almost stopped but she called to him. "No Harry, Please just keep going."

He pushed a bit more and felt her slowly giving way around the head of his member. Suddenly it felt almost like a pop as his entire head entered her and her entrance closed around his shaft. She moaned and hissed at the same time and reached back placing a hand up in the air. She continued to take deep breaths but finally she spoke. "Okay okay okay..." She whispered as she pulled forward forcing him out of her. She then fell flat on the bed breathing heavily.

"Are you alright Susie?" He asked her.

She nodded without looking up. "It's a bit sore but I'm proud of myself, I actually got you all the way in. I think that was the worst part, once you're in it will get better, I just couldn't take it any longer." She said as she pushed herself up still breathing heavily. She turned and kissed him deeply before pulling back. "Thank you Harry, I don't think I could ever trust another man to try this." She said with emotion filled eyes, then kissed him once more quickly before turning away. "Now I need to use the loo and I think we all need a shower." Gabrielle moaned as she woke.

"Come on Pet, you and I need a shower and we can leave Harry alone." Gabrielle jumped up off the bed and followed behind Susan quickly with a grin."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

It turned out at breakfast that Fleur had been given the day off, and wished to spend it with her sister who she had hardly seen all summer. So the two made plans to go for a Spa day in London,



which Harry offered to pick up the tab for earning him a kiss from Fleur. Gabrielle had seemed torn until Harry had ordered her to go along and have a good time. Once she had her Masters permission she was more than excited to go and raced up the stairs to change her clothes.

Ron hadn't said much of anything throughout the whole meal, but that was actually normal considering he spent the whole time looking at his plate and refilling it with food once he emptied it halfway. Molly was nowhere to be found and Harry was a bit worried about her, he decided he needed to find a project for her.

Finally he and Susan were alone in the kitchen, she had just stood and straddled his lap, kissing him quite soundly when a tired looking Tonks arrived and sat down.

"Wotcher you two." She said slightly subdued.

"Morning Nym, you don't look like you slept well." Harry commented. In fact he noticed that her hair was a mousy brown this morning and her eyes actually had bags beneath them. He had never seen her look more normal and it disturbed him.

"I just didn't sleep well, don't worry about it kiddo." She said as she tucked into the plate Winky set before her.

That worried him even more. The normally bodacious and lively girl was looking decidedly depressed, he reached out and touched her hand, catching a memory of grey hair before he turned his Legilimency off. "Hey Tonks, you know you can talk to us, to me right?"

She nodded but got up quickly taking her glass of juice with her. "Thanks Harry, but it'll be alright. Look me up later if you want to practice some of that tricky Apparation stuff." She said as she headed back up the hallway to the stairs.

"I wonder what's going on with her?" Susan asked.

"I didn't mean to but I got a flash of grey hair, so whatever it is its either Dumbledore or Moony, maybe both?" He half stated.

"I hope she's ok."

"She will be, I'll make sure to talk to her later, maybe I can get it out of her." Harry said. They then headed upstairs where they split up. Susan was not pickup up Occlumency like Ginny and Hermione had. Neither of them were sure what the difference was but Harry proposed that Mione had a naturally organized mind anyway and Gin may have picked something up while possessed by Tom Riddle for long periods of time. Harry knew that his own success was partly due to being a natural and partly due to being imbalanced. He still didn't think he was completely sane, but Luna handled it well enough so he didn't worry about it.

Harry had made great strides in the last few days, one less witch to distract him, as well as the feud with Ron being over left him time to make it all the way through his school books. He was now able to perform nearly every spell he knew nonverbally. Today he was starting on casting verbally again, trying to understand the difference in power level between the two methods.

He entered the training room, which Dobby had taken to placing in Dueling mode after they went to bed. Knowing his Master would just want it changed back the next day. So he now stood alone in the room and began once again with a Lumos. He cast it first nonverbally receiving the normal, medium intensity globe of light from the tip of the wand. He felt very proud that he could cast all his spells nonverbally, but he knew that for teaching purposes, not to mention to keep everyone from knowing his real capabilities, he needed to be able to at least cast spells verbally in class the first few times.

With a whispered 'Nox' he cancelled the spell; he tried to think through the differences. Closing his eyes he sank halfway into himself and then said the charm aloud. Even with his eyes closed he could see the intensity of the light. He felt for his magic the way he did during Apparation and found the flow that was headed into his wand. Slowly he pulled back until the light dimmed and spots were dancing behind his eyelids. He opened one eye cautiously and found a slightly brighter than normal light shining from the tip of his wand. Pausing for only a moment he quickly found that same link to his magic and slowly increased the power watching as the light intensified before him. He cancelled the spell and considered the results of his experiment.

So he was able to consciously control the amount of magic going into his spells. But what he needed was the ability to regulate it automatically. He closed his eyes and sank all the way into his center and sat down in the armchair in his study. He walked outside and decided he needed a representation of his power, even if it was true that his entire mindscape was representative of his magic, he needed something more tangible if he was going to gain control. So his little town got a power plant.

He imagined it as a nuclear style plant; it didn't burn anything as the power came from a constant source. After trying to remember anything about how power plants actually worked he gave up. He didn't need to use the heat to create steam to turn the turbines...that was too complicated for his purposes. Starting over he imagined it more like a flow control, the power he normally needed to function was a trickle running into power lines which he imagined running off into the distance spreading through his body. He then created a control valve of sorts, and connected himself mentally to it much the same way as he did to his wards in here and at the House of Black.

Backing himself out of his mind and to the real world he felt for that connection and grasped it consciously. He then waved his wand and cast another Lumos, which glowed, rather dimly at the end of his wand. He turned the power up a bit at a time until it was slightly brighter than normal and had a nice even glow. He decided that this would be as good of a baseline for his other spells as any. Cancelling the spell he stood up and attempted to summon a pillow from his room.

The pillow floated from his room slightly quicker than normal but definitely at a manageable speed. He grinned almost evilly before he remembered he still had work to do. Now that he could cast verbally again he needed to find out what level he needed in order to cast nonverbally. He sank back into his center and set a permanent control lock for normal casting. That way he could just 'flip a switch' so to speak and be back to normal.

He brought himself out and tried to cast his Lumos nonverbally and nothing happened. Grabbing onto the power once more he increased the power in increments but was still not able to cast successfully. Growling he released the locks all together and tried again nearly blinding himself once again. Apparently now that he was able to control the level he had to relearn how to cast his spells

nonverbally once more. He quickly cancelled the spell and fell onto his back placing his hands over his eyes and pressing down, trying to stop the sudden headache that had formed.

Susan walked out and found him in the middle of the room flat on his back and became concerned. "Harry?" She ventured.

He didn't look up but he did answer, "Hey Susie."

"What seems to be the problem now?"

"I can cast verbally again..." He said.

"But?"

"But now I get to learn how to cast nonverbally all over again. I can control the power I use but I have to tune it, and so far it is either normal or full blast. My nonverbal spells are actually more powerful than my verbal's were before I started." She nodded.

"Well, at least you know you're making progress, I feel like I am stuck."

He sat up and she offered him a hand up which he took gratefully. "Would you like me to test your shields again?" He asked as he pulled her into a hug. He had been testing her shields for a few days now but had not been satisfied yet. She nodded and he pulled away, trying to give her the normal advantages. He looked her in the eye and found a noticeable difference from the last time and told her so.

"Actually they look much better than last time, they aren't there yet but I think you will be ready soon. Then we can work on you throwing me out once you know I am there. It will actually be good training for me as well because normally you wouldn't even know I am reading you."

She nodded and smiled up at him, "Does this mean I get to know the super-secret secret soon?"

He grinned back at her, "I suppose it does, I just hope you take it as well as Mione and Gin did."

"Nothing you could say or do short of replacing Voldemort will make me stop loving you." She said quietly before kissing him. He pulled her closer, and deepened the kiss; he felt almost like he was trying to pull her inside himself, he just wasn't close enough to show her how much he felt for her. Finally he pulled away and noted the extremely glazed look in her eyes along with the dopey smile.

"Susie?" He asked her quietly.

"Hmmm?" She said eloquently.

"Uh, so if you're out here does that mean I have been at this a lot longer than I thought?"

Finally her eyes cleared and she looked up at him. "Oh, yeah I heard the clock chime eleven and thought you might want to go get lunch?" She asked.

He nodded just as his stomach growled and they both laughed, she then leaned into his ear and whispered, "Plus I need to go get Hannah soon." His breath caught. Hannah had not been back since that night and he found himself really looking forward to seeing her again. Plus Susan kept hinting at things she simply couldn't bring herself to do without her girlfriend present and the different thoughts running through his head were almost as good as the real thing.

She smiled and turned toward the main stairs, "You coming now?"

"Hopefully later actually." He shot back and got a blush for his trouble. Causing him to smile as he caught her hand and they walked down the stairs and into the kitchen.

Ron sat at the table with an interior design book and some color samples. He looked up when they entered the room. "Oh, hey you two. Uh Harry I'm actually just about done with this place. All that are left are the rooms on the second floor. Any preference?"

Harry thought about it. "Well those are the slightly unwanted guest quarters, Tonks excluded, so I would say boring but livable like a motel room." At Ron's blank look Harry sighed. "Muggles pull off the motorway into a little place with rooms on the side of the road, Motor Hotel, Motel. They can stay a couple days if they want but the rooms are designed for overnights."

Ron still looked a bit blank so Harry summarized. "How about alternating the rooms in Hogwarts house colors for the walls with the secondary colors for bedspreads and whatnot. That is good enough for me, other than that don't make those rooms comfy enough that people will want to stay on a permanent basis, you think you can handle that?" Ron nodded and returned to his sandwich and crisps.

Susan and Harry enjoyed the same and chatted idly with Ron before Susan stood suddenly as the clock chimed twelve. She kissed his cheek and disappeared into the fire with a wave. "Where is she off to in such a hurry?" Ron asked.

"Hannah is coming over to stay the night." Harry answered.

"She that bored of you already mate?" He asked with a grin. Harry just grinned back at him knowing he had no idea.

A few minutes later an excited Susan pulled Hannah through with her and she bounded over to Harry after brushing the soot off. She kissed him as if it had been days rather than minutes since they had parted. "Hannah can stay the whole weekend for Ginny's Party!" She exclaimed.

Harry and Hannah both blushed at just what that might mean. Ron noticed and glanced back and forth between Harry and Hannah, a jealous look had passed over his face for a moment and Harry began to get worried until Ron looked up and grinned. He picked up his smoothie glass and toasted Harry, "Good on you Mate!" He said before draining his glass and exiting the room.

All three blushed in unison.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

After setting the room to dual use mode the girls sat and watched movies while Harry continued to work on his magic. After three hours of work he was getting frustrated and hungry. It was a good thing that if he simply released all the controls he could still perform nonverbal magic but he wanted his control back before moving on to the next step. He finally made a small breakthrough half an hour after that and he was now able to cast a simple Lumos to his satisfaction nonverbally. He decided that was enough work for the

day and got up and headed for the corner of the room, which contained the Telly and the girls.

"Hey Harry." Hannah greeted him quietly.

"Uh Hey Hannah." Harry greeted her in return. Susan was once again smiling at the two people she knew were anything but shy acting this way toward each other. She kissed Hannah quickly before getting up and pulled Harry onto the couch between them before kissing him as well.

"So what are we watching?" He asked, feeling slightly better since Susan had broken the ice once again.

"Toy Story." Hannah answered to which he nodded, he much preferred something he could relate to such as the Force rather than talking toys, but he was content to sit and watch with the girls cuddled against him. Soon it was dinnertime and the girls giggled as his stomach growled once again.

"What? All that magic work is draining on my body even if I don't have to worry about magical exhaustion." He said standing and offering each of them an arm. Harry led them to the weapons rack and Hannah looked confused.

"I thought we were heading downstairs?" She asked turning back toward the other end of the room. Harry smiled and pushed against the wall and Hannah's eyes went wide as the door swung open. "The Staircase in the kitchen!" She exclaimed and the couple dragged her down the stairs laughing as she continued to berate herself for stupidity.

"Han that's the whole point, out of site out of mind and all that." Harry consoled her as they sat at the table. Winky popped in and was quickly serving them soup and sandwiches. However when others began to arrive the food mysteriously disappeared and she shooed them into the Dining room. Once there the conversation picked back up a bit and the food had reappeared in their customary positions at the head of the table. Winky was soon serving the others.

Bill looked completely worn out, most likely from a warding job and didn't speak the entire time. He and Fleur excused themselves early

to head up to bed. At the far end of the table Molly and Arthur were speaking in low tones and glancing at Harry, Ron, and the girls. Harry watched with some amusement as her eyes darted back and forth between Ron and Hannah who he was speaking to quietly about paint colors and what the proper thread count should be for the sheets in the guest rooms. Hannah was semi-interested but when she met Harry's eye she was clearly amused by Ron's feminine traits.

On either side of the table across from each other were Remus and Tonks. They weren't speaking or even really looking at each other and Harry wondered if this was the source of Tonks' sudden depression. He vowed to talk to her again this weekend even if he had to drag what was going on out of her. He thought about talking to Remus but for some reason he was uncomfortable talking about the two of them together with him. Harry remembered a question that had been bubbling in the back of his mind for a while so decided to try and warm the atmosphere between them a bit.

"Hey Moony, my stock of movies is getting low, do you think we can install Cable this weekend?"

Remus looked up and to Harry he looked almost as bad as after a full moon but that wasn't for nearly two weeks. "Actually Cub, I would recommend Satellite over cable. They have dishes now that are less than a yard in diameter so we could stick it on the roof, and they don't care where you set up as long as they are getting paid, unlike the cable company."

Harry nodded in agreement. "How does that work though? Do we have to get a dish for every TV?"

"Well, you can share the connection but if you want to watch a different channel on each you would need separate dishes and receivers for each." Harry thought about that for a moment. "At least with cable every room in the house could have whatever channel they wanted. "Right now we have five Tellys do you really think we should put five dishes up? We're already paying for the neighbors electricity, can't we just pay for the cable as well?"

Remus nodded after a moment. "I suppose that works, the charm I used is still in place and I simply need to tell them that the contest they won for power also included their cable television bill. I will take



care of it tomorrow, do you know how many descramblers I need to pick up from the cable company?"

Harry thought again, his room, Ron's room, Molly and Arthur, Dobby would probably like one... "Might as well get five of them, I know Ron will want the movie channels, Arthur will love having more Muggle stuff to play with." Arthur blushed at the end of the table but he had a huge smile in place at the thought. "And I don't want to leave the elves out either. Did you and Tonks want to pick up Tellys for you rooms?"

Remus went quiet and Tonks got up and left the room, Harry watched her go in confusion. "Cub I haven't stayed here since the last Order meeting, and I probably won't be except on Full Moons." He answered quietly.

Harry pondered this information and decided he definitely needed to talk to one or both of them. "Right then, well why don't you go ahead and pick up a spare or two. I have the money after all. I will see if Tonks would like one for her room next time we go out." Harry finished quickly trying to lighten the mood in the room up a bit.

The rest of Dinner went by quietly, and Tonks returned not too long after but didn't say anything. A thoroughly confused Harry bade them all goodnight and the girls followed him upstairs. Gabrielle kissed the girls on the cheek and gave Harry a good snog before she headed into the Ladies rooms. Once again Harry was left with Hannah and Susan and feeling extremely nervous again.

"So..." He began and trailed off.

Susan decided to put them out of their misery no matter how cute it was. "I think it's bath time." She told them as she pulled them into Harry's room.

The girls as last time got undressed and started the bath with Harry joining them a few minutes later. Susan seeing the distance between the two of them sighed loudly getting their attention. She stood and pulled Hannah up with her getting the girl to blush in the process. "Alright you two, this is cute and all, but we are never going to get to the fun stuff if you two do nothing but blush at each other all night." She turned Hannah to face Harry and slowly pushed her into his lap so that she was straddling his hips with his cock between her

legs. Harry lightly wrapped his arms behind her back and smiled up at Susan.

"See, now isn't that much better?" Susan asked as she sat back down in the water next to him and laid her head on his shoulder. Hannah nodded and leaned in, quickly kissing him on the lips. She felt him twinge against her slit as he pulled her closer and back into a proper kiss for two naked people in the bathtub.

"Much better." Harry said looking into Hannah's eyes getting another blush, Susan noticed and had to speak up.

"Oh Han, that's nothing. You should see his 'shag-me' look." Hannah looked back at Harry.

"So you have a shag-me look? What, is it supposed to make me weak in the knees and spread my legs for you?" She asked even as she spread her legs a bit to rub against him.

He took a quick breath to help him control to urge to buck his hips and drive him inside her. "I refuse to use my powers for evil." He said mysteriously.

Hannah was rather intrigued now she had to know. "Harry, I promise there are much worse things that accidentally giving you my virginity. Can I see it please?"

He closed his eyes and reached between them, pulling his cock along her slit so that his head now rested against her clit. He didn't open his eyes but he did comment after her intake of breath. "Just so there is less chance of happy accidents." He said before he unlocked a few Patronus memories. He had never given a girl warning before and wondered if it would make a difference. "Are you ready then?" He asked.

She answered that she was and he looked into her eyes. Her breath caught in her chest and she rocked slightly against him, finally giving up and reaching down to push him against her as she got herself off in his lap. Even after the small orgasm she still had the urge to keep moving. "Sweet Merlin Harry!" She exclaimed when she was able.

Susan grinned, "And that was nothing Han, he knows how to control it now, the first time he turned it on Ginny she passed out from a

spontaneous orgasm." Harry looked quickly at Susan, he remembered that incident but hadn't known that bit of information.

"Really, should I practice on you two then?" He asked with a grin.

"Not in the bathtub, last time you did that I nearly drowned!" Susan said grinning back.

"Hold on Suze," Hannah said quietly as she sat up on her knees, pressing her breasts into Harry's face, not that he was complaining. He reached behind her and sat his stiff member against her back door then pulled back to look at him. "Girlfriend here told me all about what you two have gotten up to. I want my fair share." She whispered to him.

His eyes went wide at the sudden change in pace. "What? I mean we played around a bit but we haven't gotten very far, and you and I are still getting to know each other Han." He asked a bit panicked.

"When me as Suze played around I was able to take more fingers than she could, and with the hot water I bet I could take you inside me right now. Will you try?" She asked him as she leaned down and kissed him. He reached between her legs and wrapped his hand around his erection for control. His other hand slid down Hannah's side to her rear end as he deepened the kiss. He worked her back door in ever widening circles, surprised at how much easier it seemed for her, he didn't know if it was Hannah or the hot water that was helping.

He pulled away and looked over to Susan but her eyes were closed and he could barely see her hand working between her legs under the water so he gave up. He placed his hand in the small of Hannah's back and pulled her up slightly so that her breasts were in his face again, and he pulled one of her nipples into his mouth eliciting a moan even as he pressed slightly into her. She moaned again and rocked a bit.

She sat down a bit and hissed but did not stop as he slid slowly deeper; suddenly she shrank around his shaft as the head of his cock popped inside her. She stopped for a second and he was prepared to pullout but she took a deep breath and slid more of him inside her. His eyes rolled back into his head as he once again felt

the slick smooth feeling of being inside that formerly forbidden territory.

She leaned down and pulled him into a passionate kiss and with a final intake of breath she sat completely on his lap. He was sheathed all the way inside the girl and his body was telling him to move. But he sat still, just kissing her and letting her set the pace, she laid her head on his shoulder and breathed for a moment, not saying anything.

Susan opened her eyes to see their position and ran her hand down her girlfriends back and into the water where she found them joined. Her eyes went wide. "Oh my god Han! You did it!"

Hannah pulled away from Harry and smiled at the other girl. "It feels amazing Suze but I don't think I can move, this position is not going to work for me. I just can't force myself to take the chance at pain." Harry's eyes widened at the thought he was hurting her. She noticed and kissed him quickly. "Harry, it's always painful at first. Right now I just feel wonderfully full, and my nerves are all pleasantly on fire all the way to my fingertips, don't worry about the little bit of pain it takes to give me this much pleasure." She kissed him again and he began running his fingers up and down her back and sides once more.

Slowly she rocked against him and let out a hissing moan before stopping after a few seconds. A tear ran down her cheek as she met Harry's eye again. "I want to Harry but I can't, not right now." He pulled her into a hug and then pulled her up slowly to release him from inside her.

"Shhhh Han, I never expected anything near this, you have no reason to be sorry. I'm sorry I caused you pain." He then kissed her lightly as the few tears that threatened to fall stopped.

"Thanks Harry, see this is why I trust you, and why I would even try that with you." She kissed him once again before pulling away. "Now I think you should try Suze, the hot water does wonders for um...relaxation." She grinned as Susan's eyes lit up. "I suggest you face away from him though just in case he is able to make it in."

Harry just looked back and forth between them as they changed places, when the hell did he win the Lottery? Was fate trying to make up for the first 16 years of his life?

Susan kissed him deeply before she turned around offering him a view of her lovely derriere poised above his rigid member. She looked over her shoulder and caught his eye. "Please Harry?" He nodded and she sat down a bit as he began once again using the head of his cock to trace larger and larger circles into her anus before pressing slightly forward. She was definitely a tighter fit, but in almost no time he felt himself pop inside her like he had last time they played.

She took a deep breath and caught Hannah's eye. The blond nodded as she spoke softly, "It's so worth it Suze, just go ahead and press back against him." Susan nodded and taking a deep breath she leaned back slightly taking another half inch of him inside. Harry's eyes rolled back into his head and he lay back against the edge of the tub. He couldn't see beneath the water anyway and he wanted to concentrate on both not moving, and on the sensation of Susan sliding around his member.

Susan took another deep breath and as she slid farther backward she released it until her bottom touched his stomach and she finally took another breath but otherwise remained unmoving.

"God that feels amazing Susan." Harry said, as his breathing got shorter. His upper body was rocking as his hips and abs began clenching, trying to make him buck, but he held his lower body in check.

"Please move me Harry? I want you bad but I can't make myself do it." He looked her in the eye and nodded as his hands came up to her hips. He pressed her away from him slightly getting a small hiss and then back against him once more. He once again controlled the urge to simply begin plowing into her.

"Again please." She said, this time there was no hiss so he repeated the action slowly eliciting a moan from the girl as she finally relaxed around his member. She was still tight as ever but he could tell she had relaxed because she stopped clenching around the base of his cock.

"Merlin you were right Han..." She trailed off and she finally began moving on her own. Once again Harry's eyes rolled back into his head and he simply reveled in the sensations she was causing him. "Harder Harry." She stated so he once again began pushing and pulling her, he was now pulling out nearly an inch with each movement and she was moaning wonderfully. "Gods Harry, will you please come inside me? I've been waiting for this for what seems like forever. Please?" She reached down and began playing with her clit as he abandoned restraint and began pounding into her. She hissed a bit at first but soon her cries were of pleasure. He felt her entire body go rigid as his member was nearly squeezed out and she screamed her release. The new sensations were enough to drive him over the edge as well and he spilled himself inside her.

"God it's so Hot! I can feel exactly where your cum is Harry, Oh god..." She trailed off and he had to pull her back against his chest as she passed out. He was still inside her rear passage with her lying on his shoulder with a silly smile on her face.

Hannah had been watching the whole thing while playing with herself and as she saw Hannah's face passed out in pleasure she finally came as well sitting beside them, she collapsed onto his other shoulder but did not lose consciousness. She panted into his ear as she recovered. "I have definitely got to try that tomorrow night."

"Tomorrow?" He asked curiously.

"I'm too sore now to try again, but tomorrow I want you the same way. Not so nice though Harry, I take a little pain better than she does." She grinned and kissed him even as Susan continued to sleep on his shoulder. He was not getting any softer surrounded by her still spasming muscles so he woke her gently.

"Susie? Wake up Susie, I really don't think you want to sleep with that inside you?" She finally woke up and grinned but groaned as she sat up.

"Oh god, your still hard?" She asked him incredulously.

"I am surrounded by sexy witch," She looked at Hannah, "In more ways than one." He shrugged and both girls blushed.

She slowly stood hissing as he withdrew from her and her sphincter snapped shut behind him, trapping his cum inside. "Oh!" She said as she felt slightly the liquid pool at her exit.

"What's that?" Hannah asked. Susan blushed nearly the color of her hair. "Um, Harry is out of me, but he's uh. Still inside me as well..." Hannah's eyes lit with understanding.

"Really? How does that feel?"

"Well it was amazing to feel him cum inside me, but now I feel kind of sloshy and sick. I need to use the WC." She said with a blushing smile as she got out of the bathtub. The others got out as well and toweled off, they then headed to bed where Susan joined them. The girls lay down on either shoulder, which was quickly becoming his favorite sleeping position and they kissed him goodnight, then each other before they all drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday seemed to go by in a blur, Harry was able to master one more spell but the power level to cast Wingardium Leviosa nonverbally was different than that of a Lumos and so he had to start setting memory's to match the different locks on his power for each spell. It was hard work and not very rewarding when he had gotten used to being able to perform all of them. He felt like he had taken three steps forward and two steps back. Eventually he had given over and joined the girls for the party planning. Hermione had sent a note back saying they would go along with the plan but that she didn't think Ginny would fall for a surprise party if they were mysteriously going to Grimmauld Place for no reason on the day of her birth.

Ron of all people had designed the cake, it was white cake with strawberry filling between the layers, and whipped icing. The strawberries had been Harry's idea. They were his new favorite fruit and he guessed that if she enjoyed the smell of strawberries, and tasted like strawberries, that she would enjoy the taste as well. In attendance would be Hermione and the Grangers, Tonks and Remus, Susan and Hannah, Harry and Gabrielle, as well as Fleur and whichever Weasleys happened to be in the country with the exception of Percy. In the end Harry had sent him an invitation but had no expectation that he would actually attend.

Harry had been in contact with Dumbledore that day, the conversation was kept very short but the man agreed to produce a timed Portkey for the Grangers and Ginny, and one for Percy which was set to only bring one person, Percy was to be the first to arrive and Harry planned to be on guard for any trickery should he show up. As the connection with Dumbledore's office had been about to close, the man had mentioned that he wanted to discuss private tutoring this year. Harry had not committed to anything, only agreeing to think about it.

It was Saturday night and Harry was keyed up beyond belief. He had a talk with Gabrielle, Susan and Hannah where he made it clear that he and Ginny needed some alone time. If Ginny brought Hermione along that was fine as well, but he didn't want any of them to feel that he was ignoring them. They told him to stop digging a hole when there was no reason. And each of them had kissed him and called him sweet before cuddling as usual on the sofa to watch a movie before bedtime. Ron had once again disappeared into his room just as Harry feared, watching VHS tapes all by himself. It was nice to have him back as a friend, but they just didn't seem as close any longer as they once were. Harry hoped that time would heal the rift between them.

Gabrielle bade them goodnight, and pouted a bit when Harry asked her to forgo the wake up call in the morning. He knew he would be too caught up in thinking of the two witches that had turned his life on its head. The girl may be pouting, but Harry knew she understood, however when Hannah and Susan made to kiss him goodnight before leaving he caught their hands and pulled them with him into his room.

"Ladies, tomorrow is all for Ginny, and Hermione if Ginny says so, but tonight is still your night." He said with a sly smile.

Hannah went on the offensive as they neared his bed, she stepped forward and looked him in the eye. "You just cant wait to get inside me again is all, isn't that right Potter?" She asked with a grin.

He nodded dumbly and shrugged his shoulders, "What? I'm a bloke, I thought that was in the job description for Boyfriend?" He said jokingly. Hannah suddenly got lost in thought.



"Are you asking me or telling me?" She said quietly.

"What?"

"Are you telling me you're my boyfriend? Because we never made anything formal..." Hannah said quietly, her tone was a little scary as far as he was concerned.

"Han I was just joking, you are Susan's girlfriend and I quite honestly have enough to handle at the moment. If Susan wants to share me with you that is her prerogative. Now that is unless, you wanted to be my girlfriend?" he asked.

She smiled at his explanation. "I don't know, can I get a rain check on that question? I am happy with our informal arrangement for now." Harry nodded and she closed the distance. "Good, just because it isn't official doesn't mean you don't get the perks." She whispered as she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him slowly on the lips.

He moaned slightly and ran his fingers through her hair and down her back then back up into a hug. They broke for air and he smiled at her as they stood eye to eye. "I think we are wearing entirely too many clothes." He whispered and smiled as he heard her breath catch. He was still not used to the power he seemed to hold over women. He knew he would have gasped at a statement like that from her as well, so the power seemed to work both ways, at least when they were sexy and smart.

She stepped back and turned to Susan before pulling her into a kiss. As their tongues did battle Susan's blouse was quickly unbuttoned and her bra unsnapped. No matter that Harry was proficient at it now; it was still one hell of a trick. Susan repeated the favor after taking a breath and then looked at Harry with an arched eyebrow. He quickly pulled the Polo over his head and it went sailing across the room.

The girls then simultaneously dropped their skirts and knickers in one motion, kicking them aside as they approached him. Hannah spoke, "You know Harry, I believe you owe me something."

His breath hitched, proving his thought, "And what would that be?" He asked.

The naked blond leaned in and brushed her nipples across his chest and whispered in his ear. "I want you to cum inside me, I want you to make my tight little hole all yours again. Would you like that Harry?"

He had to take two breaths, just to make sure he was breathing before he nodded. "Then you seem to have on too much clothing." He quickly pulled his shorts and boxers off, joining their clothes in the pile.

"Harry, you wouldn't happen to know a good lubrication charm?" She asked him as she crawled past him until her rear end was sticking up in the air at the edge of the bed.

He had actually just perfected that one nonverbally so he nodded. She sighed and her hand went between her legs where she started playing with herself as he stood. He pulled Susan to him and kissed her. "Are you going to watch, or participate?" he asked.

She looked at Hannah's hand playing between her legs before lying on the bed beside her and pulling the girl into a sixty-nine position. Harry then approached the eager girl from behind. Susan was lapping at the girl's clit, as she lay trapped beneath her, moaning as Hannah returned the favor at the other end. He reached down and picked up his wand from the pile of clothing and pointed it at her rear entrance. He thought the incantation, 'Lubricus' and saw the girl shudder as she felt its effects.

He was now standing behind her, with his cock at exactly the right height to line up with her sphincter. Just for fun he placed himself outside her soaked pussy and pushed slightly until he was against her barrier, she moaned but said nothing else. Either she trusted him not to take her virginity, or did not care if he did. Harry figured it was the first, she was actually thinking both.

He moved his cock in circles as he pushed and withdrew a bit, getting her ever more excited. Finally she came and was twice as wet as before. That was the cue Harry had been waiting for. He made sure his cock was coated in her juices the best he could and then moved up slightly to her back door. Once again he ran small circles as he pushed forward into the hot tight flesh. She moaned a bit but she was feeling hardly any pain as Susan continued to service her.

Susan watched up from beneath the other girl, dreading and hoping when Harry placed himself just inside the girl's main passage. Susan wanted to be there when Hannah lost it and hoped it wasn't with Neville. After the next orgasm Harry had pulled back and from this angle his cock seemed even larger to her. Then he had slowly sunk into the girls eager ass. Susan knew Hannah was distracted, as she had stopped servicing her on the other end. She didn't care; she was about to cum just watching that amazing piece of meat enter her girlfriend.

He slid forward easily thanks to the lubrication charm. Hannah was moaning in pleasure only, which was a far cry from the slow beginning with Susan the night before. The base of his cock finally disappeared and he slowly began a rhythm in and out of her. She had given up trying to please her girlfriend a long time ago and was very vocal about his current task. "Merlin Harry, whatever charm you used is amazing, gods...Please Harry, Fuck me!"

He complied picking up his pace. True with the added lubrication spell this was much easier, and he had no doubt she was enjoying it just as much or more than Susan had. But it just wasn't the same. That extra friction had been part of what made it so good for him last night or with Gabrielle. However he did not stop pounding into her, his balls slapping against her other hole as she howled between Susan's legs.

The girl in question had taken hold of Hannah's clit with her lips and was sucking alternately with Harry's rhythm. Hannah called out to him, "Harry, if I pass out...please keep...going...I want...your cum...inside me!" She screamed as the last conscious orgasm ripped through every nerve in her body. Susan came just from the idea of such a powerful orgasm and felt Hannah's weight settle on top of her as she passed out. Harry continued inside her just as requested and quickly the idea of bugging a sleeping witch threw him over the edge as well, filling her with his cum before he pulled out.

Unlike Susan, Hannah was completely relaxed after passing out and Harry's cum began to dribble down her cunt. Harry watched in horrified excitement as the girl on the bottom began to lick his spunk up before she rolled Hannah onto her back and got up to kneel

between her legs. She then began lapping at the girl's back door as Hannah awoke screaming with another orgasm. "Geezus Suze!"

Finally Susan had lapped up every drop of his cum that escaped the other girl. She looked up at Harry and blushed. "The potion not only keeps it clean, it is also sanitary. Otherwise you never would have found my tongue anywhere near that." Hannah made no comment as she dropped off to sleep properly after back-to-back mind shattering orgasms.

Harry pulled her to him and with only a moment's hesitation he kissed her deeply, tasting his spunk and Hannah's juices on her tongue. "Susie," He whispered, "At the point I watched your tongue touch her there, I really wasn't thinking any longer. That was one of the most erotic things I have ever seen." He kissed her again as she blushed.

"I didn't actually think about it until after I had her half cleaned out, I hope you don't think I am disgusting."

"No, never that." He whispered as he laid her back on the bed and snuggled in-between her and Hannah as normal. He ran his hands down her chest and stomach and between her legs, quickly bringing her to orgasm several times before they both drifted off to sleep.

"I love you Harry." She whispered.

"I know." He replied grinning into her hair.

A/N: Alright, I know many of you have seen my work before so I understand if you don't feel the need to review again. But I have 30k hits and 5k visitors this story...and 20 reviews? If you've read it before but are reading it again please let me know, if this is your first time please let me know what you think...The first 30 chapters were written in a flurry of activity over about 2 weeks so they were rather...amateurish, my writing style gets much better after the first 100k words. I understand then that the first 30 didn't get too many reviews but please give a man some props if you are enjoying my story!

Geez I hate authors who beg for reviews don't you? \*\*cough-HYPOCRITE-cough\*\*

## Chapter 34: Ginny's Day

Finally August the eleventh had arrived, Harry awoke with a huge smile on his face having dreamed about sitting on the couch watching a movie with Ginny. He wondered for a moment what it meant to have a non-sexual dream about another woman, while sandwiched between these two, but was quickly losing the details of the dream.

At some point they had all turned onto their right sides and Harry was now cuddled against Susan's back with Hannah spooning behind him. It was a very nice way to wake up. Harry took a moment as he ran his hand up and down her shoulder, to think about what he was feeling for the girl. He pulled her closer against him and sighed with the warm tingly feeling that emanated from every point where his skin met hers. And he took a deep breath, catching the scent of her hair and her sweat. He took another breath, suddenly not able to get enough of her.

Gabrielle ruined the mood when she walked in, already fully dressed and sat on the edge of the bed. "Good Morning Master, I am a good girl zis morning." She grinned at him.

He whispered back, "You are being a good girl pet, maybe Gin or Mione will give you treats later if you keep it up." He smiled back at her.

She leaned over Susan and kissed him sweetly before whispering, "Come Harry, we have work to do before ze guests arrive at noon."

He nodded and she left the room, then slowly shook Susan and kissed her shoulder, "Susie? Come on Susie it's time to wake up."

She moaned a little bit, something about a few more minutes and he smiled. He looked over his shoulder and found Hannah looking back at him. He grinned at her. "Hey."

"Hey yourself." She answered with a smile.

"Nice way to wake up yeah?"

"The best." She answered before she captured his lips in a kiss.

He pulled away after a moment still smiling, "Down girl, today is Ginny's day." Hannah nodded but caught his lips once more before she jumped out of the bed. He reached playfully trying to catch her but Susan had his other arm caught beneath her head.

"Down boy, Ginny's special day and all that." Hannah said and winked as she left the room.

He returned his attention to the girl in his arms, she rolled over to face him so that her front was pressed against his and he once again caught his breath at the tingling that went through him from the smallest sensation. "Good morning sleepy head." He whispered.

"Morning yourself." She whispered back as she squeezed his extremely hard erection, which was poking her in the thigh at the moment.

He grinned and repeated his admonition from earlier. "Down Girl."

She smiled but squeezed him again causing him to groan, "I don't think I am the one with the problem here." She said before she too captured his lips.

His breathing stopped all together for a second and then he rapidly drew in a breath through his nose before he moaned against her mouth. He pulled her closer for a moment deepening the kiss, before he pulled away. He asked an honest question but said it playfully to hide his curiosity. "What are you doing to me?"

"Making you fall in love with me hopefully," She whispered back to him quietly. He went quiet for a moment and thought hard about the change in his feelings since he had admitted to her that he had them.

"I think it might be working." He whispered back before he initiated the kiss and rolled her on top of him, her hair fanned out around his face, giving his sight a halo of Auburn. He kissed her deeply once again before she sat up, positioning him against her now wet entrance.

"So are you saying you are in love with me Harry?" She asked as she rocked a bit until one good buck on his part would shove him inside her.

He groaned but pulled her down on top of him and rolled them onto their sides. "I can't Susie, I'm sorry."

She nodded and smiled at him, "One of these days Mr. Potter." She left that statement unqualified as she rolled out of his arms and walked into the Ladies rooms to share a shower with Hannah.

He rolled onto his back and groaned, thinking over his feelings for Susan compared to those for Gin and Mione. It was funny how things could change in a few days. When they met the girls at Harrods he had told Susan that he had feelings for her that were not as deep as for the other two. She now meant at least as much to him as the other two. He was scared at the idea; he really didn't want some sort of Harem. It was hard enough satisfying two witches at once. He didn't think it would be fair to them if he had more than that, and yet he already had Gin, Mione, and Gabrielle, and unless things changed Susan and Hannah. He really needed to talk to Hermione. She always had a way of helping him sort his thoughts, that is if he could get her alone, or just her and Gin, without ripping their clothes off and spending a few hours inside them.

Still confused he got out of bed and headed for the shower, his hardon was not going away, and he suddenly regretted his decision to stay celibate today until he could be with Ginny. So he took himself in hand and thought happy thoughts about Susan, Hermione, Ginny and Gabrielle. Hannah had a guest appearance as well. After ten minutes and a sore arm he finally had a tiny orgasm that was anything but satisfying, it only left him with an ache.

And so a frustrated Harry dried off and got dressed, when he walked out of his closet the girls were conversing on his bed as usual and he gathered them to head out the door. After the usual breakfast they went back up the stairs and started on the decorating. It went much faster than the decorating for his own party since Harry could use magic. They then decided to watch a movie as they waited for the time to arrive.

Finally as noon neared they headed down to the Sitting room and drew their wands. As this was a practical defensive exercise Harry knew there would be no trouble from underage magic use. Not that they had gotten any letters since Amelia gave them the licenses anyway. The grandfather clock began to chime and they all held their breath, not knowing whom the git might have sent in his place.

As the final bell tolled there was a pop as an envelope appeared and fell to the ground unaccompanied.

Harry checked for magical residue and found nothing but the leftover magic from the Portkey. So he stooped and picked it up. Inside he found two folded pieces of parchment, the first was Percy's invitation, and the second was a folded note addressed to Ginny. No matter how much Harry wanted to know what it contained, he would not invade her privacy like that, so he put the letter in his pocket and they sat back to wait for everyone else to arrive.

He heard the Twins Floo into the kitchen and they joined him shortly in the Sitting room, talking idly about new products. Apparently Moony had more than a few ideas that he and the Marauders had never been able to pull off and was happily sharing them. Harry was almost afraid for Hogwarts this year.

Bill and Fleur arrived not long after and elected to wait in the hallway where they could see the room, Molly and Arthur did the same. Ron walked in and found one of his uncomfortable/comfy armchairs in the corner of the room. Smiling as he saw Bill raise an eyebrow, before pretending he couldn't get comfortable. Harry was laughing on the inside at the first use of the prank they had designed. Remus and Tonks waited on separate ends of the Dining room.

Finally Harry felt the wards flare and raised his hand to signal everyone to be quiet. The three Grangers and Ginny arrived to a chorus of "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!" Ginny threw herself at Harry and wrapped her arms and legs around him as she kissed him. Hermione was helping her parents up off the floor and they were looking rather sick after traveling by Portkey.

Harry quickly looked around the room as Ginny continued to rain kisses all over his face. He had a grin that just wouldn't go away even as he noted the reactions of the others. Arthur was smiling at his daughter's happiness, which made Harry feel much better, even if Molly still looked undecided; she had a smile and tears on her face. Bill was shaking his head but smiling and the Twins, not really knowing the story just looked confused as their mother leaked beside them. The Grangers were the last faces he looked to, Dan seemed to have a smug look on his face as if he had been proven right about something, whereas Emma was crying right along with Molly, though the smile on her face was genuine.



He finally pulled away from the girl in his arms, "Hey you." He whispered to the crying girl.

She sniffed and used one hand to wipe away the tears and she laughed at him. "Hey yourself mister." She whispered back before kissing him one more time. She then climbed down from him and went to greet the rest of the family. Hermione quickly replaced her in his arms wrapping hers around his neck and kissing him shyly on the lips. "Hey mister." She whispered to him.

He smiled at his new favorite greeting. "Hey yourself." He noted that Dan suddenly looked confused again and Emma continued to smile, he was glad that at least half of the fight seemed to have been won already. Insight dawned in the eyes of the Twins and they quickly found Ron in the corner. Harry considered himself lucky that Ron was smiling. Though he had an idea that he would get a talking to later, possibly in the form of a canary or something equally helpless.

Bill was still shaking his head and looking at the nearest wall with interest. Arthur continued to smile and Molly seemed to resign herself to the fact as she approached and hugged Hermione once Ginny had released her.

"Hello dear, I take it you had a good trip?" Molly asked the scared looking girl in her arms. Hermione looked at Harry and then back to Molly.

"Um, yes Mrs. Weasley though I don't think Muggles will ever be able to get used to magical travel." She told the older woman.

"Now what is this Mrs. Weasley nonsense dear, from what I hear you are almost as good as a daughter-in-law, please call me Molly?" The older woman still looked torn, but was making the effort.

Hermione teared up and pulled the woman into a Hermione hug, which Harry knew from experience rivaled Molly's. The older woman's eyes bugged a bit as she was squeezed but suddenly everything seemed all right as she hugged the girl back with equal fervor. Molly sniffled once before wiping her eyes and pulling away. "Everybody, the cake will be served in the Dining room, and then I believe movies and music will be playing upstairs. You are all welcome to stay as long as you like."

Once the two overly emotional women had released each other they entered the Dining room and sang a birthday song as Ginny blew out 15 candles, which promptly relit themselves. Molly scowled at the Twins who had completely innocent looks on their faces. Of course everyone in the room knew that those two were the greatest actors of their generation. Ginny blew the candles out once more and they turned into butterflies, which flapped around her face and landed in her hair before they disappeared in colored sparkles. Molly smiled at that and instantly forgave the prank, as did Ginny.

Ginny loved the strawberry filling just as Harry had hoped, and when she was told the rest of the cakes design was Ron's she gave him a hug that would make her mother proud. She whispered to him as she held him, "Does this mean you stopped being a git?"

He grinned down at her, "Well, for now at least."

There were gifts all around including chocolate from Ron and books from Hermione. The one she was most interested was the last one she opened. It was from Harry. While at Harrods he had surreptitiously purchased a number of jewelry pieces that had caught his eye. Among them were four matching jade lightning bolt pendants worked in silver and set on a silver chain. When she opened the box the whole room went silent as they marveled at its simple beauty. She had Harry fasten it around her neck and smiled down at where it now hung perfectly between her breasts, next to her heart.

She kissed him soundly and then turned, placing her back to his chest and wrapping his arms around her where she held them firmly. Today was her day and she was going to stay right here if she had any say in the matter. Harry found it hard not to pick her up and drag her off somewhere as he felt that same tingle in his hands every time he touched her skin, and in his lips every time he kissed her. And she seemed so happy in his arms, as if she didn't have any cares in the world. He was beginning to feel the same way, until he locked eyes with Susan who was simply smiling back at him. That reminded him he had a mission.

They made their way upstairs and Ron had Dobby change the room to a new configuration. Platforms appeared out of nowhere and there were now three rows of seats all facing the television just like a

stadium movie theatre. Harry slapped him on the back as he and Ginny sat down in one of the snuggle chairs and Winky brought everyone Popcorn as they watched movies. The other half of the room had the Wireless and a Radio but everyone was enjoying the show. Harry enjoyed cuddling with the girl in his arms immensely, but he was soon looking around the room for Hermione and Susan. Ginny noticed and she began looking for Hermione as well. They caught each other's eye and silently agreed. They moved to an empty couch in the back, collecting Hermione, Susan, Hannah and Gabrielle on the way. Gabrielle sat on the floor between Harry's legs. Hermione lay on one end of the couch beside Ginny across her lap. Harry sat in the middle of the couch with his arm around Ginny and Hermione's head on one leg, on his other leg was Susan and on his other shoulder was Hannah. It was a tight fit, but none of them were complaining as they watched the rest of the movie.

Dinner was served later as sandwiches and crisps since they were portable, and everyone else started to trickle out, once again wishing Ginny a Happy birthday until it was finally only Harry, Ron and the girls in the room. Harry hadn't liked the gleam in the Twins' eyes as they excused themselves, but guessed they wouldn't permanently disfigure him. Ron noted how close they all were, as well as the looks being shot between Harry, Ginny, and Hermione and excused himself as well. He may not be jealous any longer, but he really didn't need to see them together.

Finally it was just Harry and the girls who loved him, with the exception of Hannah who had elected to stay casual for the time being. The trio excused themselves and headed toward his Room. As soon as the door shut they attacked him, nearly ripping his clothing off, he had things to discuss with them but he was hard pressed to stop them. As he lost his boxers they began undressing themselves just as rapidly before throwing him on the bed where rather than immediately jump him like he was expecting they pulled the covers down and lay down on his shoulders before pulling the covers back over top of them. Suddenly he felt tears on his shoulders and he squeezed them both close to him, his own soon joining.

"What are you two doing to me?" He asked through a sob as he began to laugh at himself.

"Trying to make you fall in love with us?" Hermione asked and Ginny nodded as she sniffed and began to laugh right along with him.

He kissed her quickly and then Hermione before pulling them as close to him as he could. "It's working." He told them flat out.

Ginny gasped but Hermione looked pensive. "Harry you know we love you, but what does 'it's working' mean?"

He collected his thoughts for a moment. "I don't know really, when I had to leave you at Harrods I felt like part of me was walking away. And now when I touch you I feel a warm tingle anywhere we have skin on skin contact." At that statement both of them slid their legs up his causing him to growl. "Yes, exactly like that."

"Me too Harry," Ginny began, "Merlin I can hardly stand being away from you."

He nodded, "My problem is I still don't know, and I am afraid, and I'm starting to have the same feelings for Susan." He finished quietly, waiting for a reaction. It was Hermione who turned him to look at her.

"Harry, there is nothing wrong with loving. If you love Gin and me does that make you a bad person?" He shook his head. "I think its safe to say we both wish we could have you to ourselves, luckily we share well." Ginny giggled on the other side of him.

She continued, "Harry, if Love really is the power you have, then I say the more you can get the better. Gin?" Hermione asked, not wanting to speak for the other girl.

She was quiet for a few moments. "Harry, I love you, but I can share you if it means you will live past dealing with Tom. After that we can always see what happens but I am not jealous of any of the others, I just want you more than I can have you right now." She kissed him as a tear ran down her cheek.

"I still can't say it, I'm sorry." He whispered.

"Would you say that you love us but you don't know if you're 'In Love' with us?" Hermione asked. He nodded after a moment. "Then please say it Harry, it is enough for now. Tell Susan as well if it's true."

He gathered up his courage and turned toward Ginny. "I love you Gin, I think I have since after you told me. That doesn't mean I know what real love is, but I think I understand enough to know that this feeling is love." She kissed him soundly at that and worked her way over his hips where she sank him quickly inside her, groaning a bit as he stretched her out after so long.

"I am in love with you Harry, but knowing you love me back, even a little is the best birthday gift I could have gotten." She kissed him again and began to rock him inside her, tears of happiness and frustration running down her face. Ginny sat up to pull him deeper and Hermione leaned in and kissed him deeply. She came before he did and quickly rolled off. "I want to taste you in Hermione Harry." She whispered and Hermione jumped at the chance quickly sheathing him inside her as well. Harry's eyes rolled back in his head at the slightly different feeling surrounding his now aching cock.

"Hermione, if you need to hear the words then yes damn it, I love you." He growled and she began to rock as Ginny had but leaned down to kiss him rather than sitting up. She took her time, enjoying every tiny movement inside her before her climax began to build. Harry ran his hands up and down her back and into her hair as he continued to kiss her. Finally he felt his own orgasm beginning and warned her with a moan into her mouth. She sat up and sped up her pace finally screaming his name and he came soon after, filling her with everything he had. This was so much better than wanking in the shower.

She then collapsed onto his chest for a moment to catch her breath. "I love you with all my heart Harry." She said before kissing him. Ginny cleared her throat.

"Birthday girl here, I want my treat." Hermione smiled and rolled off of him where Ginny quickly began to clean the witches folds and suck every bit of cum she could out of the girls hole. Harry got onto his knees behind her and slid his still swollen cock into her and began to pound. Every nerve was on fire and it was all he could do to keep moving, but she was the birthday girl after all and he knew this was one of the things she dreamed about.

Ginny came again as she lapped at Hermione's centre. The other girl was rapidly approaching another orgasm but Harry simply

couldn't move any longer. Every tiny movement caused him excruciating pleasure. Hermione finally came yelling Ginny's name and Harry pulled out and collapsed onto the mattress, Ginny soon cuddled in between them. "Happy birthday to me" She sing songed with a stupid looking grin on her face. They both hugged her tightly and just reveled in the feel of touching their lovers.

Harry really didn't want to move, but he knew there were others waiting on them and that the Grangers wanted to head home and Ginny would be going with them. That is until Ginny spoke up. "Harry, do you want me to stay?"

He felt Hermione tense up with the hand that lay against her thigh. "Gin, I want both of you to stay but Hermione would be all alone and we can't do that to her now can we?" Ginny rolled the other direction and kissed the girl in question. "Never." She whispered to the girl who began crying as she hugged her redheaded lover.

"Thank you." Was all the response they got from her.

"Besides, I just so happen to have my license, and I can only think of two good reasons to Apparate." He said offhandedly.

"Harry! When did you take the test? Was it difficult? Were you able to find any information in the library? Can you teach me?" Hermione asked in rapid succession.

"Down girl," He said getting an annoyed look but she quieted and raised an eyebrow at him.

"I have an unlimited range license..." He was cut off by Ginny this time.

"What? I thought you could get up to 500 kilometers!"

Hermione shook her head, "Dumbledore has one as well, if you can prove your ability to go beyond 500 kilometers they issue you an unrestricted license to Apparate. But Harry just how far can you go?"

He decided to play with them a bit, "Well, for my test I checked out the Berlin Wall."

"That has to be nearly a thousand! Even Dumbledore didn't go that far!" Hermione exclaimed.

"And just how do you know how far the Headmaster can..." he trailed off quickly and said in unison with Ginny and Hermione, "Hogwarts a History." Before he groaned.

"It is a very interesting read, you should really check it out some time." She said as she looked at the amused faces of her lovers.

"In any case," Harry said continuing on, "During practice Tonks had me check out Ayers Rock..."

Hermione fainted.

Ginny was extremely worried, she had no idea what Air Rocs were but figured she would get an explanation once her girlfriend awoke. After a few minutes they were able to revive her and she lay on the pillow looking up at the two of them. "Harry, did you just say you can Apparate to Australia?"

"Australia?" Ginny asked with wide eyes.

"Super Magic." Harry replied with a shrug, both girls rolled their eyes at him.

"Fine Harry, so do you have any idea what your actual range is?" Hermione said now that her brain didn't hurt any longer.

Harry went quiet for a moment. "Hermione, why don't you lay back down, I don't want you hurting yourself."

"Out with it already!" Ginny exclaimed in excitement.

"Er..." He began suddenly nervous, "Around the world, give or take three feet." He looked up into Hermione's eyes.

"What do you mean around the world, do you mean halfway around the world or..."

"No Hermione, when I did the practice test I Apparated as far as my magic would take me, I moved three feet but the trace said I had travelled over 40,000 Kilometers."

"But if you went around the world from England taking into account a cosine of ..." He cut her off.

"Sorry Mione, I already had this headache when Susie tried to explain it to me, I didn't think of a direction when I Apparated, I just thought take me as far as I can go. I am guessing I went roughly longitudinal rather than lateral. Alright?" He said as he brought his fingers to his temples and began massaging.

"Oh, alright then. Here let me do that." Hermione replaced his hands and was doing wonderful things to his head with her fingers.

"Thanks Mione...anyway, I only went to Berlin for my test because I didn't want to advertise my new freaky powers."

"Harry that is still nearly double what anyone else in History has done! What were you thinking?" Hermione berated him, even as she continued the massage.

"That I wanted to see Berlin?" He asked, suddenly realizing that he had indeed, still advertised his freaky powers, just not the full extent of them. Hermione and Ginny were just shaking their heads in amusement.

"So what does this have to do with us?" Ginny asked bringing them back on Topic.

Harry grinned up at them. "Well, I don't seem to know where you two are staying at the moment so I can't exactly pop over to visit..."

Hermione released his head and kissed him, "You mean it? You are going to come over?" He nodded. "The Granger residence is located at 1138 Brangwyn Crescent, Patcham." He felt the secret settle into his memory but it didn't do him a whole lot of good. He kissed her anyway.

"Thank you for trusting me with your secret." She nodded and smiled. "Now where is that?" She frowned at him.

"What? Now I can find it, but I still need directions having never been there." He smiled at her and she finally relented and told him.



"It is on the north side of Brighton...I will take a photograph of the house next door and send it to you, I assume that is how you got to Berlin and Ayers Rock?" He kissed her quickly.

"Have I told you I have a weakness for sexy intelligent witches?" Hermione blushed. "Yes that will work just fine, though try to pull back and get as much scenery as you can, preferably from a viewpoint like an alley where no one will see me Apparate in."

Ginny was listening with rapt attention, she was nowhere near learning to Apparate her self, but was fast becoming a knowledge sponge just like her girlfriend. Hermione looked thoughtful for a moment before responding. "Yes, we will also need to make sure that the sound won't alert anyone nearby as well."

Harry shook his head and she looked at him with that arched eyebrow again. "What Harry?"

"Lets just say I am not very loud and leave it at that until you can see me do it, shall we?" She looked at him funny but did not comment.

"Alright then, any more surprises for us?" Ginny asked.

Harry sighed as he rolled away and got out of the bed remembering the letter in the pocket of his trousers. He extracted it and climbed back into bed where he sat against the headboard, pulling Ginny up beside him before he handed her the letter. "I invited Percy to the party, sort of a good will gesture, he didn't come but he sent you a note."

He handed her the letter and she stared at it for a few minutes, Hermione lay across their laps and reached a hand up to play with the other girls hair, knowing this gesture would help soothe her. Finally she sighed and opened the letter.

Happy Birthday Ginevra,

Please let Lord Potter-Black know that I appreciate the offer to attend the festivities this afternoon however I am afraid I must decline at this time. I hope to apologize in person to him for my slander in years previous. He has been proven a reliable source

time and again and I was too stubborn and unwilling to forgive you all for being right. I have made many mistakes in the past few years, and I would rather not taint your celebration with my shame.

It is my sincere wish that you will be able to forgive me for being so short sighted and blindly following a fool such as Cornelius. I have done a good bid of soul searching in the past weeks and I have simply not found the courage to make amends with Mother and Father. I will shortly begin writing to William, Charles, and Ronald. Please relate to Fred and George that I am willing to undergo whatever punishment they feel necessary at a time and place of their choosing.

Best wishes on your fifteenth birthday, and my sincere hope to see you again before your sixteenth.

Percival Weasley

Ginny sniffed a bit but wrapped her arms around Harry before she began crying into his shoulder. "That stupid, misguided, arrogant git! How could he think we wouldn't forgive him?" Harry ran his hand up and down her back making shushing noises. Hermione had gotten up and moved to her other side, joining in a three-way hug. Finally her tears stopped and she was smiling. "You really invited him to my birthday? Harry what if he had turned traitor after all!"

He smiled back, glad that her mood wasn't completely spoiled. "I thought he deserved the chance, and I thought you deserved your brother back. That does not mean we weren't all waiting for him with our wands drawn just in case."

"Thank you anyway Harry, this is the second best present I could have gotten today." She kissed him quickly.

He pulled back and smiled at both of them. "Come on you two, we have a party to get back to, and goodbye kisses to exchange."

That got them up and they quickly showered off before getting dressed, Harry had the self-control to keep the shower to cleaning only, though he longed to be inside them again. Finally they emerged from his Room an hour later, to see the other girls watching another movie. They got up as one and offered Ginny

birthday hugs before the trio headed back down the stairs to find the Grangers having tea with the Weasley's.

Dan was eyeing him as if trying to decide whether to shoot him and get it over with, or put him in his dental chair. Emma however gave him an unexpected hug. "Thank you for setting this up Harry, it was very sweet of you."

"Um, no problem, I can't have them think I have forgotten about them just because they don't live here." He replied with a quick look at Hermione.

"Are you girls ready to head home?" Dan asked.

Emma leaned in and whispered in Harry's ear. "I'll work on him, don't worry about it." Which only confused him further.

Both girls kissed him on the cheek as they hugged him in tandem. Then they took hold of a length of rope the Grangers were holding and Ginny touched her wand to it. With a whispered 'Portus' they were gone from his life once again and he felt the loss physically.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He walked back up the stairs in a daze, did he really just tell them he loved them? Did he really mean it? What did that mean anyway? He was still lost in thought as he entered the room and made his way to the couch where the three girls were cuddling. He sat quietly through the rest of the Movie and the girls draped themselves across him in various positions. Finally the movie ended at about eight and Hannah sighed.

"Well, time for me to head home." She said quietly. Harry snapped out of his introspection and helped her and Susan stand before untangling himself from a sleeping Gabrielle. He then stood and pulled her into a hug.

"I had a wonderful time this weekend Han, thank you."

She nodded into his shoulder, "So did I Harry, I'll see you next week." She then pulled him into a quick kiss before letting him go and walking hand in hand down the stairs with Susan. If he knew what he felt for Susan was love, he was still confused about Hannah.

She was fun, beautiful, and sexy. He enjoyed being around her, especially how she unlocked some of Susan's inhibitions. But he thought that with as intimate as they had become he should be feeling something more for her than this, at least as much as he felt for Gabrielle.

By the time Susan had come back up he had thoroughly confused himself, Susan noticed as she sat down on the couch next to him. "What's up Harry?"

He stayed quiet for a moment until she nudged him, "Just thinking is all." He said noncommittally.

"Really, isn't that against the law?"

He smiled at her and gave her a second of his shag-me, his grin growing as her breath caught, "That depends on what I was thinking about."

"Don't make promises you can't keep." She said once she had recovered.

"I love you." He said suddenly catching her off guard.

"What?" She asked, scared to believe it.

"I am not in love with you, but I can finally identify this feeling. I love you just as much as I love Gin and Mione. I don't know what that means, but I know you deserved to hear it." He said not looking at her.

She turned his head and pulled him down on top of her as she kissed him. She waited until she knew she had taken his breath away before releasing him as he gasped for Air. "Why am I getting presents on Gin's birthday?" She asked with a smile.

"I told them both earlier, they told me if I honestly felt the same way about you I needed to tell you. So I guess you can thank them later."

Susan got a devilish look on her face, "Oh I plan to, multiple times."

Harry had interesting mental images flash through his head and he knew Snape would have had a heart attack if he had tried to read him just then. "Do I get to be there?" He asked.

"If you're a good boy you can be the main attraction." She told him with a grin. "Now is that what you were thinking about?"

He quieted again, causing her to worry. "Harry?"

"Sorry, thinking again."

"About what?"

"Hannah." He answered.

"Oh" She said even more confused. "What has you thinking so hard about her? Do you love her too?"

"No..." He said sounding very vulnerable. "I...don't know why...I just don't feel the same way about her as I do you. Why?" He looked about ready to cry so she pulled him into a hug. Perhaps sensing her Masters distress Gabrielle woke up and hugged his back.

"What is wrong Master?"

"Hey Pet, did you have a nice nap?" He asked with a smile.

"Don't change the subject Harry." Susan said sternly. "So you are upset because you don't love Hannah?"

He nodded, "I feel like it's wrong, like I'm being bad. How can I use her like that?"

"Harry, Hannah is here to be with me, playing with you is just a bonus. Did she or did she not tell you she wanted to keep it casual?"

He thought for a second, "Not in so many words. She asked if I would let her love me and I said yes, but later she told me she just wanted to enjoy things the way they are."

"So what's the problem then?" Susan asked, still confused.

"I haven't done anything with you that I haven't done with her, so why do I want to shag her but I don't love her?"

Susan thought for a moment. "Sex and Love are not the same thing Harry, and besides that, you have been spending every day with me for half the month, of course you have more feelings for me that you do for her. That doesn't mean you can't love her, just that you don't yet."

He looked at her and finally smiled genuinely. "You mean she doesn't mind?"

"Hannah still wants to try dating Neville, she has fun with us, and she trusts you like nobody else, but she isn't ready to fall in love. Don't feel bad because of her choices Harry."

He nodded before he spoke once more. "How is it okay for me to love more than one woman? To be this selfish?"

"Are you happy Harry?" She asked.

"Most of the time, today I felt like I could cast a hundred Patronus charms against a thousand Dementors. But watching them go nearly broke me." He whispered.

"Zere is nothing wrong with loving Harry." Came the surprisingly comforting voice of Gabrielle. He sat up and turned in her direction. "Love grows Harry, when you need more you just make more. Zere is nothing wrong with loving more than one woman."

"I don't understand." He said looking confused at the wisdom coming from the girl who acted like nothing more than a silly blonde in his presence.

"Ze Veela know much about love, I have read much of what is written. Zere is nothing wrong with loving zem all." A single tear rolled down her cheek.

He pulled her into a hug and whispered into her hair, "I love you too Gabrielle, not as much as the others, but I do." She began sobbing into his chest.

"I love you Master, I am afraid you will reject me eef I say so." She then turned her head and kissed him. "My Maman is writing me a letter. I am to go home and attend Beauxbatons zis year. Ze school ees not accepting me at Hogwarts."

Harry was stunned, he hadn't actually thought about not having Gabrielle with him at school. "That can't be right, Dumbledore..." She cut him off at the name.

"Ze Headmaster has spoken with my parents, he says zere is nothing he can do eet is ze board of governors." She cried into his shoulder.

"Shhhh Pet...it will be okay. You will just have to visit for Easter and Christmas break. And then we have all of next summer together. When do you have to leave?"

"Ze eighteenth. I have only one week to be with you." She sobbed.

He comforted the best way he knew how, by pulling her into his lap and holding her until she cried herself out. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?" He asked her softly.

"When we are together I am only thinking of your happiness, my own c'est nothing." She sniffled as she was coming back into control of her emotions.

"Your happiness is my happiness Pet, that is how a Master should treat those he is responsible for."

She smiled and as he watched her hair seemed to straighten itself and her tear tracks dried to nothing before disappearing. "Only my Master...What shall I do?"

He thought for a long moment, "I order you to return to France for schooling, as much as I want you with me, I want you to have friends and get a good education. Please?"

Her smile brightened at his words. "I shall do as you order my Master, you will give me treats when I see you next?"

He grinned back and pulled her into a hug once again. "So many you will pass out my Pet."

Susan spoke up. "Does that mean I am going to get a whole week of you to myself?"

"I suppose so, its almost depressing when you put it like that." He said before he caught his slip, she was near tears at his off the cuff comment.

Releasing Gabrielle he turned and pulled Susan to him. "I love you Susie, I meant I have gotten so used to being surrounded that just the two of us seems a bit dull in comparison. I did not mean I won't treasure the time alone with you." He kissed her and after a moment she kissed him back, apparently forgiving him. "For now it is the three of us, how would you like to work the sleeping arrangements?"

"Gabrielle is leaving in a week, if you like you two can have the whole time to yourselves." Susan said quietly.

"Non! Master loves you and I will not keep you from him. Please Suzie stay with us?"

She nodded before speaking once again. "Then I guess its bath time Harry, now that we know what we're doing I expect you to take care of my needs on a regular basis." She got up and dragged him from the couch as Gabrielle got up under her own power.

"What have I missed?" The blond asked.

"It will be easier to show you." Susan said pulling Harry into his room with Gabrielle following.

A/N: So more people reviewed and YES people I was aware of my hypocrisy in complaining about authors who beg for reviews while begging for reviews..sheesh \*\*grin\*\* In any case I promise if you review I will try to respond to all of them individually, I have however discovered the joys of Anonymous reviews with the following Gem which I need to address.

Locke  
2010-03-22 . chapter 33



I read your story as kinda a guilty pleasure thing. the PWP smut is great which is what I read it for, but the story is lacking in plot, story, or even reality.

also the amount of times these people 'pass out' from sex is retarded. Its not actually like that virginfag.

So in answer:

It was a guilty pleasure to write it, indeed it was supposed to be PWP from the beginning but I decided I would hate myself if I abandoned it or stopped after the summer so began adding more plot elements. It picks up amazingly after chapter 30 so hang in there if you want a deep and moving story that happens to have lots of lemons. You are one of the only people who seems to believe there is no reality in this relationship.

Granted, the magic and other elements used to bring them together are DUH fantasy so not very realistic. The story as I explained picks up after chapter 30 when I decided to make this something other than PWP and as for reality... I took pretty great pains to make sure the characters responded some what realistically to the situation. I was an oversexed teenage boy who played truth or dare and other games often with many girls and this is very close to how teenagers who are attracted to each other would react.

As for the "pass out from sex" and "virginfag" comments. I was a swinger with my ex-wife and I have had sex with over a hundred women, many of those became regular girlfriends over a five year period. And if you are doing it right you can make a girl pass out from orgasms, it has happened to me on more than one occasion, scared the bejeezus out of me the first couple of times cuz they wouldn't wake up!

Just because you yourself are either a "virginfag" or have no experience with it happening, does not mean it doesn't happen. You also have to remember that Harry has the "power of love" flowing through him amplifying his feelings of love or lust for these girls. Not all of them will pass out on him during sex. You could say Gin has low blood sugar if you want and that Mione falls asleep more than passes out from the pleasure. Whatever.

Ladies and Gentleman readers, please feel free to tell me if you think that these girls passing out was "unrealistic" and if you think I am a "virginfag", but I promise you I have more experience than most men even twice my age AND I am still friends with every single girl I ever slept with. It sucks being single and in Missouri when all of those women are in California though...

## Chapter 35: Farewell mon petit chaton

"Why can't these people invent a pleasant form of travel, honestly?" Dan grumbled when the Grangers plus one landed back at home. Hermione and Ginny once again had to help them to their feet while they were still disoriented.

Hermione just smiled as she helped steady her father. "I mean come on? Spinning around in a dirty fireplace, flying through space while your insides are trying to fly out of your naval, or sitting on a broom? This is the best Magic can offer?"

"Don't forget the Knight Bus Mr. Granger." Ginny told him, "They fly across the country and fling you all over the place, it's the best!" He just stared at her in horror.

"And Apparation daddy, from the way it is described you have the rather unpleasant feeling of being squeezed through a hosepipe." Hermione added while trying to hide her grin.

"Mental, all of you!" He cried out as he left the room, but they could see the smile on his face.

"That really wasn't very nice of you two." Emma commented.

Hermione and Ginny turned innocent eyes on the older woman. "I have no idea what you mean." Hermione said.

"Right...Hermione, can I speak with you for a few minutes?" She asked her daughter who's eyes suddenly went wide, trying to decide what she had done wrong this time.

"I'll meet you upstairs then Mione." Ginny said as she turned and bounced out of the room, still on a high from her party.

Hermione turned somewhat frightened eyes on her mother. "What is it Mum? I am fairly certain you know everything I do about the situation in the Wizarding world now."

Emma smiled and pulled Hermione toward the kitchen, once there Hermione watched curiously as her mother unlocked and opened the liquor cabinet. She pulled down the vodka and apple schnapps

to make Appletini's. "Have a seat dear, these will be ready in just a second."

She sat and watched her mother measure out two glasses before sliding one across the table toward her. "Now dear, I know you and I already had a talk about sex."

"And I remember it all Mum we really don't need to do this again." Hermione said getting more nervous by the minute, she quickly took a sip of her drink and resisted the urge to cough.

"I have no doubt of that dear, what I want to talk to you about is Harry."

"Oh..." Was all she managed to get out before taking another sip.

"Your poor father is very confused. He doesn't know whether to thank Harry or hit him, you must have noticed his 'Kill anything male near my little girl' attitude at the party?" Hermione only nodded as her face flushed, she hoped it was from the drink.

"Now I on the other hand thought you were with Ginny." Hermione did cough this time as she spluttered into her glass.

"Whatever do you mean?" She asked through her tears of pain.

"Dear, I had a girlfriend at University, please don't think that your generation invented sex." Hermione quickly drained her glass before coughing once more. Emma just smiled and stood to make another.

"You what?" Hermione asked as soon as she caught her breath.

"I haven't always been with your father dear, I was once young too. Now I trust you to be responsible, and to make good decisions. I just need you to do one thing for me?" She slid the fresh drink across the table.

Hermione drained half the glass before taking a deep breath and composing herself. "What would that be?"

"Spill." Her mother said with a huge grin and Hermione had to double check to make sure this was really the woman who raised her.

"I'm sorry?" She asked still feigning innocence.

"You my dear, have at the least, a lesbian lover, and at the party tonight I could almost feel the chemistry between you and Harry. Now out with it, this is just too juicy to keep to yourself!" Hermione just stared at the woman across from her for a minute. There sat the woman who raised her, who taught her right from wrong, and who had gifted her with her thirst for knowledge. But she also saw the woman who had been her friend since she had gotten her first period. They used to be able to talk about everything, before she had left for Hogwarts.

She drained the rest of her glass and held it out across the table. "Not without at least one more of these." She said with a smile, Emma's grin seemed to double as she quickly refilled both of their glasses.

Over the next half an hour Hermione told her mum all about the failed relationship with Ron, leaving out the sex. How he had only been using her and did not respect her as a person, just as something that could bring him pleasure. How Harry had made her realize that the only reason they even talked to one another was because of their friendship with him. How Harry would hold her as she cried, and finally she went into a few of the juicier details of their early Occlumency training before revealing how she had professed her love to both Harry and Ginny. How it had come as a shock to her that she had feelings for another woman, and that she was willing to share the man she had held a crush on for so long.

Once Hermione had reached a stopping point, two drinks later, Emma began asking clarifying questions. "So let me get this straight, you expect me to believe that in order to meditate, you needed to be nude?"

"The honest truth Mum...okay it was true when I first began on my own, it ended up being more of a distraction with him at first..."

"Oh I'm sure it was!" Emma said with a laugh getting a genuine blush from her daughter. "And Ginny was having trouble, so you convinced her to do the same?"

Hermione nodded, "I honestly forgot to lock the door, I never meant for Harry to see us like that!"

"But he did, and you just acted as if there was nothing wrong?" The girl nodded.

"Ginny had been begging me to help her get Harry to notice her, I had given up on him years ago so I was all about helping her, anything to make him happy..." She trailed off a bit.

"So you hatched this master plan using Occlumency to trap him, and ended up getting caught yourself?" Hermione nodded and blushed again.

"There were...incidents along the way that threw all of us together, but it feels like this is the way it was meant to be."

"So when are you going to tell your father?"

She blanched and looked down at the table, "Um...well that isn't the whole of it..."

Emma turned her head to the side as she pondered her only child. "So?"

"Harry doesn't know what true love is... so we are ." Unfortunately Emma was fluent in unintelligible run-on sentence.

"You're sharing the man you both love, with every other girl who wants a piece of him?" She exclaimed.

"Shhhh Mum! Yes okay, there is a prophecy about Harry, and he has to know how to love properly if he is going to fulfill it. That means he needs to experience as many different types of love as possible. We hope he will choose us when he figures it out." She said quietly.

Emma was stunned for a moment, and then she drained her glass. "I assume you may have...participated at some point with these other women?"

Hermione had permanently turned Weasley red, and almost none of it was the alcohol. "Mum, there is nothing sexier than watching the man I love with another woman, please don't think badly of me?"

Emma got up and hugged her daughter, "Hermione you are a grown woman, and my best friend besides, I told you I trust you and I still do. As long as you are safe and know the risk of heartache I won't say anything. You aren't um..." She trailed off as she blushed as well.

"Mum?"

Emma took a deep breath. "You don't share yourself with other boys as well do you?"

"Oh heavens no Mum! It's always and is still only Harry, I won't ever have another if I have my way!" Her mum breathed a sigh of relief as she hugged her daughter tighter.

"I may be a hypocrite but I find nothing wrong with the thought of you and all those girls, I would have been very uncomfortable with multiple men though." She breathed out.

"Never mum, as far as I know none of the girls Harry will be dating this year are slags like that." Emma arched an eyebrow. "Well I agree with you! I think it is fun to share with those other girls but the only man I want is the one I love!" Emma nodded as she stood on shaky legs.

"Alright dear, thank you for being honest with me. I miss this."

Hermione stood as well, catching herself on the table before she could fall. "Me too mum, I'm glad you made me talk." She hugged her and they carefully made their way up the stairs together.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Gabrielle had delighted in sharing Harry with Susan for the past week. Susan had delighted in having Gabrielle in one hole while Harry filled the other, and in returning the favor in reverse. Today was Friday and Hannah was coming over again, Susan could not wait to share her new skills with her favorite girlfriend. Harry had enjoyed himself, and made sure they enjoyed themselves as well,

but his thoughts kept returning to the disappointing yet informative letter Hedwig had brought him from Hermione.

Harry My Love,

I took the photo you requested, however my Father has decided to take another week on the Riviera. Honestly I believe he just didn't want to stay in a Wizarding household for the remainder of the summer. I do not know how Ginny will react to going to Topless, though I think she will get a secret thrill out of it. I worry for my father's health however if she decides to do so.

This means that it will be yet again a week before we can see you. We leave on Friday and we do not have time to develop and deliver the photograph until we return on twenty-third of August. We both look forward to stories of your time with Susan and Gabrielle, and especially the evolving situation with Hannah when we return so make sure you have stories to tell.

Upon our return from your home on the eve of Ginny's birthday you will be happy to know that my father called the entire Wizarding world "mental" because of the way we choose to travel. It took everything Gin and I had not to burst out laughing as he talked about why we insisted on making all forms of magical transportation uncomfortable.

My mother sat me down that night and over a few drinks she managed to pull the information from me that we are a trio. Worse yet I admitted to my perversion of liking to watch you with other women. Luckily for me my father does not have a clue, and my mother is completely on board with my decision. Please do not worry about any awkwardness between you two, as she loves you to pieces.

I sincerely regret not being able to spend more time with you this summer, and the coming school year will bring many challenges. Above all know that we both love you completely and wish nothing more than for you to be happy. I plan to see you in my bed no later than the twenty-sixth, and hopefully we can make up for lost time before boarding the train for Hogwarts.

All of our Love,  
Gin and Mione



So Harry had thrown himself into his studies with a passion. He had progressed through fourth year material, including much of the extracurricular material he had learned for the tournament. Each spell required a slightly different power level to cast properly without verbal incantations and he had built up a rather impressive set of triggers set much like a card catalogue for each spell. Though he was now dreading the process of retuning his magic once again when he began removing the wand movements.

His attempts to corner Tonks or Moony and find out what was going on had been foiled as well. Remus was hardly at the house any longer, having accepted an Order mission to join a local Werewolf pack and attempt to sway them to the side of Light. Tonks was supposedly his bodyguard, but she had taken to hiding under an invisibility cloak just to avoid him. He could not figure out what had happened between those two, or why Tonks would suddenly want nothing to do with him.

Susan had progressed rather well in her Occlumency, no thanks to Gabrielle who spent most of the days trying to coax Susan into bed. Harry knew first hand that those kind of distractions worked very well to focus your mind quickly once you were able to block them out somewhat. He concluded that if her shields were just as sturdy that night he would be telling her the prophecy.

Besides his self-study in magic, Susan had helped to prep him on Ministry of Magic regulations and proper etiquette for the Wizengamot. He planned to spend the last week before school, and coincidentally the week before Amelia's confirmation, making a full assault on some of the more conservative members. Susan was a wealth of knowledge when it came to each swing vote as well. Amelia had been grooming her to enter Ministry service for half her life, and her knowledge had become invaluable to him.

If it were not for his Occlumency exercises he knew he would be a complete basket case by now, not that he put much store by sanity as it seemed overrated. He had begun devouring books from the Black Library along with his other studies and had taken in far too much information in far too short a time. All to keep his mind away from thoughts of a Topless Gin and Mione on a beach somewhere with men and women drooling over them. His latest research project, funny enough, Magical forms of transportation.

It had started in part due to the mention in Mione's letter, but if truth be told, it was more to do with needing a distraction after a particularly difficult training session. He had begun by wanting to know about the charms that made a broomstick fly and segued quickly into the other forms of transport. Some of the theory included was actually interesting as well as the mechanics of how the spell worked.

Portkeys worked by tying an object to a specific place magically. Once activated the object could bring along a predetermined number of people or people and objects, the problem was that it literally pulled them along thus the feeling of being 'hooked'. There was mention of arches being tied together between locations but Harry had quickly avoided that subject as it brought forth bad memories.

The subject that had really fascinated him was of course the subject he was best at, Apparation. Wizards did not seem to know how it was accomplished, you simply willed your magical essence to another location and you simply appeared at the other end. None of the authors he had read seemed to know where or who invented it, nor why it required no incantation or wand. It simply worked, and most wizards were not inquisitive enough to find out how.

Almost by accident a theory had formed in Harry's mind one night while watching the Telly with the girls. True to his word Remus had installed the cable television throughout the house and Harry had been captured by a 'Star Trek' marathon earlier in the week. He much preferred 'Star Wars' for entertainment value, but the ideas in the television show actually seemed to be based somewhat in reality. His mind already captivated by Apparation had instantly identified with the idea of 'Beaming' people around. Just the night before however he had stumbled across the Discovery Channel and an entire two hours dedicated to the idea of teleportation.

He had hardly been able to study this morning and was planning to ask Gabrielle, Susan and Hannah once she arrived, to accompany him for lunch in Muggle London where he wanted to stop and purchase a few books on the subject. Hermione would be drooling if only she knew how much she had..er..Rubbed off on him. And of course, thoughts of Hermione brought him back into a melancholy mood.

And so Susan and Hannah found him sitting cross-legged in the middle of the training room feeling depressed as he attempted to focus his mind once more.

"Hey Harry." Hannah said shyly.

"Hey yourself." He said with a large grin, it was extremely funny to him that no matter what they had shared in the past, they were both still nervous when they met again. He secretly enjoyed the tension and had a feeling she did as well. It seemed to make everything more exciting for them during their brief trysts.

He got up and stretched out his sore joints and muscles before pulling the girl into a quick hug and a kiss on the cheek. Susan as usual just shook her head at her suddenly shy lovers. "So Harry, what's the plan for today?" Susan asked.

"Well, I was thinking we could head into London for a meal and do some shopping, there are a few books I want to pick up. If that is alright with you three?" They all nodded and smiled back at him but Susan had to poke fun.

"Harry Harry, you have been spending too much time with Hermione, have you developed a book fetish or something?" She asked him.

He remembered the fantasy he had fed to Hermione in the book section of Harrods and promptly blushed. "I have no idea what you mean, if you must know I have a bit of a research project going on and Wizards seem to have failed me."

"I still am thinking zere are better things to do during ze day zan to read!" Gabrielle said, getting a giggle from the other girls.

"I suppose Harrods sounds as good as any other place. They have food and Shopping." Susan said.

"That's fine but I think when we get back you can take a break for the rest of the evening, um, if you know what I mean?" Hannah asked a little hopefully.

He offered her his arm, which she promptly took, and he led the girls toward the stairs. "I have no idea what you're talking about." He said with a grin.

He led them downstairs but as they turned toward the front door, he turned toward the kitchen. "Harry?" Hannah asked.

"Oh, I thought we could travel in style today ladies. If you will consent I would like to Apparate us to an alley across the street." The girls looked at each other a little surprised but Susan had no doubts that he could do it so she promptly took his proffered arm. The other two marched out behind them into the back garden.

"All right ladies. Apparation is my best subject but I would still like you to concentrate feeling your magic. Susan you are basically Apparating and I am just guiding you. If you'll just imagine the outside of the Store I think that will be close enough."

They each took hold of a part of him and he pulled up his magic. He felt with it until he knew he was surrounding all four of them and then pulled his magic in until he knew he was encompassing only them and their clothing. He turned and with just a small pop the group arrived in an alley facing the front of the store. There was strangely almost no feeling of movement at all; they had simply been in the garden once second, and in the alley the next.

"Holy Crap!" Hannah exclaimed. "Is that what Apparation feels like?"

Susan shook her head. "I don't know what that was, but that isn't what it felt like when I was learning anyway." She said turning to look at Harry.

"Don't ask me." Harry said feeling just as at a loss as they were. "Super Magic?" He asked hoping to ignore whatever he had just done.

"You said you were doing a research project, would this have anything to do with it?" Susan asked skeptically.

"Not consciously no, I don't think I did anything different that time?" Harry said. He wasn't sure if he was asking a question or making a statement.

Susan and Hannah shared a look, Gabrielle was just smiling, she knew nothing was impossible for her Master. "Well, shall we?" Hannah asked and the group headed across the street and into the store. Inside they headed all the way up to the roof where there was a small deli. They each ordered some light snacks and had juice while they talked about everything and nothing. All considered it was a very nice break from the monotony of Grimmauld Place.

They wandered through the store toward the book section on the third floor. Once there, Harry quickly purchased a selection of science fiction, non-fiction, and reference materials pertaining to the idea of teleportation, wormholes, and quantum theory. He had glanced through the last and decided that he could understand the maths well enough with the basic algebra knowledge he obtained at his Muggle grade school. The higher-level maths he could always get help from Hermione with if needed.

Finally they were back on the first floor and headed for the door when he saw in the jewelry case another pendant necklace like the ones he had purchased before. The clerk recognized him from making such a large purchase the last time he was here and Harry was able to motion to the man asking how many he had in stock this time. The answer came back that he had another four. He sent the girls in to look at the Candy Shop in the food hall before he turned back to the man.

"How many more of these are there?" He asked the salesman as he motioned toward the carved jade lightning bolt.

"Actually there are only these four and the four you purchased. They were hand made in China and from a reliable source, the person who crafted these just died at the ripe age of 179." The man whispered. That caught Harry's attention, if true the man was surely a wizard, which meant these pendants could be magical in nature, or at the very least suitable to hold protection charms.

"I will take all four of these as well then," He glanced across the hall to make sure the girls were not spying on him, "And I would like something that fits high up like a collar, um..." He trailed off trying to articulate what he meant.

"Ah yes sir, you refer to what is known as a choker. We have a variety over here in silver, which would match one of these pendants

quite well. Harry glanced over them until he found one that was made up of interlocking flat disks of sterling silver.

"I will take this as well. Thank you." He said pulling his Barclay's card and placing it on the counter. The man hustled to complete the transaction for his best customer. Soon Harry was standing behind his ladies as they selected chocolates one at a time, which were then being placed in a massive heart shaped box.

"Chocolate Craving?" He asked quietly to let them know he was there.

"Always, and what were you up to Mister Go on ahead and leave me alone in the Jewelry section?" Hannah asked.

Harry passed his card to the cashier as Susan picked the last chocolate. "Was I really that transparent?"

"Well, I think all three of us knew what you were doing, but since none of us expects you to be buying an engagement ring, we decided to let it slide this time." She said with a dazzling smile.

"Have I told you about my weakness?" Harry asked her as he leaned in and whispered in her ear causing goose bumps to rise on her shoulders and neck.

"Um, no but Susan did. Don't worry, your secret is safe with me." She whispered back into his ear causing much the same reaction, also causing a sudden diversion of blood.

"Right then ladies, unless you have more shopping to do how about we head home?" He asked quickly getting a smile from Hannah.

Once they were back in the alley Harry shrank all of their purchases, which they stowed on their person. And concentrating on the feeling of Apparation the group returned to the back garden with a Bang feeling a bit sickly. Harry had been tempted for a moment to attempt to jump them into the bedroom, just to get them naked that much faster. But hoped that patience would be it's own reward.

An unsteady group walked into the kitchen and sat down at the table; Winky soon appeared and placed a smoothie in front of each of them. "Uhg, if that's what Apparation is supposed to feel like I

would rather learn whatever it is you're doing Harry." A green looking Hannah told him.

"It isn't usually that bad, must have been the multiple side-alongs..." Susan trailed off as she tried to catch her breath, she decided four people should not attempt to Apparate all at once.

"Sorry, I wanted to feel the difference between normal Apparation and whatever it was I did on the way there. I didn't know it would be that uncomfortable." Harry commented as he tugged at his clothes. If normal Apparation felt like being squeezed through a hosepipe, that felt like all four of them had been shoved through a straw, he was feeling a bit claustrophobic at the moment. "I think I need to get out of these clothes." He commented quietly.

"Zat sounds like a wonderful idea!" Gabrielle said from behind him and the other two giggled at him as his face turned red.

"Not what I meant...why in the world did I have to get a sex crazed Veela for a girlfriend." He asked the ceiling, they could all see the large grin he was wearing however and Gabrielle simply leaned over his upturned face and gave him an upside down kiss.

"Well then ladies, what say we put our new things away and watch some Telly?" The three quickly agreed and headed upstairs.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Susan had explained to Hannah that Gabrielle would be leaving on Sunday and the two had made certain to put Harry at the end of the couch with her in his arms. The other two sat at the other end with Susan lying against Hannah's shoulder. They watched "101 Dalmatians" which embarrassed Harry to no end; he actually sniffled a bit when the puppies had to walk through the snow. He was chuckling as he tried to hide his sobs, "The poor little frozen paws and tails!" He laughed out, the girls pretended to ignore his unmanliness.

After that they switched over to an all cartoon channel and enjoyed some 'Tom and Jerry'. Harry who had never been allowed to watch cartoons suddenly had a new favorite channel though the Discovery Channel was still high on his list. Finally they dragged him off to bath

time and bed with Gabrielle excusing herself for the evening despite protests from all three.

Hannah left at lunch on the next day and Harry split his time between research, training his magic, and working out whatever it was he had done to transport the group to Harrods the day before. It was a rather exhausted Harry who joined them for dinner that evening. Molly and Arthur had taken that vacation and were currently in Romania visiting Charlie, which left only Tonks, Harry, and the girls at the table.

"So Nym, are you ready to talk?" Harry asked.

Tonks looked up and sighed. "You ain't gonna let go of it are you?"

He smiled at her, "What kind of friend would I be if I did? Now what's going on between you and Moony?" He asked as he moved to an empty chair beside her.

"Nothing is going on between us, that's kinda the point." She said with a growl.

"I thought you two were doing so well?" Susan asked.

Tonks turned toward the girls as she replied. "We were, up until we had to choose sides."

Harry's face suddenly went white, "Sides in what?" He asked quietly.

She turned back to him and seeing his face she pulled him into a hug. "Remus loves you Harry, even respects you as an adult, but Dumbledore has done so much for him he can't just turn his back. We had it out when I told him I thought you had the right of it and Dumbledore wasn't fit to lead us any longer." She whispered as tears began to flow down her cheeks.

Suddenly she was in Harry's lap as he turned the tables and she was crying into his shoulder. She pulled back a bit and looked up into his face. "How did that happen?"

He smiled down at her. "I have plenty of practice comforting crying witches, and you need it more than I do right now." He said quietly



as he pulled her back into his shoulder. "Though I admit having a full grown woman cry on my shoulder is a bit different."

She slapped his shoulder and chuckled a bit through her tears. "I ain't that much older than you squirt, I was still at Hogwarts when you started!"

He laughed along with her, "I wasn't calling you old Nym, just commenting that you're um...fully grown?" He said as his face turned red. His embarrassment seemed to cheer her up.

"Why Harry, are you making a pass at me?" She said grinning through her few remaining tears as he looked away. Deciding to fight fire with fire he quickly unlocked his memories and looked into her eyes, only inches from his own.

"I'm not the one who keeps offering to touch your bits." He said quietly, suddenly she was kissing him again and his hands which had previously been rubbing circles on her back went one to her bum and one to the back of her neck, trying to pull her closer. He pulled away quickly, "I didn't mean...I mean..Sorry?" She looked at him and smiled.

"You play with fire Harry and you might get burned, it's not like you haven't kissed me before." He was totally lost as to what to do with a sexy witch in his lap kissing him. He did notice though that her hair was pink once more.

"So is that all it took to brighten your mood a bit? Just a little snog?" He meant for that to come out in a sultry tone, it came out more as a squeak.

"It really isn't the kiss Harry, it's feeling like you care about me. Thank you." She said as she pulled away and sat back down on her chair. "Now you gonna be alright? Like I said it isn't anything against you that is keeping Remus from helping."

He was still a bit dazed, "No I understand where he is coming from, he never would have gone to Hogwarts if Dumbledore hadn't bent the rules for him. I think Fawkes said it best. He was once a great man. That doesn't mean he can't make mistakes and get people killed for his Greater Good." Harry finished with a rather scary look on his face.

"Since when can you talk to Fawkes?" Tonks asked looking at him like he was crazy.

Harry's eyes went wide and Susan was looking at him funny as well. "Uh..During the summer I sort of um...learned I could talk to intelligent birds and hear them when they talked back..." He said quickly.

Susan eyed him with some suspicion. "Super Magic?" She asked. He nodded quickly trying to avoid the topic.

"Super Magic and a bit of cabin fever. I think it was related to my Legilimency..."

"You're a Legilimens?" Tonks exclaimed.

Harry dropped his head to the table with a Thwack. He mumbled toward his lap, "I would appreciate if you kept that to yourself, didn't you wonder what I did when I calmed you down to teach you how I Apparate?"

She shook her head, "I thought you were just really good at making me relax..." She suddenly blushed the brightest he had ever seen. "So you read my mind?" She asked quietly.

"No Nym, I try very hard not to read anyone, I'm a Natural as far as I can tell, which means even with good shields I still pick up stray thoughts. I helped calm you down by pulling calming thoughts to the surface but I did not read any of them." He whispered. "And I don't plan to start so whatever thoughts are turning you that pretty shade of red are still safe.

She tried to throw him an angry glare, but couldn't keep the grin off her face. "Prat." She said quietly.

"Anyway, Natural Legilimens start to develop the skill during the teen years, trust me I thought I was going nuts at the time just like you, though I am not certain I'm entirely sane now." He said with a smile.

"Whatever, anyways thanks for cheering me up Harry." She said as she stood to go.

"Anytime Nym." He said with a smile but he paled again when she gave him a sultry look.

"Don't make promises you can't keep." She then grinned and flounced out of the room.

Susan and Gabrielle looked back and forth between the hallway door and Harry, who was simply staring after the Metamorph. "What have I gotten myself into now?" He asked the air. The girls just giggled at him as they finished their meals.

They finally dragged him back up the stairs playfully, all the while he was complaining that he was perfectly capable of walking on his own. They pushed him onto the corner of the couch and Susan pushed Gabrielle down next to him before she sat herself at the other end and grabbed the remote. She tuned to cartoons once more and seemingly ignored the couple on the couch next to her.

Gabrielle snuggled into his shoulder as they watched, Harry's hands had recently developed the habit of running up and down the girls' arms and backs, and playing with their hair any time they were near. Both Susan and Gabrielle relished the attention but being "Petted" by her master was the ultimate turn on for the Veela. As the colorful characters began to run by on screen she surreptitiously turned against him so that his hands were now running across her breasts instead of up and down her arm. Harry noticed but said nothing, enjoying the feel of her beneath his palm. She was wearing a sleeveless cashmere sweater and somewhere along the line she had lost her bra if she had even worn it that day.

All those factors made her nearly irresistible to his touch even before he noticed what he was doing. Now that he knew he pretended he didn't, and his hand slowly worked their way lower. Gabrielle didn't make any sound except her normal purr of contentment. He fingertips were now brushing across her stomach and slowly getting lower. His member had long ago awakened and was starting to strain against the fabric of his shorts.

Finally deciding this is what she wanted as much as he did he turned and began kissing her neck as his hand slid beneath the waist of her knickers and his fingers quickly found her already wet folds. As he touched her clit he placed his lips against her own and began playing as she moaned into his mouth. It did not take him

long to get her off and he withdrew his hand back up to her chest where he hugged her against him and continued to watch the movie.

Susan watched the whole scene from the corner of her eye and longed to touch herself but didn't. No matter that she had seen them shagging like bunnies, and even joined in a few times. For some reason this felt like a private moment and she felt honored to be allowed to watch as Harry showed Gabrielle he loved her in his own small way. They continued to watch re-runs of 'Yogi Bear' for another hour, with Harry for no reason at all bringing Gabrielle to orgasm every so often. Finally Susan excused herself and headed for her room after kissing Gabrielle. "Tonight is for you." She whispered before walking off to bed.

As the door closed Gabrielle began to cry silently, trying not to let Harry know but he was too perceptive. He pulled her into his lap and simply wrapped his arms around her, placing his nose into her neck he breathed deeply. And realized she didn't smell like the other girls any longer, she just smelled clean. "I love you Gabrielle." He whispered into her ear.

She nodded, "I love you as well Master."

"No you don't understand, do you know what you smell like to me?" He asked quietly.

"You told me, I smell like Vanilla and Strawberries, just like Mine and Ginevra."

"Not any more, I just smell you now. Tell me what that means?"

She began to cry once more, but they were tears of Happiness. "It is said that if the bonded smells nothing else, zat he is truly in love with her, though there is now way to know for sure." She whispered.

"I wish you didn't have to go Pet, but you must still have a life outside of me for me to be happy. You understand that right?" He whispered back as he tried to fight his own tears. Was he truly In love for the first time?

"Thank you my mas...Harry, I know you only want me to be happy. Zis is why I love you so much." She sniffed sadly.

"You have to leave tomorrow, what do you want to do tonight?" He asked.

"I just want you to hold me, and make love to me. Zat is all I ever wanted." She said quietly.

He stood and picked her up along with him before whisking her away into the Masters suite. They made love until they collapsed in exhaustion at nearly three in the morning wrapped tightly around each other.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Breakfast was a very somber affair on Sunday. Fleur was in attendance along with Harry, Susan and Gabrielle; Ron was sleeping in as usual these days. Finally the meal was done and Fleur stood quietly and walked over to the fireplace. "Come along Gabrielle, eet iz time to go home."

Harry and Susan stood along with her and gave her long hugs. Harry then kissed her sweetly as he reached into his back pocket pulling out a long velvet box. "My Pet, will you please wear this?" He asked.

She opened the box slowly with reverence before jumping into his arms and kissing him rather soundly. "Yes Master! Please will you put it on me?" She asked excitedly. Both Susan and Fleur looked on with confusion.

From the box Harry pulled the necklace with was a silver band about half an inch wide and thirteen inches long. Dangling from the center of the piece was a jade lightning bolt. She pulled her hair up and turned so that he could fasten it around her neck. It was a perfect fit and he leaned in after clasping it and kissed the back of her neck as he breathed in her scent one last time. He whispered in her ear. "My Pet needed a collar if she was going to be all the way in France."

She turned and kissed him once again before Fleur cleared her throat. With a sigh Harry released the girl and tried to control his tears as he watched her step into the fireplace and disappear for at least the next four months. He didn't know how it snuck up on him, before last night he had known for certain that what he felt for

Gabrielle was less than what he felt for the other three, and suddenly he was in love with her.

He didn't feel like he loved her more than the other three did that mean he was in love with all four of them? "Harry?" Susan asked pulling him from his thoughts.

"Hmm?" He asked distractedly.

"Are you alright?"

"I...think I might be better than alright...let me think about it okay? It's nothing bad I promise." He said smiling and pulling her into a hug.

She hugged him back with a silly smile on her face. "Okay then, whenever you're ready." She sighed into his shoulder.

The rest of the day was spent as normal; Harry however was having an increasingly hard time concentrating on his studies. Lunch came and went and though he kept up the conversation with Tonks and Susan his mind was elsewhere. After Dinner Susan had finally had enough and pulled him up the stairs and into a Snuggler, which sat opposite the couch, they normally cuddled on to watch TV. She straddled his hips and forced him to look her in the eye.

"Alright Mister, what's going on in that head of yours?" She asked.

"Not really sure...what does Gabrielle smell like to you?" He asked throwing her for a loop.

"I'm sorry, what?"

"Just play along with me for a second alright?" He asked.

She nodded and thought hard, she hadn't consciously thought about how the other girl smelled and had to pull up memories using her Occlumency. "A little sweet like honey and a little like...I don't know how to describe it, like clean sweat and wind?" She asked with a confused look.

He pondered her answer for a moment before continuing. "Look through your other memories, can you tell me if anyone else tastes or smells like that to you?"

She sank into herself again for a moment before her face lit up with a smile. "Hannah tastes like honey..." She blushed. "And the other one is you..."

He nodded as she opened her eyes, "Gabrielle told me that she would taste or smell like my favorite things, if anyone took her without my permission she would be revolting to them, but if she was doing what I wanted...like making love to you, then she would taste and smell like their favorite things." She nodded but still looked confused about how this was causing him an issue.

"So..." She asked.

"So as of last night she didn't smell like anything or anyone else to me, I just smelled her clean scent...um and that's how she tasted as well..." He blushed causing her to smile.

"And that means?" She asked coming to her own conclusion.

"Gabrielle said if the bonded actually falls in love with his Veela he would only smell her, as she is his favorite thing..."

Susan gasped, "You mean you're In Love, in love with her?" Her eyes had gone wide, hoping he wasn't about to end things with her.

He had missed her expression as he was staring off into the corner of the room. "That's just it, I don't know. She told me that's what is said, but couldn't tell me that it was proven fact. So now I am more confused than ever."

She pulled him into a hug and just held him for a few moments. "Do you want to be with her...because if you found true love then I guess I can..." He cut her off with a kiss and when he pulled away she could see the pain in his eyes.

"Please don't finish that, I know it isn't fair but I love you and I don't want to lose you Susie." This time she kissed him, showing him just how happy she was with that statement.

"Didn't we already have this conversation? Whether it's Hannah, Hermione, Gabby, and Ginny or every girl at Hogwarts I am willing

to share, I knew what I was getting myself into so stop guilt tripping already!" She kissed him again and felt his smile against her lips.

He pulled away and looked her in the eye; she thought she felt something like a wind blowing, before he pulled her back into a hug. "Your shields are pretty good, are you ready to hear the Prophecy?" She gasped again and pulled back to look at him.

"Are you serious?" She asked.

"No that would be my godfather, but I do mean it." He said with a large smile. He waited for the pain that used to accompany the memory and found none, if anything he felt like he could hear Sirius groaning at the joke he hated unless he was the one telling it.

Meanwhile she slapped him on the shoulder as usual calling him a prat before she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I want to know Harry."

So he nodded and told her the whole of it, he then patiently waited for her to reach her conclusions. "So The Power He Knows Not must be love? That is why you have to find true love, or at least find as much love as possible?"

"Something like that, Dumbledore told me he thought it was my ability to love that was the Power, and yet the old fool put me with the Dursley's where I never learned what love is or how to love properly. It's amazing I'm not a dark wizard with my upbringing."

She nodded, "So you have to kill him, or die trying, or you both have to go..." She said with tears in her eyes. He pulled her to his shoulder again.

"Yeah, I blew up half of the Headmasters office when he told me." He just rubbed her back as she sobbed herself out. A few minutes later she dried her tears and kissed him softly.

"I guess it makes sense why Ginny and Hermione would be willing to share you, I honestly thought they were bonkers after finally getting you. But if you're in love with Gabrielle then I guess you don't need to keep dating..." She trailed off wondering at the sense of loss she felt, even knowing he wanted her to stay with him as well.



"If I am in love with her, which I don't know for sure, I don't feel all that much different for her than I do for the rest of you. I don't know if that means I am in love with all of mmph." He couldn't continue as she was kissing him again and grinding in his lap. Finally she had to get more air than she could breath through her nose and pulled away with fresh tears in her eyes. "Wow." Was his only comment as his eyes had glazed over. "I should tell all the girls I date I might be in love with them if I get that kind of kiss!"

She rolled her eyes but was smiling when she looked back at him with a crooked grin. "So you might be in love with all four of us, that's definitely an upgrade from 'I love you but I'm not in love with you.' Isn't it?"

"I suppose." He said smiling back at the girl in his arms. "Now what are we going to do for an entire week alone together?"

She ground herself into his now erect member once more and smiled. "I can think of a few things, but at least one of them will just have to wait until Friday when Han is here again." She said mysteriously.

"Well, shall we make a list or shall we just figure it out as we go?" He asked playfully. In response she stood and offered him a hand up. As she pulled him toward his room and into the bathroom she smiled evilly.

"I think we can feel our way through it." She said as the door closed behind them.

A/N: Thank You Thank You Thank You, a few reviews makes a world of difference to an author AND it reminded me to upload another chapter. The anon reviewer with the "virginfag" remark asked for pictures; I have no problem with my body nor did any of those women, I used to belong to a yahoo group where we posted pictures once a month of the parties I held at my house but sadly, 8 years and many computer moves along with the change in how yahoo groups worked a few years ago have scattered those pictures to the e-winds. Not that they would believe the guy with the dragon tattoo on his shoulder was me anyway. Jealousy looks ugly on people but whatever, I am tempted to remove anon reviews so trolls can't hide while flaming but I frankly don't care what trolls think any longer and will ignore them. For the rest of you I hope you enjoyed

this chapter and you have a good 40 more or so to look forward to before its all said and done.

### 36: Something About Susie

Monday afternoon found a slightly depressed Harry sitting in the kitchen staring at the empty fireplace, thinking about a certain French witch. Susan came down the stairs and stood in the doorway for a moment just looking at her boyfriend. Finally she spoke up.

"Hey Mister, did you forget to tell me about lunch?" She asked.

Harry looked up from his pondering and smiled at the beautiful auburn haired girl. "Hey Susie, sorry, I came down for a drink and kinda got lost in thought."

She left her perch by the doorway and wrapped her arms around him from behind setting her chin on his shoulder, looking into the fireplace just as he had. "You'll see her again Harry, and she still loves you." She whispered.

"I guess it just feels wrong not having her here...how can someone become that important to me in a month?" Susan raised an eyebrow and waited for him to catch his mistake. It took a few seconds before he caught on, "Um I mean...That is...well honestly? How did you fall for me in less than a month? How did I end up loving you as well?"

She walked around him and sat down on the other stool. Winky popped in and quickly sat lunch in front of her before popping away. "I don't know Harry, I know its insane but I am in love with you, I was after only a few days."

He stared over her shoulder into the fireplace, "But how... How can feelings change so quickly? I've heard of love at first sight but after years or months of knowing someone how does it suddenly become more? I'm just worried that it's all a figment of our imaginations and you're all going to hate me when this is done. Is it any wonder I feel weird telling you I love you?"

She reached up and grasped his chin lightly causing him to look her in the eyes. "Whenever your ready Harry, Lucky for you were not a bunch of insecure little girls who need to hear the words. We can tell how much you care for us, and that's enough for now." She leaned forward and kissed him lightly He responded by pulling her into his lap and deepening the kiss. There was a cough from the hallway breaking them from their embrace.

"Wotcher!" Tonks said brightly, "Where do I buy tickets for this ride?"

Susan smiled as she slid off his lap and back to her own stool. "Free rides today only." She said with a wink at the Metamorph. Harry's eyes grew wide.

"Oh really?" Tonks asked as she sauntered toward him, trying not to laugh as he gulped, attempting to wet his suddenly dry throat. "Well in that case..." She sat down astride his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Harry attempted to swallow once again, only to have his desert of a tongue scrape against the roof of his mouth. "Uh, Hey Nym...Fancy meeting you here?" Susan was desperately trying to hold in her giggles as his voice cracked halfway through his badly delivered pick-up line.

"Hey yourself handsome, so what do these free rides entail Susan?" She asked over her shoulder, her eyes never leaving Harry's.

Susan's eyes were twinkling with laughter now, "Whatever you can get away with before his brain catches up with his body." She stage whispered into the other girl's ear.

Tonks leaned in and placed a light kiss on his lips and ground her hips a bit, out of habit Harry's hands slid up her sides and then around behind her suddenly kissing her back. After a few seconds Susan coughed politely.

"Huh?" Tonks asked in a daze.

"I think she was telling you that your prank backfired again." Harry said in a husky voice that sent shivers through her nerves.

"Oh..." Tonks said quietly and a still laughing Susan helped pull her over to the barstool she was previously sitting in.

"Nice one lover boy, I think you broke her." Susan commented lightly.

Harry shrugged, "She started it."

"Uh, so anyway...how about some work on Apparation?" Tonks asked completely out of nowhere.

"Sure, though I think we have just about done it all with Apparation." Harry said.

Tonks shook her head, "Your so good at breaking the rules, How'd you like to try another Fairy Tale?"

"Sure why not? Seems to me like most of the Wizard Fairy Tales were based in truth at some point." He followed the girls out to the back garden.

"I could tell you a few of my favorites to help put you to sleep sometime." Tonks said giving him a come hither look.

Harry grinned and gave her a shag-me look. Catching her by the shoulders when she lunged for his lips. "Don't play with fire Nym."

She shook herself giving him an evil look this time. "Keep it up loverboy and you might bite off more than you can chew."

"Children!" Susan called out getting both of them to look at her. "Honestly, why don't you two shag and get it over with?" That got a blush from both of them.

"Just a little fun is all, why you gotta go and make it dirty?" Tonks asked.

Harry sniggered, "Says the one who is constantly threatening to touch my bits."

"Now you listen here, I said I was going to TAKE OFF your bits if you told anyone about..."

"Hem hem!" Harry looked over at Susan with horror on his face.

"Don't ever do that again! God I was having Toad flashbacks!"

Tonks laughed, "That was Delores if I ever heard her!"

They laughed for a good minute before settling down enough for Harry to bring them back on topic. "Alright Nym, so which tale exactly am I going to be busting today?"

Tonks suddenly took on her instructor visage and tone, "This one is an old witches tale about the baby who started Apparating to his Mother no matter where she was."

Susan nodded, "I know this one, the little boy loved his mum so much he didn't want her to go to work, so he would suddenly appear on her desk, she would go shopping and he was suddenly in the shopping cart. People say it was accidental magic, but there are no actual cases of it happening on file with the Obliviators or the Muggle Worthy Excuse Squad."

Tonks nodded, "So what do you think of that Harry?"

He looked off into the distance for a minute thinking before he responded. "So what your saying, is it should theoretically be possible to Apparate to a person instead of a place?" They both nodded. "So why don't people do that? I mean it would be so much easier when someone went missing, or if you didn't know where to find them?"

Tonks was the first to respond. "That would be nice, especially for Aurors, but it just doesn't work as far as anyone can tell. You have to be good with maps and coordinates, or you have to know the place your heading. There is actually a whole set of markers with Coordinates spread across Europe and Asia for Apparation Travel. Nobody has ever successfully Apparated to a person though."

Nodding once more Harry concentrated on the image of Susan against a black background; once again his Occlumency came into play, as he was able to imagine her naked form perfectly, ignoring her clothing. He then concentrated on the smell of her, and blushed slightly as he concentrated on the taste of her. Holding her perfectly in his mind he imagined himself standing behind her. He stepped and silently appeared behind her. He opened his eyes and grinned as the other two were staring at where he disappeared. "Hey beautiful." He whispered in her ear.

With a scream Susan jumped away from him. "Harry! What the hell?"

He busted out laughing for a few minutes, the looks on both witches face were getting darker as he continued, unfortunately that only made him laugh harder.

"You think that was a good prank then Apparating behind me like that? You were supposed to be trying to Apparate to me, not behind me!" Susan finally started yelling.

He held up his hands in surrender but was still trying to control his giggles. "I did, at least I think I did, not really that hard really." He said with a shrug.

That stopped both of them short. "What!" Tonks exclaimed. "You can't be serious!"

"Nope, but I'm sure he appreciates the thought." Harry said with a huge smile, Tonks suddenly went very quiet. "Sorry Nym...it just sorta slipped out..." He said as he walked toward her and opened his arms. She slipped into them and hugged him close as she fought her tears.

"I barely knew him before he went to prison, but he was the only member of my Mum's family I actually liked..." She trailed off sniffing her tears back.

"Me too Nym, but if I can love Susan here in less than a month, I think it's safe to say I loved Sirius after two years, I know you must have as well." He whispered to her.

She nodded, "I'm sorry, crying like a bloody hosepipe!" She tried to laugh it off as she pulled away and wiped her eyes.

"Don't worry about it Nym...if you need to talk you know you can come find me yeah?"

She nodded and quickly changed the subject. "Alright Mr. Super Magic, Find me!" She disappeared with a loud pop.

"Well crap..." Harry said closing his eyes.

"What?" Susan asked.

"I imagined you in the all together, and remembered what you tasted and smelled like..." He blushed again.

"Oh... Well you have seen her nude, and you have kissed her, maybe you can piece it together?" He nodded and thought about the kisses he had with her, she usually tasted like Bubblegum, smelled sweet like candy as well. He remembered her form when he had seen her nude in the garden. Holding that image in his mind he disappeared.

When he reappeared he was standing in a darkened room, "Nym?" He called out quietly.

"No Bloody Way!" Tonks said as she jumped into his arms and kissed his cheek.

"Uh, where are we?" Harry asked, trying not to concentrate on being in a dark room with a sexy witch in his arms.

"Oh! This is my apartment, no windows explains the darkness, and it was cheap." He nodded as his eyes got used to the candles that had lit upon her entry.

"So I guess it worked then..." He said blushing once more; his proximity to her was causing reactions in conjunction with his recent memory. "Uh, how bout we head back?"

Too late she had noticed his turgid state. "Harry is that a wand in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?" She asked in a laughing but sultry voice.

"Both!" He said as he popped them both back to the garden.

When they reappeared Susan tackled him away from her and kissed him soundly. She then looked over her shoulder and grinned at the pink haired Auror. "Taking advantage of those free rides then?"

Tonks controlled the blush, barely, but couldn't help mumbling as she replied. "Don't know what you're talking about."

Harry looked up from the ground, "Are you trying to set us up Susie?" He asked.



She shook her head, "Nope I'm just enjoying the show. When you know you have to share, it's funny how much fun it is to watch."

Tonks reached her limit. "Alright, can you please explain? Hermione and Ginny had me thinking they had their hooks in you, then Susie here, and if I'm not mistaken Hannah and Luna. What's going on?"

Harry shook his head, "Prophecy stuff, but don't worry I not only have permission from Mione and Gin but they are forcing me to date other girls." Susan nodded her agreement as she helped Harry up.

Tonks looked thoughtful for a few moments but shook her head before speaking again. "Guess fate isn't such a bitch after all huh?" She asked him with a grin.

"Oh she seems to be trying to make up for the first 15 years of my life, but she's still a bitch." Harry laughed as Tonks snorted, quickly looking up at the two of them. Susan was giggling uncontrollably and Harry just looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah yeah my bits are in jeopardy, what you gonna do about Susie though?" He asked.

"Oh your bits are enough to keep my mouth full," She slapped her hands over her mouth as she blushed deep red, "Um, closed, my mouth closed." She looked mortified.

Tonks recovered for her though, "Oh I've seen him honey, mouth full is an understatement." Tonks relished the new blush on both of their faces.

"Enough of this...so apparently I can Apparate to a person...well, at least a person I have been somewhat intimate with..." He said looking up at the sky.

"Wait, What?" Tonks asked.

Susan picked up for him happy to change the subject, "He used his Occlumency to picture exactly what we looked like naked, and what we smelled and...um yeah, smelled like." She answered.

"Smelled and... HARRY!" She screeched. "You have not tasted me so how do you explain that statement!" Tonks crossed her arms and was holding her wand with sparks flying off the end as she tapped her foot.

"Bubblegum!" Harry yelled as he hid courageously behind Susan.

"Huh?" Tonks asked.

Susan sent an annoyed look over her shoulder but spoke to Tonks. "You kissed him, multiple times, he remembered the bubblegum."

"Oh." Tonks said lowering her wand. "So does that mean you can't Apparate to anyone you haven't seen in the all together then?"

"Dunno, don't know who I'd practice on anyway." Harry said shrugging, still hiding somewhat behind Susan.

"Alright Sir Robin she lowered her wand so you can come on out." Susan called over her shoulder.

A sheepish Harry peeked from around Susan and smiled. "Right...um how about Ron?"

Tonks nodded and walked up the stairs to the kitchen; they heard her yelling up the stairs before she walked back outside. Ron soon appeared looking half asleep and only half dressed. "Wasgoinon? I heard a bloody scream sounded like it was coming from the walls and I ran down here to see was up?"

Tonks spoke up, "We need you to help us conduct an experiment. Now I am going to Apparate you somewhere and Harry is going to find you." She grabbed his elbow.

"Wait wha..." He began as they disappeared.

"Well this is unexpected, Tonks running off with Ron?" Susan said with a grin.

"Hush you, trying to concentrate...not easy when I'm laughing on the inside." He responded as he closed his eyes.

"Pulling up an Occlumency memory of Ron just as he was before he left with Tonks he pulled him into as sharp a focus as he could. He felt his magic build up and he turned trying to follow them. He reappeared in the Ministry Atrium beside Ron who was arguing with Tonks.

"...Bloody thinking just dragging me off like that! Honestly, you must be mental!"

"...Needed you to help Harry test his Apparation you git, the surprise was part of the test!"

"Uh, hi." Harry called out getting their attention.

"Harry?" Ron asked. Harry nodded in response. "How in the world did you find us? Did they tell you we were going to the Ministry?"

"Nope, I Apparated to you."

"What?" Ron looked confused for a second before he gave up thinking about it. "Whatever, good on you mate. Can we go back now? I'm getting hungry." Laughing Harry took hold of him and Apparated them both back to the garden; he was once again bowled over by a beaming Susan as soon as they arrived. Ron just looked on in slight jealousy and amusement.

"Get a room..." He said as he turned and walked back inside.

They were both still giggling as Tonks arrived. "Well, I think that about does it, so you can apparently Apparate to anyone, anywhere in the world. I can't teach you anything else." Tonks said quietly.

Harry walked over to her and turned her to look at him. "Well first off, I doubt I could have found him if I hadn't watched him disappear. Second, I need to learn some Auror tactics and dueling, know anyone who can teach me that?" He asked. Her smile caused his to grow.

"I dunno Harry, I think you need to train me some more...maybe we can start with Occlumency?" She said with a perfectly straight face, which was of course the Tell that Harry needed to know she was faking it.

"Sure why not, go on upstairs and strip, we'll meet you up there." Harry said with almost an equally straight face. Susan was looking a bit confused and a bit excited. Tonks was suddenly very nervous.

"Uh...I mean...damn you!" She said as her blush overwhelmed her mighty morphing powers.

He just grinned. "We can work something out." He said seriously. "Need to deal with the Moony situation though."

That caught her attention. "There is no Moony Situation. He was a git so we quit, done deal..."

Harry pulled her into a hug. "You can say that all you want, but I know you still care for him. I don't know if I am comfortable messing around with you any more if you might still be dating my all-but-uncle."

She sighed, "I'm too old for you anyway kid. Guess I just get to be alone..."

"Hey you're not that old, you were still at Hogwarts when I got there!" He said with a smile.

"Git!" She said grinning back. "Anyway, if you think of anything else you know where to find me." She walked into the kitchen and down the hallway.

"What's up with you two?" Susan asked.

"Nothing really, I think we just enjoy the teasing..." Harry said, not sure whom he was trying to convince.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Tuesday afternoon found Harry reading his books in the training room, pondering how to join Muggle science with magical transportation. The idea that had intrigued him from 'Star Trek' just wouldn't leave him alone. He was pretty sure that he could duplicate the 'Beam Up' effect with a spell, which would be funny but not very useful. The other idea was from the special on the Discovery Channel. They had discussed wormholes and teleportation using quantum pairs or some other such.

Harry could only barely understand the Maths involved but the idea was a simple one especially when related to Magic. Connecting two places on the quantum level then moving things or information through a wormhole of some sort. It really didn't sound all that different to Apparation to Harry, especially the wormhole idea. That would explain why you felt like you were being squeezed. His only issue now was what on earth he had done differently on the trip to Harrods the week before.

Rather than feeling like they were force through a tube, there was no sensation at all. One second they were standing in the back garden, and what could only have been a millisecond later they were standing outside of the store. That description fit better with what he had read of teleportation more than Apparation. The only thing he could figure was that Apparation was forcing your magic to squeeze through that tube all at once, whereas teleportation would have to be done basically one bit at a time, just very quickly. He really hadn't tried to force his magic to do anything that day, he just went, and they were there.

Susan interrupted his research for Dinner, and afterward dragged him to the TV corner of the room where they took up an entire end of the couch for themselves. The cooling charms were working a little too well and Harry conjured them a light blanket to share. Ron soon joined them to watch a movie; he sat at the other end of the couch and they all laughed as much as the cringed while 'The Craft' played on the VHS.

As usual Harry found his hands wandering beneath the blanket. Deciding to be bold he eyed Ron quickly before he ran his hand down Susan's belly and pulled her T-shirt up slightly so that he could lay his hand against her bare belly. She sucked in her breath a bit and Ron looked at them for half a second before turning his attention back to the movie.

Harry traced small circles on her stomach and around her belly button for a few minutes, slowly getting lower until his fingers were playing with the waistband of her shorts. Susan must have sensed what he wanted, because without looking up from the movie, she pretended to adjust herself on the couch, lifting her hips so that Harry could plunge his hand into her knickers. He let his hand simply sit against her perfectly kept curls for a few moments until he knew

Ron was not paying attention. He then slid his hand a little further until his fingers were resting against her slit.

She spread her legs slightly, trying to allow him access but he wasn't ready to continue yet. He could almost feel her growling as she wiggled a bit in his arms. He wiggled his fingers in response so that his finger was now resting against her clit without actually stimulating her. Susan let out a small whine but it went unnoticed since it was a slightly scary part of the movie.

He stretched his unoccupied arm at the same time as he pushed farther down and found her extremely wet entrance. He paused again for a few moments to make sure Ron was none the wiser before getting his fingertips wet and pulling them back up to her clit where he made one small circle before stopping and watching the movie again. Susan did not seem impressed as she wiggled again in his arms.

Smiling to himself he let his hand rest in her wet folds for the next fifteen minutes until even he had almost forgotten what he was doing. Then suddenly he ran another circle around her clit making her gasp at just the right time as something happened on screen. She looked up at him with betrayed eyes but he just smiled and kissed her on the cheek quickly before leaning back once more and waiting.

As the climax of the movie approached he began running lazy circles around her clit, enjoying her quiet moans as she stuffed the blanket in her mouth. Finally he quickened his pace Susan seemed to have figured out what he was up to because she was able to hold off her own climax until just the right moment. As the witch on screen came flying out of the pile of clothes, getting a startled gasp even from Ron, she let out a scream of ecstasy and flooded her knickers before burying her face in Harry's chest. Ron looked over to find a blushing Susan sneaking glances at him.

"Don't worry about it, even I got a little scared there, and you're a girl after all, you're allowed to make a little noise."

Ron looked very confused as Harry and Susan laughed for the next 10 minutes.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Wednesday and Thursday flew by in a blur and suddenly it was Friday, and more importantly for Susan, it was Hannah Day.

Promptly at nine she floored over to the Abbot residence and found Hannah waiting as usual. She quickly hugged her girlfriend and kissed her lightly only the lips. "Merlin I've missed you Han!"

"Suze it's only been a week!" Hannah exclaimed.

"It's been one hell of a week. Harry all but told me he is in love with me!"

"Really?" Hannah exclaimed, "So does that mean you two?" She trailed off.

"Not yet...stupid noble git...I'm gonna have to beg him, but I want you there." Susan said.

Hannah was touched. "Are you sure Suze? I mean that's a pretty big thing for you two, are you sure you want me to share that with you?"

Susan pulled her into a hug once more. "I love you Han, I want you there almost as much as I want him there. If you were a man you know I would have given you my virginity a long time ago."

Hannah was crying now, "I don't know what to say...but what about..." Susan cut her off with a quick kiss.

"I would like to be there with you too, but not if it's Neville...not that I am asking you to sleep with Harry..." Susan said dejectedly.

Hannah raised her chin and kissed her deeply before quickly pulling away and looking over her shoulder. "Um...can we continue this elsewhere? I would like you there as well, but I am not ready to do that with Harry, I think he is right that it should be special, and me and Harry are just really really close friends at the moment."

Susan took Hannah's hand and whispered the address into the Floo as she threw the powder, stepping in she pulled Hannah with her, both disgorged unladylike into Grimmauld Place's kitchen. "You know I think Dan Granger may have the right idea? Honestly, all this magic and we travel like that?" Susan exclaimed.

Hannah just smiled and pulled Susan up the stairs to find Harry. As normal they found him in the training room practicing his magic, as if he sensed them enter, which as far as Hannah was concerned was entirely possible. He stopped what he was doing and turned toward them.

"Hey you." He said as he approached.

"Hey yourself." Hannah said with a smile, inside she was secretly scared and excited just like every time but she was getting less shy with each encounter.

"So what are you girls going to do today?" He asked.

'You' Hannah thought to herself, out loud she said, "Just watch some Telly and catch up, we'll grab you for lunch."

"Sounds like a plan then, I am almost done with fourth year material. This is bloody annoying re-learning how to cast everything." He said indicating the pile of books on the table behind him.

"Have you thought about how you're going to do the practical's in class?" Hannah asked.

Harry paused for a moment. "I hadn't actually, I was so caught up in re-learning everything I haven't tried to teach myself anything new..." he trailed off with a worried look on his face.

"Well something to think about since you're almost done with what you already know." Hannah said as she kissed him on the cheek. "We'll get out of your way then." And she pulled Hannah to the corner of the room to watch Telly and gossip.

Lunch came and went, Harry was working on fifth year spells and Susan had just finished telling Hannah about the Tonks situation.

"The Auror? Isn't she a little old for him?" Hannah asked.

"She is only 6 years older, she was at Hogwarts still in our first year." Susan said.



"Still, I thought she was dating Professor Lupin, and isn't he like an Uncle or something?"

"She and Remus had a fight and aren't really seeing each other any longer. And I can tell Tonks has the hots for Harry. She would probably jump him right now if he asked but you know how the stupid noble git is. Besides he feels strange flirting with his quasi-aunt thingy." Susan said with a bit of confusion.

"And you don't seem to mind the idea?" Hannah asked.

"Han, this is a Metamorphmagus we are talking about here, she can look like anyone, she can probably do all sorts of neat tricks with her body parts... Plus she is genuinely fun and likeable, even if she couldn't do all that fun stuff can you imagine how much fun she would be in bed?"

Hannah's eyes had glazed a bit as she thought of all the possibilities. "You know we are thinking like guys? I bet she hates it when they ask her to change something about herself."

"Oh no I hadn't thought of that! Poor Tonks! No wonder she is falling for Harry, he treats her like a girl instead of a toy."

Hannah nodded, "Loveable, he really just doesn't get it does he?"

"Well he did tell you he refused to use his 'Powers for Evil', if that doesn't show the kind of guy he is nothing will."

Hannah sighed. "I really like him, might even love him a little, but I want to give Neville a chance so I am keeping my distance emotionally, but the git doesn't make it easy does he?"

"Easy to what?" A very male voice said from behind them causing them to jump.

"Harry! Don't do that!" Susan half shouted in excitement.

"Sorry, I can't resist, you're so cute when you're flushed like that. Now, easy to what?"

Hannah stood as Susan caught her breath and walked around the couch into his waiting arms. "To fall in love with you damn you!" She

said before she kissed him, it took him only a moment to wrap his arms around her tighter and kiss her back. He cut the kiss off short though and pulled back to look at her.

"You too?" He asked with a scared look on his face.

"Gods no Harry! I am sure I could, but I haven't...you?" She asked.

He shook his head, "Nope, were just keeping things the way they are for now right?" Hannah nodded her agreement.

"Friends with benefits, sounds good enough for now."

"Anyway, its dinner time, I thought we could head down early..." He trailed off.

"So we can get started on the evening festivities?" Hannah asked as he blushed. "Sounds like a plan to me." She said pulling away.

They headed down to dinner where they chatted with Ron and Tonks. Hannah kept throwing the woman knowing looks, which caused her no end of confusion. Ron was oblivious as usual. After dinner they headed back upstairs and straight into the bathtub. "Ahh, this is more like it." Hannah said as she cuddled up in Harry's lap enjoying the swirling water and his hardness pressed against her bum.

Susan was floating in front of them offering a wonderful display of her goodies and moaning her agreement. "So what shall we do tonight?" Harry asked, having a pretty good idea but wondering what Susan had meant about waiting until Hannah was here for one of her ideas.

Hannah turned around and positioned herself against his cock. She slowly took him into her rear passage with a moan before his balls were resting against her pussy. "Mmmm" She moaned and just enjoyed the feeling of him inside her.

"I suppose this works..." Harry said as he ran his hands over the girl's large breasts, enjoying the tight hot feeling of her surrounding him.

Susan cracked an eye open and smiled before closing it in contentment once more. "You two enjoying yourselves over there?"

"Very much..." Hannah said as she started to slide up and down his shaft slowly.

"What she said." Harry commented as he laid his head back and let Hannah do whatever she wanted. It did not take her long to cum the first time and she stilled on his lap for a moment, allowing him to rain kisses up and down her neck and shoulder. He ran another hand down between her legs and felt where he entered her with amazement just as he always did. Then he curled his fingers inside of her and began pressing against her G-spot.

"Oh God! Harry!" She said as she rocked a bit in rhythm with his fingers. As she came again he felt her tighten around his cock and his fingers at the same moment and enjoyed her scream of ecstasy as she passed out. He held her tight against him waiting for her to wake again.

"You're getting good at that, if you aren't careful you're going to ruin her for any other man." Susan commented.

"Not my problem if other men don't know how to please their witches." Harry fired back playfully.

"Amen to that." Hannah whispered as she came back to reality. "Harry, please cum inside me?" She begged.

Only too willing to comply he quickly rolled them over so that Hannah was resting on the side of the tub. He then began slowly pulling in and out of her, much to her pleasure. Susan sat down next to them and began diddling her girlfriend's clit softly as Harry moved inside her. Harry kept the pace slow so as not to overwhelm the girl but his climax was fast approaching. "Han...I'm..."

"Please fill me up?" Hannah asked. "Fill me with your cum Harry!" She said as her own climax began building in anticipation.

Finally with a drawn out groan Harry began spurting inside her, Hannah was fully awake for the first time as she felt his seed splash hotly against her inner walls. The sensation was too much and she came once again pulling him as deep as he would go before

forcefully ejecting him from her hole. She then collapsed on the side of the tub panting. "Merlin that's intense..." She said quietly but managed to maintain consciousness.

Harry nodded as he collapsed onto the seat beside her and pulled her onto his lap straddling his hips. She sat down straight on his cock not really paying attention or caring as he slipped against her entrance and nearly plowed into her. She then laid her head on his shoulder. "This is really nice Harry, thank you for sharing with me."

"Are you crazy? Just because you are Susan's girlfriend did not mean you ever had to play with me." He said kissing her on the lips.

She collapsed onto his shoulder once more sighing in contentment.

"Well now that you two had some fun, I think it's time to head for bed." Susan said quietly as she stood slowly, enjoying the look in Harry's eyes as they followed the suds down her torso.

They all got out and dried off before crawling into the bed, Susan soon ended up straddling his lap as she kissed him deeply. Hannah was being her cheer leading section for the moment. Her heart was beating a million times a minute and she was having trouble controlling her breathing but she knew this was what she wanted. She pulled away from the kiss and slid down his lap a bit until she felt the head of his member slip into her entrance, all it would take is one good thrust from either of them and he would be inside her.

"Harry, I love you." She said quietly looking into his eyes.

Harry's heart was pounding just as hard as Susan's whether he knew it or not. He had a very good idea of what she needed Hannah to give her the courage to do but he didn't want to get his hopes up. "You know I love you Susie, it's just..." She placed a finger over his lips to quiet him.

"I already told you, I know how much you love me even if you don't. Will you make love to me tonight Harry?" She asked quietly.

He grinned around her finger as he replied. "Are you begging?"

She nodded as a single tear slid down her cheek. "I want you so bad it hurts Harry, I leave in the morning and I might not see you again until Hogwarts. Please?"

He rolled them over and kissed her softly trying to press all of his feeling for her through his lips. He pushed his hips slightly so that he was pressed against her much-abused barrier. "Are you certain?"

She nodded with a huge smile on her face. "Please?"

He pulled back slightly and then pushed all the way inside her in one motion, she hissed in pain as her hymen broke and a few tears fell down her face, he knew what to do this time however and he continued to slowly move inside her until the pain in her face became pleasure then he finally stopped and looked down at her. "Hey you."

She grinned up at him and rolled her eyes, "Hey yourself."

"Does it still hurt?" She shook her head and rocked her hips in response so he began rocking inside her once again. Before long she was screaming his name in ecstasy as Hannah took care of her own needs on the bed beside them. Finally after Susan's fourth orgasm Harry felt his begin to build once more, he was thankful that Hannah had already drawn an orgasm out of him so that he could make Susan's first time as special as possible.

He picked up his pace as his orgasm became imminent to a flurry of exclamations and expletives from the girl beneath him. "Fuck me Harry, Please cum in side me!"

He obliged and with a final thrust he spilled himself deep inside her before collapsing, he kept them joined as he rolled her over on top of him next to Hannah and kissed her sweetly. "Thank you." He whispered.

"Gods Harry, thank you! I don't think your first time is supposed to be quite that amazing." She said breathlessly.

"Careful Suze or you will give him a big head." Hannah commented from beside them. Susan leaned over and kissed her girlfriend deeply.

"Thank you for being here Hannah...it means a lot to me."

"What are friends for?" Hannah asked with a smile.

Susan looked back down at Harry who had tears in his eyes.  
"Harry?"

"Sorry, I just realized I am all by myself for the next week, I had to watch Gabrielle leave a few days ago and now I'm losing you as well..." She leaned in and kissed him lightly trying to return the favor and force her feelings through her lips.

"I should be able to Floo over at least one day this week, who else is going to help you cram for the Wizengamot?" She whispered. He nodded as he thought about it.

"And I guess I can pop over to see Gin and Mione..." He said staring over her shoulder, "But I'm going to miss you Susie...How am I going to do this all year?"

"Well, if you can't handle it I am sure we will all understand, but like I said before Harry, once I accepted that I would be sharing you, suddenly watching you with other women became a huge turn on. If we can't sneak one of us into bed with you and whoever you are dating we might just have to pull you into a broom closet for a knee-wobbler." She said with a grin.

"A knee-wobbler?" He asked.

Hannah giggled, "Knee-wobbler, Wall-bang, Throw us up against the wall and have your way with us as quickly as possible."

"Oh..." He said pondering the idea. "As quick as possible?"

Susan rocked on top of him as he felt his member stiffen once again, "Well, hopefully you will hold off long enough to make sure we enjoy it as much as you do...but yeah. A quickie."

As she felt his member jump slightly after reaching full mast once again she began to rock on top of him. "Merlin Susie, I don't know how much of this I can take, just because I'm hard doesn't mean I'm not too sensitive..." He growled at the end as she picked up the pace.

Susan sat up and began rocking to her own rhythm and enjoying his moans and growls of pleasure. Hannah began diddling herself once more as she watched. Susan then began bouncing up and down so that Hannah and Harry both were able to see his member slide halfway out before plunging back into her depths. His first load of cum was pooling around the base of his cock and rapidly being whipped into foam in their pubic hair. Susan didn't care and screamed his name one final time as she came and collapsed onto his chest. Hannah followed not long after and Harry lay panting beneath her, small spasms running through his whole body originating from the head of his cock.

"Holy Crap!" He exclaimed when he was able to catch his breath.

"You are welcome Mister." Susan said into his shoulder without moving.

He smiled into her hair; "I think we need a shower unless you fancy being glued to me in the morning..."

She shook her head, "Donwannamove."

He whispered something into her ear, which caused her to open her eyes, and she nodded quickly. He looked over to a confused Hannah and asked his question. "Truth or Dare Han?"

"Please, didn't we establish that truth was for the weak? Dare of course!"

"I dare you to clean up our mess with your mouth." He said with a smile. Susan moaned just thinking about it.

Never one to disappoint Hannah got up and rolled Susan off of his chest and onto her back before diving between her legs and quickly driving her to another orgasm as she licked her clean. Once she was satisfied she licked her lips and looked at Harry, "Whatever it is your doing, keep doing it, you taste yummy!"

He smiled until he saw her eyeing his cock. "Oh god no..." he managed to exclaim quietly before she devoured his half erect member. In it's current state she was able to fit the whole of him in her mouth and she quickly sucked him hard before she began

licking his balls and the base of his cock. He was moaning loudly the entire time, "Trying to kill me!" He exclaimed at one point as his body warred with pleasure and pain wanting to go sit in the corner in the fetal position until his nerves calmed down a bit. Hannah finally finished and licked her lips.

"Definitely going to miss that!" She said before bouncing out of bed.

"You have entirely too much energy!" Susan called with her face in the pillow.

"Second Wind! Now come on to the shower before I use all the hot water!" She called as she entered the bathroom.

Harry and Susan lay in bed both recovering, "Do you think I should tell her the hot water is magical and won't run out?" He asked.

"Mmmm hot water..." Susan mumbled.

Harry sighed. "Alright then love, lets get up and get all clean again." He rolled out of bed and around to her side where he helped her up onto wobbly legs.

"Uhg, need to get my land legs back apparently." Susan said with a grin, she tried to take a step and hissed a bit in pain. "Just a little sore..."

"Sorry." Harry said not really sure what else to say.

"Don't be, totally worth it." She kissed him and wrapped an arm around his shoulder. "Help me out here." He helped her limp into the bathroom where he found the image of a blonde goddess standing under the cascade of water encased in glass.

"Yep, gonna miss this." He said quietly as he helped Susan into the Shower and closed the door behind them.

They quickly showered clean and dried off, Susan was slightly steadier on her feet but ready to collapse as they neared the bed. They fell asleep in a tangle of arms and legs with Susan in the middle. Harry pushed all other thoughts from his mind except the feeling of holding her in his arms as he drifted off to sleep.



## Chapter 37: Another Farewell

Harry awoke to find Susan right where she had fallen asleep, with her back against his chest and his arms wrapped around her. As far as Harry was concerned that was pretty much where she belonged. He honestly couldn't explain why four girls had suddenly fallen in love with him over the past month, but he honestly gave up caring. All that mattered was that they told him they honestly loved him, and he knew he honestly loved them. He tried very hard not to think about the fact that Susan was leaving this morning just as Gabrielle had a week ago.

She stirred in his arms and rolled over to face him. "Hey Mister." She said sleepily. He decided that half-asleep witches were cuter than puppies any day.

"Hey yourself, sleep well?" He asked.

She nodded as she stretched and yawned looking for the world like a cat waking up in the sun. She then slid a hand between them and wrapped her fingers around his usual morning endowment. "If this is my last chance let's not waste it." She whispered before kissing him.

He kissed her back with fervor and rolled onto his back as she pushed against his shoulder. She then sat astride him and slowly worked his cock into her dripping entrance. She hissed in pain for a few moments causing him to try and withdraw but she didn't allow him to. "No Harry, I am still sore from last night, but I am going to get all I can before I have to leave you for a week."

Finally she pressed him all the way inside and simply sat still for a moment, relishing the feeling of him stretching her perfectly. Finally she began moving, leaning forward slightly so that her clit was rubbing against his pelvis with each small thrust. "I should have done this ages ago..." She said quietly as she began concentrating.

"Not if you weren't ready." Harry commented quietly. She just nodded as she focused on the wonderful sensations his body was giving hers.

She picked up her pace waking Hannah who only took a moment to roll closer and rest her head on Harry's shoulder and watch her

girlfriend enjoying herself. "Morning Harry." She whispered with a large smile.

He grunted and smiled in response. "So if I beg you will you take me this morning?" She asked.

Quietly, so as not to disturb Susan who was lost in her own pleasure, he whispered back in a strained voice. "Even if you think you mean that...I don't think it would be fair..." He tried to tell her.

She nodded and kissed his cheek. "It's funny that part of why I want to shag you is because you won't shag me." She said with a grin, getting one in response from him even though his eyes were closed in concentration. "Thank you for being you." She whispered. Susan picked up the pace and was moaning in warning of her impending orgasm. Harry tensed a little as he attempted to wait for hers. He turned his head and opened his eyes looking into Hannah's.

Finally Susan came loudly and Harry kissed Hannah on the lips deeply before releasing his own orgasm into Susan's eager body. Susan collapsed onto his chest and opened her eyes to look into Hannah's. "Oh, morning Han, sorry if I woke you up."

Hannah giggled, "You can wake me up with a show like that anytime you want Suze." She kissed Susan quickly before sighing aloud. "I think its shower time, are you all packed Suze?"

Susan smiled mischievously, "Nope but I know a packing charm, Wandless too." She said.

Harry smiled conspiratorially as Hannah looked on in confusion. "Winky?" Susan called out. The little elf popped in but kept her eyes on the floor.

"You calls Mistress Susan?" She asked quietly.

"Can you pack my things in preparation for leaving this morning?"

"Winky can do that Mistress." With that she popped away once again. Hannah was looking at her with malice in her eyes.

"Oh you think that was funny? You are so getting tickled!" Hannah called out as she launched herself at the other girl.

She knocked Susan off of Harry's lap and onto her back on the mattress where she began tickling her mercilessly. Harry quickly got himself out of the way and sat against the headboard just enjoying the show. Somehow Susan ended up with her knees locked around Hannah's head, which quickly turned sexual as Hannah fought her way down and began cleaning her girlfriend out. Susan finally came once more, expelling the remainder of Harry's cum into Hannah's mouth. Both girls then collapsed in exhaustion for a few moments.

"What were we supposed to be doing?" Susan asked breathlessly.

"Showering I think." Hannah called back. Harry just smiled and made sure to add that memory to his Patronus stash. At this point he knew he would never have a problem casting it again but figured better safe than sorry.

"That's right," He said climbing off the bed and offering a hand to both of them. "Shower time, I don't fancy still being up here when Amelia shows up in the kitchen." He said quietly.

The girls took the proffered hands and they quickly showered and got dressed before heading downstairs to the kitchen. Dobby was busy making breakfast, likely because Winky was packing Susan's new wardrobe. About halfway through the meal the Fireplace flared to life and out tumbled the Minister for Magic who promptly landed on her bottom. Both of the girls were lost in laughter, Harry was already at her side helping her up.

"Good morning Harry, I hope we can keep this between us." She said as he pulled her to her feet.

"I don't know, I am pants at using the Floo and I bet a lot of other people are as well. Might do us all good to know that the Minister falls on her rump just like we do." He commented lightly.

Amelia began laughing and could not seem to stop as she sat down on a barstool. "I think you just gave me my campaign slogan. Vote for Amelia, she falls out of the Floo just like you!"

Harry joined her in laughter for a few moments before sobering a bit. He looked over at Susan and made a quick decision, "Don't leave yet." He admonished and disappeared up the stairs.

When he came back he was carrying a long velvet box that Susan and Hannah instantly recognized as a match to Ginny's. "Harry?" Susan asked.

He nodded and cracked the case open to reveal the jade lightning bolt on a silver chain. Susan lifted her hair and turned around so he could fasten it around her neck. "These were almost assuredly made by a Chinese wizard, I figured out how to add protection charms after Gabrielle left earlier this week. Only those I care about most will be getting one." He told them before he leaned in and kissed her quickly. "I love you Susie."

She teared up and wrapped her arms around his neck pulling him into a kiss that was much too deep in front of her parental figure. She seemed to realize this and blushed as she pulled away with tears running down her cheeks. "I know." Was all she said. Amelia looked extremely confused but Harry had a huge smile on his face at their not so private joke. Winky popped in quickly and out just as fast leaving Susan's packed trunk behind.

Amelia coughed politely and they hugged quickly before she walked over to the Floo. "Harry I wish I could tell you where I live, but I am not the secret keeper for security reasons."

Harry got a confused look on his face, "Pardon my boldness Minister, but I am my own secret keeper and I think my security is rather tight, you said yourself this place was more secure than your own. Who is your secret keeper if I may ask?"

Amelia seemed to consider his words before sighing. "The Fidelius was performed by Dumbledore after Fudge left office. Now that you mention it I am not certain I like any man having this much power over the Minister, let alone the Chief Warlock. We will be having a discussion some time soon."

"Make sure you ask him to allow you to revoke the knowledge as well, I can do that with this place." Harry mentioned and Amelia raised her eyebrows.

"You mean it is possible to do that? This really is the most secure place in England!" Harry just nodded.

"In any case, I don't need to know. Susie can visit me via Floo, Constant Vigilance!" He shouted the last bit catching the Minister off guard and grinning when she scowled at him.

"I see you know Retired Senior Auror Moody." She said with a bit of disdain. "Always was a bit overly cautious."

Harry snorted, "That's why he ended up in his own trunk for most of my fourth year. If Moody could get caught out, I suggest we both take security a little more seriously."

Amelia nodded and sighed, "As much as I enjoy socializing Harry, I need to get Susan here back home and even then I have things to sign for the next week. Oh, and the Werewolf Ethical Treatment bill is ready for next Friday's meeting if you are ready to present it?" She asked. He got a slightly scared look on his face but nodded anyway. "Very good then, my confirmation will be the first order of business, that is normally all that would happen but there is no standing order that says we cannot introduce legislation. From what I can tell we have all but four votes needed to pass it as is. I suggest you work with the Parkinson, Greengrass, Malfoy and Edgecombe families this week."

With that she threw in some powder and whispered the Floo address, the fire turned green and suddenly Susan actually had to leave, she ran across the kitchen once more and kissed him before running back and disappearing into the flames. Amelia smiled at him and shook her head as she too disappeared. Harry felt the loss physically as he turned to Hannah.

She kissed him quickly on the cheek. "I'll see you around Mister, try not to get all depressed and moody, the new you is definitely an improvement over last year." She then tossed the powder, called out the address, and disappeared with a smile.

Despite Hannah's admonition Harry was in a depression for the rest of the day. He took Amelia's suggestion to heart and drafted letters to each of the Family heads requesting a meeting. Although Pansy seemed to be firmly on Draco's side, and Harry considered Draco a prime candidate for Junior Death Eater, he had not heard the name Parkinson at the graveyard in Little Hangleton so would consider the family neutral for the time being. The Greengrass family was a

complete mystery to him, all he knew was that Daphne Greengrass was in his year, and was the Slytherin Centerfold.

He had never had an issue with Blaise Zabini that did not include either Malfoy or Slytherin as a house and therefore he placed them in the same category as the Parkinson's. That left the Edgecombe family; he went ahead and requested the meeting even though he was fairly certain they would all hate him simply for what happened to Marietta due to her involvement in the DA whether or not it was her own fault. His only consolation was that as far as he knew the Edgecombe's were neutral as far as support for Voldemort went. His only real problem was the Malfoy vote; Draco would not be able to take over the seat until his father died, which meant that most likely Narcissa was the one holding the seat for the time being. He had yet to hear from her regarding Sirius' offer, he wondered if perhaps he should talk to Tonks' mother about bringing her back into the family.

On top of that he needed to be seen around the Ministry in the next week so that his presence was not too much of a distraction at the Wizengamot meeting. He had some serious planning to do in the next day. He disappeared into his room for the rest of the day, taking meals at his desk.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

A sleepy Tonks stumbled into the kitchen Sunday morning and found him staring into the empty fireplace.

She said nothing, simply observing him for a few minutes. When he didn't seem to realize she was there she spoke up.

"Penny for your thoughts?"

"Love sucks." He said after a while.

"Care to qualify that statement?" She asked as she ate her breakfast, she was now working on her second cup of coffee. Rather than answer the question Harry chose to comment on her beverage.

"How can you drink that stuff?"

She looked up and shrugged, "Tea isn't nearly strong enough when you're pulling a double Auror shift. Coffee is the best answer short of Potions. Now why exactly does Love Suck?"

He pondered the question for a minute. "Gabrielle, Susan, Hermione and Gin are all gone and I feel like there are pieces of me missing."

Tonks nodded, "I get it, but if it didn't hurt to be away you wouldn't appreciate it as much when you're together."

He nodded after a few moments, unable to refute her logic. "Sounds like you know what you're talking about."

She growled a little before replying, "Your right, and Love sucks."

"So I take it that means you and Moony are still at odds?" He asked.

She nodded her head, "We broke it off Harry, you need to stop thinking of us as together. Maybe someday we might end up together again but for now I'm a free agent." He looked at her funny and she rolled her eyes, "I swear sometimes you know less about Muggles than the Purebloods and you lived with 'em! What I mean is I am not under some sort of contract to wait for him to come to his senses or change my mind, I can date or be a scarlet woman if I want to."

He raised an eyebrow, "Scarlet Woman?"

Tonks changed her hair color to a deep unnatural red and her eyes bright crystal clear blue. "With the right guy." She said huskily.

He smiled and unlocked his shag-me gaze again and directed at her. "What did I say about playing with fire?" He asked as he looked her in the eyes.

She smiled but rather than lunge for him as she had the last time, she stood and sauntered slowly toward him. "What if I like the heat?" She asked as she straddled his lap and sat down, wrapping her arms behind his neck.

"Nym, that isn't safe. My hands have a mind of their own when a sexy witch is nearby." He said even as his hands slid up her sides and back down to her bum.

"Safe is overrated." She whispered as she leaned in toward his lips. She felt him harden against her crotch as her breath rushed across his lips. He pulled her closer and just as their lips were about to meet they heard a pop in the garden. She quickly jumped from his lap and somehow made it back to her side of the table with her hair and eyes back to the normal pink and violet. Dumbledore entered the kitchen and looked between the two of them with years as a school administrator telling him they had been up to something.

"Good morning Harry, Nymphadora." Both growled at the same time. "Harry may I speak with you in private, there are a few school related matters we must get out of the way as well as a personal matter you will be rather interested in."

Harry wondered what he could be talking about but shrugged it off. "I don't mind if Tonks here," He emphasized her name on purpose, "Stays for whatever this personal matter is. So go ahead."

Dumbledore raised an eyebrow but simply nodded before continuing. "Very well, as I am sure you are aware, students who are also Head of an Ancient House are allotted certain privileges at Hogwarts if you are able to pay the slightly higher tuition costs. I know for a fact that you have no issue with money and thought I would make certain you were given the chance to execute your rights."

Harry took a moment to disassemble that statement before replying, "You could have just said, you are getting your own set of rooms and the use of your personal house elf, the cost will be added to your tuition. But since you asked me so nicely, I hereby execute my right as Head of the Black Family, I will expect to be shown to my rooms after the Welcoming Feast." Dumbledore nodded.

"It will be taken care of, secondly I have been asked to offer you the position of Quidditch Captain by your Head of House."

Harry got a very confused expression on his face, "She waited until a week before school started to tell me this?"

"Ah yes, apparently she recognized all that you would be doing this year and has been trying to sway Miss Bell to take the spot, however she is in her seventh year and has turned the position down three times now." Dumbledore explained.



Harry thought hard about it, it was an honor to be asked but he agreed he had too much going on this year between his own training and the DA. "I take it that means my lifelong Quidditch Ban has been lifted?" He asked sarcastically.

"All of the decrees issues by Delores Umbridge have been overturned, shall I inform Minerva that you accept?"

"I'm afraid not, I agree with her that I will be too busy to give the team as much attention as it deserves from the Captain. However please suggest to her that I would give the position to Ron. He knows more about Quidditch than the rest of the team combined, if need be I would consider a co-captaincy." Dumbledore simply nodded again before his next statement.

"An excellent choice I am sure, now this year I would like to begin giving you private lessons." Harry was floored. He may not agree with the man most of the time, but he still commanded respect and this was an amazing opportunity.

"I don't know what to say sir...what would these lessons entail?" He asked cautiously.

"The history of Tom Riddle for the most part." The older man replied.

Harry was suddenly a bit angry. "That's it?"

"I'm sorry? What do you mean by that statement?"

"I mean, I have to kill or be killed by Voldemort and you want to teach me about his past? And that's it?" Harry asked with an edge to his voice.

"Ah, I see what you mean...very well I will also begin instructing you in advanced magic, will this suffice?"

Harry nodded, "I accept. I understand how knowing more about him would be useful, but if something were to happen to you I want to know at least some of what you know about how to fight him. I have at least four good reasons to make it out of this alive and intact."

The Headmaster's face fell at the last statement. "That is the final thing we need to discuss Harry. I am afraid I have done you a bit of a disservice."

Harry's eyebrows came together as he scrutinized the old man before him. "You mean besides leaving me in a loveless home when love is supposedly my greatest weapon?" Dumbledore's eyes flicked to Tonks and back to Harry but the younger man simply stared at him.

"Once again I must express my regret for the mistakes I have made in your past. Unfortunately I have one more mistake to admit to you. And it is related to that one as it turns out."

Both Harry and Tonks simply stared at him until he continued. "Harry before you left Hogwarts at the end of Term I cast a mild compulsion charm on you that would make your family treat you properly."

Harry was suddenly very confused. "I suppose that explains why Vernon didn't kill me for the talking to he was given at Kings Cross, and why they left me alone in my room for the most part..."

Tonks had a permanent scowl on her face and Dumbledore seemed quite surprised at this revelation. "Harry the compulsion I cast was quite powerful, your family surely did more than simply tolerate your presence?" Harry shook his head but did not break eye contact. "Then my failure is complete, that charm was designed so that even the slightest bit of love for you would be amplified at least double." He sat down on the nearest stool, suddenly looking all of his hundred plus years of age.

Harry's eyes suddenly went wide as he began to panic. "WHAT!" Dumbledore did not meet his eye's so did not see the power that began to radiate from the young man. "You mean that Hermione and Ginny..." He stopped himself, not wanting to give away too much information. Dumbledore nodded before speaking up.

"I brought Mr. and Mrs. Granger here in the hopes that they would take their daughter with them at least until the compulsion wore off. I was glad that Ms. Weasley went with her though I knew she already had feelings for you and would not mind the effects of the charm."

"WOUDLN'T MIND? YOU FUCKED WITH THEIR MINDS!" Harry shouted.

"Be that as it may, I removed them in hopes that the damage would be minimal until the charm wore off. I was unable to get Ms. Bones away until just this morning due to Amelia's schedule." Harry sat down hard and began shaking. Tonks moved behind him and pulled him into a hug, which he tried to accept gratefully, but was afraid it was the compulsion causing her to comfort him rather than any real concern. He thought through the events of the past months and his anger built steadily as he came to a few conclusions.

"You could have let Gabrielle into Hogwarts." He stated with Venom.

Dumbledore nodded, still not meeting Harry's eyes. Tonks looked up with fear in her eyes as glasses began tinkling in the cabinets and she could hear the cutlery and utensils shaking in the drawers. "It was the only way to get her away from you before she was ensnared by the charm." He said wearily.

Harry shook his head, trying to hold on to his temper and not realizing the destruction his magic was close to unleashing. "She bound herself to me when I rescued her from the lake you meddlesome old man. I am in love with her, compulsion charm or not and you took her away from me." Harry stood and Tonks backed away slightly, wanting to be there for him but scared at the same time. She had never seen this kind of power.

Dumbledore paled as he finally recognized the magic in the air and the source standing in front of him. He stood quickly and drew his wand, Harry casually flicked his finger and the wand sailed toward him where he caught it. The old man's eyes went extremely wide, "You would pull your wand on me? The Savior? The Chosen One? In my home?" He asked in a very eerie tone. All the glass in the cabinets shattered and spilled out the doors and onto the floor, the drawers flew from the counters and the utensils all flew straight up to stick in the ceiling.

"It was instinct Harry, please..." Dumbledore was looking like a frightened rabbit.

Harry took a few deep breaths and centered himself, remembering what he had done to the Headmasters Office he did not want to tear

his home down. When he opened his eyes he looked around at the destruction and flicked Dumbledore's wand casting a silent Reparo. In a matter of moments the Kitchen appeared to be in perfect order once again, he sat down quickly feeling drained. Tonks caught him before he could fall off the stool. "Bring her back, let her in" He nearly hissed out.

"I am sorry Harry but Beauxbatons is already in session, I cannot transfer her this year."

"How long." He asked quietly.

Dumbledore apparently understood exactly what he was being asked. "I could not remove the charm, it had to run its course. It wore off at the beginning of this week, it seems my planning did little to stop the effects I had feared." He said in a very small voice. Gone was the Chief Warlock and Supreme Mugwump; the man in front of them was a mistaken old man feeling his age.

Harry was a bit relieved to hear that he had not taken advantage of Susan while she was under a spell of any kind, but he still felt dirty. "Get out." Harry said quietly.

Dumbledore nodded and stood quietly, he eyed his wand for a moment. "Please keep that, I believe it will serve you better than it ever did me." Harry nodded without looking up. "Shall I send you a note about our first private lesson then?" He ventured.

Harry's barely controlled rage slipped for a moment and the table began shaking along with the glasses and cutlery once more. "Very well." Dumbledore said before he Disapparated with a small pop. It took a few moments before Tonks began laughing uncontrollably, Harry looked up at her with concern in his eyes.

"Nym?" She caught his eye and began laughing even harder, eventually falling to her bum on the floor and lying on her side trying to catch her breath. "What?" He exclaimed getting annoyed with her and afraid his still raw emotions would escape and destroy the room once again. With tears of mirth in her eyes she simply pointed, there on the floor where Dumbledore had just stood was a complete set of clothing in garish purple with golden stars flying around. Finally Harry understood and he began laughing as well.

"Guess your Anti-Apparation prank works in reverse too." She cried out as he joined her on the floor. They both laughed for another few minutes lying together on the floor in the middle of the kitchen until Harry's perfect memory began replaying the previous conversation. He sobered immediately.

"As funny as that is, I have some serious issues here Nym... I need to apol..." She cut him off.

"Don't you dare apologize to me, I had a bit of a crush on you last year after dropping you off here. You have been a near perfect gentleman as far as I'm concerned and I honestly didn't feel any sort of compulsion to love you."

"What about Moony though? What if the charm is why you couldn't make up with him?"

"No that didn't have anything to do with my feelings or lack thereof, that was all about difference of opinion now stop it. I refuse to forgive you for something you had no control over."

"Gabrielle...I..." She cut him off again.

"You said it yourself, she bound herself to you nearly two years ago, and the compulsion would not cause you to love her, so that is real. Don't beat yourself up about it, I'm sure she doesn't care either way." He nodded but decided he needed to talk to her before he would feel all right about it.

"Mione?" He didn't even try to make an argument. Knowing he would have to talk to her as well, he just wanted Tonks' viewpoint.

"Has been in love with you for years Harry, she just didn't want to ruin your friendship so gave up."

"Gin?"

"Same thing, though you could almost call that life debt a bond just like Gabrielle. What girl wouldn't fall in love with the man who slays a dragon for her?"

"It was a basilisk." He felt like joking a little, he had calmed down considerably while listening to her logic.

"Even better, dragons can't kill you with a look and most of them aren't poisonous either." She waited for him to bring up his final point, knowing this one was going to be harder.

"Susan..." He said with a sigh.

"You need to talk to her about it Harry, She is the only one I see this possibly affecting." He nodded.

"She said it was bloody crazy that she was already in love with me but she didn't care..."

"So maybe she still won't care, I know you well enough to guess you didn't take advantage of her."

He nodded, "I'm getting tired of cleaning up Fumbledores messes." She snorted and gave him a look before giving up and laughing again including her snorts.

"You know that's actually kind of cute?" He asked her and got an elbow to the side for his trouble before she stood up. He groaned in pain as he joined her.

"Why don't you go visit Gabrielle?" Tonks asked.

"I don't know where the School is."

"And that stopped you from finding my apartment?" She asked with a raised eyebrow. Harry's eyebrows shot up and he pulled her into a kiss before backing away once more.

"You're a life saver Nym, I'll see you later?"

She waved him off with a slightly silly smile and glazed look in her eyes. "No worries." She said and watched him walk out the back door and silently disappear.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry was pulled almost violently from his hosepipe as he hit what could only be Anti-Apparation wards. He held a hand up to his head trying to get rid of the sudden headache. It reminded him of eating

ice too quickly, luckily it left him just as quickly as a brain-freeze as well and he walked through the gate and up the long drive to the front doors of what looked like a huge mansion. Knocking three times he stepped back and waited.

The door was answered by a small house elf. "Welcome to Beauxbatons can I helps you Sir?"

"Harry Potter to see Gabrielle Delacour?" He announced and was shown into the Foyer to wait. It was not long at all until a sliver blond missile threw him against the wall and wrapped her self around him.

"Master!" She cried into his shoulder, he could feel her tears leaking through the material but was helpless to comfort her much as his own tears ran down his cheeks.

"My Pet." He answered quietly as he simply reveled in the feeling of holding her again. "I need to talk to you about something... are you doing anything at the moment?" She shook her head.

"Non, I am just finished with breakfast."

"Where can we talk?" He asked quietly and she pulled him out the front door and around the side of the building toward the woods. "Wait should we be going in there?" He asked.

"Harry, only Hogwarts would surround itself with dangerous creatures. Zis forest is perfectly safe." She said pulling him deeper until it was hard to see the main building.

She wrapped herself around him once more and her hand went down the front of his pants as she kissed him. His brain was fighting a desperate battle with his body and losing. She undid his trousers and pulled them down to his knees as she dropped to hers. His mind lost the battle temporarily as she pulled his member into her mouth and down her throat. His hands went to the back of her head and before long he came down her throat. She was smiling widely as she stood back up and kissed him. He loved the way she tasted, even as he could taste faint traces of himself in her mouth as well. She started to undo her blouse but he stopped her hands.

"That is not why I am here Pet, though maybe before I leave." She looked disappointed but nodded as she sat on a nearby fallen tree.

He pulled his clothes back on properly and sat down beside her. "I love you." He said simply and she grinned once again.

"Oui, and I love you Harry."

He nodded thankful for the reassurance. "Dumbledore cast a love compulsion on me, it caused you and the rest to fall in love with me more quickly than natural."

He waited for the outburst that didn't come. "You are my Master, that you love me is a bonus, that I love you was a given. I am happy for once that Dumbledore is making a mistake."

That was enough for him, he pulled her onto his lap and kissed her deeply, his hands ran from her hips up under her un-tucked blouse and to her breasts, which as usual had no undergarment to restrain them. She moaned into his mouth as he played with her nipples. He pulled a way a bit and looked her in the eye. "I do love you Gabrielle, you have no idea how good it feels to hear you say that to me." He ran a hand up under her skirt and quickly pushed the fabric of her knickers aside so he could delve her depths with his fingers.

It was not long before she came in his lap and laid her head on his shoulder. "Thank you Master, My Harry. So I can come to Hogwarts?"

Harry shook his head sadly. "You already started the school year here, and as much as I want you with me, I meant what I said. You need a life outside of me for me to be happy with you." He kissed her quickly before helping her stand. Joining her they began walking back to the school.

She sighed, "Thank you for coming to me Master, I am guessing you cannot come again so I must wait until Christmas to see you?" He nodded and pulled her into another embrace as they reached the doors once more.

"You were the first one I knew I was in love with, thank you." He kissed her again deeply and he felt her go limp in his arms as she simply reveled in the feeling of being under his protection and the object of his desire.



The doors opened and the Headmistress cleared her throat before expelling a long line of French that Harry could not follow. Gabrielle responded in kind and Madame Maxime smiled as she looked down at him. "Ah Monsieur Potter, are you thinking of transferring to our fair school?"

He smiled up at her but shook his head. "No Headmistress, I apologize for my interruption to your place of learning, but I had a rather urgent matter to discuss with Ms. Delacour here. Our business is now concluded." He bowed slightly before kissing Gabrielle on the cheek. "Farewell my Pet." He whispered before walking the long distance back toward the gate and Apparating back to the garden at Number Twelve.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry returned home and headed upstairs to the training room. He still had a slight headache from hitting the wards at Beauxbatons and did not fancy finding out what would happen to someone trying to Apparate through the Gringotts wards at the Grangers home. He was expecting a letter any moment with a photo from Hermione so he could find their location. He had considered trying to find Susan but he did not know what he was up against at the Minister's home, he was also more than a little afraid of her reaction to the news.

And so he found himself deep in meditation, trying to sort out everything that had happened in the past few hours. Sitting in his study he relived his memories, placing them in their proper place and examining his emotions. He was rather surprised at the destruction he had done to the Kitchen, but even more surprised by his Wandless disarming of Dumbledore. The old mans reaction had been more than surprise at his bit of Wandless magic; there was something about the wand specifically.

Opening his eyes he pulled his new wand from his pocket and examined it closely. It was eleven inches long, matching the length of his Holly and Phoenix Feather perfectly, and made of a light colored wood he could not identify. The handle section was about four inches with a knot in the wood above and below, and then at two-inch intervals another knot appeared giving him an impression of controlled chaos. He pulled his own wand and held it in his left hand as he held the new wand in his right and closed his eyes examining the way his magic felt.

His wand felt comforting, like an old friend, and seemed to be in tune with the way his magic flowed. He turned his attention to his right hand and was surprised that he could detect almost nothing there. Rather than the feeling of familiarity, the new wand felt more like an extension of himself, his magic flowing effortlessly through it. Opening his eyes he gave it a test wave and could almost feel the light trail of magic it left in the air. He did the same with his old wand and found that the potential for magic was following the tip, but he would have to actively cast the spell in order to force it into existence. Finally he gave up and placed them in opposite pockets before dipping back inside himself.

He thought about everything that Tonks had said to him as he lay freaking out on the Kitchen floor. Hermione and Ginny had loved him for years and the charm had simply nudged them to act on their feelings. He still needed to talk to them however, he could not simply keep this a secret. Gabrielle he had already taken care of and was satisfied to know that the love between them was true, or would have been eventually. He once again thought of Susan and felt the stab of fear in his heart. They had not consummated their relationship fully until a week after the charm wore off, did that mean that her feelings were real just accelerated? And how did that explain the way he felt about her?

He felt a vibration through the floor that let him know someone had just stepped off the stairs. He came out of himself and opened his eyes to find Tonks looking pensive as if she couldn't decide whether to disturb him. "Wotcher Nym, penny for your thoughts?"

That startled her from her introspection and she slowly crossed the room as he stood up. "Hey, um can we talk about stuff?"

"I guess that depends on what stuff." Harry answered her with a smile. He called Dobby and had the room changed back to a sitting area and led Tonks over to his favorite corner near the entertainment center. "So what's up?"

She sat down and took a deep breath. "Harry, I just watched you disarm and scare the living crap out of the supposed Greatest-Wizard-Alive. And your asking me what the issue is?" She asked a bit incredulously.

He smiled at her hyphenation. "HA! I'm not the only one with a hyphenated nickname any more." She gave him a look, which brought him back to the topic, "Right, accidental Super Magic?"

She nodded but had a grimace on her face, "That's what I figured you would say. So can I see your wand?"

He smiled crookedly, "Is that a proposition?" Once again the look, Tonks was not in a playful mood at the moment. He sighed and pulled it from his pocket. "I don't know anything about it, but it seems like a perfect match, even better than my Phoenix Feather wand." He said as he handed it to her. She waved it and attempted to cast a few sparks but managed only a fizzle.

"Well it's pants for me, congratulations I suppose. Why do you think he let you keep it?"

He shook his head before responding. "I don't know, I was about to hand it back to him once I calmed down a bit. Thank you for that by the way. The only thing I can tell is that since it is such a good match for me maybe it belonged to someone I was related to?"

She shrugged, "Well, if you are going to carry both of them you will need to get a permit from the Ministry, before you can get a permit you need to know what it's made of. They don't just hand out permits like that either, usually you have to be an Auror or Hit Wizard."

"Lucky I know a few people then isn't it." He said with a grin.

"Yeah, I don't know what's up with Scrimgeour but consider it a blessing for now. I'm sure he will want a few publicity shots or something one of these days to shore up the Aurors image."

He nodded in deep thought, "With Amelia in charge things have been going better, not that I read the prophet but I am guessing they stopped calling me crazy. Overall if things continue to work out like this I will gladly back the Ministry. I don't need to fight them on top of Voldemort after all. Where do I get this identified?" He said nodding to the wand in question. "I don't feel like talking to Dumbles any time soon. Though I do wish I could have been wherever he Apparated to, that had to be quite the show!"

Tonks grinned at him, "Let's hope he went to the Ministry then or Diagon Alley, hopefully someone got pictures of his face."

Harry began laughing, "I can see the headlines now, Has Dumbledore finally gone round the twist? Eye witnesses put the Chief Warlock strolling down Diagon Alley completely in the nude. When asked about his attire he told people Nude? The tailor assured me that these clothes were made of the finest silk!"

Tonks recognizing the Muggle fairytale laughed right along with him. "None of the witnesses dared to question the Greatest-Wizard-Alive, though many wondered where he was keeping his wand." They both then collapsed into a fit of laughter for the next few minutes. Tears running down both of their faces as they struggled to breathe. Finally they were able to catch their breath, though they could not look each other in the eye without bursting into giggles once more setting off another attack.

Tonks took a deep breath and told the corner of the room, "I would talk to Ollivander, he's always going on about remembering every wand he ever sold." Harry nodded before remembering she couldn't see him.

"I guess we can stop in when we go to get our school supplies." He commented.

"You didn't go shopping for school supplies yet?" She exclaimed looking at him.

He fought a blush as he responded sheepishly, "Well we had other...things...on our minds."

"I'll bet you did." She said with a wink and a grin.

"So you know all that I know about this wand, and all I know about how I blew up the kitchen and scared Dumbledore right out of his shorts...literally." They both tried to suppress the giggles that threatened. "What else did you need to talk about?"

She sobered quickly and looked down at the table as she spoke, "Well um, look I don't know if anything is ever gonna happen with me and Remus, and I know I'm a lot older than you and I know you're still trying to figure out what happened with the other girls and

that bloody charm and..." She took a deep breath but did not continue.

"Nym?" He asked turning her to face him. She lunged and captured his lips in her own as she straddled his lap, knocking him backward so that he was laying down on the couch with her on top of him. His hands came up to her sides out of habit and began making lazy trails across her back and the sides of her breasts even as she continued to kiss him. He was desperately fighting with his body trying to recall if he had accidentally unlocked his shag-me gaze or something. Finally he pulled her away a bit but did not try to move her from on top of him. "Nym?" He tried again.

She took a deep breath and lay her head down on his chest. "Harry, you're the only guy I know who treats me as a person instead of a plaything or something. And you always seem to know what to say to make me feel better, and...God I am such a dirty slut saying this to a 16 year old." She said blushing.

"Are you trying to say you would like to um, move our relationship up a notch or two?" He asked a bit fearfully. She nodded against his chest.

"I know it's weird me being so old, and I know you have a Veela and three other beautiful women you can turn to..." He pushed her up so he could look her in the eyes and placed a finger to her lips.

"Stop talking about yourself like that. I don't know if I have seen the real you, but I could really care less about how you look. And you are not old, how many times have you pointed out to me that we went to Hogwarts together?" She nodded but tried to look away, he held her chin and continued. "The only thing that makes me uncomfortable is Moony, I am going to have to talk to him before I can pursue any sort of relationship with you. I had just gotten used to you being like an Aunt or Cousin or something."

"What's a little incest between family Cuz?" She asked playfully. That brought his mind back to Sirius' will reading and the mention that they were in fact, related distantly, then again he was related to Draco Malfoy in exactly the same way.

"Now your just making it dirty." He said quietly though she could feel his sudden erection against her crotch.

She giggled and leaned down to whisper in his ear. "What? Does the thought of shagging your cousin turn you on?" His cock jumped a bit and she grinned until he responded.

"Maybe a bit, but I don't think Draco would ever go for it." He whispered back and she quickly sat up and began making retching noises playfully.

"You had to go and ruin it didn't you? Uhg I don't think I will ever feel clean again, your um...your not into other guys are you?"

Harry began retching for real before he responded. "No, I am a huge hypocrite. Two or so women together just seems natural to me, but two guys together is just...ugh. Sweaty, and hairy, and grunting and..." He retched again, "I just puked a little in my mouth."

She nodded, "I actually agree, so no worries there lover boy." She winked. "Hypothetical question then, what about two guys and the one girl?"

He thought about it for a second. "I am not sharing you with Moony or Draco, sorry Cuz." She retched again at the thought of Draco Malfoy.

"Prat! Answer the damn question."

"Fine, after the whole situation with Mione I was basically sharing her with Ron for a while, I guess the idea doesn't bother me that much, even at the same time, as long as they aren't playing with each other, only with her. Why do you ask?"

She leaned down and kissed him quickly before sitting up again, incidentally rubbing herself against his aching cock. "No reason, I just like to hear you talk about sex." She grinned. "Now what kind of Training arrangement can we come up with?"

He looked up at her with a confused expression on his face trying to switch gears. "Um, I can help you with Occlumency, or try to teach you Wandless magic stuff and silent Apparation I guess. What do you have to offer me?" He asked. Remembering his position too late to stop her from torturing him just a bit more.

She rocked against his cock a few times causing him to groan before pulling her wands, one from a pocket of her cargo pants, and one that seemed to appear in her hand out of nowhere. "If you are gonna carry two wands, I think you might want to learn dual casting techniques." She said with a smile.

That caught his attention, "That sounds like an awesome idea, but can I ask you where that wand came from?" He said nodding to the one in her right hand.

She flicked her wrist and it disappeared again. "Invisible wrist holster with quick release and shrinking charm. It's the Hit Wizard model, it's such a great idea I don't know how everybody doesn't have one."

"Why not two of them?" He asked watching her put the other wand back in a pocket.

"Well, the holster makes the wand summon proof while it's sheathed. If I got in a sticky situation and they summoned my wands away they would get the one from my pocket. Hopefully they will think I only had the one." She shrugged as if it was a perfectly natural reason.

"Why not remove the no-summon charm from your primary holster and keep the backup in another?" She just stared down at him for a moment.

"Bloody hell! It's in the Hit Wizard handbook to do it this way, but your way makes so much more sense."

"You keep mentioning Hit Wizards, I thought you were an Auror?" He asked, wishing she would move from his lap, at the same time he wanted to snog her senseless.

"The Hit Wizards work on contract, you don't necessarily have to be an Auror first but most of them are at one point or another. I guess you could say they are like Muggle bounty hunters only they carry a Ministry badge and all the enforcement power of an Auror. They only get the really big jobs that the Aurors don't have the time or the power to take care of."

"Like Pasty and his Patsies?" He asked.

She nodded, finally slipping from his lap back to her seat on the couch and allowing him to sit up beside her. "Fudges budget cutbacks meant that there was no Hit Wizard level training available at the academy, and no funding for contract hires. I wanted to eventually move on to HW but the cutbacks and the timing just haven't worked out so I'm still an Auror. Nothing at all wrong with being an Auror for your whole career but the paperwork is a bitch. Just ask Moody about it some time, why do you think he Retired."

"I thought he was forced to retire from all his injuries." Harry said.

"Nope, he got tired of all the paperwork, especially after they tried to give him the Department Head job. Minister Bones and Scrimgeour don't seem to mind the paperwork stuff. Kingsley and me can't stand it. Every hour we spend filling out reports and filing away forms is one we could have been out stopping a criminal."

He nodded while deep in thought, "So If I wanted, I could probably become a Hit Wizard instead of an Auror, since I don't need a steady paycheck and I hate paperwork?" Tonks nodded her agreement. "What classes would you recommend for me this year then? I was going to take the standard Auror NEWTs."

Tonks thought about it for a second before responding. "Now I am not the expert, and I went through the academy. But If I had to choose, I would say you could drop Herbology but keep Potions." Harry grimaced and she smiled. "Now now, Potions isn't all that bad, especially if Snape isn't teaching it." Harry had to concede the point.

"So that's Potions, Defense is a given, Transfiguration, Charms, and if you can get Pomfrey to give you a special tuition I would recommend a Healing Arts course. You never know when you will need to heal yourself or someone else quickly on the run. That is really all I can think of, and a NEWT in each of those would carry over to most other Ministry jobs as well if you ever wanted to settle down. You can test out of the Herbology section to get into the Academy if you decide to do the Auror thing later."

Harry let his mind wander for a while. With everything he planned to do this year at school, he would welcome a break or two in the form of dropping Herbology, and if he couldn't get Madame Pomfrey to teach him healing he figured he could do self-study. His mind



eventually drifted back to his new wand. "Do I need anything special to buy a couple of the HW style holsters?" He asked.

"Nope, just gotta know to ask for 'em. Most witches and wizards wouldn't think they needed that kind of thing...You mind if I talk to some of my Hit Wizards friends about your idea? Common sense isn't very common in the Wizarding World in case you haven't noticed. I bet at least half of them already do that, and the others will smack themselves for not thinking of it sooner." Harry just nodded. "So when you going to see Ollivander?"

"I am betting Gin and Mione didn't go yet either, so at the least Gin will be back at the end of the week to go shopping with me and Ron. I can stop in to talk to him then." Tonks nodded. "Molly and Arthur should be back on Wednesday I bet it'll be Thursday or Friday."

Harry shook his head, "Can't do it on Friday, Amelia's confirmation is then and I am introducing new legislation, or rather I am proposing changes to existing legislation." Tonks looked at him funny.

"And just when did you plan all of this? How did you have time for four girlfriends if you have been drafting a bill for the Wizengamot?"

Harry put a finger to his nose and winked, "The Aurors needed a benefactor, and I needed some laws changed. Please don't try to compare me to Malfoy I do that enough myself."

Tonks just looked at him for a moment before shaking her head. "Nothing Malfoy did was ever to benefit the Ministry or the country in any way. You're no Malfoy."

He thanked her as his stomach growled, "Geez what time is it?" He asked as his hunger suddenly hit him full on.

"Actually part of why I came up here, it has to be going on six now. You really don't have any concept of time when you're in there do you?" She said cuffing him playfully on the temple.

He shook his head and stood up. "Nope, my mind is a scary place, I pity the next person to try to break in." He smiled and offered her his hand.

He helped her to her feet and linked his arm through hers as they strolled down the stairs. "You know, the Ladies suite is empty at the moment. I doubt the girls would mind if you took over for them while they are gone."

Tonks grinned mischievously, "That's the plan anyway."

A/N: I re-read it before posting it, and I think my Tonks-Banter is some of my best writing out of all the girls...I love Honks stories like 'Summer of Change' and it is one of my favorite pairings. But I didn't realize when I wrote it that it flowed so well from my fingertips. What do you think?

So my pairing choices in order?

H/Hr

H/Hr/G

H/Gabrielle

H/Ginny

H/Luna

H/Tonks

H/Gabrielle/Fleur

H/Pansy ('White Knight Grey Queen' anyone?)

H/P. Patil or H/Patil's

H/Susan

H/Daphne

H/Other Female Canon Character

## Chapter 38: Confirmations Part 1

Tonks stayed in her room Sunday evening and began moving her things on Monday morning. She told him she planned to take a nice long soak in the jetted tub, which brought to his mind images of her floating inches away from him in the nude. He was thankful that his mind magic allowed him to control his emotions or he knew he would have been blushing like Susan throughout the whole of breakfast that morning.

After breakfast he finally finished setting constraints on his magic for the last of the material he had already learned at Hogwarts. He had not begun practicing with his new wand yet as he felt almost like it was cheating to use a wand that was so perfectly in tune with him. Now that he had a baseline for every spell he knew he decided it was as good a time as any to try it out. He pulled it from his pocket and once again marveled at the feeling of power it seemed to give him.

He conjured a row of targets at the far end of the training room using verbal commands and was rather surprised that he needed no corrections to the flow of his magic. He idly wondered if it was because the power levels needed were close enough between the two wands or because of something innate to the wand itself. And so he worked through a quick warm-up type routine beginning with minor jinxes and curses and working his way up to a Reducto, which he used to destroy and vanish all of the targets. He had a huge smile on his face as he finished feeling an almost euphoria as his magic flowed effortlessly.

Just as an experiment he decided to remove all the locks on his power before continuing. Shielding his eyes he nonverbally cast a dim Lumos charm and was happy to see that he got exactly the level he had been hoping for. He canceled the charm and performed it verbally getting exactly the same results, which was new. Before he had to set the power level to keep from blinding himself when casting non-verbally. He canceled that spell and tried again casting a normal strength spell non-verbally getting the perfect level of light from the tip of his wand.

As a control he pulled his Holly wand and after canceling the previous spell, he cast the spell nonverbally hoping for the normal results and was once again nearly blinded by the intensity of the

light. He canceled it quickly and sat down to ponder the results. Apparently he still had issues with his original wand, just to make sure he placed his locks back in place and cast the charm once more getting the desired result and then extinguished it. He was seriously considering placing the Holly wand as his backup if he was getting these results with the new wand. How on earth had Dumbledore known that his own wand would be a perfect match? Was that what he meant by the comment about it serving Harry better than it had himself?

He was brought out of his musings by a cough from the door of the Ladies room, opening his eyes he found Tonks walking toward him. "Lunch time Harry, a growing boy can't be missing meals."

"Tell that to Ron then, I haven't seen him in almost a week! Giving him a Telly was the worst idea ever!"

She shrugged, "I haven't missed him, I'm really not sure what you and Hermione saw in him anyways."

Harry stood up with a groan before answering her. "He was my first human friend, we sorta bonded on the Express our first year and we have been good as brothers ever since."

"That isn't the way I heard it." She said with a raised eyebrow.

Harry remembered the pain of betrayal during the tournament and nodded, "Brothers fight, and he came to his senses eventually."

She shrugged again, "Not my place to be breaking brothers apart. He just rubs me wrong sometimes, so...lunch then?"

He nodded and walked toward the stairs after linking her arm through his. They chatted about anything and nothing all the way down and were both smiling as they entered the Kitchen where they stopped dead in their tracks.

"Uh, Hello Harry, Tonks."

"Hey Moony! Why you been such a stranger?" Harry said with a smile as he gave the older man a hug. Secretly he was extremely nervous, especially knowing that Remus was bound to smell the

pheromones in the air even if he had done nothing more than kiss her.

"I was on a mission for the order, envoy to one of the largest werewolf packs in the UK. Completely immersed as I was I couldn't contact you to let you know where I disappeared to, or how I was doing. I am sorry."

Harry nodded and a glance showed him Tonks was simply picking at the plate of food one of the elves had popped in front of them at some point. "Right, so um...Why are you back here then?"

"I didn't mean to crash or anything, the full moon is on Wednesday and I am going to be completely useless tomorrow. The facilities in the basement are much better than chaining myself up outside of my little cottage..." He trailed off.

Harry's eyes lit with understanding before he replied, "Of course, your welcome to stay here no matter what, Sirius would have had it no other way."

"I'm not all that hungry, I'll see you upstairs in a few Harry, maybe we can start on that Dual Wand Dueling?" Tonks said as she got up and walked toward the Hallway.

"Uh yeah, alright then Nym." Harry said with a confused look. She simply left the room and Harry heard Remus sigh next to him.

"I am sorry Harry, things did not end well between us."

"We really need to talk about this Moony, there are some things going on and I would rather not worry about the small stuff."

"What did she mean Dual Wand? When did you get another wand?" Remus asked.

Harry sighed knowing this was not going to go well; he pulled his new wand from his pocket and sat it on the table. "Harry, why do you have Dumbledore's wand?" Remus asked in a slightly dangerous tone.

"Do not jump to any conclusions Moony and put away the attitude." Remus' eyes went wide before he shook his head and smiled.

"That was the perfect mix of James' cockiness and Lilly's sharp tongue. I'm sorry for getting ahead of the conversation, please continue." Harry smiled at the thought that he was mimicking his parents even if he couldn't really remember them.

"Dumbledore cast a compulsion charm on me before I left school last term." Harry said trying to control the anger that still simmered beneath the surface.

Remus looked thoughtful for a moment, "And what exactly was the compulsion designed to do?"

"To at the least, double any feeling of love toward me. He meant it for Dursley's, and I think I may be alive because of it. That does not change the fact that he has meddled with my life once again and I am again having to deal with unintended consequences."

Once again Remus paused to think things through before his eyes went wide. "Hermione and Ginny?" Harry nodded.

"And Gabrielle Delacour, as well as Susan Bones, possibly Hannah Abbot." Harry said turning red.

Remus surprised him as he let out a huge guffaw, nearly doubling over with laughter as he gripped the sides of the table. Harry looked on extremely confused, not able to see any humor in the situation. "Moony?"

The older man looked up with tears in his eyes and a huge smile, "I'm sorry Cub but if you really are having trouble with five different women, Prongs and Padfoot must be celebrating somewhere." He continued laughing and Harry got a mental flash of his dad and Sirius standing behind him patting him on the back. He teared up a bit wishing it could have happened that way. He even imagined his dad handing over a few Galleons as if he lost a bet, he could almost see his mother giving them both a disgusted gaze as she waited for him to finish his story.

Smiling as he returned to reality he waited until Remus could breathe properly and the werewolf motioned for him to continue. "Gabrielle bound herself to me when I rescued her from the Black Lake in the second task of the tournament. I already talked to her

and she said knew she would fall in love with her Master eventually anyway." He withheld the fact that he was in love with her as well. Remus let out a low whistle.

"Are you telling me that besides Ginny who I know you were at least somewhat intimate with, as well as Hermione? You have a bound Veela? Sirius must be tap dancing somewhere!"

Harry just groaned, "I don't doubt it, honestly I can see my mum giving both of them a glare for their current behavior, but can we please be serious for a minute here Moony?"

"I don't think he would like that unless he gets to be Harry for a night." Remus said quietly but Harry couldn't help but chuckle as he rolled his eyes.

"Are you quite finished?"

"Sorry, please go on." Remus said.

"The charm wore off a week ago, Dumbledore created this elaborate plan to get me away from all these girls but could do nothing about Susan since Amelia was appointed Minister. That is my real dilemma, after talking with Tonks and Gabrielle I am fairly certain Mione and Gin are going to tell me they don't care, but Susan is weighing heavily on my conscience."

"Harry, are you happy?" Remus asked soberly.

"I think I am, why?" Harry answered with his own question.

"Are they all happy, with you and with each other?"

He nodded, "More than you know..." He trailed off hoping he had not revealed too much, the smile on Remus' face told him he probably had.

"I doubt Miss Bones will have any issue then, however I will only tell you a few things. First of all, Sirius and your Dad are cheering you on somewhere and I find myself somewhat jealous as well. Second if you are happy, and the girls are happy with you and with each other, then there is nothing more to worry about. It is not normal but you have never led a normal life Harry, it's time to accept that you

will never live a normal life and simply enjoy the good things that go along with it."

Harry nodded as he thought about it all, "There may still be other girls..." He decided to reveal a bit more of the Master Plan.

Once again Remus whistled before answering. "You're building yourself a Harem? Not that you don't have enough money to support twenty wives and forty or so heirs..."

"No I am not building a Harem, I have good reason to believe that love will be a big part of Voldemort's demise and am taking steps to ensure I have it in spades."

"I'm guessing this is about that damned prophecy?" Harry simply nodded in response. "Then what I said still stands, simply ignore the rest of society and follow your heart. You have Lilly's heart Harry and I know it will not lead you wrong."

"No matter who it is? An older woman or a Slytherin?"

Remus sobered quickly and looked down at the tabletop. "I have never had an issue with Slytherins as a whole..." He trailed off. "As for the older woman...that is not my place to tell you Harry. I will accept anything that happens and not hold it against you or whoever this cradle-robber is." He said that last part with a smile to let Harry know he was joking. He had not said her name but Harry could feel that they were talking about the same person. "Now back to the wand?"

Harry had almost forgotten the original conversation. "Right, sorry. So he comes here after breakfast yesterday and tells me about my new quarters at Hogwarts..."

"Head of Family, I had almost forgotten that rule." Harry nodded and continued.

"He also mentioned giving me private lessons this year, it felt like he was buttering me up before dropping the bomb about messing with the minds of everyone in this house. I naturally got upset."

Remus didn't speak for a second. "Upset as in how you casually destroyed half of the Headmasters Office upset?" Harry nodded.



"When he finally looked up from his shoes and noticed the buildup of magic in the room he drew his wand on me. I disarmed him."

Remus was taken aback. "You were able to disarm Albus Dumbledore?" Harry nodded again silently. "That still doesn't explain why you are in possession of it now."

"I was about to hand it back to him when he asked me to keep it, he told me it would serve me better than it had him and then he Apparated away. He was right about that at least, this wand has to be a perfect match, even better than my old one."

"I don't understand it Harry, but I believe you and I apologize again for getting prematurely upset earlier." Harry waved it off.

"That is the other thing we need to talk about. I honestly believe that the time of Albus Dumbledore has passed, he is making mistakes that are detrimental to the magical world." Remus was about to interrupt but Harry held up a hand to forestall him. "I know Moony, he has done so much for you that you can't abandon him. I don't hold it against you, as long as you do not agree with him that I need to be under his control."

The room went silent for a few minutes as the older man pondered everything he had been told. "I'm sorry Harry, I respect that you are an adult, and the fact that you were able to disarm a living legend lets me know you can take care of yourself. But I don't see you as ready to lead yet..."

Harry was disappointed but not surprised. "I am not asking you to follow me, I am only asking you to stay out of my way, no matter what Dumbledore asks you to do." Remus nodded.

"I can do that."

They finished their meals quickly and Harry headed back up the stairs to find Tonks sitting on the couch by the Telly eating a sandwich. "I knew you were lying about being hungry." He whispered in her ear before sitting down beside her.

She nodded and took a drink before answering. "I thought you could talk to him...so did you?" He nodded. "How did it go?"

He sighed, "About how you expected I'm sure. He knows I can take care of myself but doesn't see me as a leader yet. But he did agree to stay out of my way even if Dumbledore asks him to interfere."

"Well that's something I guess..." She said quietly. "Did you talk to him about...?"

"Us?" She nodded. "In a round about theoretical way yes. And he told me as long as all the parties involved were happy he would not say anything. Even if it was an older woman." He said as he casually stretched and slid an arm down the back of the couch behind her.

"Oh smooth Potter, I forget your only sixteen until you pull a freshman move like that." She said grinning at him.

He leaned in quickly and captured her lips as he brought his arm to her shoulders and pulled her close, he then sat back but left his arm where it lay with his fingertips lightly brushing the top of her breast. "Better?" He asked.

"Huh?" She asked distractedly with a silly grin on her face.

"That's what I thought... I need to talk to the rest of the girls first before I even think of actually starting something with you Nym...so can we just keep it casual for now?"

She had finally regained her senses, "As long as casual includes hair and toe curling kisses like that I'm all in!"

"Your hair didn't curl..." He was immediately corrected as her pink hair grew a few inches and curled very prettily. "You know, as much fun as that is, have I ever seen what you really look like?"

That caught her by surprise. "Um, I doubt it...I don't really know what I look like anymore. It's called residual self-image; if you can change your shape at will you eventually lose it. This face and shape is what I normally look like, if I don't try to morph this is how I end up. But the only things I can promise are original are the violet eyes and the fact that I'm female. I do look a lot like my mum though." She said with a shrug.

"You mean those gorgeous eyes are the real deal?" He asked. She blushed and he added another mark to the scoreboard in his head though he had not stopped to count the total in quite awhile.

"Yeah, that's usually the first thing guys ask me to change, it creeps them out I guess."

"They are all nutters then. Don't change anything for me okay?" He asked. "Unless you remember your base form."

She just stared at him for a minute. "Keep it up and our casual relationship is going to include couch shagging. You honestly don't realize what a charmer you are do you?"

He shrugged but was smiling at the mental image she had produced. "I just tell the truth as I see it."

She leaned in and kissed him as she slid her hand up his thigh stopping when she bumped into his cock lying against his leg halfway down. "Merlin! Seeing might be believing but I still can't, how do you fit that in that little Veela?" She asked causing him to blush deeply; he grudgingly added a tick to her total as well.

"Uh, Veela are very adaptive...I imagine a Metamorphmagus can be as well..." He said quietly.

"Itching to find out?" She asked with a smile.

"Not until I have had the real you first." He said sincerely and quickly had to pull her into his lap as tears began flowing down her cheeks. "Damn it, what did I do now?"

She shook her head against his shoulder. "Happy tears Harry, but you can comfort me anytime you want, you make me feel safe for some reason."

And so they sat watching the Telly for another hour just enjoying the closeness before Hedwig flew in and landed on his other shoulder. "Hey Girl!" he said happily, he was expecting at least four if not five letters, but was secretly wishing this was the one he had been waiting for.

He took the parchment from her and scratched her head for a moment and she nuzzled his cheek before flapping away. He opened it and his grin grew until it hurt as a photo fell into his lap.

Dearest Harry,

Sorry for the delay but after we got back from our trip my Mum had to develop all the film at once which meant waiting until Saturday morning and then we were so busy we could not pick them up until last night.

It took some convincing but I managed to get Ginny to go topless on the beach as well. Much as I expected my father nearly had a heart attack at least once per day. Ginny rather enjoyed the power she held over him as well as the attention the two of us gathered from the local boys. But both of us could only think of you, we do have photos to show you however which I am certain you will appreciate. One of these days you will just have to accompany us to the beach and see for yourself.

We expect you Monday for dinner, if you show up before three my parents will not be home yet...I will let you come up with some activities for us in the meantime.

All of our Love,

Gin and Mione

"Looks like you have somewhere to be in a few hours." Tonks said quietly.

He was still grinning, "I need to go, you going to be all right here?"

Tonks just nodded and shooed him away. "Go talk to them so I can have my turn!"

"No promises." He admonished playfully as he ran for the stairs. Once he reached the back garden he looked down at the photo and memorized every detail of it. He turned and silently Apparated away.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry arrived silently behind some bushes across the road from the house in the photo. Quickly concentrating on the address he saw the house appear out of thin air and smiled. He walked toward the front door but before he could knock he heard a radio blaring in the back so decided to investigate. He walked around the side of the house and through the garden gate closing it as quietly as he could. When he got to the corner of the house he quickly cast a disillusionment spell on himself and peeked around the corner.

Dan was standing at a grill cooking delicious smelling meats of every type and studiously ignoring the pool where Hermione and Ginny were both lying on inflatable floats topless. Harry's mouth went dry at the sight of them perfectly tanned and half naked in the sun, as he watched Gin called something to Emma and Dan out of reflex looked toward the pool and quickly looked ashamed and bright red. Harry wondered how the poor guy had made it through a week of this in public.

He cast a silencing charm on his shoes before sneaking to the edge of the pool where Dan would be able to see him as well as the girls. He then performed a bit of magic he had perfected when he was bored. It combined red sparks with an audible humming that began from the center and dissipated out toward the edges. He could cast it in reverse as well. Combine a disillusionment or invisibility spell and silent or near-silent Apparation it looked and sounded exactly like someone was being beamed up or down from the Enterprise. He was rather proud of himself for the bit of semi-Wandless magic he had figured out and thought it would make a great entrance and exit for parties.

As the humming and sparks got their attention he stepped into the middle and canceled the disillusionment with a large grin. "Did everyone miss me?" He asked.

Dan and Emma were staring at him as if he were a complete freak, or at least, freakier than wizards are to Muggles. Hermione and Ginny took a full five seconds to figure out that it was him before they fell into the pool and quickly swam toward him. He was soon bowled over by dripping wet topless witches and was thoroughly enjoying himself, or would be if a still confused Dan didn't have a murderous gleam in his eye. Harry quickly decided confused and homicidal were not a good combination and gently pried the girls away from him as they both rained kisses on his cheeks and mouth.

"Pardon me for barging in Emma, Dan. I only just received directions and I have missed these two quite a lot for the last two weeks."

Dan didn't say anything, looking torn between strangling him and asking him how on earth he was able to "Beam" into his back yard. It was Emma who answered. "Not a problem at all Harry, we were expecting you, thus the grill."

Harry nodded but Dan still looked a little murderous until Emma smacked him on the shoulder and whispered something in his ear. A thoroughly chastised husband shook Harry's hand and grumbled something about swim trunks in the bathroom. Harry nodded and headed inside, escorted by both girls. As soon as they were around a corner and out of site Ginny threw him against the wall and kissed him deeply. He could feel Hermione kissing his neck and pulled back to try and say something only to have her capture his lips.

Finally he was able to get away from them and hold up a hand as he caught his breath. "I love you both, but can we please take a minute? There is something we need to talk about before this goes any farther."

Both of them looked confused, Hermione was the first to actually say anything. "We missed you so much, whatever could be wrong Harry?" She looked slightly scared.

Hating how this seemed to happen every time he mentioned a need to talk he quickly pulled them both into a hug. "I love you both and I am not going to send you anywhere. If you leave it will be because you got tired of me."

"Wait Harry!" Ginny said pulling away. "Did you mean it?"

Hermione quickly went over the last several minutes in her head and her eyes went wide. "Harry?"

"Lets go get me those shorts and we can talk while I change...No funny business." He admonished them. Hermione led him to her room after grabbing the swim costume laid out on the counter of the bathroom. They both sat on the bed as he began undressing, unconsciously licking their lips. "Alright, first things first. My favorite Headmaster has been meddling in my life again, I wouldn't really care anymore except this time he has involved you two."

They both looked at him curiously and waited for him to continue. He quickly pulled the shorts on and sat down on the bed between them, they pushed him down and lay on his shoulders as usual and sighed in contentment. "Before I left Hogwarts at the end of term he cast a compulsion charm on me that was meant to multiply any feelings of love from the Dursley's by at least double. The problem is it didn't wear off until a week ago." He said the last quietly and closed his eyes waiting for the rejection.

The room was quiet for a minute before Hermione caught Ginny's eyes and spoke up first, "Are you worried Harry? I promise my feelings really haven't changed in the past month and a half. I just finally admitted to them." She then leaned up and kissed him. "I love you Harry Potter."

A single tear ran down the side of his face, but he pretended not to notice hoping they wouldn't see it. Ginny spoke next. "My feelings changed Harry, I went from loving you to loving you more. And I don't care what the reason is, I have you now and I'm not letting you go because the old man gave me a little nudge." She kissed him as well and he broke down.

"I didn't before, but I know I am in love with you both, as well as Susan and Gabrielle. The charm didn't work both ways so I know what I feel is real, I was so afraid to lose either or both of you..." He sobbed as quietly as he could as both girls simply held him for a minute. Finally he took a deep breath and blew it out. "We better get back outside before Dan comes to investigate." The girls nodded and stood each offering him a hand up.

"Don't worry about Daddy, mum has him firmly under control." Hermione said with a smile.

"You should have seen him Harry, I thought he was going to die of embarrassment the first time Mione convinced me to go topless."

"And as you can see she can't get enough of it now." Hermione finished.

Harry just smiled as he did in fact see; he quickly pushed Gin up against the wall and kissed her deeply as he ran his hands over her breasts, enjoying the tingling feeling of her nipples rubbing

against his palms. He then turned and caught Hermione on the other wall feeling her up as well. He was rock hard and visibly tenting his shorts by the time he pulled away and he blushed as he saw his state. Thinking quickly he pulled his wand from the waistband of his shorts and cast a notice-me-not charm on his straining cock keyed only to Muggles. As he put the wand away he got a funny look from both of them.

"That is not your wand Harry." Hermione stated with a raised eyebrow.

"Long story, I'll tell you in the pool." Both nodded and pulled him outside, Dan was just finishing the last of the meats as they walked outside. Harry was very thankful that he could not see the state his daughter had left him in thanks to magic as he turned his death glare toward them once again.

"Harry, why don't you come finish up these steaks while I grab the hotdogs from inside? You girls can help your mum set up the table." The girls nodded and walked off, Dan gave him a meaningful glance as he walked back inside. Harry looked and found the steak sitting off to the side and an array of spices sitting beside them. They appeared unseasoned so he quickly started with a dash of this and that rubbing it into the meat before throwing them on the gas grill and lowering the flame a bit. He wondered if this was some sort of 'Man Test' but simply shrugged, if there was one thing he knew how to do it was cook a mean steak.

Dan reappeared a few minutes later and looked over the progress nodding appreciatively as he noticed the flame had been lowered. "Harry I have exactly one question for you, and I expect an honest answer." Harry gulped.

"I will answer any question honestly Mr. Granger..." He figured that formal was best in this situation.

Dan eyed him for a moment and appeared to be fighting an internal struggle; finally he sighed and looked back to Harry with a smile. "How the hell did you 'Beam' into my garden?"

Harry completely taken by surprise doubled over in laughter and Dan joined him for a few moments before Harry realized he needed to flip the steaks. As he did so he thought of how to answer the



question. "Do you want the extremely detailed answer or the short and to the point answer?" Harry asked.

The older man threw up his hands in a placating gesture. "Short answer please, last time I got the long answer from Hermione I swear I had to forget something useful in order to remember what she told me..."

Harry just smiled. "Magic." Dan looked like he was about to argue but finally seemed to accept that it was much better to chalk it up to magic than to try and understand exactly what magic it involved.

"So you didn't actually 'Star Trek' yourself in here?" He asked in a conspiratorial tone.

Harry shook his head and smiled as he replied. "I snuck in here invisible and threw a bunch of sparks and noises around before reappearing. Impressive though isn't it?"

Dan nodded. "I bet your sort that have never seen a Telly let alone 'Star Trek' would just about lose it seeing you do that."

That made Harry pause in thought. "I suppose they just might, next time I need to make a dramatic exit I think I will try it, thanks." Harry said with a wink.

"Not a problem." Dan said as he eyed the steaks. Harry quickly called out for meat preferences. Hermione and Emma both asked for theirs well done and Gin and Dan both asked for medium. Harry actually enjoyed his a little rare so quickly pulled one off and set it on a plate as they were just right in his opinion. "A rare man? Never would have thought it."

"I like mine to still be nearly fork tender, cooked through certainly but only a thin browning on the outside. Juicy and Succulent with just the right amount of spice so you don't need to put any kind of sauce on it. I love when you cut it and you set it on your tongue and It feels almost like your mouth refuses to chew because it is too good to waste on your stomach..." Harry said absentmindedly.

Dan was nearly drooling as he eyed the steak Harry had just taken off. "Take mine off now too please." He nearly pleaded, praying that his steak would be anywhere near as good as Harry had just

described. "Don't you worry about getting sick from underdone meat?"

Harry shrugged, "Wizards don't seem to have the same problem with food poisoning as Muggles, then again we don't seem to have problems with most Muggle illness, but the bugs we do have are a doozy! In any case at this point I guarantee it is done enough you don't have to worry about it." Harry said as he removed another steak and set it aside for Dan. He then rearranged the remaining steaks to one side and placed the hot dogs on the grill after lowering the flame on that burner once again.

Before long they walked over to the table to find the ladies chatting and giggling. Dan noted thankfully that the girls had thrown T-shirts on for the meal but he still seemed to avoid looking at Ginny as much as possible. Harry found the behavior both amusing and confusing as he very much enjoyed her still damp breasts fighting against the material and her erect nipples clearly visible. Harry looked over to Emma to ask her if she needed anything else from the house and quickly found himself in the same predicament as Dan. As Hermione's mum was quite obviously in the same state of dress as the girls with equally erect nipples threatening to tear through the fabric. As he averted his eyes quickly he did not see that she had noticed his blush and was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"So you boys are done playing with fire then?" She asked and got a series of grunts and nods from the two males whom were both looking opposite direction trying to find something interesting about the sky.

Hermione and Ginny looked rather confused at Harry's sudden behavior and looked to Emma who quickly pulled her hand up to her breasts and rubbed her swollen nipples trying to warm them up a little. Hermione quickly blushed and Ginny tried not to laugh out loud.

"So um," Harry began, "How was the beach?" Avoiding eye or breast contact with the older woman he began dishing out the steaks to the proper setting.

"It was quite enjoyable, especially once Ginny lost some of her inhibitions." Emma said getting a quiet groan from Dan.

Hermione nodded. "You would have been quite jealous Harry, every male on that beach wanted her." She said with an amused glance at her father who had the good sense to blush.

Emma was grinning once again as she cut into her steak, Dan noticed and began cutting into his steak just to avoid looking elsewhere. Harry did the same. "You know Dan it is perfectly natural to find 15 year old breasts attractive." She told her husband. Dan thanked his lucky stars that he had not taken a bite yet as he was choking on the air.

"I told you I have no idea what you are talking about Em, now can we please drop it?" He grumbled.

"Fine Fine, I'm sure Harry enjoys them." Harry was fortunate enough to have just swallowed the drink of water before he began coughing as well. "You two are so cute."

Dan and Harry's eyes met and Harry's eyes quickly darted to Emma's chest and back up again. Dan followed his gaze and grinned finally knowing he was not alone in the world. He took a deep breath and raised his eyes to Ginny's face before commenting. "Fine, have it your way. I find your breasts very attractive Ginny dear." Ginny quickly blushed and Hermione giggled a bit but Dan caught her eye and she froze. "And you my dear are rather attractive as well, though being my daughter I refuse to think any further along those lines." Hermione quickly turned the same shade of red as Ginny and Dan grinned at his wife who was giggling at the display before her.

Harry caught Dan's eye and caught the imperceptible nod before he joined the conversation. He looked up and waited until Emma caught his eye. "And Emma I must say, I can see exactly where Hermione gets her wonderful breasts." Emma opened her mouth as if about to verbally slap him for the comment, then looked at her daughter and back to Harry then back down to her own chest and quickly closed her mouth as she blushed.

"Now that we have gotten that out of the way, can we please eat? Harry here had me nearly drooling over his description of these steaks." Dan said.

"All I did was season and cook them, you made a wonderful selection." Harry said raising his water glass, which Dan did in return, they quickly tapped them together and took a sip before looking back to the table. All three women simply stared at them as they studiously ignored the female diners in favor of the meat in front of them. As one they cut into the steak and brought it up to their mouth before suddenly going silent with eyes closed. A moan actually escaped Dan rolled his head back and chewed slowly. Harry just smiled as he enjoyed his in much the same manner.

The girls exchanged glances before shrugging and taking a bite as well, though not quite as juicy they were still overwhelmed by the aroma and taste and moaned nearly in unison getting interesting reactions from Harry who was once again thankful for his notice-me-not charm.

"God Harry this is positively orgasmic!" Ginny exclaimed before blushing. However the other occupants of the table simply nodded and Harry was starting to get a bit uncomfortable.

"Just some salt and other spices rubbed in and cooked just right. Nothing special..." He said quietly blushing from the praise.

"Where on earth did you learn to cook like this?" Emma asked.

"I've been cooking for the Dursley's since I was tall enough to reach the stove from a chair. You'd be surprised what corporal punishment will do to culinary skills." Harry said offhandedly, the table had gone eerily quiet and Emma looked quickly to Hermione with tears in her eyes. Hermione just nodded but motioned for her not to say anything.

"Well lucky for us that you learned, and lucky for you that you never have to return to them isn't it?" Harry nodded and took another delightful bite of his steak.

The conversation was much lighter after that and both Dan and Harry found that they were able to meet the eyes of the girls across the table from them without much difficulty. Harry tried to help Dan clean up but he waved him off telling him to join the girls in the pool, Harry gulped suddenly remembering what Emma would most likely be wearing. Dan noticed.

He pulled Harry off to the side and whispered to him. "Look Harry, it took me some getting used to as well, but its just skin. My wife has beautiful breasts and you are welcome to look at them as long as you don't get any funny ideas. I don't know exactly what's going on with you and my little girl but you have earned my trust and respect. By the way, I don't know what's going on between those two but despite what Emma might tell you to the contrary, I have been listening to her. If there is some sort of relationship between you three I am not going to say anything, as long as you don't hurt either one of them." He finished with a look that made Harry gulp, he had no shield whatsoever being a Muggle so Harry clearly caught an image of him getting multiple fillings and root canals with no anesthesia.

He took a deep breath before answering. "Do you want the short explanation or the long one?" Harry asked.

Dan paused for a moment, not sure he wanted to know anything at all. "Short." He finally said.

"I love both of them and would sooner die than hurt either one of them." Harry said with conviction. "I am willing to swear on my life if it will set your mind at ease."

Dan shook his head but quickly pulled the boy into a manly hug before pulling away looking uncomfortable. "I will take you at your word Son. Now go have some fun in the pool, I'll take care of the cleanup." With that Dan waved Harry off and headed into the house with an armful of dishes.

A very thoughtful Harry removed his glasses and slipped into the pool and saw the three topless girls at the other end chatting. He was suddenly thankful for his poor eyesight, as it would be much easier to keep from embarrassing himself if he couldn't see the objects of his distraction. He pulled up behind Hermione and wrapped his arms around her pretending to accidentally run his hands across her nipples and nuzzling her silky straight hair with his nose. He must have scared her as she tensed in his arms, and Harry found it disconcerting that all conversation had stopped at his approach. He breathed in her scent and was startled to find peppermint.

His brain suddenly engaged and he sprang away from the woman in his arms as fast as he possibly could and attempted to drown himself, or at least hide his shame as he blew out half his breath and sat on the bottom of the pool red faced despite the slightly cool water. A shape approached and dipped its head into the water, surrounded by a halo of red hair. At least he knew for certain that this was his witch and not his witches MOTHER!

Ginny pulled him up from the bottom and he finally acquiesced as his air ran out. However he only surfaced enough that his lips were above the waterline. "It's ok Harry, we see you don't have your glasses on and Emma does look a lot like Hermione. Or vice versa I suppose.."

"Gin I just molested Mione's Mum!" Harry whisper screamed at her.

"Well yes, but it was an understandable mistake. Will you please come back over here?" He shook his head.

He saw what looked like Hermione, but he had no clue, get out of the pool and walk over to the table where he had placed his glasses down before reentering the water and heading his direction. He prepared to blow all tanks and dive to the bottom once more, hoping maybe this time he wouldn't chicken out and just put himself out of his misery.

"Harry?" That was definitely Hermione and he quickly pulled her in to a hug babbling into her ear.

"Mione I am so sorry, I couldn't see, and I thought she was you, and then I thought I would have a little fun and pretend to accidentally touch you, and then I smelled you, I mean her and it smelled like peppermint not vanilla and Mione oh my god..."

"Shhhh..." Hermione whispered as she held him close. "Lets put on your glasses and go apologize to her, I'm sure there was no harm done."

He shook his head vehemently but did not resist as both girls pulled him back toward the older woman. His glasses were placed on his face and he quickly blushed even deeper as her perfect breasts came into view.

"Harry." Emma said calmly.

"Mrs. Granger." He replied formally.

"Enough of that Harry, I think once we have been intimate like that you can still call me Emma don't you?" She said with a huge grin.

"Gods..." He blushed even deeper, if possible and stared at his feet contemplating drowning himself again. Emma pulled him into a hug, pressing her breasts into his chest and his cock into her belly, which raised her eyebrows a bit as she looked down and could not see any evidence of it. She looked up at him with a raised eyebrow. "Um, magic..." he said sheepishly.

"First Harry, thank you for the compliment, it isn't every forty year old woman that can get that kind of reaction from a sixteen year old." He blushed again wondering if Susan had somehow infected him. "Second, no harm, no foul, it was a mistake and unless you mention it to Dan I won't as long as you don't ever do something like that intentionally. Now, isn't there some sort of charm you can cast on your glasses so you can wear them in the pool?" She asked.

Harry brought his palm up to his forehead with a loud smacking sound and quickly released her from the hug he had subconsciously returned. Exiting the pool he quickly found his wand and cast an Imperturbable charm on the frames and lenses before returning to the water and back to the group. "Uh, sorry?" He said quietly.

"Apology accepted, now I hear you three have something to talk about so I will just go help Dan in the kitchen." She said with a wave and he swore as she exited the pool and walked away she was bouncing her hips more than strictly necessary. The smile on the girls' faces was enough to confirm his suspicions.

"So did you get a good feel up on my mother then?" Hermione said with a grin.

"Please can we never speak of this again?" Harry asked.

Ginny shook her head. "Nope I want details, you know the rules. Any other women your with..." Harry groaned and tried to submerge himself once again but each of them caught him under an armpit.

He looked up at Hermione who was simply smiling indulgently at Ginny. "Do I have to do it in front of Mione?" He asked guiltily.

Hermione licked her lips and leaned in to whisper in his ear. "Honestly? Mum looked extremely randy right before you ran away and tried to drown yourself. I'm not certain she would have stopped you if you had kept going." Harry shivered. "I am thinking very dirty thoughts about my mother at the moment, not that I will ever, or ever let you, do anything about it."

"Fine, she is amazing shape, she felt exactly like you in my arms Mione. But her hair is straight and silky and she smelled like peppermint instead of Vanilla which is when I realized what I had done..."

"And her breasts Harry?" Ginny asked as Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist, pressing his cock against her crotch.

"Uh," He said licking his lips suddenly getting into the role as Ginny wrapped her arms around him from behind and ran her hand down his chest and into his shorts he glanced up at the house in fear but could see no one.

Ginny pulled him from his shorts and along Hermione's slit through the cloth of her bikini bottoms. Hermione reached one hand down and pulled the cloth to the side and the redhead lined his cock up with her entrance before she sank down on to his cock with a groan. "Uh." He said closing his eyes trying to savor the feeling of Mione wrapped around his member once again and simultaneously pull up the memory of what had just occurred.

"I thought it was Hermione since I didn't have my glasses on, so I came up behind her and wrapped by arms around her at shoulder level." He swallowed and glanced up at the house once more as Hermione nodded and began moving on his stiff rod with her eyes closed.

"And I um, after I hugged her I ran my hand down her chest and across her breasts, making sure to run my palms across her nipples." Hermione moaned a bit as she picked up the pace. Ginny had removed one hand from around him and by the feel of it she was playing with herself behind him.



"And I heard her moan in appreciation as I pressed my cock against her back." Harry said as the near twin of the woman he was remembering rode his cock steadily.

"Merlin..." Hermione said quietly as she bit her lip and he felt her cum around his cock. She quickly slid off and somehow communicated with Ginny who replaced her. And rode him much more quickly bringing them both to orgasm. As the three of them hung onto the side of the pool for dear life Harry finished. "And then I realized it wasn't you and ran for my life." He said with a grin.

A deep red blush settled itself onto Hermione's face as she looked toward the bottom of the pool. Harry recognized that look. "Mione, what's a little incest between friends right?" He repeated the question from Tonks.

"Oh god..." Hermione said trying to sink into the water. Both Harry and Ginny laughed as they caught her and pinned her between them..

"I'm kidding Mione, so you had a little fantasy about your mum, what does it say about me that I have been kissing my cousin for the last month?" Harry asked.

"What? Who?" Hermione asked suddenly very confused.

"Nym is like my fourth cousin, same as Draco. She has been putting some moves on me pretty heavily the last few days."

Comprehension dawned and she suddenly buried her face in his shoulder. "Sorry Harry, the only cousin that came to mind was the whale and I got a grotesque image of you and... uhg." Harry retched playfully.

"Actually that was something else to ask you about, Nym talked me down when I found out about the charm. I destroyed the kitchen and scared the crap out of Dumbledore, when he pulled his wand I disarmed him wandlessly, at least I think it was Wandless, it might have been channeled through my wand in my pocket..."

"Focus Harry." Ginny said with a grin.

"Sorry, So I disarmed him and as I was calming down he told me he thought this wand would serve me better than him and asked me to keep it before Disapparating from the kitchen..." Harry began chuckling at the memory.

As he began laughing outright Ginny finally smacked him playfully on the shoulder. "Sorry, I changed the wards so they only allowed organics out and non-organics in. Tonks tried to Apparate into the kitchen once and ended up naked in the back garden. When Dumbledore left his robes were left behind!" He was crying from mirth as the girls joined him.

"I wish I could have been there to see, well at least to know where he ended up Apparating too." Hermione said through her laughter.

Harry nodded before taking a few deep breaths, finally his laughter died down to the occasional giggle and he moved over to the stairs where he sat down with a girl on each side. "We worked out my new accommodations and he wants' to give me private lessons this year." Hermione gasped.

"Harry, that's an amazing opportunity!"

He nodded, "I know, even though I don't agree with him, he still knows things I need. The main focus of these lessons is supposedly going to be the history of Tom Riddle." He said quietly. "I had to force him to include advanced magic as well."

Hermione nodded. "Knowing more about your opponent than they know about you is always a good idea I suppose."

"Anyway so after he buttered me up he dropped that bomb on me. I destroyed the kitchen before getting his wand and fixing it again. After he left I broke down but Nym was able to keep me level headed. In fact she has been pretty dead on in her predictions so far. She said Gabrielle was probably happy that I loved her and didn't just want her as a pet. That Gin probably fell for me when I rescued her from a bloody great snake and would be happy that she finally had the guts to tell me. Also that you had been in love with me for years and didn't want to ruin our friendship. I only have one real problem."

Ginny took a sharp intake of breath. "Susan."

He nodded. "She told me herself she felt insane for already being in love with me. The only consolation I have is that I didn't make love to her until a week after the charm wore off..."

Hermione was grinning now. "Oh you are in so much trouble mister. You are going to relate that story to us in detail."

He smiled back. "You mean like I just did in the pool?" Hermione blushed again remembering the randy thoughts about her mother but nodded.

"Would it help if I told you she planned to thank both of you multiple times with me as the main attraction?" Both girls moaned a bit as the nodded.

"More of that later then. What do you think though?" He asked quietly.

Both girls were quiet for a minute but Ginny was the first to respond. "Do you love her?"

"I do." He answered simply.

"As much as us?" She asked a little frightened.

"Equally so yes." He said with a smile that put her at ease.

"And she knows that?" Again he nodded. "I think she might be a little confused, but if she is like us then it accelerated your relationship with her a bit, but it isn't like a love potion, she still fell in love with you on her own, just faster than normal."

He nodded and pulled them both into a hug before sighing as he noticed the failing light. "As much as I would like to spend the night I need to get back. No matter how cool your parents seem with our relationship I doubt they would allow us to sleep together." Hermione nodded and they quickly got out of the pool and dried off, Harry using a quick charm on both of them. Hermione collected her wand and recited a few odd phrases before pulling her T-shirt on.

"I just added you to the wards so you can Apparate in and out. Speaking of which what exactly was that you did earlier?"

"Magic?" Harry played dumb.

"Fine, it looked like you 'Beamed' down what did you actually do?"

As they walked back into the house to collect his clothes he told Hermione exactly which spells he had combined to get the effect and mentioned he hoped to figure out a way to send the magic ahead of his Apparation so he could avoid the Apparate, invisible, reappear thing. "Wait, you said something before about that, about not making noise?"

"Yes, I will teach you all about it tomorrow alright? Then you can help me come up with strategy for some legislation I am introducing to the Wizengamot on Friday."

Hermione's eyes lit up. "Wizengamot! Harry you have been busy!" He just nodded. Kissing them both deeply once more after he finished getting dressed, and they walked back to the kitchen to find Dan and Emma doing the dishes.

"Thank you both for a lovely evening." Harry said as Dan turned and shook his hand. Emma replaced that with a hug, which caused a blush amongst other reactions.

"Anytime Harry, consider yourself one of the family alright?" Dan said getting a hug from both Hermione and Emma for his trouble. Harry just nodded. "Oh, once more thing?"

"What that?"

"Do you think you can 'Beam' out? That was way too cool not to watch it again now that I am expecting it."

Harry nodded waved to the girls as he stepped to the other side of the room. He pulled his wand and thought the incantations as he spoke aloud. "Beam me up Scotty." The sparks appeared to surround him along with the odd humming and as they began to shrink toward him he turned and Apparated back to Grimmauld Place silently.

Dan was grinning like a kid again, "Magic is just too cool!"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He appeared in the back garden and quickly headed up to the training room. He needed a shower after being in the pool for so long and decided he might as well work up a sweat first. He knocked softly on Tonks' door and waited patiently for her to answer, pink hair and violet eyes soon greeted him as well as a huge grin once she realized whom it was. "Wotcher Harry? How'd it go at the Grangers?" She motioned him in and he followed her to the bed where she sat down and patted the mattress beside her.

He rolled his eyes and sat down and she quickly scooted closer to him. "It went much better than expected, Dan basically told me he knew what was going on and was not going to kill me as long as I didn't hurt either of them. Both Mione and Gin reacted exactly the way you said you would." She nodded and snuck an arm behind him, which caused him to roll his eyes again.

"And...?" She asked as she began tracing circles on his back.

"And they said they didn't care as long as I gave them details." She smiled and leaned in to kiss him but he put up a finger to stop her, which she kissed and left on her lips. "But you and I need to talk about this. I know I love Mione, Gin, Gabrielle and Susan. I am not trying to form a Harem of any sort and I'll be lucky if I end up with any one of them let alone all four. So what I want to know is what you expect from me? I have not exactly had a normal dating experience."

Tonks pulled away and thought about it for a minute before speaking. Her eyes were darting all over the room as she tried to quickly pull her thoughts into something coherent enough to share verbally. "You make me feel safe and wanted, you know how to talk to me when I'm in a mood and you know how to cheer me up after that. I could love you Harry."

He nodded but sensed that there was a but coming, so chose to remain silent and let her think out loud. "But I don't know if I'm actually looking to start a relationship when I just got out of one. Especially since you're gonna be at Hogwarts with all those other girls."

He wrapped an arm around her back before he spoke. "Well, I bet my security guard could be placed inside Hogwarts to provide Ministry Approved security for the school. But yeah, there seems to be a list of some sort of the girls that I am supposed to be dating this year. I honestly don't understand why Mione and Gin still want me to go through with this."

Tonks looked him in the eye and smiled. "Because they are both freaks who like to watch or hear about you with other women, because they have their own relationship to provide the other stuff when you can't be with them, because you seem to need as much love as possible in order to fight the Lard Dork, because..."

"I get it, alright. So I am just living every sixteen-year-old boys dream I guess. Fate must have something up her sleeve, my life never goes this right."

She hugged him to her side, finally removing all the space from between them. "You can't think like that Harry, you can't live life waiting for the other shoe to drop. Live your best and plan for the worst not the other way round alright?"

"When did you get so smart?" He asked with a smile.

"Guess Remus rubbed off on me..." She said before catching her double entendre and getting very quiet.

After ten seconds or so Harry decided to break the awkward silence. "This is gonna be weird for a while, but at least I am not related to him."

She grinned as her playful mood returned. "Nope, you are related to me though, so do we get to be kissing cousins?" She asked as she leaned toward him. He could feel her breath across his lips and he licked his in anticipation as he looked into her lidded eyes.

"Among other things..." He said as he closed the gap and kissed her. It started out tentative and sweet but quickly deepened until he laid them both down on her bed and simply held her as they kissed. She tried once or twice to begin working on his buttons but he pulled her hands away each time, simply enjoying being close to her. Finally they paused for air and just stared into each others eyes.

"Hey." He said with a smile.

She rolled her eyes having seen him play this game with Hannah, Susan and Gabrielle. "Hey yourself."

"Even if you just want to keep it casual I still wanna take it slow, I think I'll need the practice."

Her eyes lowered from his and ran down his body before returning as she licked her lips. "No promises, but I will try to keep it casual. I'm guessing the same rules apply to our relationship as with the others?"

He looked at her strangely, "Rules?"

"No shagging during the day mainly." She said with a smile.

"How did you know about that?" He asked incredulously.

"The fact that you had two to three willing females in the house at any given time and you actually got any work done during the day. Harry any other sixteen year old would have taken meals in his room and disappeared for the entire summer." He blushed as he remembered thinking about doing that once or twice, house elves made things much easier in that regard.

"Well the rules are a little more flexible now seeing as how I can only visit Mione and Gin during the day and I want to spend as much time as I can with Ginny at least before heading back to school. Before all this went nutters she broke up with me because this was her OWL year so I am going to be missing her a lot."

Tonks nodded, "So your saying I'm allowed to shag you during the day then?" She asked with a huge grin but he rolled his eyes once more and smiled back at her.

"You are allowed to try to shag me during the day, but I still want to take it slow for now. Besides, I am not going to attempt to stay at the Grangers no matter what Dan says about my relationship with his daughter. You should have seen the thoughts running around inside that mans head when he threatened me!"

Tonks snuggled closer to him and began kissing his jaw lightly while running a hand up and down his chest. "What kind of thought are those?" She asked absentmindedly.

"Dental chair, creating and filling cavities, root canals all with no anesthesia." He said with a shiver. "I've been to the dentist because primary school forced the Dursley's to give me a check-up. But I had never seen it from the Dentist's point of view. The Spanish Inquisition did not go away, they became Dentists!"

She just shrugged and continued to taste him getting small shivers of pleasure for her trouble and simply enjoying the closeness and the way she felt in his arms. "You talk a lot about Dan, how did Emma take it?" She felt his whole body tense almost in fear, which was strange because she felt his erection at almost the same moment. "Harry?"

"Uh...Emma is the one that talked Dan around, apparently she knew weeks ago and Gin's birthday party only confirmed it for her." He said trying not to sound uncomfortable.

"That doesn't explain this." She said as she trailed her hand down his stomach and over the tent in his shorts.

Harry turned dark red as he attempted to pull up his Occlumency and lock away the shame and excitement. "Uh, I might have taken my glasses off before getting in the pool, and sort of mistook her for Mione." She said quietly.

Tonks pulled back and looked at his blush, which was only just fading. "That doesn't explain the blush lover boy, now spill."

He took a deep breath and let it out with a sigh, which did not help at all. "Fine, I gave her a overly friendly hug from behind before I realized who it was."

She nodded as if nothing were wrong. "Well they do look like twins except for the hair, besides she was wearing a swim costume so there isn't really any harm..." She trailed off as he blushed even through his hastily sorted Occlumency.

"They spent the last week on the French Riviera Nym..." He said hoping he didn't have to actually explain.



It took her a minute before she got it. "Oh! Oh... Oh Harry did she kill you?"

He began laughing, "No, after I attempted to drown myself she gave me a hug...which didn't help matters at all. And thanked me for my...er...physical reaction to her since she is over forty now. Mione said before I dove away that her mum looked like she enjoyed herself a lot." He finished quietly and tried unsuccessfully to keep his mind away from the recent memory of Hermione's real reaction.

Tonks was an Auror and could tell he wasn't finished with the story so she grabbed his cock through his shorts getting his attention. "And?" She said with a grin.

"Fine, lets say you and I are not the only ones turned on by the thought of a little incest and leave it at that alright? She said she would never do it or allow me to do it but the thought of me and her mother...well we enjoyed ourselves in the pool after Emma left." Tonks gasped. "Now that's the end of the story and I never want to bring it up again alright?" She just nodded as she smiled, trying not to imagine watching Harry with her mother and failing with a guilty look.

"Never bring it up again, I think it is just because it is such a taboo that it is hot alright? I wouldn't touch my mother like that for all the gold in Gringotts, and I would kill you for trying. But for some reason seeing you with the woman who gave me life...who looks almost exactly like me... Hey I bet that's it!"

He looked at her funny. "Huh?"

"I doubt it was actually as much to do with the fact that it was her mum, and more to do with them being nearly Twins. Me and my mum look a lot alike as well, at least from what I can remember of my actual base form... Well anyway it's too complicated to explain in my case, but I bet she just liked seeing you with a woman that looked like her is all." He just stared at her for a minute before nodding in agreement.

"I need to tell her that tomorrow before she guilt trips her self to much." He said before getting a contemplative look on his face.

"Nym, I absolutely think the form your in is dead sexy and I would never ask you to change for me."

She looked at him funny, "Okay, I mean thank you, every guy I have dated except you and... Well anyway they all started out nice but it didn't take long for them to start commenting on how I would look prettier with slightly larger breasts or blond hair. Now why do I feel a qualifier of some kind for that statement coming?" She asked with a raised eyebrow he noted that her wand had appeared in her right hand.

"We talked about my preferences earlier, what about you? Do you like uh.. other women?" She shook her head in confusion for a second trying to follow his line of thinking and finally gave up just answering him truthfully. "I haven't ever been with another girl, but I am not exactly opposed, guess I can't be if I am getting involved with you can I?" She smiled at the end.

He took another deep breath. "I just thought, if you could uh, look like Hermione or Gin while they watched... um..." She was grinning now.

"Why did you have to go through that whole mess and wind me up just to ask me that? You had me about ready to hex you, I think I could work on it and we might be able to try that some time. Does that mean you plan on shagging me eventually?" She asked playfully but hopefully.

He just grinned back. "Maybe, or maybe I just wanted to wind you up some more." She sat up and pulled her up with him to the edge of the bed once more. "Now I actually came in here to ask if we could start practicing with DWD."

"DWD?" She asked him in confusion.

"Dual Wand Dueling, that's a mouthful to say over and over again like Defense Against the Dark Arts." She nodded and smiled.

"Another suggestion to make to the Aurors and Hit Wizards, keep em coming and they'll welcome you with open arms."

He got up and pulled her to her feet before heading out to the Training room once more. He made a mental note to thank Dobby

once again for anticipating his needs as the room was already set up for Dueling practice. Even the TV corner was put away neatly, he quickly pulled his new wand and cast the most powerful shielding charms he could on each of the walls and placed Detection and Intrusion wards on both stairwells to alert him in case someone came up the stairs.

"Alright then." Tonks said once again using her commanding instructor voice. "You will definitely need to get a couple of wrist holsters to perform some of this magic satisfactorily. Most who get a second wand are not able to find a perfect match and thus the off hand is usually weaker and used only for defense or combined with the stronger for a more powerful single spell to be cast. You don't seem to have that problem so we are going to muddle through some of this. But the basics are the same." He just nodded and waited for her to continue.

"This is not something you are going to be perfect at in a week, though once again you are an exception to the rule. The most important thing in using two wands is learning how to separate your mind and magic to be able to cast simultaneously through both wands. I have never seen anyone actually cast two spells at the same time unless they were both the same spell. However high level Hit Wizards are able to get it down to a fraction of a second per cast so that they can simultaneously throw up a shield and toss an offensive spell at an opponent. That is the drill you are going to start with, a Protego with your off hand and a Stunner with the main."

He raised his hand and got an annoyed look from her, which caused him to gulp. "Uh, why not start with casting the same spell?"

"Fine." She said conjuring a target at the far end of the room. "Double Stunner on three." She called out and he was suddenly very nervous as he pointed his wands. She gave him the count and he willed his magic into both wands casting Stupefy. With almost no work on his part two jets of red light flew to the target. "Now you see how easy that was? Anyone who picks up a second wand could do it, you can even do that with both wands in the same hand. Now stop asking questions until afterward. Get to work, Stunner with the main hand, Shield charm with the other now GO!

Harry got to work and was able to cast the shield first followed within a few seconds by a Stunner. After a few tries he noticed that

something just didn't feel right, much like Apparation it was like he was trying too hard. He remembered how it felt to cast his spells while the wand was sitting on the floor and how she had mentioned splitting his consciousness. And so he slipped halfway into his Occlumency and examined what his magic was actually doing as he cast, tweaking here and there to see if he could find ways to speed up the process.

After another fifteen minutes Tonks called a halt and he sat down panting on the carpet. "That was pretty impressive Potter. You were getting it down to about three seconds between casts."

He wiped the sweat from his brow and smiled up at her. "That...is much more...difficult than you made it sound..."

She just nodded, "How bout a practical demonstration?" He nodded and watched as she turned toward the target and pulled her other wand out. Soon she was casting a shield charm, followed in under a second by a stunner before she released the shield and did it again. After the third time she stopped and took a few breaths. He was about to congratulate her when she grinned over her shoulder and turned back to the target. She began casting again only she was alternating the shield and the stunner with each casting so that it seemed she was almost surrounded by a shield the entire time. After another five seconds she sat down beside him and she too wiped her forehead to rid herself of the perspiration.

"Whew!" She exclaimed, "Been awhile since I have run that drill and you did it for nearly 10 times as long as I did! How are you not passed out on the floor?"

He shrugged and she answered her own question with a roll of the eyes as they said in unison. "Super Magic."

"Whatever, your still slow. Looks like you have something to work on for the next week anyway. I'll pop into the office tomorrow and see about extending my security detail to Hogwarts. After all, the Ministry would love to have someone at Hogwarts for publicity's sake, and Dumbledore shouldn't mind having an Order member hanging around either."

He nodded, "I need to stop by the Ministry a few times this week anyway so I am less of a novelty come Friday's confirmation. Well,

now that I we are all sweaty, how about a shower?" He asked with a smile.

That woke her up and she jumped up before giving him a hand. He headed toward his room with her following but he turned and kissed her quickly at the door. "Ah ah ah, I never said we would take a shower or sleep together. Remember, slow." He drew the last word out in demonstration.

She growled playfully but wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him soundly and rubbed her self up and down his body a bit until she felt his reaction, then pulled away with a smile. His face reflected almost a betrayed look. "I never said I would make it easy, have fun in their all by yourself lover boy." She said before turning and walking into her own room before closing the door.

"What did I get myself into now?" He asked out loud before entering his room and heading for the shower.

## Chapter 39: Confirmations Pt 2

Tuesday rolled around and Harry met Nym downstairs for breakfast. She had not been a happy camper the night before when he sent her to her own bed after watching a few movies and cuddling on the couch. "Mornin Luv." She said with a grin as he sat down. "So what's the plan for today then?"

"Well, I thought we could pop over the Ministry so I can get that permit and you can 'suggest' being placed at Hogwarts as security detail. And then work on DWD if I don't get a few letters back." She nodded as she started on the plate Winky sat in front of her.

"Sounds good to me, better than staying cooped up here, I don't know how you stand it." He smiled and was getting ready to reply when she held up a hand. "Never mind, I do understand when you have girls trying to get into your pants left and right all day. Captive audience and all that."

He nodded, "So shall we head out when were done eating? I expect Mione and Gin want me to come over this afternoon."

She just shook her head and smiled. "With that kind of attitude you're not gonna get any work done this week."

"Since when would you rather work than snuggle?" He asked.

"Point taken." She said with a wink and went back to her meal.

Once they finished with breakfast they headed outside and Harry thought he would see if he could surprise Tonks with a bit of a show. So rather than simply Apparate to the Ministry he held his wand up to his mouth and called Scotty before disappearing in a shower of sparks. He waited in the Atrium for her to arrive and was unsurprised to see her grin when she appeared next to him.

"Neat trick, teach me some time? Mum will have a hissy but my Dad'll get a kick out of it!"

Harry just nodded and motioned for her to lead the way. "Ladies first."

As they approached the security checkpoint Harry suddenly got very nervous, he really did not want to have to explain why he was carrying two wands, specifically why he was carrying Dumbledore's wand. However Tonks pushed him right past the checkpoint with a flash of her badge, the guard looked at Harry's forehead and nodded to both of them before looking back toward the visitors entrance and Apparation point.

"What was that?" Harry asked quietly as Tonks pulled him toward the lift.

"I'm a Auror, and you're a member of the Wizengamot. No need for us to check our wands or get visitor name badges any more." She said as they entered and she pressed the button for the second level.

Once the doors opened she directed him toward a secretary in front of an office that looked much like the Ministers office though rather than double there was only a single door with Department Head Rufus Scrimgeour stenciled neatly across it. The secretary looked up rather bored and asked for their names. As soon as she heard his name her face went white with shock and she rushed into the office behind her. She reappeared a moment later and asked them in.

As they entered Scrimgeour was standing behind his desk which was covered in various paperwork much as Amelia's had been. The office was about half the size but still seemed a comfortable size. Harry decided he was definitely going to be a Hit Wizard rather than an Auror if the paperwork in front of him was any indication.

"Lord Potter-Black what an unexpected surprise!" The man said extending his hand. Harry quickly shook it, noticing that despite his age the man's hands still felt like Iron.

"Well I had a favor to ask of you and Auror Tonks here seemed to think I needed to speak with you directly rather than going through proper channels." Harry said throwing a suspicious look at his companion who looked anywhere but at him.

"Think nothing of it Milord, Our benefactor has no need of an appointment. Auror Tonks you said? Ah yes, assigned to your security. How is that working out by the way?"

"She is quite impressive." He said with a smile catching the slight blush from her out of the corner of his eye. "She has also begun helping me to train, all around I am very happy to have her."

The man nodded and wrote something down before answering. "Yes, well it seems she may be up for a promotion soon. Now what is it I can help you with today?" Harry was starting to get a bit uncomfortable at the man's overly friendly tone but decided he would take a little of Remus' advice and enjoy the perks of his abnormal life.

"First of all, I would like to acquire a second wand. The fight against Voldemort and his Death Eaters is coming for me whether I want to be involved or not, I would like to be able to protect myself." He was happy to note that the other man did not flinch at the name. He nodded and wrote a quick note before looking back up.

"And your second request?"

"I believe that as protected as Hogwarts is, Voldemort will very likely stage an attack at the school. I am running a defense club in addition to our Defense Against the Dark Arts classes and I think that Auror Tonks would make a valuable instructor; she would also be able to act as security for the school. I disagree with the Ministry interfering with curriculum at Hogwarts, but more protection is always welcome in my book." Tonks looked at him curiously not having known she would be asked to help him teach. She felt honored that he would trust her to teach his friends.

Scrimgeour wrote a note on a separate piece of paper and touched his wand to it, it folded itself into a paper airplane and flew out the door. "Headed for the Ministers office as she would need to approve of another Ministry incursion into the school, no matter how small, and discuss it with the Headmaster. However, whatever the outcome you are welcome to keep her on as your personal security Milord."

"Rufus..." He tried the name and felt it burn the back of his throat but continued anyway. "May I use your first name?" The man nodded eagerly. "Please call me Harry or Mr. Potter. Now as thankful as I am for all your help, it makes me a bit nervous to see what throwing a little money at your department can do for me."



The man looked up sharply at the accusation and his eyes narrowed. "Mr. Potter I will never succumb to bribery. You have done a great service to this department simply by donating money it is true. However we have had three Aurors involved in minor skirmishes over the past few weeks. All three of them would have received great bodily harm if not death if it were not for the Dragon Hide armor you asked the Minister to appropriate. You have our best interest at heart and thus I am only happy to make your job of taking out that inhuman piece of trash easier in any way I can. Does that answer your question?" His cold eyes stared straight into Harry's and he caught the man's devotion to the country overshadowing any of his personal desires. He did catch a hint of manipulation on his part to make the department look good using Harry, but decided that overall the man was worth trusting.

He held out his hand first this time. "Thank you Rufus, please call me Harry. All my friends do." The man smiled as he took Harry's hand and shook it firmly he then turned and handed a note to the other occupant of the room.

"Auror First Class Tonks, please take this note along with you to the registration office along with Harry here. They should get you the form without any trouble. All that will be needed is to have a certified Wand Maker examine the wand and sign the form and you will have a license to carry." Tonks looked stunned as she took the note.

"Thank you sir!" She said in a surprised tone.

"Keep Harry here safe for us Auror. Is there anything else I can do for you today Harry?" Harry shook his head.

"Thank you for your time." He waved and pulled a still slightly stunned Tonks from the room. Once in the lobby he sat her down in the waiting area and turned her chin to look at him.

"What's up Nym?"

"He just gave me a spot promotion!" She said in awe.

Slightly confused Harry gave her a curious look. She explained, "I only just took the Second Class exam last year, should be another two years before I would be considered for First Class. After that is Senior Auror!"

Harry was a bit stunned now and was only able to get out an, "Oh."

"Yeah, Oh! Guess knowing you has other advantages huh Luv?" She finally came back to herself and smiled at him.

"Guess so, uh so Auror First Class, lead the way to the registration office." He said standing quickly.

She stood and led him through a maze of corridors and cubes, pointing out the new space for the Office for the Detection and Confiscation of Counterfeit Defensive Spells and Protective Objects, which Arthur was heading. They passed through the Auror offices and waved to Kingsley who called out congratulations having somehow already heard of her promotion.

They finally stopped at a counter where sat the first secretary he had seen at the Ministry whom did not look bored. She looked up and smiled at them as they approached. "Good Morning, how can we assist you today?"

Tonks handed the note to the girl who read through it quickly with her eyes going wide. She rifled through a drawer full of parchment that should not have fit in the space it occupied before pulling out the one she was looking for and closing the drawer. She then filled it out quickly with a quill and pressed her wand to the bottom corner where the seal of the DMLE appeared in watermark. She then handed him the form with a smile. "We are all very grateful to you Lord Potter-Black. With the new funding this office was able to hire two more assistants to help with the filing. I actually enjoy my job now."

He simply nodded but had a very warm fuzzy feeling at all the good that a little money was able to do. He decided to keep an eye out for any other worthwhile projects or causes. He thanked the girl as Tonks pulled him away from the counter.

"Wow, I missed a lot staying with you. This place really does seem less dreary Harry, used to be a mess back there and took days for them to even get the proper forms to you and days after that to get them notarized." Tonks said.

Harry simply nodded in response and they headed back to the lift. As the doors opened he was surprised to see Narcissa Malfoy wearing plum robes with silver 'W' on the breast. The doors closed behind them and he simply looked into the eyes of his long time nemesis' mother. She was the first to break her gaze lowering it to the floor in submission as she curtsied. "Lord Black." She said quietly.

"Mrs. Malfoy..." He answered, unsure how to proceed.

"Milord may use my first name if he wishes it." She said just as submissively.

"Ah, Narcissa then?" She nodded. "Did you receive my request for a meeting?"

She nodded before responding. "I did Milord, I am afraid that more pressing issues have forced me from meeting with you, though I feel that our meeting at this time is fortuitous."

The doors opened on the lobby and Harry was reluctant to get out, he glanced at Tonks who nodded and led the way opposite the Atrium to a set of doors along one wall that looked to be conference rooms. Tonks walked in ahead of them and performed a few security and detection spells before nodding and taking a place in the corner of the room facing the door. Narcissa nodded to her niece before seating herself at the end of the table closest to the door leaving the most secure position to Harry.

"Thank you Lord Black, I see my niece is doing a remarkable job as security for her Head of House." He glanced to the corner but saw no response from Tonks.

"Now Narcissa, what exactly did you wish to discuss? And honestly, do you have a nickname of some sort that I could use. Narcissa is a mouthful after all."

The blonde in front of him seemed to balk slightly at his informal tone but also blushed as her eyes left his and looked down at the table. "My sisters used to call me Cissy Milord. You may do so if you wish."

He nodded, "Alright then Cissy, will you please explain to me the sudden change in your demeanor toward me? Have you decided to take the offer Sirius left for you in his Will?"

She did not look up from the tabletop as she answered. "My husband may be in jail but I have news that this may not last long. I fear for Draco, and myself though he is more a Malfoy than a Black I hope that you will still leave the offer open to him. For the time being I would like to rejoin House Black and come under your protection from my Husband and Sister."

Harry got a very dark look for a moment which neither woman witnessed before he answered. "I assume you mean dear Bella whom murdered her own Head of House?" Narcissa nodded.

"She is unwell Milord, imbalanced. She is not truly evil, she was always simple minded and I am afraid she has been twisted by her husband much as mine wished I were. Though my family has a long standing hatred of Muggleborn, I never agreed with the hate though I cannot help but be proud of my heritage."

"Heritage is something to be proud of Cissy, but those who are supposedly 'Pure Blooded' have no more or less right to Magic than those born with it in the Muggle world. May I ask what your opinion of other magical creatures is? Say, werewolves for instance?"

A look crossed her face but was gone before he could read it, he was tempted to read her with Legilimency but nothing she had done or said made him think she was being anything but honest with him. After a moment of thought she responded. "You will have to forgive me Milord, but my only experiences with werewolves has been Fenrir Greyback. On an intellectual level I understand that most of them are simply people with a disease, but on an emotional level I have an intense dislike for them."

Harry nodded as he thought through her statement. "Please do not take this as me attempting to blackmail you, I will still consider annulling your marriage and placing you under my protection. However there is to be new legislation introduced on Friday, which pertains to the werewolves. I would like the support of the Malfoy seat."

"If I may?" He nodded. "Milord, it is highly unusual to introduce legislation at a confirmation. If you insist on doing so I suggest you have a note of the change as well as a copy of the bill circulated to all of the members today so that there is no way to table the issue. If they have been given the minimum three days to read the Bill you can ask the Chief Warlock and the Minister to force a vote." Harry was rather surprised by her insight and she caught his look. "Milord I have been the wife of a Politician for many years and Lucius never was one to follow the rules. I have basically been running the Malfoy seat."

He nodded, "I will consider your advice carefully Cissy. If you wish to get ahold of me you may do so through my account manager Griphook at Gringotts." He stood and she did likewise.

"Thank you for seeing me Milord." She said as she turned and left the room. He turned to Tonks and smiled.

"That was quite the show you put on."

She was suddenly irate. "The nerve of that woman calling me her niece! She hasn't so much as spoken to me or my mum ever!"

"Nym, she was married to a Pureblood bigot, from the sounds of it not by choice. I am sure she misses her real family." That left the pink haired girl speechless for a moment.

"Fine, anyway I think we better go see the Minister about that idea, it's pretty sound. You can also ask her about my new assignment." She said with a wink.

He nodded and led her to the lifts and they headed back up to the top floor. The secretary recognized them this time and quickly ran into the Ministers office before ushering them in. Amelia stood with a forced smile on her face. "Harry, to what do I owe this visit?"

"I just had an interesting meeting with Narcissa Malfoy ne-Black in which she has promised her vote on Friday. However she brought up the three day rule for new Legislation?"

Amelia relaxed a bit and smiled. "Already taken care of, each of the Wizengamot members has a drop box for such things here at the Ministry. However with this being simply a confirmation most of them

will not have read through it. The ones that I knew we could count on have already been given notice." Harry nodded understanding how this woman had made it so far in the Ministry.

"That makes me feel so much better, um. We had another suggestion as well." He said.

"Ah yes, the Hogwarts Security Detail?" The both nodded. "Now Auror First Class Tonks, I understand congratulations are in order?" Tonks blushed but nodded. "No mind, I actually have a bit of a proposition for you."

Tonks was suddenly on alert. "What's that Minister?"

"An Auror First Class is rather high up for a simple security job. My proposition is this; I will put you on administrative leave effective immediately and you will retain the rank of A1C if you wish to return to a proper ministry job in the future. However, I would like you to join the HW Corps and be assigned to Lord Potter-Black on contract. You two can work out the details between yourselves. I also have told Dumbledore of the arrangement and he has agreed to pay you a small salary to act as Hogwarts Security with the express understanding that your first duty is to Mr. Potter."

Tonks was stunned, she had been promoted to A1C and then become a Hit Wizard all in one day. She turned to look at Harry who just shrugged before he entered the conversation once more. "How much does a First Class make per month?"

Amelia answered for her. "It is unheard of for an Auror to achieve that rank in 4 years so it is hard to say. She should be paid approximately 750 Galleons per month. Though an HW contract is usually much higher, they also normally include expenses in the price."

"Fine then, Hit Wizard Tonks I would like to hire you for 1000 Galleons a month plus expenses. If you accept."

Still stunned she simply nodded causing him to smile before she came back to herself. "Harry for that amount of money, why not tell Dumbledore your donating my services to the school. That way I don't fall under his authority in any shape."

"Great thinking Miss Tonks. You really are going to make a fine Hit Wizard, though as I said, your position is secured with the Aurors if you decide to return to regular duty."

"Thank you for your time Amelia. Please give Susan my Love and tell her she needs to visit soon." He said as he pulled Tonks toward the door.

"I will Harry. She spent the last few days with Hannah Abbott."

Harry grinned. "Thank you again." He waved as the door closed behind them and pulled Tonks toward the lifts.

"I'm a big girl Harry, I can walk all by myself see?" She said pulling her arm out of his grasp and quickly stumbling a few steps.

"You sure about that?" He said trying not to laugh.

"Oh shut it you!" She said playfully as she stormed past him and held the lift door open.

They rode back into the Atrium and walked to the Apparation point where Harry caught her arm. "What now?" She asked with a slight smile.

"If you don't mind I am going to have lunch with Gin and Mione. I'll be back in a few hours and we can train until Dinner." She nodded and kissed him quickly.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do...and most of the things I would!" She whispered causing him to smile, and watched as he Apparated silently away.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He appeared silently in the corner of Hermione's room and was treated to the sight of his two nude witches on the bed. He noted the large mirror on the dresser beside the bed, and the many small mirrors that were floating in the air, confirming the suspicion that at least one of them liked to watch their self. Ginny was straddling Hermione's face as she lapped at the other girl's extremely wet entrance. Both girls were moaning and it appeared that they were both trying to force the other to orgasm first in a highly pleasurable

game. As quietly as he could Harry removed his clothing, his eyes never leaving the bed. Once he had completely disrobed he cast a quick disillusionment charm and silently made his way toward Ginny's rear end.

Her bottom was at almost the perfect height for him and he stood for a moment watching as Hermione's tongue darted around the other girl's clit and back up to her folds. He stroked his eager cock for a few moments just relishing the sight and the feelings before he stepped forward slowly making sure not to break the charm. He was thankful that Hermione's head lay almost off the bed meaning he was able to straddle her before quickly plunging inside the redhead causing her to jump and moan her girlfriends name loudly.

"Gods Hermione! I don't know what spell that is but you have to teach me!" She called out before returning to the other girls needs. Hermione was confused as she ran her tongue back from the girl's clit to her entrance and encountered Harry's cock. He began moving then which was enough to drop the Disillusionment and reveal his balls slapping away to Hermione who smiled and returned to her task.

Ginny began calling out her name as he pounded into her quickly pushing her over the edge and then on to another smaller orgasm. The girl not knowing it was Harry behind her pulled forward off of his cock and rolled to the side with her eyes closed. "Gods Hermione, that felt exactly like Harry!" Thinking quickly Harry picked his wand up and conjured a blindfold over Ginny's eyes, Hermione caught on quickly as she got up and dove between the girl's legs.

"Keep the blindfold on Gin" She whispered before she began lapping at the redhead's folds once more, with her pretty bum swaying in the air at the perfect height for Harry to continue his earlier task. He entered her quickly causing her to moan into the other girls centre and began pounding into her quickly. Hermione soon went over the edge as well and was approaching her next orgasm. Ginny seemed to be riding the same orgasm for the entire time as her whole body stayed tensed up off the mattress. Harry squeezed Hermione's bum to let her know he was about to cum and she looked back and nodded. "Please Harry?" She asked.

"Harry?" A still blind Ginny asked.



He groaned as he finally came inside her, trying to draw out his orgasm even as his body tried to shut down and force him to withdraw due to sensory overload. Ginny whipped off the blindfold and looked up to find a smiling Harry. "Harry!" She said disengaging from the brunette and running around the bed to hug him. He pulled out of Hermione and Ginny kissed him quickly before she began to clean up his mess, moaning as she tasted him after so long.

Hermione came around enough to cum once more forcing the rest of his seed into the eager girls mouth before rolling over. "That was some stunt Harry, how on earth did you surprise us like that?" She panted.

"You added me to the wards." He said with a shrug before falling onto the bed beside her and pulling her into his arms. He kissed her deeply just enjoying the closeness before Gin climbed up on his other side and snuggled into her regular spot.

"Wait, you really are that quiet when you Apparate?" Hermione asked in astonishment.

He nodded. "Almost silent as far as I can tell. And yes, I promise to teach you how this year. You will be happy to know Occlumency helps a lot." Hermione kissed him again before settling down and snuggling into his shoulder. "So?"

"So what?" He asked in confusion.

"So, Tonks? Spill!" Ginny said with a grin.

"So nothing, I talked to her, we agreed to take it slow. Not that I am going to refuse it if anything happens, but the flirting is almost as much fun as the shagging at this point." He said with a small shrug.

"Are you sure about that? She is a Metamorphmagus after all." Hermione said.

"I already talked to her about that as well, I don't want to see any of her fancy tricks until I've seen the real her first. Though we have made some plans..." He trailed off mysteriously.

"What Plans!" Ginny asked attempting to tickle him.

"That is for me to know and you to find out...if you stop tickling me!" He laughed.

The redhead pouted playfully before laying back down. "Fine, but we have some news for you as well." He turned to look at her the best he could.

"Oh really?"

"You are taking me home with you today." Ginny said with a huge smile.

He couldn't help but smile as well before he caught himself. "What about Mione?"

Hermione interjected herself into the conversation. "I'll be fine for a few days Harry, besides, Ginny isn't going to get to date you this year like the rest of us, she still wants to concentrate on her OWLs. So you are going to have to spend some time with her all by yourselves for the rest of the week."

"Are we still coming to visit?" He asked the brunette.

"I really want to catch up on the rest of my reading, Gin is quite a distraction you know! I still need to do my school shopping, as do you two I imagine. So you may come collect me when it is time to go." She said seriously but with a smile.

He turned his head and kissed Hermione's forehead before sighing and pulling them both closer. "I was worried about missing you this year Gin. Unfortunately you're gonna have to share some of my time with Nym."

"I don't mind at all Harry, it might be fun. That is if it's ok with you Mione?" Hermione nodded and smiled from his other shoulder.

"Not what I meant! She's training me besides casually dating me; or whatever you want to call our current relationship." Ginny and Hermione both shrugged and threw each other grins. "You know you two are insatiable?" He asked.

For the next hour they proved him correct before Gin finally got out of bed and finished packing. She and Harry kissed Hermione goodbye before he Apparated them both back to Grimmauld Place.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The moment they arrived at their destination Harry immediately slapped his forehead. "Bugger, I forgot to tell her something."

"What's that?" She asked shaking her head at his overly dramatic performance.

He smiled at her. "Well, Tonks pointed out few things that would make her feel a lot better about watching me with Emma." Ginny shivered slightly.

"I don't know Harry, it was really...interesting."

He shook his head. "No listen, Tonks was turned on by the thought of me with her mum as well, but she figured out rather quickly that it was because she looks almost exactly like her mum. Just like someone else we know. I saw the mirrors." He said with a grin.

Ginny blushed. "Oh, I suppose that makes sense then, luckily I look nothing like my mother..."

"AHHHHHHHH!" Harry screamed dramatically and pretended to claw out his eyes and bang his head as if he was trying to get water out of his ears. "Why on earth did you have to put that image in my head!" He asked her with a very hurt look. Tonks was outside an instant later with her wand drawn, instantly pushing Harry down by the shoulder and pointing her wand at Ginny.

"Gin?" She asked as she finally grasped the situation and identified her target.

"Uh, Hi?" Ginny said as the girl lowered her wand.

Tonks turned to Harry who was barely containing a laugh, though his face was turning red as he stood back up. "What the Bloody Bugging Hell do you think your doing screaming like that! I thought the Dementors had gotten to you!" She berated him.

Still smiling he pulled her closer and whispered something in her ear, and in almost no time she repeated his earlier performance and both of them began retching playfully. Ginny just rolled her eyes. "I happen to think my mum is still a beautiful woman!"

Tonks nodded before speaking. "Yeah but do YOU want to watch Harry snog your mum or more?" Harry retched once again.

Ginny's face quickly contorted into one of horror as she retched for real. "Oh!" was all she got out.

Harry smiled and pulled her into a hug from behind, placing her back to his chest. "Exactly, now Hermione is almost a perfect twin to Emma except for the hair. Trust me I know." He said the last as he gently squeezed her breasts, eliciting a squeak from her.

Tonks grinned and quickly morphed. Her hair grew to below her shoulders and turned a vibrant red and she shrank a few inches. Light freckles appeared and suddenly Ginny was looking at herself only a few years older and with larger breasts. Nym/Gin walked over and kissed Harry over Ginny's shoulder while pressing her breasts against Ginny's. The redhead nearly fainted before she remembered to breath and quickly turned to kiss Harry as well once Tonks broke away.

"God that was hot!" Ginny said breathlessly as she pulled away and looked once more at her near twin image. "Makes me wish I had a twin sister... I wonder..." She then began retching again, this time however she nearly succeeded in losing her breakfast.

"What?" Harry asked as he quickly helped her to her feet and held her. Tonks had reverted to her normal pink haired self and was looking on with concern.

"Gred and Forge." Was all she could get out and both Tonks and Harry went pale for a moment.

"Enough of that!" Tonks called as she shook her head to clear it. "The curses of Occlumency!" She cried.

That got a smile from the other two before Harry got a contemplative look. "Padma and Parvati?"

Tonks looked a bit confused but Ginny was staring off into the distance lost in thought, Harry noticed she was rubbing her thighs together. He leaned in and whispered in her ear. "Knut for your thoughts?"

She came back to reality and blushed. "Is it because they are my brothers, or because they are guys? The thought of those two...lets not think of those two, makes me ill, but the thought of Padma and Parvati makes me horny as hell!" Ginny exclaimed quietly. Tonks still looked confused before comprehension dawned on her face.

"The twins at the party? You have plans to date them then?" She asked quietly.

"They are on the list, and Padma happened to whisper in my ear that night that they had no problem sharing everything..." Ginny was actually starting to get twitchy with the need for some kind of intimacy.

"Can we not talk about this right now? You two apparently have some training to do and I am going to be in quite the state until after dinner..."

Harry nodded but looked up at a suddenly sad Tonks. "Hey." She said snapping his fingers, she looked at him with mild annoyance. "I already have at least three beautiful girls that have decided to stick by me. Don't you start thinking you aren't good enough for me anymore alright? If you can't share this isn't going to work Nym."

She nodded, "I guess I just don't know what to expect. Why would you want to carry anything on with me when you have all of those girls, younger girls, Twin no less." Ginny moaned a bit. "Sorry Gin, I just, I'm not jealous I guess I..." She trailed off as he shushed her.

"Why would you want to share? Why not just make up with Moony?" Harry asked quietly.

Tonks shook her head vehemently. "He needs to apologize to me, I agree with his reasoning but not his decision. We had a really big fight about it Harry, I don't know if I can forgive him even if he does apologize. And no I don't have any problem sharing, it's not like were falling in love or anything..." She trailed off again.

"Are you ruling that out then?" Ginny asked as she finally regained control of her hormones.

Tonks just shrugged and turned around. "There's sandwiches on the table waiting for us to eat 'em and I'm willing to bet the elves already got both of you a smoothie." And with that she disappeared back into the house.

After lunch Ginny admitted that she had not kept up her Occlumency exercises properly and excused herself to the Ladies suite while Harry and Tonks worked on the next part of his DWD training. By now Harry was getting almost as fast as Tonks much to her amazement, and though he was still slower, he was able to repeat the exercise for nearly twice the duration that she could. Harry was really beginning to wonder at his magical strength, he knew there must be an explanation for his massive reserves of magical power and endurance but for the time being he was simply trying to get it all under control. He would worry about the why later, for now he stuck to his 'Super Magic' excuse anytime he was asked. Tonks was beginning to get annoyed with the answer but he shrugged and told her he had no idea either.

At dinner that night Hedwig dropped in on the three of them, Remus was taking his meals in his room as the full moon was only a day away and he was in no shape to socialize. "Hey girl!" Harry said with a huge smile. "Why does it seem like it has been so long since we've seen each other?"

The snowy owl looked at him and clicked her beak in slight annoyance. "Because you have been too busy waving sticks and mating." Harry had not expected that clear of an answer and spluttered out an entire mouthful of smoothie as he blushed a deep red.

"We aren't Mating for your information..." He whispered to the bird to no avail as both Tonks and Ginny perked up.

"You humans are very strange, I could not imagine coupling so many times per day for any reason other than procreation. She responded and he blushed again.

"Alright out with it lover boy, have you been cheating on us with that gorgeous creature on your shoulder?" Tonks asked with a smile. Hedwig flew to the Metamorph's shoulder and nipped at her ear affectionately.

"I like this one, can I keep her?" Harry lost it and began laughing so hard his chair fell over backwards, which only served to increase his humor.

"What did she say!" Tonks growled out. Harry was getting the mental impression of laughter from his familiar.

"She..She.." He took as deep a breath as he could as tears streamed down his face. He could hardly close his mouth long enough to swallow and was actually beginning to drool a bit. "She said she likes you and asked if she could keep you!" He cried out. Ginny joined him in his laughter for a few minutes as Tonks eyed the beautiful bird with contempt tinged with amusement.

"I did not see that your second Mate had returned. I like this one too, you may mate too often but you do have good taste." Hedwig said as she flew to Ginny's shoulder and butted her head against the girl's ear. Harry continued to laugh as Tonks joined him this time.

"I don't know what she said, but apparently it was hilarious." Tonks said before snorting and quickly dropping her head to the table with a Thwack! Before she continued chuckling.

"Don't worry Tonks your secret is safe with me." Ginny said quietly and got a relieved look from Tonks before she began laughing once again. "Harry, will you please tell me what is so funny? What started all of this anyway?"

Harry climbed up off the floor with much struggle involved, but eventually made it back into his chair. "She likes you too, said we Mate too much but I had good taste." Ginny promptly blushed and looked at the owl on her shoulder.

"We do not 'Mate' we make love." She said calmly.

"I suppose that would explain why he would attempt to mate in the wrong orifice so often. I honestly thought I was going to have to teach him how to do it correctly!" She said with a look at him causing

him to blush again as she flapped her wings in annoyance and flew back to his shoulder, nipping his ear and cuddling with him as she reached up and stroked her feathers.

"Now what did she say?" Tonks asked.

He took a deep breath. "She said she was glad to know we were not trying to mate. That I put it in the wrong hole so many times she thought she was going to have to teach me how to do it properly." Both girls were now rolling on the floor. "I don't know if she is kidding or not!" Harry said indignantly. Hedwig bumped his head with hers and he got the impression of amusement, which he decided meant she was joking.

"When did you get so good at that?" Tonks asked.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Talking to Hedwig, I remember something about your crazy bird whispering stuff, but that was just spooky!"

He shrugged, "Dunno, I guess my Legilimency is getting more powerful, or maybe settling down? That was the first time I got actual words when I spoke to her." She butted his head again and he got the impression she was clearing her throat to get his attention. He turned and looked her in the eye as she held out her leg to him, three letters were tied neatly there.

"Oh!" He exclaimed. "I can't believe none of us saw these before now. You've been a busy girl haven't you?" He asked as he scratched her feathers once more getting the same feeling of contentment from the bird he associated with Gabrielle. He quickly untied the letters and turned to her. "Would you like anything special for dinner? He was suddenly rather nervous, Hedwig was apparently much more intelligent than he had ever thought and the idea of treating her as just a pet suddenly made him feel rather rude. She seemed to notice and rubbed her head against his cheek once more.

"Silly Master, I live to serve you not the other way around. You are a good Master and we are lucky to have you. Do not treat me any differently simply because you can understand me." With that she flew to the top of the refrigerator and tucked her head beneath her



wing, he caught her eye before she closed it and again he felt the near purring sensation he felt when Gabrielle was near.

Turning to the letters on the table he cast revealing charms to make sure there was no magic attached and carefully opened the first.

Lord Potter-Black

I would be delighted to meet with you on Wednesday at the Ministry of Magic, my associate Terrence Zabini received a similar request and to hasten your agenda we would like to meet together. We will be in Conference room 'B' just off the Atrium at 10:00am on the 28th of August. We have other business on this day so if you are unable to reply in time to cancel we will happily reschedule for after this Friday's meeting of the Wizengamot.

Sincerely,

Harwood Parkinson

The girls tried to ask him what was in the letter so he passed Ginny that one as he opened the next one.

Lord Potter-Black

I would be delighted to meet with you on either Wednesday or Thursday afternoon at the Ministry. My offices are located on level six at the Floo Regulation Panel, simply ask the receptionist for me and you should be shown in.

Respectfully,

Maria Edgecombe

He passed that note to Ginny as she passed hers to Tonks and he opened the last letter, smiling as a familiar pair of scents hit him.

My Dearest Harry,

I am so sorry I haven't come to visit yet this week. The Ministers residence is amazing I wish you could see it, though I honestly miss our couch and your Telly, damn you for getting me hooked on cartoons.

The handwriting switched,

Hey Harry, she meant WE of course, sorry WE have not come to visit. Suze finally brought me through and she isn't lying about this place. Neville finally had me over to his home last night and we are officially a couple. Thank you for everything we shared and for being so sweet and loveable, take care of my Suze for me.

The handwriting changed one more time.

Yes WE both miss you, but I don't think Neville would appreciate it much if WE came to visit you considering how 'comfortable' we are around each other. Guess we will have to figure that out this year. Hannah is rather jealous of my necklace and I love you to bits for it. Thank you again. I don't know if I can make it over before the Wizengamot meeting on Friday, so for now let us plan to meet afterward? I'm sure you won't mind terribly if I just drop in unannounced either.

Loving you lots,

Your Susie

He finished the letter with a grin but his expression changed to apprehension as he handed the note to Ginny who was holding her hand out with a raised eyebrow. He was still contemplating his feelings when she cleared her throat. "Why the long face Mister?"

"She still doesn't know about the compulsion. I don't know how to tell her, and I don't know how she will react." He said quietly.

Ginny got up and hugged him from behind, "I'm sure she will be fine, at worst it might take a little while for her to come to grips with it. But you said so yourself, the charm did not create love like some potion does, it just amplified and accelerated what she already felt. And what you feel for her is one hundred percent real. Let's not worry about it until you can tell her, okay?" He nodded and turned his head to catch her lips.

"Intelligent witches are going to be the death of me." He whispered against her lips as he felt more than saw her smile. Tonks cleared her throat quietly trying to not completely ruin the moment.

"So looks like you have two meetings at the Ministry tomorrow. Do you have Wizengamot Robes yet?" She asked.

Harry shook his head. "I planned to pick them up at Diagon on Thursday whether or not Molly and Arthur are back from Paris yet." Ginny brought her head up at that.

"Mum wouldn't forget about school shopping would she?"

Harry shook his head, "I doubt it, but they are on a honeymoon. Both you and Ron have access to your own money and I am sure she trusts Tonks or myself to get us all to Diagon and back safely. You were with the Grangers so at worst you would have done your school shopping with her." As he said this he felt the wards flair as the couple in question arrived in the back garden. The kitchen door opened and Ginny flung herself into Molly's arms. "Mummy!"

"Oh Dear!" Molly exclaimed as she hugged the girl to her breast. "I missed you as well, whatever are you doing here?"

"I decided to spend the last few days with family. We were just discussing the school shopping." Molly's eyes widened but Arthur stepped into the conversation by hugging his daughter as well.

"We came home just to make sure that got done Firefly. Have you made any plans?" He asked.

She nodded, "Harry was just mentioning that He, Ron, Hermione and I could do our shopping on Thursday. And that as both Ron and I have access to our own money there was no need for you two to cut short your trip." Arthur gave Harry an approving nod, which Harry returned with humility.

Molly spoke up, "That was very thoughtful of you dear, I am so sorry we did not write to make certain of your schedule. It sounds as if you don't need me here after all." She finished with a frown.

"Mum I will always need you, even if I can take care of myself." Ginny said before pulling her mother into another hug. Molly was crying silently now and Ginny pulled away and sat down to give her some room to hide her emotions as she normally did.

"Anyways Harry, I think you should wear your Wizengamot Robes tomorrow to the meetings. You were talking about getting people used to you being there before Friday."

He nodded, "Makes sense I suppose, but where am I going to get them tailored before ten am?"

Tonks thought for a moment. "Winky?" She called. The little elf popped in startling the elder Weasleys who had forgotten all about them in the past weeks. "Winky are there any Wizengamot Robes in this house?"

"Yes Miss, we is saving those for material if nothing else. Do you wants them?" Tonks nodded and the elf popped away returning quickly with the Plum and Silver robes.

"Harry give them a try, Winky can tailor them easily isn't that right?" The elf nodded enthusiastically so Harry stood and pulled on the garment, which was a bit short in the arms and hung well above his ankles. Winky began measuring and turning up the hems, he noted that there seemed to be plenty of material to work with at the ends.

"Winky can do these no problems Miss, if Master wishes." Harry nodded. "Then Master must be taking them offs now and I will gets them clean and fitting. Will that be all?" He nodded again and she popped away.

"Harry why do you need to be seen in Wizengamot Robes? Surely you can simply make an appearance at the Confirmation?" Arthur asked.

He shook his head and held his finger to his lips as he playfully motioned for him to come closer. A smiling Arthur leaned in and Harry stage whispered so that the others could hear him. "It's a secret, I am introducing legislation on Friday immediately after the confirmation, I only need three more votes for it to pass as well." He leaned back and smiled at the dumbstruck look on Arthurs face.

"But the three day rule..." Arthur began.

"Has already been taken care of, I am sponsoring the bill, and it was my idea, but it was drafted and this whole scheme was concocted by

Amelia." Harry continued to smile broadly as Arthur worked through a few things in his head and a smile appeared on his face as well.

"Might we know what this legislation entails?" He asked conspiratorially.

Harry nodded and waited just a moment for the Grandfather clock to chime. "The full moon should be out in about an hour or so."

Once again Arthur looked confused before a light bulb went off. "You're trying to change the Werewolf Laws!"

"Got it in one, once this passes they are going to offer the job of Werewolf Liaison to Remus, he will be working at a Director level in the Magical Beings section of the Control of Magical Creatures Department."

Tonks inhaled sharply, "You never told me that!"

He shrugged, "Never came up, that change anything for you?"

She shook her head before replying. "Just cuz we aren't dating doesn't mean I can't be happy for him."

Molly looked back and forth between the two of them and noted that Tonks' hair was no longer mousy brown, she then looked at her daughter who was nearly glowing with happiness and nearly fainted. "Not her too..."

Arthur caught her before she could fall and she came back to herself quickly. "We will just head upstairs then, I think Thursday sounds wonderful..." She told them in a monotone as she walked out of the room. Arthur looked between her and Tonks quickly sighing as he then looked to Ginny and Harry.

"Harry, please try to be a bit more discreet. I honestly am far past caring as long as Ginny is happy, but my poor Molly sounded a bit broken. If you will excuse me?" He said with a sad smile as he walked out clapping his hand to Harry's shoulder on his way past. A confused Harry met the eyes of a confused Tonks before they both looked at Ginny who had a sly smile on her lips.

"What?" Tonks asked the redhead.

"You two may not see the chemistry between you, but my mum has always been able to pick up on emotions. You almost have to be good at reading people when you have seven kids and two of them are the Twins." They looked at each other again and back to Ginny.

"Don't know what your talking 'bout, we've barely even kissed!" Tonks exclaimed.

Ginny just shook her head and pulled Harry up to his feet. "I've only got three nights with you all to myself, I think we can skip the Telly tonight." She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him arching her back and pressing her assets into his chest and groin causing him to groan. She then turned to Tonks, "Joining us?" Harry's breath caught and Tonks suddenly blushed. Harry was actually pretty proud of her for getting that reaction from the older woman.

"Uh, no that's alright. Taking it slow and all that..." Tonks said quietly as she avoided the redhead's eyes.

"You're welcome just to watch if you want." Ginny said.

Tonks blushed once more and Harry upped his respect for the girl in his arms once again. "Uh, not tonight, thanks though..." Tonks said quietly.

"Well you know where the secret passage is." Gin said with a smile as she pulled Harry up the stairs just off the kitchen.

"Goodnight Nym!" Harry called from the third step as his brain caught up.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Wednesday morning found Harry wrapped around a redhead as they lay in his bed. As much fun as multiple girls were, they were also a lot of work and he had very much enjoyed having the bed all to themselves for once. It was the first time he and Ginny had been alone together since the first night when Hermione had left them. She had kept him up quite late, not that he was complaining even a little bit, so rather than getting up early like he normally would, he took the time to just enjoy holding her, feeling her soft skin beneath

his fingertips, the strawberry smell of her hair. He judged by the sun trying to force its way past the curtains that it must be getting close to nine. The passageway opened and Tonks walked across the room and plopped down to the other side of Ginny, seemingly oblivious to the fact that they were both nude beneath the sheets.

"Mornin Luvs!" She said cheerfully, her tone awoke the girl in his arms and she groaned as she pulled the pillow over her face.

"Nnnguhdup" She mumbled through the pillow. Harry loved waking up with her, sleepy Ginny was one of the cutest things he had ever seen.

"Come on Gin, it has to be getting close to nine and I have a meeting in an hour." He whispered as he pulled the pillow away, laughing internally as her face scrunched up against the slight bit of light in the room.

"Why do I have to get up?" She asked with a pretty pout; which made him smile. Yep, puppies lose hands down to sleepy redheads. He thought to himself. He took in Tonks' appearance and had an idea.

"Looks like Nym hasn't been up all that long either, you can stay in bed if you don't mind her sharing my shower without you." Tonks looked up at him sharply and he just smiled to let her know he was playing.

Ginny however seemed to like the idea very much and caught them both off guard as she rolled over. "I dare you."

"Crap." Harry said out loud before he caught himself and blushed. Tonks however was wearing the same color so he didn't feel so bad. "Fine, be that way, but if you miss out on anything fun..."

"Then you will just have to tell me in detail later, or better yet, show me. Now go away and let me have my beauty sleep!" She said as she pulled his pillow over her head.

He looked across the bed at Tonks once again and smiled. "Why do you look so nervous, you were the one that was trying to shag me a few nights ago."

"Yeah but that was before we decided to take it slow, I dunno, suddenly the whole thing is more complicated..." Tonks trailed off.

"Tick Tock..." Came a muffled voice from beneath the pillow.

"Well I suppose it will save on hot water..." Tonks trailed off as she stood up.

Harry decided once again to forget that magically heated water did not run out and quickly got out of bed, catching Tonks by surprise as his usual morning condition made itself known. "Damn..."

"I get that a lot, it doesn't get old though." He said with a smile.

She walked into the bathroom without saying anything and he followed, a bit worried as to what that reaction meant. As he walked in she turned and looked at him expectantly. "If were doing this, were doing it right. These clothes are not going to take themselves off you know." She said as she placed her hands on her hips.

Getting the message he walked up to her and his hands went to the waistband of her flannel sleeping pants. He hooked his hands beneath her cotton t-shirt and tugged slightly. Her breath caught as he began to pull the garment up and she raised her arms over her head so that he could remove it. Her breasts bounced free as he removed it quickly and he resisted the urge to take her stiffening nipples into his mouth. Instead he pulled her into a hug, pressing her naked chest against his own.

As he breathed in her scent, which in fact did resemble something sweet like bubblegum he placed soft kisses on her shoulder and her neck. She caught her breath again and his fingers hooked into the waistband of her pants and pushed downward over her hips. Once over her bum the garment fell and his erection was pressed against her soft pink curls. He kissed her softly on the lips before he pulled away. "No time for playing this morning Nym, now should I scrub your back first or you gonna do mine?"

She looked at him like he had just killed her puppy. "You...you..you can't do that! It's not fair!" She whined as she stood naked in his arms, she ran her hand down his chest and wrapped her fingers around his cock.



"Ah ah ah, maybe if you're a good girl at the Ministry then Gin and I will consider playing later. Now come on, I want breakfast before we leave." He pulled away trying not to throw her over the counter and plunge himself inside her as he really was in a hurry. In retaliation she did not touch him overtly throughout the entire shower and yet somehow managed to rub against his erection enough times that he was in serious need of relief by the time they were drying off. They exited the shower and got dressed quickly before heading down to breakfast, Gin was still snoozing so they left her alone. After some quick bacon and eggs Winky popped in with his Wizengamot Robes.

As he pulled them on he could almost feel the power and responsibility hanging from his shoulders. "Whoh." He said in surprise.

Tonks was staring hungrily at him. "You need to have Winky tailor everything, even the high dollar stuff, you look amazing!" He promptly blushed causing her to smile. "And yet you are still sixteen in there somewhere." She winked as he attempted to cuff the side of her head and she dodged.

"I am technically your boss you know, you should show more respect!" He said with a smile.

She stood up and put her arms around his neck and his breathing quickened. "So you're my boss huh, does that mean you get to order me around?" She asked quietly, he noticed that her eyes kept darting from his down to his lips and back with made his still hard erection throb in pain and anticipation.

"That depends, do you like to be ordered around? You know I do have some practice at that..." He trailed off as he slid his arms behind her back.

"Dunno, never trusted anyone enough to let em..." She leaned toward him closing the distance; he could feel her breath against his lips as well as his cock pressed against her just below her naval. Just as he was going to give in and kiss her the clock began to chime the hour.

"Shit." He stated as he pulled her out the door into the back garden where he Apparated them quickly to the Ministry Atrium. They quickly made their way toward the security station, which sat

between them and the conference rooms. Harry barely noted the surprised and awed looks he was getting which was a far cry from the usual staring at his scar and wishing for his autograph. Even the previous day he had still been just a celebrity that knew the Minister, today he was a member of the Wizengamot and Head of an Ancient House. The guard simply nodded to both of them as they passed and headed for the room indicated by the note.

They paused outside the door and Tonks entered what he was coming to call her Auror mode. She was no longer the stumbling and clumsy girl he was beginning to care a lot about, she was in full "Hit Wizard on a contract" mode and he found her confidence and poise to be extremely sexy. She took a look around the Atrium scanning for threats before opening the door and sweeping the room with security and detection spells, much to the surprise of those inside before she nodded and took a place just outside the door. He wondered why she hadn't stayed inside as she had with Cissy but decided he would ask her later. He then entered the room and was greeted by the three people inside.

On the previous occasion Harry had been the one sitting at the head of the table furthest from the door, because these two obviously outranked him they had taken places at that end leaving him with the choice of seats closest to the door. While he understood the respect that was shown to the one at the head of the table, he decided that under the circumstances, he liked the idea that Tonks was rather close and he was not cut off from an escape route should the negotiations turn hostile. At least one of the occupants already had him on edge.

The man on the right stood and offered him a hand in greeting. "Good morning Lord Potter-Black, Terrance Zabini, it is a pleasure." Harry shook the man's hand and waited for further introductions as his eyes met those of the man sitting at the head of the table. "May I introduce Harwood Parkinson, and of course you know his daughter Pansy?" Harry nodded as he shook the older gentleman's hand, he nodded curtly to Pansy who seemed to be fighting the sneer she would normally direct his way.

Having had much occasion of late to catalog beauty traits amongst a large set of girls, Harry was able to instantly recognize that, either because he had ignored her since first year, or because she had bloomed over the summer. Pansy was no longer ugly; she was

rather attractive with her shoulder length hair and pleasing curves. She was wearing robes, which always obscured the best female bits. Just ask any boy at Hogwarts, and they would tell you that Robes were possibly designed for just that purpose. However even through the volume of material he could tell that she was sized almost perfectly with breasts that would be about a large B or small C-cup, perfectly sized to hold in ones hands. Her trademark Pug Nose was now cute rather than annoying. He quickly cleared his thoughts as he remembered he was staring at his enemy's chief consort.

"Pansy." He said in greeting.

"Pott...Harry." She forced out his first name catching him by surprise but the look of contempt still had not left her eyes. Deciding to play with the Snake that had helped to make his life hell for the past few years he quickly unlocked his shag-me gaze long enough to make her breath catch before blinking and turning it off. She sat down and just stared at him in confusion, Harry sat as Mr. Parkinson gestured toward a chair, which Harry took quickly.

Harwood started as they all settled into their seats. "Now Lord Potter-Black, may I please call you something less formal? You must admit that is quite the mouthful." Harry nodded. "Mr. Potter, Mr. Black, Harry I suppose...but only if I may use your first name as well?" The man nodded and seemed to relax a bit.

"Thank you Harry, please just call me Wood as I have hated my first name for most of my life. Now the Zabini's and the Parkinson's go back many generations along with a few other families. So you can rest assured when I tell you we already know of and approve of the legislation you have introduced, that you have both of our votes." The other man nodded and Harry was suddenly at a loss for words.

Wood smiled at him, "Now Harry, did you honestly expect to get that bill past most of the Slytherins without our foreknowledge? I have my assistant check my box here twice a day. That was a very cunning move by the way; I myself have pushed legislation through the same way in the past." Harry just nodded as he tried desperately to rethink his entire rehearsed spiel.

"So why the meeting then?" He finally decided on asking.

The man smiled, "The Black family was close to our little group a few generations ago but they decided to break away for some reason. You however have demonstrated an open enough mind for us to ask you to join with our clan once again."

Harry was more confused than ever, "I still don't follow, how exactly have I demonstrated that I have an open mind?"

Zabini answered, "Our little group are rather outcast, even amongst the Pure-Bloods. Our views are less...mainstream than those of most 'Old' families."

Harry was still confused and simply raised an eyebrow in response. Harwood took up where the other had left off. "I only have one mother Harry, but grew up with three grandmothers and I could not tell you which one is my blood, nor could my Father if he were alive." Harry thought he was catching on, the idea seemed to be on the tip of his brain just waiting to fall into consciousness but he couldn't catch hold of it yet and so he stayed silent.

"For heavens sake Potter, they are talking about sex!" Pansy exclaimed. "You have by our count at least four girlfriends at the moment even if the one is a mudbl...er Muggleborn, though the Abbott girl and the Auror outside the door may up that number. Our group are a bit less strict when it comes to wizarding customs about sex and marriage, we are the reason that multiple marriage is still allowed by the ministry even though it is not widely practiced." She said in a very annoyed tone. Her father cast her a glance and she quickly lowered her eyes and sat still.

Surprisingly Harry was actually thankful for the girl's outburst. "Actually sir, that was exactly the type of explanation I needed to hear. Thank you Pansy. Both for your explanation, and your civility when speaking of the woman I love." Her father beamed at her and she looked up at him in surprise and suspicion. Her eyes met his and he quickly sent her a jolt of joy-juice and once again enjoyed her confusion as her body betrayed her instincts.

He then looked back to her father, "This is all well and good, and it is true that I have at least three women that I am in love with so I would welcome any way to lead a more normal life short of moving to America and living in the middle of nowhere Utah. But I am afraid

I am a bit lost, please don't think me too rude when I ask to see your forearms?"

Both men were caught off guard but Pansy actually seemed to approve for a moment before she schooled her features back to barely contained disdain. He was beginning to wonder how much of that was an act, how much was peer pressure, and how much was real. The men finally nodded and lifted their sleeves to show blank skin. "We understand Harry, please know that while we do not support the Dark Lord, nor work for him, we have to maintain the appearance of doing so at least symbolically because of family connections and commitments."

Harry thought about for a moment before nodding in defeat. "I suppose I can understand, though I hate all the deceit. Why can't people just be themselves?"

Harwood smiled, "And that explains it, that is the reason you are a Gryffindor rather than a Slytherin, you still see the world very much in Black and White, there are actually many shades of gray in-between. For example, most people would see you with multiple lovers and immediately call you evil. Do you agree with them?"

Harry quickly shook his head, "For a while at the beginning I was rather confused but now I know that sex and love are two different things, and that love is not finite, there is no reason I cannot love all of them equally. I'm not sure how that can be extrapolated to apply to appearing to support the Dark Tosser though."

Zabini looked like he had nearly swallowed his tongue and Pansy had her mouth open in outrage, Harwood looked like he was about to berate him on the spot before his gaze shifted and he began laughing out loud. "That has to be the funniest thing I have ever heard!" He said with much mirth as he banged his fist on the table trying to control his laughter before it became hysterical.

Harry was enjoying the scene very much, and simply to annoy Pansy he decided to continue. "Dark Tosser, Dork Lard, He-Who-Must-Be-Hyphenated, Baldifart. Call him what you will, fear of a name only increases the fear of the thing. If there is anything I agree with Dumbledore on that is it. Besides, his real name isn't even Voldemort."

At mention of his real name the room, which had been thawing as even Pansy had cracked a slight smile, suddenly went chilly. "What do you mean that isn't his real name? What do you know about him?" Mr. Parkinson asked quietly.

Harry pulled out his wand and wrote I AM LORD VOLDEMORT in the air before rearranging to form the name TOM MARVOLO RIDDLE. The other three in the room simply stared as the burning letters began to fade. Pansy was not staring at the letters though she was staring at him. "Did you just cast that non-verbally?" She asked in awe.

He wanted to slap himself but simply nodded. "I am an adult now, no underage magic tracking, not that you ever had to worry about that from what I hear about Pureblood loopholes." She nodded, "In any case, I have been training hard this year. Do I have to get an oath from you not to reveal too much about my abilities? I'm sure your boyfriend would love to take that info to Moldishorts."

She was trying hard not to smile at the nickname but chose to speak rather than fight. "Draco is not my boyfriend, despite appearances to the contrary. He is however the ranking male in my house and by association I have become the ranking female even as a fifth year."

Harry looked confused for a moment. "Slytherin has ranks?"

"Come off it Potter, even if you don't formalize it you have ranks in Gryffindor as well, after last year you have to be the Number one male and Granger is definitely Number one Female. Whether it is acknowledged or not, the two of you run that house." Harry was taken aback but quickly saw her point. Between his fame, his spot on the Quidditch team, and the DA he was indeed very respected in Gryffindor. He just nodded.

"Back to the point then," Zabini said. "Because of certain business dealings and because of certain connections, it is our unfortunate duty to appear to follow him, if only to protect our families. Can you imagine what he would do to Slytherins who were opposed to him?"

Harry nodded as he tried to shake images of death and destruction from his thoughts. "What would you require of me to join your clan?" He asked cautiously.

Harwood spoke once more. "You are a man with many resources, between your two families you already own at least a minority in most of our companies and many of the others which funnel money to the Dark Lord. What we would ask of you is not cheap..."

"Money really is no object Wood, as you say I am a man with many resources." Harry said, trying not to sound pompous and failing miserably. He felt ill as he realized he sounded almost like a Malfoy there for a moment and vowed to keep himself in check.

"Very well Harry, We would like you to place our children under your protection at Hogwarts. As the Head of an ancient family you by law have the right to defend those under your protection with lethal force, and to authorize those same people to protect themselves. At the same time our clan will be moving into a single compound and going under Fidelus. You will need to take majority ownership of the aforementioned businesses and either reform them or shut them down. I know we are asking a lot..."

"I like the idea of taking away resources from the Death Eaters so you have my support in that, the Fidelus is up to you. I am not opposed to the last request but I will need to consider each candidate on an individual basis. You must understand that your children have not treated me kindly in the past." He said with a glance at Pansy who had the good grace to look down at the floor.

"That is acceptable Harry, I just hope my daughter can look past her prejudice and her house loyalty." He said throwing her a look. She said nothing but did manage to throw a sneer at him when the others were not looking. Surprising himself he found it almost sexy rather than annoying.

He thought through everything quickly before holding out his hand. "Then I look forward to our futures together sir, I do have another meeting today so if you will excuse me?" The other two stood as Harry did and shook his hand. Pansy forced her hand toward his, which he took and shook quickly, noting idly that it may have been the first time they had ever purposely touched.

He turned and left the room before things could get awkward and Tonks joined him as he strolled away. "Go well in there?" She asked.

He nodded, as he was lost in thought, "Much more than just the bill, looks like I may have some real allies, that is if Pansy chooses sides correctly."

"You go to school with her right?"

"Yeah, but she is, or at least she appears to be Draco Malfoy's number one fan. She may be more interested in social status than safety or family commitments. I just don't know."

Tonks was quiet for a moment before stopping him in the middle of the Atrium. "Guess you will just have to keep an eye on her, now where exactly were we going?" Harry looked up and realized he had no destination; he looked up at the giant clock, which read just after eleven.

"Edgecombe said we could meet in the afternoon, is there a food court or something here?"

She nodded, "You being Wizengamot means we can eat in the Ministers Dining Hall rather than with the rabble. With any luck it will help you with that 'See and be Seen' thing you are trying to do as well."

"That reminds me, thank you for suggesting I wear my robes today. I can already feel the difference in the way people are reacting to my presence."

"It's nothing, just thinking ahead is all." She winked at him.

She walked them to the lift and up to the top floor where they exited and Harry nodded to the secretary who looked as if she were about to jump up and run into the Ministers office. He shook his head and motioned for her to sit back down and she smiled sheepishly as he waved on his way past. Tonks then led him down a maze of hallways lined with offices and into a rather beautiful Dining Room with plenty of round tables set with fine China and Silverware, he made a note to mention that if Moony was going to be eating here they should replace the silver with pewter or stainless steel. They sat down and a human server quickly came over to them and offered them menus.



There were no prices listed beside the selections, which surprised Harry, but he supposed if you had to ask, then it was probably too expensive. They each made a selection as well as a bottle of wine and settled in to talk about some of the developments from his previous meeting. Others began trickling in and each one of them caught his eye and looked a bit surprised for a moment before heading to their own tables. Harry noted with satisfaction that Tonks had picked this table for exactly that reason, it was in full view of every other table in the restaurant.

As they went back to their conversation Harry caught a whiff of something familiar and quickly turned his head toward the source. "Harry?" The girl in question asked quietly and he grinned. "Hey you." He said as he stood.

Susan jumped into his arms and kissed him quickly before pulling back a bit. "Hey yourself Mister." She said with a large smile.

"I missed you." He said quietly.

"Oh Morgana I missed you too Harry." She said with a small snuffle trying not to cry. He then noticed Hannah standing behind her looking a bit confused but smiling nonetheless.

"Hey Han." He said with a wink.

She hugged him quickly as Susan sat down and looked like she wanted to kiss him as well but restrained herself. "Uh, hey Harry. What are you doing here?"

He sat down and she joined them before he answered, "I could ask you two the same thing. I had a meeting this morning with Parkinson and Zabini and another this afternoon with Edgecombe." Susan's eyes lit up.

"They actually responded? That's wonderful Harry, how did it go?"

"Better than expected so far, I have their votes plus the Malfoy's so far." Susan hugged him again from her chair, Tonks just looked on with a smile.

"We are actually meeting Auntie for Lunch, she had been so busy that even with me at home with her we barely get to see each

other." Susan said as the room went quiet. Tonks quickly stood to attention as Amelia walked in, he noted that a few others he recognized from the Auror offices, ostensibly guests of the higher ranking people in the room, were standing at attention as well.

"Please sit down and enjoy your meals." The Minister said quietly and every one nodded and sat back down, normal conversation resumed as Amelia headed toward his table.

"Susan you didn't tell me you were inviting Harry, how is everything going?" She asked as he stood and pulled out a chair for her with a smile. He returned to his seat before speaking.

"Actually we met by happy coincidence as it turns out. I have three of the four votes I needed taken care of and my last meeting is this afternoon so we decided to take lunch here." Amelia nodded with a smile.

"May I ask which?"

Harry nodded, "Malfoy, Parkinson and Zabini. I am meeting with Maria Edgecombe this afternoon."

"Really?" She exclaimed quietly. "If anything I would have thought the Malfoys and Parkinsons would have been the hard ones!"

"Actually I am more worried about the Edgecombe vote, her daughter had a bit of trouble with my Defense Association last year and they might still be holding a grudge..." Amelia nodded and got a slightly worried look on her face.

She spoke after a few moments. "Maria works in Floo Control but her family owns many cleaning and restoration type businesses. If you could find a way to procure their services you might be able to grease her cooperation a bit."

Harry's face suddenly darkened. "You mean I might have to buy her vote..."

Susan jumped in, "Harry I know it isn't necessarily right, but it is how things get done. Even in America they buy votes to get certain laws passed. They just disguise it as spending within the bill itself. At

least doing it this way you are spending your money and not the taxpayers."

He nodded but did not look happy, "Why does all government boil down to greed and corruption? No offense to present company of course!" He exclaimed quietly as he realized what he had just said to the Minister of Magic. Luckily she was smiling.

"That is one of the things we can try to change, unfortunately this is the way it has been done for a thousand years, and it works, even if it has potential for abuse. We just have to hope that those with as much...capital influence as you have are as honest as you as well."

He sighed and took a drink of his water. Amelia looked down at her watch and stood quickly, "I am sorry but I have to run, it was very nice seeing you dears." She said kissing Susan on the cheek.

"But Auntie you barely touched your food!" Susan mock complained.

"That is why they normally bring my lunch to the office. In here I end up talking shop rather than eating. I will try to be home later in time for dinner. Good luck this afternoon Harry." She said and waved as she left the room.

Harry was still pondering her words when Susan nudged him from the side "Knut for your thoughts?"

"Just trying to figure out what I can offer her if she needs a bribe to vote my way."

Susan shook her head, "It isn't a bribe if you do it right, think of something that will help the Wizarding World that requires professional cleanup or restoration."

It was like a light bulb went off behind his eyes. "Ah ha!"

"Ah ha?" She asked.

He nodded. "Ah ha."

Hannah shook her head and smiled. "Care to explain?"

"I have a number of somewhat clandestine businesses that I am about to come into majority ownership of, I plan to repurpose, revitalize, or shut down most of them. And I am willing to bet that most of them are located in Knock Turn Alley. I think it's time to clean that place up and try to make it more friendly."

"How on earth are you going to do that?" Tonks asked.

"Dunno, I don't need a real plan, I just need an idea that can catch her interest. Hopefully we can slowly restore and clean up the place. I bet there are book shops and potions ingredients back there that would make Hermione drool."

Hannah nodded, "There is also spell damage every time the Death Eaters stage an attack and a lot of times curse burns and other damage cannot be magically repaired. Why not mention to her that you would set up a restoration fund to put everything back to normal after an attack on say Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade and you would be inclined to hire people with the most experience?"

Harry looked at her for a long moment before a large smile blossomed. "You know, you better stop that. I don't fancy a duel with Neville and you know I have a weakness for smart and sexy witches." Hannah blushed very prettily and Susan grinned at him. Seeing her so happy suddenly brought his thoughts crashing down. He needed to tell her about the compulsion.

"Uh, Susan could you and I find some place private to talk for a minute?" He asked quietly.

Hannah grinned, "Talk, yeah I'm sure that's what you will be doing." Susan smiled at the idea but Harry's face remained serious which started to scare her.

"Uh, sure Harry. There are a couple of conference rooms on this level we could borrow for a minute." He nodded and pulled out his draft book but Susan just smiled and shook her head. "Harry your Wizengamot, the meals in here are free for you and your guests."

"Oh." He said with a silly grin. "Learn something new every day I suppose. Shall we?" He asked as he stood and offered her his arm. Tonks followed behind them at a slight distance.

"What's this about Harry? You're scaring me." She stated.

"I'm scared. But I promise I still love you, don't worry about that." She kissed him quickly on the cheek.

"I know, but it's nice to hear sometimes."

Finally they reached a conference room and Tonks swept past them quickly securing the room before taking a spot outside beside the door and standing at attention. Harry just shook his head as he held the door for Susan. He closed it and followed her to the table where he held out her chair before sitting beside her and taking her hand in his.

"Susie, the last couple of weeks were a whirlwind of emotions for me and I know it had to be just as bad or worse for you. I found out why the other night." She looked at him in confusion. "Remember telling me you couldn't explain why you were in love with me after only a few days?"

She nodded, "It's still crazy, but I know what I feel for you is real."

"I know what I feel for you is real as well, that's why I hope you don't freak out when I tell you this." He took a deep breath. "Dumbledore cast a love compulsion charm on me. It accelerated and doubled your feelings of love for me. It wore off a week before we finally made love so I am at least thankful that I didn't take advantage of you before then. And I honestly do love you, even though I was not under any sort of compulsion."

Susan's eyes were wide with fear and confusion. "You mean I don't really love you? It's like a love potion or something?"

He shook his head, "No the compulsion does not make you love me, my family proved that by barely tolerating me this summer. It only amplifies what is already there. So you had to have loved me before it could have made you love me more..."

"But Harry, how are we supposed to know if it was real or not... Oh gods... I gave you my Virginity, what if it was all just a dream?" She had tears flowing down her cheeks now and he pulled her into his lap quickly as his tears joined hers. He was getting very scared of what her final answer was going to be.

"Susie please? I will never forget that experience or you, I love you. I know that for a fact, I know you love me even if it was sped up, that doesn't mean it isn't true." He was trying not to sob as he caught a hint of her wildly raging emotions through Legilimency. He could normally block it but she was currently broadcasting and he was like an antenna.

"I can't Harry. I think I love you...but I can't deal with this...I need time to think about it all..." He finally broke down and let the tears flow as they would.

"I can't lose you Susie..."

She pulled his face toward her and kissed him on the cheek. "I'm not saying it's over, I just need time to sort it out... I... We need some time apart, I might need to date other people. I don't know... I am not saying no, I am saying I need to find out for myself okay? My spot on the list was somewhere in the middle, I promise I will still date you then and we can see how things go alright?" She had tears running down her face and her voice was very strained.

"I guess I will have to accept it..." He answered quietly. Even though she said it wasn't over, his heart was still breaking. He leaned in quickly and kissed her, forcing all his love into the kiss and she began to return it before pulling away and standing up, brushing the tears from her cheeks.

"I'll see you around Harry." She said quickly before fleeing from the room. Tonks entered quickly after seeing the state the girl was in and wrapped her arms around Harry as he sobbed heavily.

"She didn't take it as well as we hoped then?" She asked him quietly. He could only sob louder in response as he pulled her to him and cried into her shoulder.

"Damn that meddling old man..." He said when he finally regained control of his voice.

"Damn straight!" Tonks exclaimed quietly into his ear. She pulled back and kissed him on the lips for a few moments, not trying to deepen it at all, just letting him know she still cared for him.

He finally pulled away and took a deep breath. "She didn't say it was over, just that she needed time. That she might have to date...other people...before she knew if it was real or not... So why does it feel like a piece of me has been ripped out?" He asked as the tears tried to return.

She pulled him into a hug again and just held him as he spoke softly. "That's the problem with true love Harry, it hurts like hell when it gets taken away. There is a reason they call it heartbroken." Harry's hand unconsciously went to his chest and started to rub.

"Is it all in my head? How is it that the brain is supposed to be where emotion and thought comes from, and yet I can actually feel the pain in my heart where Susie is supposed to be?" He said quietly.

"Magic I guess..." She said. That got Harry's attention.

"Dumbledore said there was an entire part of the Department of Mysteries devoted to studying Love. I guess even Muggles have magic..."

Tonks nodded, "if you have more magic than most of us, then I suppose you probably have more love than most of us as well. That means you must be feeling the heartbreak more too." She said as a single tear ran down her cheek.

He nodded and took a few more steadying breaths. "It isn't over, it's just on hold... think you can clean me up before my meeting?" He said gesturing to his dripping and flushed face. She waved her wand a few times and he felt the cleaning and straightening charms and a sudden burst of happiness. "What on earth was that last spell?" He asked with a smile.

"Cheering charm. I know it isn't the proper way to deal with the pain, but you need to be running on full if you're gonna get that last vote. I promise you can break down on my shoulder again later. Gin will be there too."

The thought of the redhead lying in his bed at home suddenly filled him with warmth and he nodded. "Alright, lets do this."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

"Lord Harry Potter-Black to see Maria Edgecombe please." He said rather cheerfully to the receptionist for this level who nodded and sent a quick note flying off before telling them to have a seat.

As they sat down in the waiting area Tonks leaned toward him. "Laying it on a bit thick for the admin staff aren't you?" She asked quietly.

"I have no idea what you mean Nymiekins. I thought I was being pleasant!" She only barely resisted bringing her palm to her face.

She mumbled quietly, "Think I overdid the charm..."

"Lord Potter-Black?" A middle-aged woman said as she walked toward them.

Harry quickly stood and offered a hand. "Maria I presume? Please call me Harry." He said with a smile, Tonks just shook her head.

The woman seemed slightly taken aback and eyed him warily before nodding. "Very well Harry, please follow me to my office?" He agreed and followed her through a series of twists and turns to a small office she sat behind the desk and gestured for them to take the chairs. "Now, what can I do for you Harry?"

"First of all I would like to apologize for the extreme measures that were taken against Marietta last year. I was unaware of the exact charms placed on that contract however I am sure you can agree that Madame Umbridge was completely in the wrong."

The woman paused at such a direct approach, and was a bit unnerved by the cheerfully casual way he was talking about the incident. "Thank you? I suppose it might be too much to ask for the charm to be reversed? St. Mungo's has had no success reversing that spell, perhaps the original caster can reverse it?"

Harry nodded and smiled as he thought of Hermione. "I am certain something might be arranged to that end. Now as I am sure you are aware, there is a certain bit of legislation to be introduced on Friday."



Once again he had cut neatly through the bush she was expecting him to beat around. "I am aware of the proposed werewolf legislation change yes..."

"I hope I can count on your vote, as the law stands currently we are basically forcing the werewolf community to side against the Ministry which plays right into Voldemort's plans."

She shivered as everyone did but Harry was still feeling good enough he decided not to comment on it. "While I agree with the intent of the bill I just don't know if now is the time to change it, we are in the middle of a war after all."

He barely blinked before changing the subject, "I will table that issue for the moment then, perhaps you can help me with another problem?" She nodded warily. "I am setting up a collateral spell damage relief fund. As I am sure you are aware, there is often times damage that cannot be undone by magic alone left over after the Corpse Suckers attack." She looked at him blankly. "Sorry, Death Eaters."

She nodded, "I am still not following you though, how can I help?"

"I have recently been made aware that most of your family are very good with cleaning and restoration, both magical and non. I was hoping you could recommend experienced businesses to handle the cleanup and restoration processes." Her eyes widened slightly before she caught herself.

"It is true, there are none better than my family at that type of cleanup. If we were to come up with a contract I am sure we could come to an arrangement that would be agreeable to all those involved. That is an amazing idea Harry." He nodded, happy that he had successfully implanted the suggestion of payment without committing to anything.

"Back to the main issue, I do hope I can count on the Edgecombe vote on Friday?" He said with a large grin. She was a bit preoccupied thinking about ways to get her family involved with the cleanup effort.

"Of course Harry, consider it done." She said distractedly.

He nodded and stood reaching across the desk and offering her his hand. "Thank you Maria, I look forward to future dealings with you." She went to shake his hand as Tonks stood but he turned it and kissed the back causing her to blush as he met her eyes. Tonks and he both quickly left the room and headed back toward the lifts.

"That was rather smooth even for you Potter." Tonks said quietly.

He shrugged and smiled at her. "Honestly if it weren't for this charm on me I am certain I would have been extremely nervous back there, how long does one of these last anyway?" He pressed the button for the lift as they arrived at the doors.

"Only a couple of hours maximum, we better get you home before you crash. And then we need to plan for our trip to Diagon tomorrow." She told him.

They made their way back to the Atrium where Harry Apparated them back to Grimmauld and they headed inside. They headed upstairs where they found Ginny watching cartoons in the corner and Harry smiled as he pulled off his robes before plopping down next to her. "Hey you."

She kissed him quickly before snuggling in and returning her attention to the Telly. "Hey yourself, why didn't you tell me about Cartoons! It took me over an hour to figure out how to turn this thing on, finally Dobby had to do it for me. This is apparently the last thing you were watching because I don't know how to change the channels. Hermione had a Muggle wand with numbers on it..."

Harry extended his hand and summoned the remote to him. "The remote Gin. Besides, what's wrong with Cartoons?"

"Nothing wrong with cartoons, I just wanted to see what else was on is all." Tonks sat down on the couch on his other side and wrapped herself around his arm.

"Harry, your about to crash..." He nodded.

"Crash?" Ginny asked with concern.

Tonks beat him to the explanation. "Susan didn't take it as well as you all did. She asked him for some time apart..."

"Oh Harry I'm so sorry. You must be heartbroken..." Ginny said as tears began to form in her eyes, she burrowed in closer to him wrapping his arm around her.

"It isn't over, it's just on hold for now. I'm really not that bad..." Suddenly he had to choke back a sob and tears blurred his vision. He laughed at himself despite his sudden sadness. "What the..."

"The charm is wearing off Harry, I told you. Now why don't you let it all out while we're here with you?" Tonks said quietly.

He didn't say anything else for the next hour, he just let the tears pour forth and his sobs wracked his body. Both women held tightly to him, simply letting him know they were there and Ginny constantly telling him how much she loved him, reassuring him that Susan would come around eventually. Harry was not hungry by the time Dinner rolled around and the girls decided not to leave him. Instead they helped him disrobe before removing their own clothing and joining him in the bed where he cried himself to sleep. Only after he was asleep did they let themselves cry, they could almost feel his pain physically and they needed support nearly as much as he did. They all drifted off to sleep that night, emotionally exhausted.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

"Wormtail!" Came a hiss that startled Pettigrew from his study of a Muggle nude magazine. All had been quiet for nearly two months, they had a plan to attack Diagon Alley in the morning, but the Dark Lord had been injured in the battle at the ministry and had been bedridden. Thus his surprise as the most feared man in the UK stood in the doorway with a sneer on his face.

"Milord! Thank Merlin you have recovered!" He tossed the periodical and quickly dropped to his knees to kiss his master's robes.

"Enough of that Wormtail, we have little time. There is to be a change in plans."

"Master?" He asked fearfully. Changing plans at the last minute never went well.

"The Alley is too obvious a choice, Dumbledore and his Burnt Bird Club will be waiting for us there. No we are going to attack the school."

"That plan is not yet ready Milord, we cannot be ready by tomorrow..."

He barely had time to cringe in fear as his master's wand came up. 'CRUCIO!' came the cry and the rat of a man was soon writhing in agony on the floor. "My strength is returning Wormtail, do not test my patience." He lifted the spell. "If we cannot attack the school tomorrow you will make haste and be ready as soon as possible. Do not fail me!"

"Yes Milord..." He stammered out through the pain. "What of Malfoy?" He wheezed.

"Malfoy has his own orders and understands the consequences of failure...I am certain you do as well?" His wand twitched and Pettigrew tried to shrink in on himself as he nodded. "Glad to see you are not completely useless." As he turned and walked back through the door, he called over his shoulder. "And get me Severus, I am in need of an update on the old mans plans."

"I understand and will obey Milord." Was all the man said, not wanting to tempt fate again. The door to Voldemort's private chambers closed and his most devoted servant quickly scurried out of the room looking more like an overgrown rat than a man.

## Chapter 40: Confirmations Part 3

Harry awoke with a headache and his scar burning slightly for the first time since leaving the Dursley's. He was emotionally drained from the long night of pain, which rather ironically resulted from the cheering charm. Repressing the pain magically had not been a good idea, however he realized what the physical pain in his scar might mean and quickly dipped into his Occlumency and straight to the weak point in his shields.

There was a rotting hole in his Adamantium shielding and the hole seemed to extend right through his wards so that he had been unaware of the breach. He tried desperately to repair the damage but was only able to shore up the sides and stop the rot. He reset the wards around the area reminded himself to check on them constantly in case Voldemort decided to try and gain footing once more. He then moved himself into his study and began reviewing his memories and emotions, actually dealing with his broken heart was almost worse than the initial pain. He hoped he was not crying in the real world as the tears streamed down his face.

For a while he simply stared at a memory of Susan, so happy as he placed the necklace around her neck before finally he placed all memories of Susan into its own bittersweet candy bin. He even pulled the memories of her from his Patronus stash, not knowing how those memories might affect him when faced with a Dementor. Finally he sighed and brought himself back to consciousness. He noted that the pain was gone from his scar and the headache was receding, but that the place in his chest where he imagined Susan belonged still ached even after locking away her memory.

He then noted that he was completely nude, with a completely nude girl on either side of him and decided to concentrate on the present rather than the past. The situation with Susie would work out eventually, he was certain he would get her back. Instead he looked to the redhead on his left shoulder and was filled with love, desire, and longing as his cock twitched. He then turned his head and gazed down at Tonks who had her leg thrown over his hip so that he could feel her slightly damp sex pressed against his skin, his cock twitched once again and he cursed his healthy libido silently.

He ran his hands up and down the girls' arms and backs trying to gently coax them from their slumber. Tonks awoke first and as she

stretched her inner thigh rubbed lightly against his manhood causing him to groan slightly. She opened her eyes and looked into his with a smile. "Morning luv, is this for me?" She said as she brought her hand slowly down his chest and pressed him against her leg.

"Maybe... thank you for last night and yesterday Nym. I never would have made it through that meeting without the cheering charm, even if I did have hell to pay when it wore off."

She nodded and rolled herself over on top of him so that his cock was pressed against her pubic bone and stomach before kissing him softly. "Anytime Harry."

Ginny chose that moment to wake up and smiled sleepily at a naked Tonks pressed lengthwise against her boyfriend's chest. "Hey didyoustart withoutme?" She asked groggily.

Harry turned his head and kissed her on the forehead. "Nope, Nym here can't seem to keep her hands off me though."

Ginny grinned at him. "And why should she? Don't you want her?" Harry choked a bit.

"Not helping here Gin..."

"Oh I think she is helping just fine." Tonks said as she sat up allowing the sheet to cascade from her shoulders and revealing her in all her glory to Gin and Harry. She rocked forward slightly and suddenly Harry was sitting nearly against her entrance. She then leaned forward once more and kissed him deeply, squeaking slightly as his fully erect cock jumped against her rapidly moistening centre.

Ginny ran a hand down Tonks' back lightly and over her bum, then between her legs. Tonks sensing what the girl was after shifted her weight and lifted her hips slightly so that the redhead could wrap her hand around Harry's cock. She then guided him until he was lined up just right with the older woman's opening.

"Will you please shag me Harry?" Tonks asked quietly. "It doesn't have to mean anything special, I just want you inside me. Please?"

He gazed up into her eyes and smiled. "It's always special, I wouldn't do this with just anyone..." he bucked his hips and quickly

slid inside her, she gasped as he stretched her around his girth before he bottomed out against her womb.

"Merlin..." She said in ecstasy.

"You haven't seen anything yet, wait till you move." Ginny said happily.

Tonks nodded and slowly began moving, relishing the pleasure as every bit of her insides was touched. Harry began playing with her breasts before leaning up and taking one nipple into his mouth. She gasped and threw her head back and he sat up with her before quickly rolling her onto her back. He then began to taste every inch of her neck, lips, shoulders, and breasts that he could reach while still moving slowly inside of her. She came quite suddenly and loudly as it took all three of them by surprise. Harry took that as a signal and quickened his pace until he was pounding inside her, her long loud moans signaling that he was doing something right.

Gin was busy pleasuring herself to the sounds and sights of her boyfriend doing what he did best, giving pleasure. She soon came in a scream as well and Harry reached his limit. "Nym...I'm gonna..."

"Please cum inside me Harry...Please?" She breathed out, that was enough. Harry spilled his seed into her, jerking back and forth with the last of his orgasm before collapsing on top of her and kissing her passionately. Then he heard Ginny clear her throat.

"I must have forgotten to tell you the rules Nym... you see, that is my boyfriend you just shagged, and my only rule is I get to clean up his messes."

"Wait what?" A sex drugged Tonks asked as Ginny pushed Harry off of her, he disengaged from her with a wet plop and she groaned at the loss of contact only to begin moaning again as the redhead dove between her legs. Ginny brought her off two more times before she was satisfied that she was clean. She then climbed up the older woman and kissed her, sharing the taste with the girl for the first time. As Ginny pulled away with a smile Tonks licked her lips.

"Merlin...does he really taste like this?" She asked. Ginny nodded and grinned. "I'd want to clean up afterward as well!"

"That can be arranged later I think." Ginny said with a wink. Suddenly Tonks went very quiet.

"Nym?" Harry asked.

"Harry, you're considered an Adult...but what I just did with Ginny is downright illegal!" Tonks exclaimed.

"So you are ok shagging your cousin but a girl that is only year younger than me gives you pause?" He asked.

She looked confused for a moment. "I guess it does seem kinda silly when you put it that way...but I can't go advertising the fact that I am sleeping with you and her now can I?"

Ginny shook her head. "Not if you want to keep doing it." She said licking her lips.

Tonks rolled her eyes before closing them. "If you add your age to Harry's then you're 31, that's good enough for me. Besides I'm immature for my age."

Harry kissed her quickly, "Just stop thinking about it or you will give yourself a guilt complex, that's my thing. Now we have some shopping to do today, shower time!" He said rolling out of bed.

"You know you seem awfully cheerful compared to last night..." Tonks said.

He nodded, "Waking up to two beautiful witches has that effect. Plus I spent a while this morning with Occlumency sorting the painful stuff, and I know in my heart that Susie will come back to me so I shouldn't worry about it. Even if I still feel heartbroken." He unconsciously rubbed his chest just above his heart.

The girls got up and joined him for a shower, in which both girls were scrubbed multiple times, just to make sure they were cleaned to his satisfaction and theirs. Then they got dressed and headed down to breakfast, knocking on Ron's door and calling out the plan to him on their way past. He joined them fifteen minutes later at the table.



"You know I've barely seen you this week mate. I never should have gotten you that Telly." Harry said with a smile.

Ron shrugged. "Not like we have a Quidditch pitch or anything, and without mum here to give us useless chores what else would we do on a normal summer holiday?"

Harry conceded the point; "You could come up and watch the Telly with us more often."

"I get tired of Cartoons and Science shows, did you know there is a whole channel dedicated to food?" That got a laugh from all of them.

"There is a home design channel as well you might want to look into. Of course you only have two days left." Harry said with a smile.

Ron's eyes went wide. "Blimey! Is it really September already?"

"Sunday is September first, that's why we are going shopping today." Gin told him.

Molly entered the room and greeted them all before asking them to be ready to leave in twenty minutes. She then took her plate into the dining room. They quickly finished eating and Ron had to run back up to his room for his shoes. They then met back up in the kitchen where Molly waited with the Floo powder. Harry declined and headed to the back garden telling them he would be waiting for them by the fireplace, and he popped away to gather Hermione.

He appeared in her bedroom and was slightly disappointed that he didn't find her in a compromising position. Not knowing where she was precisely he closed his eyes and concentrated on her nude form, her scent, her taste. He turned and popped away, only to be met with a face full of hot water and a scream. He quickly pulled her to him as he shut off the water in the shower and slowly removed his hand from her mouth once she realized whom it was.

"Harry what on earth do you think you are doing Apparating into my shower! All you had to do was ask and I would have let you join me!"

He had the good grace to blush, "Didn't know where you were so I Apparated to you instead of to the place..."

"That's impossible!" She nearly shrieked. He shook his head and she rolled her eyes. "Fine, whatever, what are you doing here then?"

"Diagon Alley today, hurry up and get dressed so we can meet the others at the Cauldron." He kissed her quickly and popped back to her room where he cast a drying charm on his dripping clothing and the carpet where he stood.

A still nude Hermione walked in and he couldn't help but grin as he felt his arousal stirring. "I take it your parents aren't home then?"

She shook her head. "Not that my mum would mind, but I think even being used to me topless, bottomless might actually kill Daddy." She grinned as she began getting dressed. She picked up her wand and ran it through her hair, drying it suddenly into its normal bushy but beautiful look. All in all his visit took almost five minutes before he Apparated them both into the Alley before heading back to the Leaky Cauldron and over to the fireplace.

Gin was the first to come flying out, and she was not much better at this mode of transport than he was but he managed to catch her before she hit the ground getting a smile of thanks for his trouble. Ron came next; he was laying flat on his back as he exited the fireplace so there was really nothing Harry could do to help except to cast a cleaning charm on him to remove the Soot. "Sorry we're late, couldn't find my trainers."

Molly appeared next, simply stepping out of the fire and making Harry and Gin very jealous.

"Oh, Hello Hermione!" She said as she embraced the girl. "Tonks will meet us in the Alley, lets go dears." She then marched past them and back into Diagon Alley proper after opening the wall.

"Wotcher kids, long time no see." Tonks greeted them getting an eye roll from Harry for her trouble. However she winked when she caught his eye and he quickly blushed before he could control himself. Hermione caught Ginny's eye getting a slight nod before a grin appeared on her face and a decidedly lecherous gleam in her eye.

The alley was very busy with last minute shoppers, but they all hustled fearfully about darting from store to store and only

purchasing the minimum of items. There were several closed shops with boarded up windows and the entire area still seemed to have had the color bleached out of it. All except for one lone store across from the bank, which was painted purple, neon green and an orange that would make Chudley fans puke. There was a huge banner above the door that read. Grand Opening Weasley Wizarding Wheezes and on the windows were moving posters with pictures of Death Eater masks that turned into baby faces. Harry shivered as he remembered the baby headed wizard in the Department of Mysteries. The writing below the picture read; "Put a little life back into your Death Eater garb." Another shot held a Death Eater attempting to cast a spell only to have his wand turn into a Rubber Chicken.

"We are definitely stopping in to say hello after the Bank." Ron said with a huge grin. "You think they'll give me free samples?"

Molly looked halfway between pride and disgust as she pushed them past the crowd of people all trying to go through the door at once. "At least they seem to be doing well." She commented.

After picking up a bit of spending money from the bank they headed into the awful eyeful of a store where they saw Gred or Forge up on a counter demonstrating what appeared to be an invisibility hat which made his head disappear over and over, much to the crowds delight. He spotted the little group and quickly jumped down from the counter headed their direction. He quickly pulled Harry toward the back of the store and behind a curtain. "Heya Harry, how's our silent partner?"

The other twin joined them moments later. Harry responded, "We're doing well I suppose, though not as well as you apparently!" They grinned at him.

"You have no idea, have a look around in here and take anything you want Harry, all we ask is that you let people see you walking out of the store carrying one of our bags.

"I can't do that! Let me pay for this stuff at least." They both shook their heads before one of them spoke.

"Nothing doing Harry, you were our first financier, if it weren't for you we wouldn't have had the capital to develop our product line. We

might have actually needed to graduate from Hogwarts first!" They gasped in unison, Gred fainted dramatically and Forge caught him before patting his cheek to bring him back.

Ron began digging through the assorted items, "Instant Darkness Powder?" He asked.

Gred nodded, "You throw a handful of that stuff and nobody will be able to see including you for at least 30 seconds. It is actually Peruvian Darkness Powder we had imported."

Forge jumped in, "And I hope you are planning on paying for that stuff."

Ron looked like they had just killed and eaten his bunny. "Why's he get free stuff then!"

"Because Ronnikens,"

"He is the reason,"

"We even have a store so,"

"Get your grubby mitts off!" They finished in unison.

Ron growled as he put everything back. "You're both mental you know that?"

They grinned and nodded happily before turning back to Harry. "The Ministry is actually interested in some of our products. They are paying for us to develop shield cloaks and hats that will cover the entire body. They won't stop an AK but they are useful for one or two minor spell hits. We're making almost as much money off them as we are from normal sales, and you see how busy it is out there." Gred told him.

"Speaking of which brother of mine we must be getting back to our adoring public. I don't think the new girl can handle this kind of pressure on her own. Besides, it is time for you to demonstrate the Muggle Magic Tricks." Forge said.

Gred nodded as he explained to the confused looking teens and his mum. "You'd be surprised how many people want to know about

Muggle Magic, its all sleight of hand and prank type stuff. But it can be a riot, really."

"Toodles." They both called before ducking back through the curtain.

Harry let Ron toss a few items into his bag before they headed back out, Molly was simply stunned by the amount of business her boys were doing and the news that they were working for the Ministry as well had left her speechless. As they approached the door Gred called out from on top of the counter. "Thank you for your business Lord Potter-Black!" Everyone in the place turned to watch him leave before they made a rush for the cash register, much to the delight of the twin redheads.

Finally free of the crowd Harry sighed dramatically. "Glad that's over with, those two are brilliant but they can certainly overwhelm a bloke!" Ron, Hermione and Ginny nodded, Tonks just smiled at his discomfort and Molly still seemed a bit out of it.

"You going to be okay Molly?" Harry asked her.

"Fine dear," She said with a smile. "Do you mind looking after yourselves? I think I will head back to the Cauldron to sit down, can we meet there for lunch in a few hours?"

Harry nodded, "We have our lists, does eleven sound good?" She nodded and headed back down the alleyway toward the exit.

"What's up with Mum?" Ron asked as he watched her go.

Gin looked up at him, "I think we are all growing up too fast for her, she never expected the Twins to be doing so well so soon. I think she's just in shock."

They all went to the apothecary to gather the required supplies and then Harry and Ron purchased some owl treats from Eyelops before heading to Flourish and Blotts to get the books for the current year. They had everything except for the potions text. There were only two copies left of the sixth year potions book due to the suddenly lowered standards for the NEWT level class, as well as the leaked news that Snape was no longer teaching the subject. Harry allowed Ron to take the book and placed one on order to be delivered to him after school began, Hermione promised to share with him until then.

Tonks came up behind the group and whispered something in Harry's ear making his eyes widen for a moment. He turned to Hermione and whispered into her ear and she got the same look before nodding and waving. "We'll see you at the Cauldron or catch you up at Madame Malkin's, if you could, please let her know I need five new school robes, she has my measurements on file." Hermione nodded and Ron looked confused.

"Where you off to Mate? Quality Quidditch again?"

He shook his head, "I have some things to take care of on my own, you can head over there after they get your measurements though. No need for second hand robes this year." A still confused Ron waved as Harry walked out the door.

One out of the book shop Harry and Tonks made their way quickly down to Ollivander's and waited until he finished fitting an excited looking first year with her first wand before Tonks closed the door and flipped the sign to closed. The man looked a bit worried for a moment before he caught sight of the scar on Harry's forehead. "Ah Mr. Potter, I do hope everything is going well with your wand? Eleven inches, Holly and Phoenix feather if I remember correctly?"

Harry nodded. "It's still serving me well, thank you. I actually have recently been granted license to carry a second wand and was hoping you could help me identify it." As he said this he pulled his new wand from a pocket. The man's silvery eyes lit up as he picked up the wand and examined it closely, mumbling to himself.

"Eleven inches, curious that you would find a wand that matched yours so well...strange feeling from the core...Tail hair? Not unicorn though...and the wood, most curious...No!" He jumped slightly as he came to some conclusion.

"Is there a problem sir?" Harry asked in a curious tone.

"I remember every wand I ever sold Mr. Potter. This one is far older than I am, if I am not mistaken...and I never am, this wand is Eleven inches, Elder and Thestral Hair." He gave the younger man a significant look but Harry felt like he was missing something. A sudden intake of breath from behind him let him know that Tonks at least understood the significance.

"You have to be kidding!" She exclaimed.

"Ah Miss Tonks, Cherry and Unicorn Hair?" She nodded. "I do like to think I have a sense of humor, but I would not joke about such an unusual choice of wand materials."

Harry raised an eyebrow at her before turning back to the old man. "Would someone care to explain?"

Tonks nodded and took a breath. "There is an old wizarding fairy tale about three brothers who got gifts from Death himself. One of them is an unbeatable wand made of Elder and Thestral Hair." Harry nearly stopped breathing.

"You're joking right?" He asked.

She smiled at the old man before returning her gaze to her new lover. "You are fond of bringing fairytales to life, why not this one?"

"Mr. Potter, while I cannot tell you for certain that is the same wand from the story, I can tell you that there are tales spanning centuries of an unbeatable wand that can only be claimed by disarming or murdering the previous owner. It is known in various forms as the Elder wand, Wand of Destiny or the Death Stick possibly taken from the tale of the three brothers. Your wand matches the typical description, though there is various other wand lore that might support the theory as well."

Harry sighed; it always had to be something. "Can you tell me a bit more about wand lore?"

"The wand chooses the Wizard Mr. Potter, as demonstrated so well by you in that very spot some years ago. However that is not the end of it, once you begin using a wand it learns and gains power and experience right along with you, this is the reason that another persons wand will not work as well for you even with permission. However if you forcibly remove a wand from someone in a proper duel or by killing the previous owner, a wand may change its allegiance. Most wands are destroyed during the funeral as an age old custom designed to keep anyone from wielding such a powerful object but this one wand may have escaped such a fate."

"But the Weasley's all have hand-me-down wands...Neville Longbottom did as well." Harry stated.

"Ah yes, Mr. Longbottom was using his fathers wand if I am not mistaken, he was in here not long ago and received a wand which chose him. It is possible to force the allegiance of a wand that belonged to another, easier still if it was a family member. However if that person was killed then that wand will never work properly for anyone but it's true master. A wand will seemingly die along with its master if they die a natural death. A new master can wield it but it will never be a proper match no matter how long that person uses it. I believe your friend Ronald received a new wand three years ago, would you say he performs better with the new wand than his heirloom wand?"

Harry nodded, "Is there any chance I can get you to place a different type of wood on my certificate?" He asked as he pulled the parchment from a pocket.

Ollivander smiled as he bent over the parchment, a quill appearing out of nowhere as he made a quick note and signed the bottom. There was a brief flash of light as the license was made active and the man handed it back to Harry. "I have listed it as ash and unicorn hair, now that the wand has been magically registered even the Ministry security will see it as such. I understand how you might want to keep a wand people have killed for a secret. Even if that is not the same from legend."

Harry sighed in relief. "Thank you sir...Oh, can I also get two, wait seven HW issue wand holsters? Except I would like the no-summon charm on two of them removed."

The man nodded and walked into the back of the store for a moment before returning with seven boxes. He opened two of them and waved his wand a few times over one before repeating the procedure on the other. "There you are Mr. Potter, might I ask as to the purpose?"

Tonks spoke up, "It was his suggestion that if the Hit Wizards want to have one no-summon wand and one that can be summoned to fool an opponent. That rather than keep the second wand in a pocket or up a sleeve, that a quick release holster with the no-summon charm removed would allow for easier access but still give



the desired effect. We have been doing it the other way for so long it never occurred to us to improve."

The man nodded and noticed that Harry was fumbling with the fasteners on the first of his two holsters. He quickly waved his wand and the holster lashed itself to his wrist. Harry looked surprised for a moment before laying his other arm over the holster and repeating the wand movement with the desired results. "Very curious...might I ask how you knew what spell I was using?" The old man asked.

Harry looked a bit scared for a moment before deciding the man was trustworthy, "Actually I repeated your wand movement and rather than think of an incantation I visualized the outcome. I am working on Wandless magic." To his surprise the old man simply nodded.

"Very good my boy, there is not actually an incantation for that spell, you performed it exactly the way that I did."

Tonks' jaw dropped. "Wait! You mean you can do non-verbal, no incantation magic!"

The old man just nodded and smiled. "I never was able to go without a wand, which I blame entirely on my choice of livelihood. However the general idea is sound, though I never have been able to master much more than a few simple spells even without incantation."

Harry simply smiled, "You have no idea how good it is to know that I am not a complete freak."

The man smiled. "Oh you still mastered by the age of sixteen what took me close to a century to figure out. But no you are not as you say, a Freak."

"So how do these work?" Harry asked as he shook his head.

The man lit up once more as he got to talk about his handiwork. "I designed these myself nearly thirty years ago. You are right handed so I would place your primary wand in that holster." Harry had reached a dilemma, and the man seemed to pick up on it immediately.

"Mr. Potter, does your new wand perform better or worse than your original?"

"Better, but not amazingly better. Why?" He answered.

The old man nodded, "I suggest then, that if you wish to keep the other wand a secret, you should place the Holly wand in your primary hand. This also has the added bonus of being the wand that can be summoned. If the other wand is as we expect I doubt you would like to be disarmed?" Harry nodded as his eyes went wide. "Very well, place the wand handle first against the metal bar here." He said pointing to a slight protrusion from the leather near his elbow.

Harry did so and immediately the thing seemed to come alive as it wrapped around the handle and suddenly the entire thing vanished leaving just his bare skin. He reached over and tried to touch the holster but could not feel where it was; in fact he could feel his fingers touching the skin. "Now no one but you will be able to remove that wand from its holster unless it is summoned or you are disarmed. The magic inlaid into the object not only makes it invisible, it is actually a mild vanishing spell as you can see. It is activated by a simple arm gesture like so."

The older man flicked his wrist back and then twisted his hand halfway so that his palm was facing inward and he was suddenly holding his wand, the holster clearly visible against his forearm. "It will take you a bit of practice to catch the wand quickly rather than fumbling for it. To place it back in its holster you simply repeat the gesture letting go of the wand." He did so and the whole contraption vanished once again.

Harry mimicked the old man and as he had been warned found it slightly uncomfortable to perform the maneuver and still be able to catch his wand. He tried again and noticed that as long as he held his wrist in position it did not try to retract but that his fingertips could barely touch the wood. He placed it back in the holster and released it once again; with a flick of his wrist he caught it on the third try. "Excellent work Mr. Potter, it will be more difficult with your left hand but I imagine it will only take you a few days to place the movement in muscle memory much like learning a new spell."

Harry nodded and placed his other wand in the holster on his left arm. He then handed the other modified holster to Tonks. "Thank you sir, how much do I owe you?"

The man smiled. "I know a great many things Mr. Potter, I might never forgive myself for selling the wand to Tom Riddle that has done so much evil in this world. Please take these with my complements with the stipulation that they be used to remove the owner of that wand from this world." Harry smiled and shook the man's hand, careful not to release his wand as he did so. "Oh Mr. Potter, I did not tell you that the mechanism depends as much on intent as on the muscle movement to release your wand. Do not trouble yourself about releasing it on accident see?" He twisted his arm around a few times to show that it did not release.

Harry thanked him again and took his parcels with him out of the shop where a line of youngsters stood with their parents giving him dirty looks, he quickly led Tonks away and back toward the robe shop. As they passed Knockturn Alley he saw Draco Malfoy duck inside and could not resist the urge to find out what he was up to. Tonks caught his arm as he turned toward the dark district.

"Just where do you think you're going?" She asked.

"I want to know what Draco Malfoy is doing in Knockturn Alley." He said pulling away from her.

She seemed to think it over for a split second before nodding, "Fine, but not looking like that." She pushed him behind a few crates and waved her wand over him a few times. His hair turned brown instead of black and grew a few inches to cover his scar; she then made his glasses invisible and changed his eye color to brown as well. Finally happy with her handiwork she concentrated and in a moment her hair and eyes matched his. "Alright bro lets do this."

Not able to see himself he was a bit confused at her comment but shook it off as she walked toward Knockturn with him following. Once again he marveled at the change in her when she went into Auror mode or whatever it was, she looked like a predator searching for prey. Once they were in the Alley hairy caught a glance of blonde hair disappearing into a store he knew only too well. "He went into Borgin and Burkes." Harry said pointing.

She nodded and they headed toward the store front, for some reason all of the residents of the Alley were staying far away from them, Harry thought it might be some primal instinct to stay away

from the predators, or perhaps they had developed an Auror sense of some kind that warned them she was with law enforcement. In any case they reached the building without any trouble. They could see through the windows that he was gesturing wildly and speaking to the person behind the counter in a very threatening manner. He gestured toward something in the middle of the room before raising his sleeve just out of sight, the shaking man behind the counter finally nodded in defeat and a very smug Malfoy marched back toward the door.

Tonks' hair color changed to dirty blonde as she threw him up against the wall and wrapped her arms around his neck. She then kissed him forcefully, Harry soon forgot just where they were standing and lost himself in the kiss. Her leg came up around his waist and he was suddenly aware that she hadn't worn anything beneath her robes. Malfoy paid no attention to the man and his Polyjuice whore as he strolled by except to nod as he passed. Harry was quite oblivious as she lost herself in the moment as well and reached between them, quickly releasing his raging hard on from its confinement and impaling herself on him against the wall.

He turned her back to the wall as her other leg came up and she locked her ankles behind his back. He began pounding her into the wall as they continued the kiss and felt her cum quickly around him before he spilled inside her. Both breathing heavily he let her back down but did not release her from his embrace. "Bloody Hell...did we just?"

She grinned up at him, "In the middle of a semi-crowded Alleyway? Yep...that was...that was bloody HOT!" She said panting.

He nodded as images of all the nooks and crannies he had discovered in his nighttime wanderings at school came to mind. Rather quickly his mind filled in images of he and Nym behind the suit of armor on the fourth floor, or behind the pillar just inside the entrance hall. He tried desperately to calm his wandering mind and regain control of his breathing. Finally he took a deep breath and shook his head. "I'm not arguing with you...but we have more important things to think about right now..."

"What do you think was on his arm that scared the man so much?" She asked even while entertaining her own suspicions.

"Dark Mark...if any of the Slytherins were going to join the JDE it would be him."

"JDE?" She asked with a small smile.

"Junior Death Eaters, don't laugh I just made it up."

"Actually I think that fits rather well... What could he want in there?" Harry looked torn for a moment as he looked toward the opening of the Alley and the storefront.

"I think we should follow him and see what we can find out, he never was quiet about his plans..." She nodded and after a quick cleaning spell she was ready to go. They headed back to Diagon Alley proper; as they did Harry noticed for the first time that there were homeless women and children lining the walls of Knockturn begging. "Nym? What's up with them?"

She looked at him sadly as they continued walking. "People who have lost homes, families, husbands, jobs. All because of Voldemort." Harry was appalled.

"Isn't there any sort of shelter or something they can go to?"

"There is but there is no funding so they can only stay inside at night and get one meal per day." A tear had formed in her eye but she continued to keep a look out for the blonde ponce.

Harry began to form a plan in his mind but was interrupted as he saw Malfoy duck into Florean Fortescue's. They followed quickly, Harry noticed that she had changed her hair color to match his once again and reminded himself she was apparently his sister now, and not his whore any longer. He would have to try hard to act as such. They took a table after ordering drinks and Harry pulled something from his pocket before enlarging it.

"Extendable Ear?" Tonks asked and he nodded before disillusioning it, then snaked it across the floor slowly, able to see the tell tale flicker as it moved toward the table where Malfoy sat with Pansy Parkinson and his two goons Crabbe and Goyle. He noted idly that Pansy looked extremely bored. He brought it up to his ear and listened.

"...shaking in his boots, Our Lord should be pleased with my progress."

"Would you not talk about it so openly Draco, you have no idea who could be listening." Pansy hissed.

He shrugged, "As if I care, I am underage and they have no proof I have done anything. Besides I have the means to keep myself out of prison even with a conviction."

He heard Pansy hush him again and saw Crabbe and Goyle looking around nervously, which he took, as a good sign from them. "Fine, can you at least explain what that ugly thing is?"

Malfoy grinned, "Hand of Glory, lets only me see in the dark. Don't know why they classify it as a dark object."

"Maybe because it's a shrunken human hand?" Pansy said with disgust and Harry felt like throwing up a little. "Honestly you need to learn a little discretion, I don't fancy being caught up when they come for you."

"The Dark Lord will take care of us luv, once I complete my..." Harry shook the earpiece trying to figure out what had happened, he looked along the floor and wanted to scream as he saw that the line had grown and was now standing on his extendable ear, crushing it into tiles."

"What did you hear?" Tonks asked him quietly.

"He is involved in some sort of plan for Voldemort, other than that I only got to listen to him talk about how important he is and blah blah blah buy myself out of trouble. The usual, at least he isn't saying his Daddy will hear about it any more."

She nodded, "I'll keep an eye on him this year at the school then, but you know I can't be everywhere at once."

He reached across the table and wrapped her hand in his and grinned at her. "Afraid you are gonna be doing other things besides protecting me?" He asked.

She looked around quickly and leaned across the table to kiss him lightly on the lips. "I plan to find every semi-public place in Hogwarts we can get away with it...Merlin that was hot!"

He nodded as he smiled back at her. "We will just have to get the girls in on this as well..." He felt a sharp stab behind his ribs as Susan flickered through his mind and he winced. "And Ron as well I suppose." He finished trying to hide his pain. One look in her eyes told him he wasn't fooling her.

"Don't worry Harry, she'll come around eventually."

He smiled weakly, "Why am I being such a baby about it when I have three or four other women to love?"

She caught her breath for a second as she tried to add up the numbers but shook her head quickly, thinking he must have just picked a random number. Harry was completely oblivious as he returned his attention to the other table just in time to see Pansy storm off and Draco crack a joke that had his henchmen laughing. "Well this seems to be a bust, why don't we go meet up with the girls?" She nodded and they quickly headed out and toward the robe shop.

They stepped through the doors and were greeted with a nearly empty store. A sales clerk came over and smiled, "May I help you sir?"

"I was looking for my friends, A brunette, and two redheads should be, or been here recently?"

She nodded and led them toward a door in the back; "These are the private rooms Lord Potter-Black, Madame Makin herself is attending to them, once she heard that they also carried your order she brought them back here. You are welcome to wait inside."

He nodded and opened the door, allowing Tonks to enter first. Once he walked in he found a beautifully appointed room with three separate changing areas and a large all-around mirror in the corner. Ron was sitting on the couch eating what looked like chocolate covered strawberries. "Hey Mate!" He called with his mouth full, waving him over. Harry and Nym sat down on the couch beside him.

"Are they still shopping then?" Harry asked and Ron nodded as he took a drink of something fizzy in a fluted glass.

"Said something about shopping rather than waiting around at the boring old Cauldron. I never knew this room was here!"

Harry nodded and smiled. "I suppose this is for her high end clients, and you're just guilty by association." Ron playfully tried to cuff him on the head before getting another strawberry. Harry saw the half empty plate sitting beside a completely empty one.

"Uh Ron, why don't you save some room for lunch?"

He shook his head as he took another bite. "Don't know what you're talking about, I'm still starving!"

One of the curtains opened and Gin strolled out in one of the most beautiful dresses Harry had ever seen. It was a golden color that made her hair look as though it were flames, bringing out all the natural gold highlights that you could only see up close. She was going to head for the Mirrors but after one glance she tackled him to the couch and sat on his lap as she kissed him. Ron pretended to throw up beside them but Harry simply continued to kiss her passionately. She whispered into his ear.

"You aren't the only one with an acute sense of smell mister. You have been a bad boy." He blushed as she turned and winked at Tonks and licked her lips. Tonks had cleaned herself off but he had thought nothing of it.

She climbed up off of him quickly and headed to the mirror. "So what do you think?"

He stood up and walked up behind her, "I think you look amazing, you have to buy this, or better yet, I have to buy this." She turned and kissed him in thanks before running back to her dressing room. Madame Malkin walked in carrying a few other items and stopped when she saw him.

"Ah Lord Potter-Bl..." He cut her off.

"We have known each other for years now Ma'am, please call me Harry." She was taken aback for a moment before smiling.



"Only if you will call me Matilda, Matty for short. So I was correct in assuming you would like your friends taken care of?"

He nodded, "You were, though I didn't even know you catered to anyone in such a manner. This is amazing, thank you. Oh and the gold dress that Miss Weasley just had on is going on my tab along with my school robes."

She nodded and walked toward a one of the rooms and ducked inside, Harry caught a glimpse of skin and brown hair and could barely wait to see what Hermione would be wearing when she came out. Matty walked back out and over to him. "They are almost done Lor..Harry, Miss Granger has one final dress to try on and I can ring them up."

"If her dress is anywhere near as amazing as the one that Gin had on I will be buying it as well." He said with a wicked gleam in his eye. The woman glanced between both changing rooms and back to him.

"Ah, I had thought as much. Tell me Mr. Potter are you familiar with the Parkinson or Greengrass Family?" That caught him off guard and he gave her a confused look.

"I know of the...proclivities of the Parkinson and Zabini families, I was unaware of how much further that clan extended. Why?"

She smiled and leaned in. "A little known fact I do not share with anyone, I am actually the third wife of Douglass Greengrass. Wood is one of my oldest friends, are you per chance considering rejoining our clan Lord Black?"

He rolled his eyes as he discovered once more that the Wizarding World as a whole was not nearly as conservative as he had previously thought. "I am actually, thank you for sharing that information with me. And before you ask, yes I am indeed in love with both of these girls and it means a lot to me that you are taking care of them so well."

She nodded as the curtain parted and Hermione walked out wearing a sleek black dress that seemed to flow with her, it was strapless and he could swear if she even breathed her breasts would be falling out of the top. It hugged her every curve perfectly and he

found himself instantly aroused, almost struggling not to push her back into the room and have his way with her. "Wow." Was all he was able to get out.

"Thank you Harry." She said with a grin. "I can't believe she talked me into trying this on...but seeing your reaction to it..."

"I'll take it!" He said suddenly before blushing, "I mean we'll take it. Uh, but do you have something a little more conservative as well, if she were to attempt to wear that in public I doubt we would ever make it out of the bedroom." He said with lust in his eyes, which made Hermione's breath catch.

"I have one almost exactly the same but with straps, it also lacks a few of the charms that make that one fit so...well." She smiled at him. "I will guarantee the fit, now why don't I go find that and ring all of this up while you help her out of this dress?" She asked with a smile. Hermione promptly blushed but Harry wasted no time pushing her back into the curtained room.

Fifteen minutes later found the group paying for their items, an extremely happy Hermione with her arm wrapped through Harry's and a dumb smile on her face. Ginny smiled right along and Tonks looked a bit jealous. Ron as usual was being either exceedingly dumb, or a very good actor as he ignored what had obviously happened.

"Your items should be ready for pick-up tomorrow Harry, will you be sending that remarkable house elf of yours?" The owner asked as she took the payment from Harry.

He nodded, "One of them will be along, though I am pretty certain Winky has made it her personal responsibility to feed and clothe me, leaving Dobby to the rest of the house. Thank you Matty." He said with a slight bow.

"I look forward to doing business with you and yours in the future Harry." She said with a wave as they filed out and headed for the exit and the Leaky Cauldron.

They met up with a slightly depressed looking Molly for lunch before everyone headed back home. Harry kissed Gin goodbye and got a wink from Tonks before he escorted Hermione home. He helped her

into her wand holster and demonstrated how to use it, promising her that it would get easier with practice, or so Tonks had told him. He then reached into his robe and pulled out a long black velvet box she recognized instantly.

"I told Susan the other day..." He caught his breath but pushed on even as he saw the acknowledgment of his pain in her eyes. "That I only give these to the ones I care for most. Will you please wear it? I've put more than a few protection charms on it that should deflect any minor spells and a few of the more dangerous curses. The one that took me the longest was the flame cutter curse..." She caught her breath as her hand went to her chest.

"Thank you Harry. You know you don't need to buy me anything." He cut her off with a kiss.

"With the protections added you could almost say it is a selfish gift. I know I can't be there to protect you every second. This gives me piece of mind." She turned and lifted her hair away from her neck so that he could do the clasp and placed her hand against it where it fell between her breasts. She turned and pulled him toward her and began kissing him as she ran her fingers through his hair. He enjoyed the attention for a few moments before he pulled away. "I better get back to Gin, she is the only one of you who hasn't gotten any attention today."

Hermione left her arms around his neck as she smiled up at him. "I am beginning to think she enjoys the idea of you with another woman almost as much as she enjoys having you to herself. Besides, it is her choice to pursue her OWLs rather than devote her time to a relationship with you. She needs to get used to it, although I of course agree completely with her plans, OWLs are important after all." She then kissed him again and he succumbed for a few more minutes as she steadily increased the passion.

He finally pulled back and took a deep breath. "I love you Mione... don't rush it." She nodded and kissed him more softly and over the next hour they made slow passionate love. She was loathe to let him leave, but finally relented with one last kiss. He left her lying in her bed thoroughly satisfied as he Apparated away silently and reappeared in the back garden. Either he was simply getting used to the sensation, or he was doing something other than Apparating if

the sensation was anything to go by. However he decided to table the thought for now and headed inside and up the stairs.

Tonks and Gin were practicing quick-draws with her new wand holster; he quickly released and caught both of his wands before sheathing them once again. He really needed to work on his left hand; especially considering his better-matched wand was in his off hand. He cleared his throat and got their attention.

"Took you an awfully long time to get her home didn't it?" Tonks said with a smile. Ginny was looking at him like she wanted to tear his clothes off. Considering present company he didn't think he was far off in his assessment.

He tore his eyes away from the redhead and back to Tonks. "Actually I needed to teach her how to use her new holster, much like you are doing with Gin here. And I had a surprise for her." He said as he walked over to Ginny. He ran a hand to the back of her neck as she laid her cheek against his wrist and closed her eyes. He grasped the chain of her necklace, which he was thankful she still had on and pulled it slowly up until it was the length of a choker. He then released his wand and touched it to the pendant, which glowed blue for a few seconds before lowering it back down and kissing her quickly on the lips.

"I figured out how to do the protection charms after you left Gin, now I can worry less about you this year." She kissed him more deeply in thanks before Tonks cleared her throat.

"You both need to practice your quick-draws, you especially Harry since you have two wands now."

He nodded, "Speaking of which, you promised to tell me stories to help me get to sleep, why don't we start tonight with the 'Tale of the Three Brothers'?"

"Later, work first, then dinner, then fun and story telling." She winked before her stern teacher attitude resurfaced and she worked them both for the next couple of hours, not only on how fast they could draw and catch their wands, but on how quickly after that they could cast a spell. For Harry she had him doing DWD drills with quick-draw included which was beginning to wear him out by the time she

called a halt at dinnertime. Gin walked over to the nearest couch and collapsed panting and sweating.

"Merlin Harry, how are you not wiped?" She asked breathlessly.

He shrugged and she groaned before he even answered. "Never mind, if you're gonna say 'Super Magic' I might hex you."

"Actually I was gonna say practice, Tonks has built up an impressive magical reserve as well just by doing those same drills. If my theory about Tom draining my magic my whole life is true, then it's possible I don't have super magic, I just have huge magical reserves because I was carrying the weight of two people since I was a year old. And I've seen him in action, he doesn't do anything by half."

Tonks had gone shy at his comment about her magic but was suddenly very attentive at the mention of a connection with Voldemort. "You really think that is what happened?"

"I found evidence to support the theory while I was examining my mental shields. I don't know what would cause such a connection but it seems like love is blocking him out. I have a feeling that is why he has been so quiet since I forced him out of my head at the Ministry. First he was wounded by being in my head while I thought about the love I have for all of my friends, especially Hermione. Then a few weeks later I have Gin and Mione profess their love for me and start me down this path." He left out the headache the morning after losing Susie. If asked he would explain his worry that he had somehow given Snakelips a hand up with his breakdown, but he did not want to advertise the fact, or make Susan feel like it was her fault if it was true.

Tonks nodded, "So Dinner and then?"

"And then a bath I think...and then bed." Both of them were grinning, one because she knew what happened in that bathtub, the other at the thought of going to bed with him once again. "To sleep." He added as an afterthought and Tonks pouted playfully.

"Spoilsport." She said with a smile. He walked up to her and gave her a quick kiss before walking over to Gin and pulling her up off the couch and into his arms, he turned her toward the Metamorph and pulled her back against his chest before he began kissing her neck.

"Tomorrow is a big day at the Ministry, Amelia's Confirmation is in the morning and I plan to introduce my bill immediately after. I want to be completely alert and that means bath then bed. If you are still disappointed you can ask Gin here about my bathtub..." He kissed her neck once more eliciting a moan before he pulled away and walked toward the stairs. "Coming to dinner?"

Tonks grinned and looked at the exhausted and highly aroused Ginny, "The bathtub that good?"

She nodded as she began to follow him down the stairs, "We normally need a shower after the bath if you know what I mean." Tonks grinned and happily followed.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Friday the 30th of August found the full Wizengamot assembled at a confirmation hearing for the new Minister of Magic. There was a very light, almost party like atmosphere to the room as Harry entered and took the Black seat. He saw Cissy across the room and when their eyes met she nodded slightly which he did in return. He found Maria Edgecombe and a silent signal passed between them as well. Finally he found Parkinson and Zabini who smiled and raised a hand in greeting, which he returned thankfully, glad that at least two of his allies were not ashamed or scared to be seen with him.

He looked from the main floor up to the gallery above and found Arthur and Molly sitting on the second row just behind Rufus Scrimgeour which told him that the Department heads who were not also members of the Wizengamot sat on the front row, and most likely those who held a director or equivalent position sat just behind. Looking past the redheads as he waved he found Tonks, Hermione, Ron and Ginny. He raised an eyebrow as he locked eyes with the brunette and she stuck her wand out signaling that she had taken the Knight Bus. He smiled in thanks for her presence before scanning for other familiar faces.

Moony sat beside Ginny, as far from Tonks as he could get while still sitting with the group; he looked rather under the weather as well as slightly confused. But he was there nonetheless simply to support Harry, which meant the world to him. He couldn't wait until the wolf found out what was up his sleeve. He continued to scan the gallery

and noted Pansy, Draco and the Slytherin Centerfold; Daphne Greengrass as well as Blaise Zabini who caught his eye and made a very slight bow which Harry returned feeling slightly strange acknowledging someone he would have thought of as an enemy a few months ago.

Then his eyes fell upon Susan and Hannah and his chest constricted. He looked away and took a few deep breaths to steady himself as he felt his scar twinge and knew he had just done some damage but would not be able to repair and contain it until after the meeting. Of course she was here, it was her parental figure that was being confirmed this morning, a part of him hoped she was there to see him as well but he did not focus on it. He really needed to get a handle on his feelings for her; he would not allow her to find out that her rejection of him might have made Voldemort stronger. Even if it were true it was not Susan's fault, it was Dumbledore's for casting that moronic charm, and his own for not keeping a better check on his emotions.

He looked up at the dais in the center of the chamber where sat two seats with a small desk just where he assumed the Minister's aide would be sitting. Dumbledore already took the right-hand seat as the Chief Warlock; Harry suppressed the sudden spike of rage that flowed through him at the sight of the man. He did not know for certain if he would have had any relationship at all with Susan were it not for the charm, but that man had cost him even the chance to find out.

The room suddenly went quiet and everyone stood as a voice called from the doorway. "Lords and Ladies of the Wizengamot, The Minister for Magic of England and Ireland. Madame Amelia Bones."

Everyone began clapping as Amelia strolled in followed closely by her aide and a few others Harry assumed were staffers. She waved regally as she headed for the Dais and bowed slightly to Dumbledore as he stood and returned the gesture. She then turned and motioned for everyone to be seated before waiting for the applause to die down.

Dumbledore remained standing as she sat down and as the room went quiet he called out. "Lords and Ladies we gather today to confirm the appointment of Amelia Susan Bones. Is there anyone who wishes to speak against before the vote?" No one stood which

surprised Harry a bit, he figured they had done a count and knew it was pointless and would only lose them influence with the Minister. "Very well, all of those in favor of this appointment, please raise your wand and signal with a green light?" The room filled with green lights, which was beginning to make Harry a bit sick as it reminded him of the Killing Curse.

"All opposed, a red light please?" Once again Harry was a bit surprised as not a single person voted against, but he figured that in the cavernous room a single red light would point that person out rather well. "Very well, Madame Bones if you will please stand and raise your right hand?"

She stood and repeated the words as he recited them. "I Amelia Susan Bones I, do swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth in the office of Queens Witch, as well as the magical peoples of England and Ireland as Minister of Magic, and I will do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages of this realm, without fear or favor, affection or ill will. Upon my life and magic, so mote it be!"

Dumbledore nodded and raised his wand, as did the rest of the Wizengamot "Then by direction of the crown, the power vested in me as Chief Warlock and by vote of the assembled Wizengamot I do hereby appoint Madame Amelia Bones to the position of Minister of Magic. So Mote it Be!" The rest of those assembled repeated the phrase, sealing her Witches oath.

Harry wondered if Fudge had somehow gotten around the Wizards oath or if that meant he really had been doing what he thought was right for the Wizarding World. If that were the case he was more of an incompetent and an idiot than any of them had suspected. Harry applauded along with everyone else with a huge grin on his face. Amelia began gesturing for quiet as she was expected to make a speech, the applause died down and they all took their seats.

"Ladies and Gentleman of the Wizengamot, I thank you. During this time of war I feel that there is little time to waist on pleasant speeches and pointless posturing." She got a round of applause for that and Harry grinned as he anticipated her next statement. "This is why I am forgoing my acceptance speech in favor of introducing new legislation to combat Lord Voldemort directly!"



There was rather undignified gasping and grumbling from the assembled officials as well as the gallery. She continued by ignoring and speaking over the noise. "You have all received Ministry Bill 117-W in your drop boxes at the beginning of this week, I am certain that as good members of the Wizengamot you have all reviewed this legislation in a timely manner."

That caused an uproar; Dumbledore stood and raised his arms in the air signaling for quiet. When that did not work Harry saw him draw his wand and plugged his ears knowing very well how he handled this situation when a bunch of children refused to quiet down. Sure enough he fired off a Canon-shot deafening the room for a moment as he called for quiet. Amelia turned and thanked him as she began speaking once more. "117-W repeals and replaces many of the current Werewolf laws including setting up a director level position for Werewolf Liaison. It does not eliminate the need to register, however Lord Potter-Black has been kind enough to set up a fund to provide free Wolfsbane potion to anyone who asks with the proviso that they must spend the nights of the Full Moon in a Ministry approved area such as a holding cell. In addition this trust will be funding the search for a cure." Once again sound filled the room as many people cheered and more than a few expressed their displeasure. Dumbledore once again raised his arms and everyone went silent as they held their hands to their ears.

"I would now like to call on the bill's sponsor Lord Potter-Black to explain the need for these changes." She held out her hand to him and there was much applause, he hoped because he had introduced a bill so many agreed with and not simply for whom he was.

He cleared his throat as his pulse began pounding and his nerves were set on edge. He had forgotten that he would be speaking in public; he closed his eyes and centered himself before speaking in slow phrases. "Thank you Madame Bones, Ladies and Gentlemen the current laws are forcing law abiding citizens of our society to join with the man who calls himself Voldemort." He paused and waited for the gasps and grumbles to cease before continuing. "The men and women are only afflicted with this disease for three days per month, and yet we treat them as second-class citizens or worse every day. They are not allowed to hold jobs that even a Hogwarts Drop-out could handle when some of them are fully qualified witches and wizards. They are forced to register with the Ministry and there

are those among you who would have them wear a collar like an animal!" He paused and re-centered himself once more before his anger could cloud his speech.

"Under the new laws, they will still have to register, they will be required to have Ministry approved facilities to undergo their transformations, if they cannot afford to meet the requirement stipulated in the bill they are welcome to stay the night here in a holding cell. They will be treated as people with an illness rather than rabid animals. Give these people back some dignity; give them a chance to become productive citizens again. And most of all, give them a reason to fight on the side of light!"

The last part of his statement was met with a standing ovation, which made him blush slightly before he could control himself. Dumbledore and Amelia simply smiled as they allowed the applause to die out on its own before speaking. "Thank you Lord Potter-Black," Dumbledore began, "For this vote we will be doing secret ballot, do not let those around you influence your decision. For those of you who may not know how it works, you will see in the desk in front of you a small hole. All you need do is insert your wand and think either red for a NO vote or green for a YES vote and the numbers will be tallied above this dais at the end."

A man Harry could not identify stood and called out "Shall there be no discussion! I move that we table this issue until the next meeting to allow for review!" A second man stood and seconded the motion. However Dumbledore just shook his head.

"According to our own standing orders, when the Minister introduces a bill there is to be a three day waiting period before the vote. It is always risky for someone to do this so do not think that it is an unjust order. The chair recognizes and denies your motion. Shall we vote?" There was stunned silence. "Very well, if you will all insert your wands?"

Everyone did so, "The vote shall be tallied in one minute, you have until then to decide or abstain." He then conjured an hourglass in the air, which hovered above his head and turned it so that the sand began to trickle down. Harry once again looked around the room noting the faces he thought were friendly and those he knew would have opposed this bill adamantly if they had known beforehand. He found Maria Edgecombe who once again nodded which he was

thankful for, Cissy nodded as well and both Wood and Terrence were smiling at him as they waited for the timer to stop. Harry thought of the color green and felt the small trickle of power activate the voting device. The last grain of sand fell and Dumbledore stood once more vanishing the hourglass.

"There are one hundred members of the Wizengamot in attendance today. Let us see the count!" He called and two large balls of light appeared in the air above the Dais, one red and one green. Harry thought they were pretty evenly matched and he was suddenly less certain of the outcome for this vote. The balls stopped rotating around each other and came to a stop side by side before resolving into numbers.

"By a vote of sixty to forty the bill passes!" Dumbledore called and again there was an uproar, though this time it was hard to tell how much of it was for and how much against. Harry sat down and breathed a sigh of relief before turning a smile up toward the gallery. Arthur and Molly were hugging a very stunned looking Remus who caught his eye and looked completely lost for words. Harry just nodded before he moved his gaze to the girls. Ginny was clapping and whistling as she waved at him, Hermione had a huge grin on her face, though he was not certain it was about the outcome or the fact that she had witnessed her first meeting of the Wizengamot. Ron looked like he had just been woken up by the noise, which actually made Harry smile. Tonks had tears in her eyes as she looked at Remus but she quickly dashed them away before blowing a kiss down to the main floor where he sat. He pretended to catch it and put it in his pocket.

Finally he screwed up his courage and turned enough to find Susan and Hannah. They were both caught up in the celebration; this was just as much Susan's bill as his own. She finally caught his eye and smiled as she waved and gave him a thumbs up, Harry smiled back when he didn't feel the pain so sharply in his chest. He hoped that meant he was going to be able to deal with it until she came back to him.

Amelia stood once more and the crowd suddenly went quiet once again. "This concludes our business for today, thank you all." And with that she began making her way toward the door. There was loud applause as she left, and plenty of members of the Wizengamot acting like rabid fans trying to get her autograph or

shake her hand. Finally she was gone and everyone else stood to leave. Harry decided to hang back a bit and let the crowd out around him as he dipped back into his center and began repairing the slight damage he had done to his shields earlier. He then began sorting memories and emotions before coming back to the waking world just as his row cleared the room.

## Chapter 41: Hogwarts or Bust

Sunday September first arrived too soon for the residents of Grimmauld Place. Harry sent Hedwig ahead to fly to Hogwarts and scourgified and shrunk her cage to a pocketable size. There was a mad rush that morning to get to breakfast before they finished packing, after a hastily eaten meal they returned to their rooms to find that their trunks were already packed neatly away. They suddenly had a few hours to waste before heading to Kings Cross. Molly decided to put them to work around the house, not that she could order Harry to do anything, but if Gin and Ron were going to be cleaning he would join them. However much to their pleasure as soon as Molly was out of the room the house elves popped in and began cleaning for them. With much time on their hands Harry decided he should finally see the notorious Black / Granger library he had been using all summer.

The three teens plus a bored Tonks headed down the stairs into the dank dungeon like basement. The walls were solid black granite and you easily got the impression that many of the smaller rooms along one wall were used as cells at some point in the past. They passed the servants quarters which Harry was happy to see had small beds and dressers as well as the Telly, all in perfect order. At the end of the hall was a heavily fortified door; which Harry quickly surmised was where Remus spent the full moon. He was very glad to see that, at least at first glance it was up to Ministry code according to the new laws, of course as the one in charge, Remus would be able to certify his own place of transformation.

Across from the cells was one large oak door, which Harry pushed open, he was very happy to find a light switch inside as the room was rather larger than could fit in this house without an expansion charm, and the candle light would have made it extremely eerie. They stood for a while in awe of the immense collection of knowledge. It nearly rivaled the Hogwarts Library for sheer content, and he knew that most of these tomes belonged in the Restricted Section. He decided he really needed to get Hermione down here for a proper shagging at the next opportunity. She had told him of her fantasies and he had every intention of fulfilling them if at all possible. The fact that she owned every one of these books should be enough to make her wet without any help from him.

After browsing for a while with no real purpose they left the Library and an open door across the hall caught his attention. Inside was neatly ordered jewelry and other precious looking items. Among them a particular necklace caught his eye, it was a locket with an ornate 'S' engraved on the front. He thought it would make a wonderful present for Molly or someone else so he picked it up and tried to open it. However it would not open no matter how he tried.

"What do you got there?" Tonks asked.

"Uh..a locket that I was thinking of giving someone...but I can't seem to get the thing open!" He said with a grunt of effort.

Ron, Ginny and Tonks all gathered closer to look at it as Tonks began trying every unlocking and opening spell she knew. "Well I'm flush out of ideas. It is rather pretty isn't?" She asked.

Gin shivered, "I don't know, it doesn't feel right to me. Do you think it's cursed?"

Harry picked it back up off the small table and felt with his magic before instantly recoiling in pain. "Yeah, there is definitely something wrong with it." He hissed out. "Dobby?" He called.

The elf popped in, "You is calling Dobby Harry Sir?"

"What can you tell me about that locket? And the rest of the items in this room?" Harry said as he walked over and wrapped his arms around a still shaking Ginny.

"You's should not be in here Sir, these is dark objects like you asks us to set aside. We is not knowing how to remove the spells on them and some of them we cannot destroy."

Ron jumped in to the conversation. "What do you mean you can't destroy them? It's just a locket."

The elf shook his head. "It is not being a normal curse Mr. Ron Sir. Winky and Dobby is even asking other house elves for help but none is able to hurts it."

Harry filed the information away. "And the rest of these objects?" He asked.

"We is removing the spells from them a little at a time sir, Dobby is sorry if you wanted it done faster sir. Dobby will go iron his ears..."

"DOBBY!" Harry called before he could pop away. "What did I tell you when I hired you?"

A shaking Dobby looked up at him. "Dobby is not to punish his self sir... Harry Potter is truly the greatest wizard ever..."

Harry sighed and stepped toward the little elf and pulled him into a quick hug. "Dobby, you and Winky are like family to me now. It's fine if you take your time getting rid of this stuff, I didn't even know it was down here. You have done a very good job." The elf beamed at him.

"Thanks you Harry Sir! You is best be heading back up the stairs before The Weazy Lady is looking for you. She might try to make you clean more of Dobby's rooms!" He then popped away and they headed back to the kitchen just before Molly came in.

"Are you all ready finished then? That was awfully quick." She said.

Harry shrugged. "Molly, the elves have kept this place spotless, a little touchup here and there took almost no time at all. What do you say we head out early, I don't fancy hopping on the train as it leaves like usual." She blushed a bit at the mention of the collective Weasley habit of being late to the station.

"Very well dears lets just grab your..." She stopped mid sentence as the elves popped their luggage into the hallway just outside the kitchen, neatly in a row. "Right then...let me see what time Arthur was going to have that ministry car here."

"Ministry cars again?" Harry asked.

She smiled at him, "Yes dear, you are a Ministry Official now and have access to this type of thing on a regular basis. Arthur being a director does as well, between the two of you the DMT had no problem releasing a car and driver for us." He nodded absently as he fought with his urge to argue about being treated special. He once again reminded himself of what Remus told him. "Learn to enjoy the perks of your abnormal life."

Molly leaned down and into the fireplace before calling out the destination of Arthur's office. The receptionist answered telling her that he had already left just as Harry felt the wards flare. "Thank you dear." Molly said as she stood and closed the connection.

Arthur then walked into the kitchen. "Hello Weasley's...and Harry and Tonks..." He looked a bit confused for a moment before shrugging and smiling once again. "Ready to go I see?"

They all nodded, "The car should be outside in about five minutes, I think we should go ahead and file out unless you want the driver to ask questions about children appearing out of nowhere."

That got them all moving and soon they were standing on the curb between number Thirteen and number Eleven. Before long a shiny black limousine appeared and rolled to the curb in front of them. "A limo? Honestly?" Harry asked.

"Nothing but the best for you Harry, apparently the girl that procured the car for us has a cousin who is a werewolf." Harry got an ah-ha look on his before shrugging and picking up his trunk. He carried it to the back of the car where the boot popped open. He quickly cast featherweight charms on each of the trunks after checking the area for Muggles and assisted Arthur in loading them into the back.

The lid closed and they walked back around to find the driver holding the door for them. "Lord Potter-Black, Director Weasley." The man said with a nod.

"Thank you." Harry said as he motioned for the girls to go first. Ron was just staring at the liquid black car in awe. "Ron? RON!" Harry called snapping him out of it and motioning with his head for the boy to go on in ahead of him. He then climbed in behind and watched as Molly and Arthur joined them before the door closed.

Harry supposed that a normal Limo would be rather spacious on the inside, but this one was magically expanded until it was easily the size of a small jet. The seats were large and plushy and there was drink service though Harry noticed it was only water. The ceiling was raised as well and as he felt the car move away from the curb a girl in a uniform that reminded him of an airline attendant rolled a cart down the aisle in the middle offering them refreshments and snacks which Ron of course took full advantage of, stuffing his face with



biscuits and drinking a Butterbeer. The rest of them had water and a biscuit and before they realized what had happened the door opened once more.

"Kings Cross Station Lord Potter-Black." The driver called out. Harry just stared for a moment before his eyes connected with an equally confused Ginny and then Tonks who shrugged. They climbed out and sure enough they were in the parking lot in front of the station. The driver had already removed their trunks for them and sat them neatly on the curb.

"That's the only way to travel!" Ron exclaimed. Harry noted that he had palmed a few biscuits for the trip and shook his head as he rolled his eyes.

"That was pretty amazing." He turned to thank the driver but the car had disappeared silently. "Beats the heck out of the Knight Bus in any case. I suppose there is nothing for it but to head on in." They all followed him into the station dragging their trunks as if they weighed as much as they looked, and through the pillar onto platform nine and three quarters. The scarlet engine sat regally off to the side billowing steam and suddenly Harry felt very nostalgic. This was the train that had taken him to his new life; this was where he met Moony for the first time. This was taking him away from the most amazing summer he had ever had.

"Should we go ahead and grab a compartment? We can always come back out here to meet and greet." Ginny said.

They all agreed and carried their luggage onto the train and into the very last compartment. They put it away and Ron quickly exited once more, Ginny turned to him wrapping her arms around his neck. His hands went instinctually around her waist as they kissed and he felt her need and love for him before she pulled away. "This is a goodbye kiss Harry. We can't be seen together at school or people will start talking when you date the other girls, besides I need to get used to it." She sniffed as a single tear rolled down her cheek. He wiped the tear away and smiled down at her.

"It's not over, it's on hold. And you know you can find me any time you need me, you still have Mione as well." She nodded but another tear ran down her cheek, she still had her trunk by her feet, which she leaned down and grabbed.

"I should be in another compartment, at least for the beginning of the ride." He nodded and she walked out of the compartment, and back toward the front of the train.

"It should get easier for her." Tonks said quietly. "It's her choice to do it this way. Don't worry about it Harry. I will keep an eye on her and send her your way if she gets too depressed." He smiled at her.

"What would we do without you?" He said smiling. She suddenly morphed into a perfect mirror image of Ginny and spoke with her voice.

"I can think of a few things you couldn't do without me." She said with a grin as she kissed him quickly. She still smelled and tasted like Bubblegum, he filed that away in case he needed to Apparate to her when she was in disguise.

He then looked into her brown eyes. "Do you have permission to use her form?"

She nodded, "I asked her the other night, she actually drooled when I showed her." That got a laugh from Harry and Tonks soon joined him before they headed back onto the platform. Other families were beginning to arrive and many of them greeted him, either the students who knew him from school, or the Parents who had seen him at the Wizengamot.

He made certain to be seen shaking hands with Wood Parkinson and Terrence Zabini as Pansy sneered and stalked off toward the train. Blaise simply made a tiny bow toward him before following her. They spoke briefly before the two of them headed back through the portal to Kings Cross proper. He got shy smiles and waves from most of the girls that had been at the party. Cho and Katie actually came up individually and gave him a hug before disappearing onto the train.

Neville came through the barrier and waved to him, which he returned, Hannah followed soon after giving Neville a large kiss and turning his face beat red. She turned to face him and the look on her face was hard to read. It was sad, and happy at the same time. She finally waved and smiled a bit which made him feel much better. He did not know what Susan had told her, but hoped it was the truth.

Susan soon joined them escorted by two Aurors, when she caught Harry's eye she smiled a bit but quickly looked away. He felt the pang in his chest but was nowhere near to breaking down any longer. They entered the train and Harry began thinking it was time he did the same. He finally caught sight of bushy brown hair and his smile grew as she came closer. He was a bit thrown off, as was Dan when she only gave him a quick hug.

"Hey you." He said trying to be playful.

"Hey yourself." She said with a big smile but made no move to get closer to him as she turned and hugged her mother and father.

"I hope to see you at Christmas? Harry promised to let me use Hedwig to write you, she is a lovely owl, please don't be afraid to send a note back with her. And be sure to offer her water and a bit of food if you are eating. She is very intelligent and will be much more pleasant." She said giving Harry a look.

"You have no idea just how smart that bird is." He said with a grin as Tonks giggles a bit behind him. "Dan, Emma... It's nice to see you again." He said trying to avoid Emma's eyes. She was having none of that as she pulled him into a hug.

"Just because you and Hermione are not dating at the moment does not mean we don't like you Harry. Will you come visit during the Hol's?" She asked.

He nodded dumbly as Dan extended his hand. Once they clasped hands he pulled Harry close. "I don't know what's going on, but she still seems happy. I am trusting you with my baby girl for the next few months Harry. You look out for her yeah?" Harry nodded and shook the man's hand firmly.

Dan let go and pulled Hermione into a hug getting a blush from the girl and a smile from both Harry and Emma. "You be good now honey, and yes we will write to you, even if we have to use an owl to do it." She hugged him back and blinked away a few tears.

"I love you both."

"We love you too dear, take care this year. And no more secrets right?" Hermione nodded and they watched as the two of them walked hesitantly back through the barrier all on their own.

She turned and hugged him again whispering in his ear as she did so. "We are not dating right now, I still love you but just like Gin I am maintaining the appearance that you are single so that you can date the other girls. That does not mean I won't come looking for you later." She pulled away with a smile and grabbed her trunk handle. Harry quickly cast a feather light charm on it and she thanked him verbally though her eyes told him she wanted to give him a kiss. He told her they were in the last compartment and he would be along shortly. She turned and left he and Tonks alone once more watching the crowd.

"What was that about?" Tonks whispered as she leaned toward him, her eyes still scanning the crowd.

His eyes flicked toward her, "She said both she and Gin are pretending we are just friends so I can be free to date the other girls. And that she might still come looking for me later." He said with a wink. "I honestly don't know why I get to live every teenage boy's dream but I gave up thinking about it. I am just enjoying the ride."

She smirked. "Literally in most cases." He smiled back and his eyes fell on the last person he had been watching for. A head of dirty-blond hair made its way through the crowd straight toward him before dropping her trunk and wrapping her arms around his neck, pulling him into a kiss and getting stares from many of the students still present on the platform.

She pulled away and whispered against his lips. "I'm the first one on the list. Yay me."

He pulled her closer and kissed her once more. "Yay me too. How are you doing Luna?" He said with a grin.

She glanced up at the Hit Wizard standing just behind him. "Not as well as you are apparently. You know Nymph; you may use my appearance any time you wish. I rather like to watch." Tonks' jaw dropped and she spluttered a bit before she gave up and blushed.

"Thanks then...uh I might need to study you a bit more to get the form right..." Luna grinned at her.

"Oh I think that can be arranged don't you Harry?" He blushed as well making Tonks feel better and making the grin on Luna's face grow exponentially.

Harry cleared his throat and tried to change the subject. "Uh, so we're in the last car Lu, Gin is sitting with other friends somewhere further forward. Would you like to sit with us?" He asked casting a quick charm on her trunk and grabbing the handle.

She wrapped an arm through his and put her head on his bicep. "That sounds lovely, though I do hope they took care of that infection of Woppyjaws."

He tried not to, but he couldn't stop himself. "Woppyjaws?"

"She nodded, they like to turn everything askew. Normally it happens with picture frames and eyeglasses, but you can see how it would be a problem if the train were askew on the tracks?"

He just nodded as even if the animal was not real...yet...at least the reasoning was sound. "I am sure the train is Woppyjaw free. Shall we?" He asked as they got to the stairs at the back of the last car. She smiled as he held out a hand for her to hold as she went up the stairs, he then turned and repeated the gesture for Tonks who rolled her eyes and allowed him to help her aboard. He then pulled the trunk up behind him and into the last compartment where Hermione was giving Luna a hug and Tonks was securing the room once more before sitting in the corner facing the door.

"Hello Ronald." Luna said with a smile at the redhead seated in the other corner.

He blushed. "Uh, hey Lu.. why you sittin with us? Not that you aren't welcome..." He said quickly as Hermione sent him a look.

She smiled as she pushed Harry down next to Tonks once he had secured her trunk in the overhead promptly sitting on his other side and clasping his hand in her own. "I am the first designated girlfriend. Isn't that wonderful?"

Ron's eyes seemed to lose focus for a few seconds and his face started to darken a bit before he took a deep breath. "I see..." Was his reply.

She ignored him as she turned to Hermione. "Hello again Hermione, despite the fact that you like to watch this really is a wonderful thing you are doing." Ron began coughing on nothing as his mind brought images forward that he did not want to see. Hermione blushed but quickly hid it before replying.

"I am not entirely certain what you mean Luna. Harry and I are just friends." Ron coughed again as his eyes darted back and forth between the two of them.

Luna nodded. "If you say so. I'm sure Harry wouldn't mind though." Harry and Hermione both blushed again and Tonks was grinning ear-to-ear in the corner as she stood up.

"Well kiddoes, I am going to do a security sweep of the train, if I am supposed to be acting as security for Hogwarts I had best do my part." She got up just as the train whistle blew announcing the imminent departure.

Luna turned back to Harry before speaking once more. "You know Harry, as nice as it was for you to free the werewolves, I am not certain it was a good idea. I read an article last month about the werewolves trying to buy up all of the brooms in England so that they could form their own Quidditch league. With no brooms the old teams would not stand a chance."

Harry was completely lost for a response to that, luckily Hermione jumped in. "I suppose you read that in The Quibbler then?" Luna nodded enthusiastically. "Luna I am afraid to tell you this, but even though I am coming to accept that your magical creatures may be real, or be real some day. Your father's magazine is full of tripe and poppycock. I'm sorry."

Luna just smiled. "You are entitled to your own opinion, and I to mine. I am glad to see you are thinking outside the proverbial box though. Apparently someone shook loose the last of your Gimlets?"

Hermione blushed very prettily as she nodded in silence. "Good boy." She said pulling Harry's lips to her own. Once again Ron

began to choke before he got up. I need some air...I think I'll go see where Gin ended up." He said as he walked out the door.

"Don't forget the Prefect meeting!" Hermione called out and he waved a hand to show that he had heard her. The train started to roll forward and Harry stared out the window as London began to roll by. Before long Hermione had to get up as well and head for the prefects carriage at the front of the train leaving Harry and Luna alone. Rather than talk about anything Harry slid himself into the corner and her onto his lap where they sat in silence as she read the Quibbler and he stared out the window for an hour.

The door opened and Tonks slid inside sitting down opposite them. "Hey you." She said getting an eye roll from him.

"That's my line." He said. She just shrugged as she kicked up her feet and leaned back to watch the door. Before long Gin appeared in the doorway as well and smiled at the couple sitting on the left bench.

"Hi Luna!" She said giving the girl a hug, which Luna returned gratefully.

"Hello Ginny, you know you can feel free to share Harry with me for the next couple of weeks before our OWLs take up all of our time."

As usual Luna had cut through all the clutter in the conversation straight to the heart of the matter. Ginny managed to stutter out a response as her brain tried to catch up. "Thank you, I might have to take you up on that sometime but no, I really need to get used to this if I am going to have any self control."

Tonks nodded and grinned at the redhead. "You also need to work on the grin, no girl at Hogwarts is going to believe you are not in love with him when they see you grin like that in his presence."

She blushed a deep maroon color before she replied shyly. "Well, they all know I was crushing on him for the last 5 years, so it won't shock them too much. Especially since we are friends now and I can actually talk to him." The tale-tell grin had crept back onto her face and he could see her trying to fight to keep from smiling.

"Don't hurt yourself Gin." He said with a smile. "You can smile all you want to, I love you and any of these girls who have a problem with that will never work out anyway. No matter what you say I cannot just lie to someone and shag them like some guys do, especially not when I already have You, Mione, and Gabrielle."

"And me." Luna said quietly.

He smiled down at the girl in his arms. "I was talking about the girls that were already in love with me Lu."

She nodded, "Oh okay. I thought you meant the ones that didn't mind sharing. I don't love you, but I do eventually."

Tonks gave her an odd look. "Luna, don't you mean you will love him eventually?"

"That's a given if I do love him isn't it?" Luna asked.

"So you do Love him?" Ginny asked.

"Yes why?"

"Because you just said you don't!" Tonks said as her voice began to go up in octave.

"That's right."

Tonks very carefully and slowly asked the next question. "You don't love him, but you do?"

"Exactly!" The blonde nodded and smiled that the older woman had figured it out finally.

"When?"

"Eventually."

"But not now?"

"Right."



Tonks put her hands to her eyes and pressed trying to stop the headache that was forming. "Of course, how silly of me..." She whispered in pain.

Harry smiled down at his designated girlfriend. "Careful Lu, you might break her."

Luna kissed his cheek and snuggled closer into his arms, Gin looked rather longingly at the two of them before sitting down next to Tonks, and rubbing the older woman's temples for her. "When are you going to learn Nym? You need to just accept what Luna says at face value."

The door slid open again admitting Ron and Hermione, who having been apart for weeks were quickly making up for lost time arguing. "After last year the git deserves to lose it is all I'm saying!" Ron exclaimed.

"Yes well that is not your place to say. Do you honestly think Blaise Zabini will be a better prefect than Malfoy? He wasn't part of the inquisitorial squad but at least with Malfoy we had a known quantity!" Hermione shot back.

"Doesn't matter though does it, he gave it up for some reason. All I'm saying is good riddance!"

Harry reached his limit and quickly brought both wands to bare silencing them. They looked at him, both wearing rather angry expressions once they realized what he had done. "If you two are quite finished, we were having a lovely ride in here. Now who can explain what you are discussing so heatedly?" He asked with a smile. He quickly removed the charm from Hermione before they could argue about that as well, even non-verbally.

She looked a bit annoyed but her face cleared most of the way once she realized she could make noise again. "Malfoy gave up his prefect spot. I think it cannot be a good thing. Ron believes he deserved to lose it anyway. The problem is Blaise Zabini has been named the sixth year Prefect for Slytherin and we don't know anything about him. We are going to be expected to do rounds with him at some point!"

Ron motioned for Harry to remove the spell, which Harry did with a smile. He took a deep breath to calm down before quietly stating his argument. "The ferret abused his power last year and deserved to lose his badge. I didn't want to do rounds with him either, had to do favors to switch every time it came up."

Harry put up a hand as Hermione turned to him raising her finger to rebuke him. "Mione." She turned to look at him with slight confusion on her face. "Mione I have a truce going with Zabini, possibly a partnership. Blaise is all but under the protection of the Black family as soon as I say as much. What I'm saying is give him a chance, both he and believe it or not Pansy are under a bit of duress with Malfoy being the number one male in Slytherin."

Hermione sat down beside Luna as his tone of voice had calmed her considerably, Ron joined Ginny on the other seat opposite as Tonks sat up and moved her legs to the floor before Harry continued.

"Ron, I think he deserved to lose his badge as well." He held up a hand to stop Hermione who looked about to begin arguing once more. "I also think him giving it up voluntarily is a bad sign. He's up to something." He said looking at Tonks who nodded.

She assumed the tone of an Auror giving a verbal report. "We followed my cousin into Knockturn Alley on Sunday where we witnessed him entering Borgin and Burkes. Whilst there he had a heated conversation with the proprietor eventually showing the man something out of sight that looked to be on his wrist. It is our assumption that he has taken the Dark Mark. Our suspicions were nearly confirmed as we followed him to Florean Fortescue's and overheard him talking about the 'Dark Lords Plan' to Pansy Parkinson, Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. I would like to note that Miss Parkinson appeared to be in distress at the time though I did not hear the conversation for myself."

The car went silent as everyone thought over the facts; Ron was the first to break the silence. "It would be in perfect form for Malfoy to be a Death Eater, his father was and so is he."

Hermione jumped on him again. "Just because his father is evil doesn't mean he is. I mean he has been extremely annoying in the past but has he ever done anything that was actually evil? I think it is more his style to talk big and run to his daddy when things go wrong."

I cannot see him leading some sort of mini-death eater squad, or being the mastermind behind some evil plot!"

"But his daddy's in prison now isn't he? Time to take up the family business. Just because he is annoying doesn't mean he can't also be evil, look at Umbridge." Ron said getting a chuckle from the other students in the car. Hermione decided not to say any more as Harry shot her a look that begged her to stop arguing.

"How about we keep an eye on him alright? Nym is gonna watch out for him, but she can't be everywhere at once, and we have a lot of classes with the Slytherins so it might be us that catches him." Harry said.

They all nodded and turned as the compartment door slid open revealing the object of conversation along with Crabbe and Goyle. "Speak of the ferret and it will appear." Ron said getting a chuckle from Harry.

"Well well Potter, if it isn't the defunct lord of a defunct house, an outcast, a Loony, two Weasels and a Mudblood. I think we should just unhook this carriage from the train and save the half-giant idiot from having to care for this bunch of animals." He laughed, and with a look prompted his two goons to laugh as well.

Harry sighed. "Please leave Draco before I do something you will regret."

He looked confused for a few seconds, suddenly mirroring his companion's faces. "Don't you mean something you will regret?"

Luna piped up. "That's what he said."

Draco turned his confused look on her. "Are you talking to me you Loony? He did not say that he said Before I do something you'll regret."

"Exactly, I'm glad you realize I'm right." Luna said pleasantly. The rest of the compartment was chuckling at the looks passing between the three boys in the hallway.

Draco's face was getting redder by the second. "Whatever!" He stepped into the compartment and Harry held up a hand fingers splayed wide and the blonde boy suddenly went rigid and silent.

"Now that I have your attention there are a few things we need to discuss." Harry said as Luna moved off his lap and he stood to face the petrified boy. "First of all, everyone in this compartment is under the protection of the Black Family. As Lord Black I am well within my rights to pull you apart piece by piece if you so much as touch one of them." Draco's eyes went wide and both Crabbe and Goyle tried to get into the compartment at the same time. With a gesture from Harry the door slid closed and sealed itself shut.

"Second, I would prefer you not to address me, however if you must you will address me as Lord Black, or Lord Potter-Black. If you disrespect me I am allowed to call you out to duel, you are underage but seeing as how your father is in prison and your mother will shortly become Narcissa Black again," Draco's eyes went red with fury at this news. "You are considered to be Head of House Malfoy. Due to a legal loophole I found you now have all the responsibilities and none of the perks meaning you cannot place anyone under your protection like I can, nor are you considered an adult yet...which I am."

With another gesture Harry levitated Malfoy off the floor and spun him slowly to face the door. "Third, because they are under my protection, I will take any verbal assault as slander and I will bring the Malfoy's before the Wizengamot, under the old laws slander against a Noble and most Ancient House is punishable by up to half of your house's assets. I'm sure your Dork Lard would take that news rather well aren't you?"

Draco was clearly struggling against his invisible bonds as his eyes began darting around looking for an escape. Harry then leaned in and whispered loud enough for the others to hear. "I do not know what your little plan is Draco but you are not going to succeed. We're watching your every move, please take some time and consider my Godfathers offer, Cissy did the right thing divorcing your Father and she will be taken care of in first class style. I am willing to let the past stay in the past if you give up the Malfoy name, renounce Voldemort, and promise to never harm anyone ever again."

He waved his hand and the compartment door opened, another wave and the boys that had been pounding on the door were pinned against the far wall. "Now be gone from my presence Draco Malfoy lest I take offense!" Harry waved once more with both hands, canceling all of the spells on him and banishing him back into the hallway before he closed the door and locked it. Smirking he walked back and sat down in the corner where Luna curled up in his lap once more.

Ron was just staring at him like he had grown another head, Tonks looked rather proud but Harry noticed her wand was drawn just before she let it disappear back up her sleeve once more. Gin appeared to be fighting arousal but Hermione was livid.

"Harry James Potter!" She yelled snapping Ron out of his shock. "Or shall I call you Lord Potter-Black as well?"

A suddenly confused Harry just looked into her eyes where he saw hurt, anger, and a bit of awe. Even without the use of Legilimency. "Uh, no Harry is fine."

"Hmph," She said disdainfully. "The last thing you needed was to make Malfoy any angrier than he already was. And what was with the display of power? I thought you wanted to keep that a secret. Honestly why didn't you just whip your willies out and measure? And how in the hell did you do all that without pulling your wand!"

Her tone told him they had reached the heart of the matter; she was not exceedingly upset with either his display of power or his treatment of the boy in question. She did not understand something about magic and it was driving her mad. He grinned; quickly he snapped his wrist and his wand appeared. He pulled it free of the harness and handed it to her before repeating the action with the other wrist. She held one of his wands in each hand looking more confused by the minute.

"First of all Malfoy is stupid, he will probably assume that one or all of you were actually casting the spells. Second he has always hated us and I doubt that this will make any difference to him. And third..." He gestured and both wands lit with a Lumos charm startling her. "You haven't been there the last few weeks to see what I have come up with. I was not casting wandlessly, I just don't need to actually hold the wand to use it."

She got a very contemplative look as she stared at the lit wands. "Petrificus Totalus, Wingardium Leviosa, Colloportus, I suppose a well placed Protego shield could hold them against the wall and a Finite followed by a Banishing Charm could explain how you tossed him unceremoniously into the hall."

Harry applauded and she blushed as she had been thinking out loud, not actually meaning to speak. "And that's why I love you." She smiled slightly as she handed him back his wands, which he quickly reattached and sheathed.

"You still didn't need to do all that." She said contritely.

He shook his head. "Actually I think I did. He has been a thorn in all our sides for too long, and now I finally have a non-violent way of threatening him. I really can take half his assets if he doesn't keep his mouth shut. I have been studying more than just spells this summer you know."

She nodded before Ron spoke up. "I say good on you mate. You're making me regret not training with you this summer that was wicked! Think you can teach me to fight like that?"

Hermione jumped down his throat again, "Ronald he did not fight, he used it to diffuse a fight. The first rule of nearly all fighting arts is that you are learning how to fight so you don't have to!"

"Now listen here, I was just saying..."

"Just saying what? If you want to use magic to bully people you are no better than Voldemort yourself!"

Ron stood quickly and walked to the door unlocking it. "I promised Dean and Seamus a game of exploding snap. I'll see you later Harry." He said over his shoulder before storming out again.

Harry sighed, "Must you really?" He said with a look at his best female friend.

"Sorry, he just makes it too easy! I honestly don't know what I ever saw in him. He is thick headed, stubborn, and polarly opposed to anyone that is in Slytherin!"

Luna spoke up, "She must be upset Harry, polarly is not even a real word."

Hermione crossed her arms over her chest and looked down her nose at the girl. "I'm just frustrated, I think the only reason we ever tolerated each other is because of Harry."

"And you will continue to tolerate him dear, Ron is all you said, but he was my first real friend. Please continue to try for me?" She finally broke down and nodded as she sighed.

"Anything for you Harry." She said quietly.

"Thank you. Now that the unpleasantness is out of the way what shall we do for the next..." He held out his palm and a smoky time and date appeared. "Three hours?"

Hermione stared at him again before reminding herself that it was not Wandless no matter how it appeared. Just as she was about to comment there was a tentative knock on the compartment door. Hermione stood and unlocked it. "Mandy?"

The black haired, black-eyed Ravenclaw was standing in the doorway looking extremely nervous. "Uh, I was asked to deliver these..." She handed two letters to Hermione and quickly ran away. Hermione looked at her retreating form a bit strangely but turned and handed the one letter to Harry as she opened hers.

"Slughorn?" Harry asked as he reached the bottom.

"Apparently...what do you think its about?" Hermione asked.

Tonks spoke up. "I heard stories about the 'Slug Club' in my time at Hogwarts, old Sluggy was gone by then but the rumors remained. Apparently he has an eye for picking prominent witches and wizards when they are still in school, and making them favorites so that when they make it big he gets the benefits."

"That's Horrible! He shouldn't be allowed to abuse his position like that!" Hermione exclaimed.

Harry pondered for a moment. "So he wants me there because I am famous..."

Hermione finished for him. "But that doesn't explain my invitation."

"He probably heard about the smartest witch of her generation, not to mention that you were at the Ministry in June." Luna said quietly.

"But you and Gin were there as well! Ron too, I wonder if he got an invite." Hermione asked offhandedly.

"Sounds like a good way to make up with him Mione, as long as you explain it is just as friends, why don't you invite him to come with. Lu you and Ginny wanna come as well?"

The blonde smiled up at him and Ginny smiled at both of them. "Sounds like fun, maybe he can tell me about the Haliphumps in the potions lab."

Gin was giggling and Harry was fighting the urge. "Uh, how about you keep that to yourself for now. It isn't that we don't believe you, but you want to make a good first impression. Perhaps after you know him better you can ask?" Luna smiled and nodded. "Gin?"

"I'm all for crashing the party, won't it look a little suspicious though?"

Harry shook his head, "What? Me bringing my girlfriend and one of my best friends to the party? I think not. Besides, he wouldn't refuse the Boy-Who-Lived a few extra guests now would he?"

They all made their way to the indicated carriage Hermione stopping to collect Ron on the way. After a mildly heated conversation he was smiling again and followed along. They entered the compartment to find a nice spread of food along with a multitude of people. "Hey Neville!" Harry called as they walked in.

"Uh Hey Harry, I understand why you're here, but not why I am."

Harry shrugged, "Must have heard about the Ministry, or the fact that you're the number one Herbology student at Hogwarts?" Neville sat up a little straighter.



"Thanks Harry, hello to the rest of you as well." They all exchanged greetings as they looked around. Slughorn came up to them and introduced himself, Harry introduced each of his friends and their achievements to which the Professor responded politely but Harry could see him making mental notes. Harry made sure to talk Neville up as well boosting the boys confidence and Harry saw the semi-disappointed look disappear from the mans face as his estimation of the boy rose. After a few snacks and polite chit chat they had enough, especially of the braggart McLaggen and decided to bail heading back for the compartment.

"Well that was interesting wasn't it?" Ron said as they walked back down the train.

"I suppose you could put it that way." Neville said. They both stopped in compartments next to each other and Harry consciously did not look to see if Susan was occupying Neville's.

"I promised the boys I'd be back to play a few more hands, nothing personal you guys." Ron said as he waved.

"We'll catch you up later then?" Harry asked and Ron nodded as he closed the compartment door.

They got back into the compartment and Tonks was full of questions, they related just how boring the whole thing had been and that it seemed to be better suited to those who needed to hear how great they were. They had a good laugh making fun of McLaggen talking about his famous aunt and how great he was at Quidditch. But it did not take them long to get bored once again.

"So uh...what now?" Harry asked.

Ginny spoke up, "That was a nice story you told earlier Nym, but that doesn't explain why I smelled you all over him when you got back." She said with a grin at the older woman who blushed.

"Oh...uh..." She stuttered out.

Harry smiled. "What Nym is so eloquently trying to say is we had to go undercover and thinking quickly she pretended to be a whore and threw me against the nearest wall to snog my brains out...we got carried away..."

"In Public!" Ginny asked in awe and excitement.

A blushing Tonks nodded, "Bloody Hot that was...he turned me against the wall and had his way with me as people walked by..."

"And none of them paid any attention, I guess a lot of that goes on down there..."

Hermione was looking rather dazed and Luna put down her Quibbler to snap her fingers in the girls face. "You in there Hermione?"

She snapped back to reality and blushed again as Luna leaned back and resume reading her paper, "Sorry, lost in thought...um so now what?"

Luna did not look up as she answered, "Nymph is going to tell Harry the tale of the Three Brothers."

"Oh I know this one!" Gin exclaimed

The woman in question looked once more at the blonde as if she had two heads. "How did you know I was..." Harry stopped her mid-sentence.

"Ah ah Nym, face value."

She nodded as she tried to just accept the girl's odd manner. "Uh right, I was just thinking that I never told you the whole story. So once long ago there were three brothers who were walking in a thunderstorm in the middle of nowhere, and they came to a river that was overflowing its banks. They started across the bridge but it began to break up and wash out. They were wizards so using magic they were able to get themselves across safely but Death himself appeared before them. He was not happy about losing three souls but thinking quickly he decided he could trick them. He offered them each anything they wanted for being so cunning and powerful.

"The first brother was a duelist and asked for a wand that could not be beaten. So Death went to a nearby elder tree and crafted a wand from one of its branches, using a Thestral Hair as the core. The man continued on his way to the next town where he got drunk and bragged about his unbeatable wand, actually dueling many that

night and winning every single time. Once he had drunken himself stupid and passed out one of those that lost to him slit his throat and stole the wand for himself. Thus Death took the first brother for his own."

Tonks was in full story-telling mode now and everyone in the compartment was riveted. "The second brother had been engaged to be married before the woman died. He asked Death for the power to recall the dead so he could see her one more time. Death picked up a nearby stone and cast a spell on it, he told the man to turn the stone over three times while thinking of his lost loved one. The man did so and the girl appeared, he thanked Death and went on his way.

"However the man spent much too much time with the specter of his lost love, and she was not happy as she had moved on when she died, and did not belong in this place. He finally committed suicide to be with her properly and thus Death claimed the second brother." Tonks paused dramatically before continuing to spellbind her audience.

"The third brother was the smartest of the three and realized what Death was trying to do. He asked for a cloak that would hide him from anyone including Death himself, one that would not decay or wear out. Death was not happy that the man had seen through his plans, but created the Invisibility Cloak for him anyway. The man wore the cloak for many years, hiding from his enemies and having many adventures. When he was very old he passed it on to his son and when Death finally came for him he greeted him as an old friend and left this life happily.

"Now the moral of the story, which of the items would you choose?" Tonks finished.

"The Cloak of Course." Hermione answered.

"The Wand." Ginny answered.

Harry was very quiet as he answered. "The Stone."

Tonks nodded and sat back smiling as the three of them all looked at each other like the others were crazy. "Harry honestly, the moral of the story is not to be greedy, the cloak is obviously the correct choice." Hermione said.

Ginny spoke up next, "No, the moral is that if you have that kind of power you have to control yourself or it will destroy you, but the right person could do a lot of good with such a powerful wand."

They both looked at Harry who had gone very quiet, a tear ran down his face just as Luna kissed him and hugged him close. "I just want to see them one time..." He cried quietly.

"I'm sorry Harry..." Tonks said but he shook his head and smiled up at her.

"Mum, Dad...Sirius... I didn't get lost in the Mirror of Erised I don't think I would lose myself to the stone..." Tonks just nodded even though she didn't know what the Mirror he was talking about did.

"I'm sure they would like for you to see them again too Harry. It's just a story though so no need to be so serious."

He nodded, "I guess I would choose the Cloak..." His eyes went wide.

"Harry I don't like that look...I saw that before when you...Oh Merlin don't tell me?" She said putting a hand over her face.

"The Cloak." He stated.

"You can't be serious Harry, it's just a cloak!" Hermione said.

Ginny however was looking thoughtful. "Wait Mione, Dumbledore said it belonged to his father."

"And Sirius said he remembered all the fun they had with it at Hogwarts when they were there." Harry said as he stood and pulled the item in question from his trunk.

Tonks was holding her head in her hands again and Ginny quickly began soothing the pain away as the woman spoke. "Invisibility cloaks are rare but you can find 'em around. I know a few HW's and Aurors who have 'em but they wear out pretty quick. The Demiguise hair has to be given willingly and the magic wears off after a few years."

Hermione's jaw was working as she tried to formulate a response. "Maybe your cloak is just...I mean it can't be..."

Harry produced his new wand and handed it to her once again. She stared at it for a moment before her eyes widened. "You're not serious!"

He nodded, "I had Ollivander identify it the other day, what he put on my registration is not what it is actually made of. Elder and Thestral Hair, eleven inches." Hermione had gone into a mild state of shock and before he could ask Luna moved allowing him to stand and pull the other girl onto his lap.

"It can't be possible, it's just a story..."

"Let me tell you another story we heard from Ollivander...about Wand Lore." He related everything the man had told them and once again they were all lost in thought as he finished.

"So you think this might be the Wand of Destiny?" Ginny asked.

Hermione gasped as she came to some realization. "There was a Dark Wizard before Grindelwald that disappeared toward the end of the First World War. What if Grindelwald killed him to get the wand...and you said that was Dumbledore's wand..."

"And Dumbledore defeated Grindelwald." Harry finished.

"It all fits." Ginny commented.

Harry shrugged as he reverently placed the wand back in its holster. "It doesn't matter what the history is, the wand is registered as Ash and Unicorn Hair for anyone that is interested. And I don't plan to duel professionally, nor drunkenly challenge a whole bar full of wizards while bragging about owning the Death Stick."

"But Harry, if you own two of the Deathly Hallows..." Ginny began.

"The Deathly Hello's?" Harry asked.

Luna once again joined the conversation from behind her paper. "The Hallows Harry, Daddy is a member of a society dedicated to

uniting all three again, the idea is that he who is master of all three, is master of death itself."

Harry tried to ignore the fact that she was still reading her Quibbler, which was now upside down as he held up his end of the conversation. "Your father knows about these?"

She nodded as she turned the page. "He wrote a whole article a few years back and he has been searching ever since."

Hermione barely contained her skepticism as she asked the girl a question. "What exactly was the article about?"

Luna finally put down the paper and looked dreamily at the other girl. "Oh, Dumbledore and Grindelwald were best friends when they were young, and they both sought the Hallows, the problem was that Dumbledore decided to protect Muggles while Gellart decided to dominate them. I hadn't known that he already found the Wand of Destiny however, Daddy will be ever so pleased!"

Harry cleared his throat. "Luna, you can't tell your father about this. Or the Cloak."

She looked up at him. "But doesn't the public deserve to know that two of the three Hallows have been found?"

He shook his head, "No Lu, this is part of my personal life and I would like to keep it that way. Besides, do you really want every nutcase to come after me to steal the wand?"

She suddenly shook her head before burying her face in his chest. "Not at all, I hadn't thought about that...but Daddy is always saying that the public has a right to know...that is why despite threats of bodily harm he ran the article about Fudge eating Goblin Pies. It wasn't pretty but the people deserved the truth."

Harry was getting good at sorting the wheat from the chaff when it came to the girl in his arms so was able to sort out what she said. "In this case I would rather keep it to ourselves, I'll tell you what though. We can tell him after Voldemort is gone, but only if he promises not to publish it."

She thought about it for a moment. "I suppose that will have to do, I really don't want them to come for you. But you know who else would be interested in becoming the Master of Death?"

That sobered them all up quickly. "Yeah, Mr. Flight from Death himself..."

Hermione got up and kissed him on the cheek before turning toward the door. "See that is why I love you, interesting translation."

"Where are you off to?" He asked as she slid the door open.

"I need to make my prefect rounds again... and find Ron to apologize again. You are right, I can at least try to stay civil with him." She winked before heading out of the compartment.

"That's my cue as well I guess. If I spend the whole train ride down here people will talk..." Ginny said getting up and kissing him on the cheek as well. "See you around Harry."

Harry mouthed the words "I Love You" and she grinned like mad before rolling her eyes and flouncing out of the compartment. Once again he was alone with Tonks and Luna. "Well, that was interesting..."

"Do you really think you own two of the Hallows Harry?" Tonks asked.

He shrugged, "I don't know and frankly I don't care, Yes it may be an old wand but I doubt it was actually made by Death himself, My cloak may just be especially magical or something, maybe someone in my family figured out how to make them last longer and the secret got lost along the way. I don't believe in some myth about becoming Master of Death."

Luna looked up again from her paper. "Believe it or not you are the Master of Death."

"Huh?" He asked intelligently.

"I'm not certain, you said the phrase and it just feels right. I mean, you survived a Killing Curse somehow. If nothing else, surviving the unsurvivable, kills everything, every time unblockable curse makes

you the only person who can claim to be Master of Death. No matter what Tom did to keep himself here."

He smiled down at her. "Who is making up words now? Unsurvivable, Unblockable?"

She shrugged, "I never said I was a stickler for grammar, that's Hermione's job." She then went back to her paper.

He sighed and lay his head back against the wall, "Wake me up when we get close?" He asked Nym who grunted an acknowledgment.

"I wouldn't worry about it either of you. Hermione will be back in plenty of time to change into her robes." They both nodded and lay back in opposite corners quickly falling asleep.

Almost no time at all seemed to pass before Hermione and Ron both woke them up to change and by the time they all had robes on the train was slowing down. Harry's stomach growled almost in synch with Tonks' and they both laughed.

"What happened to the snack cart?" Harry asked.

"Oh she came by but you asked me to wake you up when we got close, I'm sorry I didn't wake you." Luna said as they made their way out of the car and down to the platform.

He shrugged, "The feast is right away, maybe I will actually be hungry for once."

The call came from a distance where Harry could see a lantern that appeared to be nearly the height of a lamppost. "Firs Years! First Years o'er here!"

Harry and Luna made their way over followed by Ron and Hermione, Ginny waved as she walked on by with her friends but he saw the grin when their eyes met and new he was going to have fun with her, even without his special gaze.

"Hey Hagrid!" They each called out in some form as they came near.



The half-giant peered down at him and his eyes went just a bit wide. "Harry? Ye must've grown half a foot! And yer lookin awfully chipper considerin what happene...um, I should'na said that."

"No Hagrid its okay, you could say I have made peace with Sirius' ghost."

The large man smiled, "Ye've grown in more that just height I'd say. Lilly'd be proud of the man you become Harry. That wouldn't 'ave anything to do with this little lady 'ere now would it?"

Luna beamed up at the man as Harry beamed down at her. "Maybe a bit. Luna you know Professor Hagrid, he was the first Wizard I remember meeting."

She smiled, "We are very good friends Harry, he helped me feed the Bowtruckle and taught me all about the Thestrals last year even though they were a year ahead of me." Harry decided not to tell her that Thestrals were not OWL level material at all as she seemed to genuinely like the man, adding more points to her favor in his head.

Hagrid blushed a bit, "Tha's right, and I aint much of a Wizard...But I did get me a new wand after they let me outta Azkaban." He pulled what looked like half a tree limb from his coat. "Twenty inches, Oak and Hippogriff Feather." He said proudly.

"Its beautiful!" Hermione exclaimed and Harry nodded his agreement now that he could see the detail work that had gone into the carvings along the handle.

"Are those Hippogriffs on the handle?" Ron asked having acquired a keen eye for details.

"Aye, Ollivander said he made it years ago fer no reason at all, and it were just waitin on me ta come pick it up." He delicately put it back in his coat. "Now you four ought ter be heading inside. I'll see ya in class."

The three sixth years suddenly felt very guilty but Luna gave the man a quick hug and pushed them toward the carriages as Hagrid began calling once more. "First Years to me!"

Ron and Hermione gasped as the next carriage came along, they had been present when Sirius died at the department of Mysteries and were able to see them for the first time. "Bloody..." Ron stopped himself before Hermione could chastise him, however she finished his thought. "Hell!" She quickly blushed as both Harry and Ron chastised her.

"Language Hermione." And promptly they began laughing.

"They are beautiful aren't they? It's sad that they are seen as dark creatures just because of their association with death." Luna said ignoring the laughter and climbing with Harry quickly behind.

The other two joined them and everyone silently watched the creatures pulling them up to the school, both Ron and Hermione paused to run a hand down the flank of the creature before heading through the doors and making their way to the Great Hall. They found seats quickly and had time to chat with friends for a while as they waited for the first years to cross the lake. Harry scanned the room, his eyes pausing at the head of the Ravenclaw table briefly when they met Cho's, she blushed and looked away before he found Luna smiling serenely back at him.

Neville sat down next to Harry on the opposite side from Ron. "Uh..Hey Harry." He turned and smiled.

"Hey Neville, I hear congratulations are in order?" Harry said.

Neville blushed but nodded. "Hannah is great...I don't know what's going on with Susan though. She is with us all the time but she seems distracted...you don't think those two were...you know?"

Harry pondered the question for a moment deciding what he was allowed to say and what would end up with his bits dangling from Hannah or Susan's ears. "Does it matter to you?" He deflected.

"I suppose not... they just. What happened between you and Susan this summer Harry? She was so happy the one time I saw her."

Harry sighed and wiped his hand over his face. "We fell in love, then found out that Dumbledore was meddling in my life again by casting a love compulsion charm on me. She doesn't know if she can believe her heart..." He tried very hard not to choke up and Neville

was good enough to change the subject. "Well Hannah and Susan make each other happy so I don't really care. It's just interesting trying to figure it out.

"Oi Neville!" Seamus called out and Neville smiled at Harry in apology before turning toward their dorm mate. Harry began scanning the rest of the hall.

He quickly passed over the Hufflepuff Table where Susan had just sat with her back to him, he got a wave from Hannah which he returned as he continued to scan the hall. Down at the Slytherin table he could see Malfoy acting rather out of character as he stared at the tabletop while others were talking around him. Harry could not tell if he was planning or brooding, all he could hope was it was the latter. Daphne Greengrass was regaling a few boys with some story or another and Pansy was sitting next to her looking quite bored, she caught him looking at her and sneered. He smiled and gave her another shot of joy-juice, which she was unable to turn away from. Her breathing quickened and he decided to up the ante a bit just to see what would happen. He quickly released just a bit more and winked at her, everyone in the hall turned toward her as she screamed suddenly having an orgasm at the table.

Suddenly very nervous Harry released her from his gaze and looked anywhere but at her, she quickly fled the hall and normal conversation resumed around them. "Wonder what's up with the pug?" Ron asked.

Hermione took a deep breath to keep from berating him for his remark, Ginny had no such compunction as she started in. "Ron must you really? In case you haven't noticed she isn't pugly any longer, and even if she were that is a horrible thing to say. How much do you enjoy being called Weasel or Ginger?"

Ron laughed, "Good one Gin, Pugly? That's a winner..." He trailed off as she gave him a Molly stare.

Harry nodded his agreement with Ginny as he finally glanced up finding Daphne Greengrass staring back at him with a curious expression. He quickly averted his eyes. "Harry you wouldn't happen to know anything about that?" Hermione asked with a raised eyebrow.

He quickly dipped his head trying to hide his blush but couldn't lie to her. "Maybe..."

"Harry!" She chastised him quietly.

"I didn't mean to make her...well you know..." Harry glanced up at the head table where Tonks sat laughing at him. Professor Flitwick was looking at her rather strangely, which only caused her to laugh harder.

Ron was extremely confused. "Wait what? What did you do to her? Was it more of that...uh...from the train?"

Harry nodded, "Close enough..."

Ginny was laughing at him now and he finally cracked a smile. He winked at Hermione who sat beside the girl and she nodded as he called out to her. "Hey Gin?" She looked up with a twinkle in her eye just in time to get caught in his gaze and promptly pass out from an orgasm. Hermione caught her and pretended to hold a whispered conversation with her so as not to arouse suspicion from the other Gryffindors. There was a sudden commotion from the front of the room as a laughing Tonks fell out of her chair and quickly got up excusing herself before heading into the anteroom where the champions had met after the selection.

Ginny came back to the world within a few seconds and Hermione shot him a look as she spoke. "That wasn't very nice Harry. You really shouldn't do that to a girl." Her slight grin told him it was entirely for Ginny's benefit.

"I'm sorry Gin, you seemed to enjoy it so much when I did it to Pansy I thought you might like some." He whispered.

"Anytime." The redhead said breathily as she was still recovering slightly. Before he could respond the doors opened and Professor McGonagall walked in as the hall went silent. From the corner of his eye Harry tried not to smile as he saw Pansy make her way quickly back to her seat. McGonagall placed the stool and hat on the chair and stood back. The hall held its breath as the hat began singing, surprising the unsuspecting first years.

Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw,

Slytherin and Gryffindor.  
They knew the plan; they stuck to their wands,  
They knew what teamwork was for!

Then evil reared its ugly head,  
And brother turned on brother.  
The houses split and the Founders turned,  
Their ideals against each other.

That evil still exists today  
I've warned you all before  
Against this common enemy,  
The Houses must unite once more!

The hat went inert once more and a stunned looking McGonagall slowly walked forward in the still silent hall. She went through the sorting calling out each name shakily but getting stronger with each until she was nearly back to normal by the end. A disproportionate amount of the new first years went to Gryffindor and the remainder split almost evenly between Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff. Of the fourteen first year students Slytherin only received two new members.

Dumbledore had entered the hall at some point unbeknownst to the students and he stood to address them. "Welcome once more to another Year of Hogwarts, there is a time for speeches and this is not it. Enjoy!" He waved his hand and the tables filled with food, which immediately distracted Ron from all other conversation. Harry, Gin, Hermione and Neville leaned in toward each other to discuss and filled their plates.

"What do you think it means?" Harry asked Hermione who had deciphered last years message from Umbridge.

She shook her head as if she was not certain of the truth of her statement. "I think it was just a warning, it makes sense that we are stronger when we don't divide ourselves by house lines."

"Yeah but what evil was it talking about?" Neville asked.

"Prejudice? Pride? Or it could have just meant any evil that threatens to destroy the peace. I don't think it meant anything specific." Hermione replied.

They began eating quietly as they pondered everything, Harry doubly so with the addition of the Deathly Hallows to worry about. Dumbledore stood as dessert disappeared from the tables and everyone quieted.

"Welcome again everyone to another year at Hogwarts, I hope that everyone is well after an uneventful summer, and after a rather eventful last year. As you can see the rumors of my senility were vastly overestimated, and I am happy to report that your Transfiguration Professor is none the worse for wear after her unfortunate run-in with Ministry officials last term. I am happy to report to those of you who did not know, that Minister Fudge has been replaced by someone much more capable, who has officially recognized that Voldemort has indeed returned."

There was much murmuring from the students before he raised his hands for silence getting gasps from those who had not seen his shriveled and blackened hand. "Thank you. You may have noticed that I am somewhat less than whole, I assure you that I am in good health and my hand looks much worse than it actually is." Harry felt the lie from the man immediately as they locked gazes for half a second.

"Now for the normal announcements. The forbidden forest is still forbidden, despite what some of the older students may think. There is no visiting school nor are there any closed down corridors or floors to worry about this year. However Mr. Filch has once again asked me to remind you that many items are banned from the school, a full list of which you may find taking up his entire door as well as three walls of his office. I also believe that everything in the Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes mail-order catalogue is on that list."

There was chuckling from those who had been in contact with the Twins in any form. "Lastly you will notice that once again there are new additions to the staff table..." Tonks entered and took her seat at the far end with a sheepish grin. "Miss Nymph..." She growled getting a chuckle from those who knew her. "Miss Tonks is a Hit Wizard on contract to the school for security, she has all the powers of a Prefect as well as the rights granted to her by the Ministry, needless to say you will respect and obey her as if she were a Professor. Also joining us this year is a returning Professor, Mr. Horace Slughorn, who will be teaching Potions." There was an

uproar as those who did not know of the staff change began discussing what that meant for Snape who they noted sadly was still present at the staff table wearing his trademark sneer.

"Professor Snape has agreed to take up the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts." Another uproar but he raised his hands again and the hall quickly went quiet once more. "Classes start tomorrow and schedules will be distributed at breakfast. Please do not stay up too late as I know you are all eager to begin learning." And with that he sat down.

The Prefects began collecting the students and Hermione whispered the common room password to him before she remembered he would not be joining them in the tower. He promised to come up after he had settled in. She smiled and called for the first years to follow her and they all headed out of the hall. McGonagall stepped up beside them before they could get far.

"Mr. Weasley, when you are done escorting your new housemates please stop by my office." And with that she disappeared.

"What did I do now?" Ron asked with an abashed look on his face. Harry had a suspicion but kept it to himself.

Dobby appeared next to Harry as he stood. "Mr. Harry Potter Sir? I is to be showing you to your new rooms." He said with a bow.

"Lead the way Dobby, and what have I told you to call me?"

The elf smiled up at him. "Very well Harry...sir. If you will come this way?"

Dobby led Harry up to the sixth floor and past many sleeping portraits into a disused part of the castle. "These is where the guest rooms be Harry sir, the Staff with family is on the fifth floor below us." Harry filed that away, wondering if any of the current staff had family staying with them. He stopped five doors down in front of a tapestry of a Satyr chasing nubile Nymphs around a tree disappearing behind some bushes whenever he caught one of them. Harry wondered if it was pure chance that this picture was chosen to guard his door or if someone had a sense of humor. Dobby cleared his throat and the man-goat looked up from behind the bush.

"What do you want? I'm a bit indisposed at the moment!" The painting called out.

"Master Harry Potter be here to claim his rooms." Dobby said looking put out.

"Ah yes!" The Fawn said standing up and Harry blushed as the little half-man half-goat was sporting an impressive erection. "It has been too long since we have had a proper job, luckily we know how to pass the time."

Dobby turned to Harry, "The password be Winky for the moment sir, you is able to change it just by telling Bernard."

"Bernard?" Harry asked.

"Ah that would be Master Potter." The portrait said with a slight bow.

Harry thought for a moment and leaned in. "I would like to change the password to 'Gabrielle' for now." The portrait nodded and clicked open.

"Will there be anything else sir?" The portrait asked.

"No I think that will be it for now thank you." He nodded and dove back behind the bush where Harry heard giggling as the leaves began to rustle once more. He quickly dove into the room with the portrait closing behind him.

The main room was decorated tastefully and looked much like any given room at Grimmauld Place; if Harry had to guess Dobby had been redecorating. The room was not huge but it was a decent size and setup somewhat like a common room decorated in Gryffindor colors. There was a large desk against one wall and a soft seating area with a couch and loveseat around a coffee table against another. In between there was a large bookshelf just waiting for him to stock it with study materials. There were two doors off to the left and right, choosing at random he went left first. Behind the door was a small bedroom with a half-bathroom that was rather sparse; he assumed this was the guest room. Turning around he crossed the common room and opened the other door. This room was a bit larger and confirmed his suspicions about the decorator as all the



furniture was topped in black granite and the large King four-poster looked incredibly inviting.

"Thank you Dobby, uh so are you splitting your time between here and home?"

The little elf nodded, "I is doing all of yours laundry and you can be calling Dobby for anything yous need."

"I'll try to remember, thanks again I know you redecorated. It looks wonderful, just like home away from home."

Dobby was grinning ear to ear as he popped away, Harry quickly headed out and up to the seventh floor and Gryffindor Tower, thankful Hermione had given him the password he stopped in front of the Fat Lady.

"Good evening Lord Potter-Black, password please?" She said.

He smiled up at her, "Hippogriff, and you can still call me Harry." He winked at her and she blushed, he was unaware that a painting was able to blush, but considering what was going on behind the bushes in his guardian portrait he supposed anything was possible. She nodded and the doorway appeared as she swung open, he entered the common room to find Hermione and Ginny talking in low tones on the couch by the Fireplace, he snuck over and plopped down in the chair across from them.

"Hey guys."

Ginny and Hermione both appeared to be fighting the urge to move and sit in his lap, which made him a bit giddy. Ginny was fighting a losing battle and finally she stood and kissed him on the cheek. "Night Harry, I need to behave so I'm heading up." He caught her hand and kissed her knuckles nearly making her melt before she fled from his presence.

He and Hermione were all but alone in the common room. "Do I smell bad or something?" He asked with a smile.

"No, you know Gin is having...difficulty adjusting. Harry do you know what happened to Dumbledore's hand?" She asked.

He shook his head, "He didn't say but he did show me that it works almost normally, but that lot about it looking worse than it actually was, is load of bull."

"How do you..." She asked as her eyebrows drew together. He tapped his temple and she rolled her eyes. "You know you are really quite frustrating, you should not be able to do half the things you can, and the other half you can do effortlessly."

He shrugged, "I'll see if I can get it out of him when we start up our private lessons."

"So you are still doing those then?" She asked. He shrugged again. "Stop that, shrugging indicates that you are not secure with yourself, and you have no reason to be insecure."

He smiled at her, "Fine, anyway I will assume so until he cancels on me. For now I guess we should get to work on organizing the DA." She nodded and together they discussed lesson plans and teaching methods for another hour until she finally had to shoo the last of the first years upstairs leaving them alone. She suddenly seemed very nervous.

"I guess I should be heading off to bed as well." She said quietly.

He looked around quickly to make sure the coast was clear before pulling her into a hug. "I love you Mione."

"I love you as well Harry, but Gin isn't the only one having trouble adjusting..." He leaned in for the kiss but just before their lips met the Portrait hole opened and Ron stumbled in with a huge grin on his face. Hermione quickly jumped from his grasp.

"What's got you so giddy mate?" Harry asked.

"Quidditch Captain! I thought for sure it would be Katie or you Harry!"

He smiled at his redheaded best friend. "Did you see that badge in my Hogwarts letter?" He asked indicating the GC badge on the lapel opposite his prefect badge.

"I suppose not...I'm sorry she didn't ask you Harry, you deserved it."

Harry shook his head. "No I spend the whole game chasing the snitch, I'm pants at actual strategy, good on you!"

Ron let out a large yawn through his grin, "Well I'm pretty much knackered, I'll see you at breakfast? I think our first practice should be this weekend so we should work on some drills." Harry nodded and Ron headed up the stairs to the boys Dorm.

Hermione was grinning at him as he turned back toward her. "What?" He asked innocently.

"I may not be a Legilimens Harry but I can tell when you are lying. That was a wonderful thing you did for him."

He pulled her into another quick hug, "He really will be better at it than me, and I need the time for the DA anyway. As well as...other pursuits." He leaned toward her for a kiss but she kissed his cheek quickly.

"Goodnight Harry. I'm sure Tonks can tuck you in if you are having trouble getting to sleep."

She turned and headed up the stairs smiling all the way and a very frustrated Harry headed back to his own room, where an impatient looking Tonks was standing outside his door. "There you are! Where have you been?"

"Whoa there, I was in the Gryffindor common room going over DA stuff with Mione...what's got you so upset."

She seemed to calm down slightly, "Sorry, I had to sit through a staff meeting and then Dobby showed me where your rooms were but this portrait won't let me in...well he said he might let me in but...Harry your portrait is a pervert!"

Harry looked over at the painting, "Bernard?" The fawn poked his head up from the bush.

"Oh, Hello again. Please don't tell me you want to change the password again already?"

"No Bernard, were you rude to Miss Tonks here?"

The portrait shrugged before running his eyes up and down her body. "She's a looker...I've been chasing the same nymphs for two centuries, give a guy a break!"

Harry shook his head and the painting rolled his eyes, "Fine, what can I do for you?"

"Nym the password is currently set to 'Gabrielle' I think you can remember that?" She nodded. "Bernard you are not to be rude to any female that comes to my door...unless it's a Slytherin. Do you understand?"

"Fine fine..." He said and unlocked the door. Harry motioned for Nym to go first and followed her into the room.

Harry gestured toward the door on the left, "That is a guest room if you want to claim it."

She shook her head and pushed him backward toward the door on the right. "That mean this is your room then?" He nodded as a smile began to play across his lips. "Then I think we need to properly welcome you to your new home, seeing as how Luna is all the way in Ravenclaw Tower..."

He quickly took the initiative and pulled her toward him before tossing her against the door. "You know you only had to ask Nym..." He then kissed her deeply until he felt her legs start to give way. He turned the knob and directed her to the bed, both of them losing clothing along the way.

A couple of hours later found the couple cuddling in the afterglow of great sex, he was just about ready for another go round but she stopped his wandering hands. "Ah ah Mister, you have classes tomorrow." He frowned but pulled her closer as he snuggled down into his pillow and got comfortable.

"Fine, remember that when you are sleeping in your own bed and some other girl is in here." Her breath caught a bit and he looked at her suspiciously. "What is it with all you girls and liking the thought of me with someone else? It's too good to be true, I feel like I need to be tested for compulsions!"

She shook her head, "No Harry, you remember the conversation about twins and mums?" He nodded. "Well once you know you are going to share with other girls anyway, it can become an incredible turn-on to think about it alright? Can we just leave it at that for now or do I need to go sleep in the other room?" She made to get up but he pulled her back down and hugged her like a teddy bear.

"That won't be necessary, tonight at least. Goodnight Nym..." He said as he closed his eyes.

She smiled before burrowing into his shoulder. "Night Harry."

## Chapter 43: Another Year at Hogwarts

Breakfast the next morning might have been like any other day at Hogwarts except for Luna. The blonde entered the Hall and rather than joining her Housemates for breakfast, she made her way to the Gryffindor table and kissed Harry on the cheek as she sat down getting confused and annoyed looks from most of Gryffindor and half the other tables. Dumbledore and the Heads of House save Snape, were all smiling at the head table however.

"Morning Lu, already shaking things up I see." Harry said with a smile.

She nodded as she fixed herself a plate. "I interpreted the Hats song to mean we needed to come together rather than being separated by house divisions. I hope you don't mind?"

Those within earshot nodded and quickly ignored the interloper at the table, going back to their own conversations. Before long Minerva began passing out schedules, she had to search through her stack to find Luna's since she had not yet made it to the Ravenclaw table. She gave the girl an approving smile before she continued on with her task. "Hey, no more double classes!" Ron said at first glance.

"Most of our classes are double periods now Ron, they just combine all four houses since not everybody continues on in each subject for NEWTs. Look, first period every day is a double." Ron's face drooped. "You mean we spend more time in class than we used to?"

Harry shook his head as he read the schedule. "Not really, look at today. We have Charms this morning, then a free period until Herbology from noon until lunch. After that we have the rest of the day off." Ron was smiling once again.

"Wicked!"

Hermione was not looking quite so happy. "Not wicked Ron, I am taking Arithmancy and Ancient Runes which fall during your free periods. You should be studying during those times not playing chess or napping. You realize that you are going to need all that free time later in the year for studying and homework?"

Ron was still smiling, "Yeah, but we're not taking either of those classes and for today we get to relax!" He said sitting back.

Harry consoled Hermione slightly; "Well you aren't taking Muggle Studies so at least you get the last period free." She nodded in thanks. "How about you two?" He asked the two fifth year girls.

Ginny looked down at her schedule. "Lets see here, we have a Free Period and then Divination first thing, icky. Then Transfiguration together as well as Ancient Runes after that and then it looks like I have DADA with the Slytherins followed by Muggle Studies. Only the last period free for me." She said sadly.

Luna nodded, "Same here, except Potions rather than DADA and I happen to like Divination, though I admit Professor Trelawney tries to make it much more flashy and difficult than it needs to be. I suppose that is because you can't really teach the subject to those born without the gift..." She looked back down at the schedule. "I do wish we had Firenze, he is much better since he sticks to things you can do and observe without it. I'm guessing they give us a free period ahead of Professor Trelawney's class due to the extraordinary hike to her tower."

Hermione looked at the girl strangely, "What do you mean you can't do it without the gift? Why would they nearly force us to take it then?"

Luna shrugged, "Possibly to awaken those who have the sight but don't know it? There are not a great number of True Seers after all."

Hermione had to force herself to hold her tongue. She thought the whole business was wooly but had to admit that Luna seemed to see things and half the time they seemed to be true. Luna stood up along with Ginny, "Well, we are going to try to get there early, maybe you should as well." The redhead commented.

Luna leaned down and kissed Harry on the cheek getting wolf whistles from Dean and Seamus as well as a few of the lower years. "I'll see you later Harry." He smiled and wished her luck with her first class before he too stood and picked up his book bag. Ron and Hermione followed him and they made their way out of the Hall Headed towards Charms. When they reached the third floor he watched as his girlfriends hopped onto the moving staircase which

took them all the way around to the landing where they waited for the next staircase up to swing back for them. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Neville turned and headed down the charms corridor toward the classroom.

Charms was one of the more popular of NEWT level courses and so the classroom was much more full than usual, luckily there seemed to be some sort of automatic expansion charm in place that made sure there was always enough space. Harry wondered briefly if that charm was related to the way the room of requirement worked, but knew those secrets had been lost to time. Most people had separated themselves by houses leaving bands of color intermixed with the black of their school robes except for one small section around Harry.

"Hey Harry...um can we sit with you?" Susan said with Hannah behind her.

He was at a loss for words so instead just nodded dumbly. Susan sat on the other side of Hannah who sat down nearly in Neville's lap. In front of Harry were the Patil Twins who greeted him in unison as they sat down. He smiled and greeted them back, trying to completely ignore Susan sitting only three seats away. It didn't really hurt any more but it was uncomfortable to be so close to her and not able to be with her. Before he could think too deeply about it Professor Flitwick came in with a smile and climbed a dais that sat in the middle of the room surrounded by the students and backed by the windows.

"Good morning class, it appears we are all here so why don't we get started. Please pull out your textbooks and turn to chapter three." They all did so and Harry and Hermione at least were unsurprised to find Basic Wards as the chapter subject. "Now I see some of you are surprised that we will be covering warding this year. To you I say the NEWT level Charms may not be for you. OWL level spells are those used in every day situations, which is the reason you are required to pass your OWLs before you can leave school as a qualified witch or wizard. NEWT level spells are specialized and difficult, this is where you will find out what your true strengths and weaknesses are. It is my hope that all of you expect to attain a NEWT for every course you take this year, however it is important to remember that you should be using your sixth year to figure out what works best for



you." He looked around the room at the stunned faces of the students.

Last year all of the Professors had made certain to emphasize just how important every single OWL was. This year it appeared that they were being urged to consider carefully what they would be able to learn effectively. Basically rather than treating them as children and shoving the material down their throats, they were being treated as adults who had tough choices to make. Harry had already read over most of the wards discussed in the chapter when brushing up on the Fidelus and other wards over Grimmauld Place. So he made a quick review, suddenly cursing his perfect memory after skimming the chapter, so he sat back and started going over lesson plans for the DA in his head. They had not yet set a date for the first meeting, having decided to let everyone's schedule settle first, he was brought from his revelry by Professor Flitwick.

"Lord Potter-Black?" The little man asked quietly.

Harry jumped in his seat having been caught unaware. "Uh, please Professor, feel free to continue calling me Mr. Potter as long as you show me the same level of respect as you have in the past."

"Thank you Mr. Potter. Now I notice you seem rather bored, I take it you studied ahead?" Hermione perked up and leaned in to listen to the conversation. "You might as well join this discussion Ms. Granger. I already know your level of work and assume you too have read ahead."

She blushed prettily getting a smile from Harry, "Yes Professor, I believe both of us are already at seventh year or above in most of the source material. What we need is practical experience."

Flitwick nodded and motioned for them to follow him to the corner of the room. There stood Padma Patil and Daphne Greengrass looking as confused as he felt while they approached. "Now you four seem to show great potential for my subject, if you can promise to stay up to date on the reading then I will instruct you in the practical applications during the entirety of our sessions each week. Though I might expect you to help me demonstrate when the rest of the class is ready for the second half of the period."

They all nodded and he smiled. "Very well, you will see here five doll houses. What we are working on today is the fireproofing ward, this is one of the most simple to start because it is basically a widespread and long lasting flame freezing charm." They all nodded having read the section already. "Do any of you need me to show you the incantation and wand movement?" Most of them shook their heads but Harry spoke up.

"Actually, the diagrams in the books are never as good as direct observation, could you please demonstrate the wand movement?" The others nodded when they couldn't find any fault in his logic.

"Very well," The man said as his wand appeared in his hand surprising most of the others in the group, Harry shared a secret smile with Hermione recognizing that he was wearing an Ollivander HW holster. "Now when you reach a high level of warding ability it becomes almost second nature to cast such spells without a wand movement, or to combine wand movements into long and intricate strings of spells called spell chains. However to begin the wand movement is like the flame freezing charm but with a small difference. When casting that charm you make three small circles while pointing downward toward the object followed by a stab in the direction of the object. For the ward however it is three large circles pointing toward the ceiling followed by a stab roughly at the center of the building or object." Harry raised his hand. "Yes Mr. Potter?"

"How are we going to cast such a large spell on such a small house?"

The Professor smiled, "A very good question. Two points to Gryffindor I think, intent is very important in the casting of Wards, you must know the area you are warding very well If you are to cast a lasting and strong ward. In the case of the dollhouses it is going to end up as a sort of hybrid wand movement. You will do the large circles however it will be followed with a sharp stab downward as though you were casting the flame freezing charm, you must remember that the size of the area does not matter as much as directing the center of your ward to the center of the area to be warded. However there are always limits on the casting ability and magical core of the person."

Flitwick left them to it with a wave and headed back to observe the rest of the room, he remembered his promise to Wood Parkinson

and decided this was the only opportunity he might have to talk to Daphne. He moved over toward her getting odd looks from both her and the others in the group. "Uh, Hi...we haven't ever been introduced but I believe your family are good friends with the Parkinson's?"

She looked at him a bit oddly but simply grabbed her dollhouse and carried it a few feet away; he grabbed his and followed, stopping a short distance away so that he would not hit her during the wand movements. "Are you following me Potter?" She asked.

"Mr. Parkinson asked that I put the children of the clan under my protection." She took a sharp breath and looked up at him.

"So the Blacks are going to rejoin us then? I don't think the Potters would approve."

He shook his head, "From what I have heard of my father while he was at school, he would not have had a problem. And I hope my mother would just want me to be happy."

She smiled for the first time and he realized just how beautiful she really was. "Well then welcome to the family Lord Black, I don't believe I need your protection at the moment, but if you keep talking to me..." She looked up and he followed her gaze to where Malfoy was looking at the two of them suspiciously.

Harry looked back to her and winked getting a curious look from her. He then spoke loud enough for Malfoy to hear, "Fine then, I didn't want to go to Hogsmeade with you anyway you prissy snake!" As he turned his back to Malfoy he winked again and smiled at her, she just looked at him as if she were dissecting him layer by layer before winking back. She sneered at him as she turned back to her house and began attempting the spell.

Harry turned to his house as well but was in quite a conundrum. He could not just cast the spell non-verbally, nor could he cast it without holding his wand unless he wanted people to ask him unwanted questions. Hermione saw him thinking and came over whispering quietly. "What is the problem Harry?"

"You remember my demonstration on the train? That is how I have to learn the difference in power level I need to cast something

verbally and with my wand in hand... I don't know how I am going to perform the practical in classes..."

She looked thoughtful for a few moments before replying. "You are carrying both wands right?" He nodded. "So cast it the first time with your off hand but do the wand movement with the other... I don't know enough about whatever it is your doing but that is the best I can come up with for now. Sorry."

He nodded and she went back to her own place as he stared down at his house. Sighing he raised both hands but concentrated on his left where he knew the elder wand was hidden. He called out "Igneous Extundo" and felt the tug on his magic as usual; he smiled and reminded himself to thank her properly later. He then closed his eyes and set the power levels as usual before he began attempting to cast the spell non-verbally. Once that was done he reset the power levels once more until he could comfortably cast verbally with his wand without overpowering the spell. All in all it took him about twenty minutes to get it right and he was soon concentrating on committing the wand movements to muscle memory by repeating them over and over for the next half hour.

Finally the tiny professor called a halt, or rather he called the rest of the class to attention as he demonstrated the wand movements and incantation and asked everyone to stand. As they did so dollhouses appeared before each of them on the desks, he explained to them almost word for word the way he had for the smaller group and got them started before he headed back to the corner where they were practicing.

"Now, I take it each of you has gotten the hang of it?" They all nodded, "Excellent, 2 points for each of you I think. Just a quick test then if you will?"

He produced his wand once more and removed all traces of the spells from the dollhouses. They each cast the spell without any trouble and the Professor nodded before pointing at each in turn and casting flames. None burned and he beamed proudly at them. "Excellent work, your homework is to be able to cast these spells nonverbally. Each of your instructors should be stressing this skill in their classes. The rest of the class will be doing three feet about the charm and it's uses, if you feel you need a better understanding please feel free to complete the assignment for extra credit. They

will all be asked to learn to cast nonverbally as well but I do not expect them to pick up the skill needed until later in the year and though we stress it, we do not require it. I expect more from my honor students however, is that understood?"

A chorus of "Yes Professor." Was heard and he smiled once more. "Very well then, for the remainder of class please walk through the room assisting the other students. That is all for now." And with that the little man seemed to skip away, much more spry than his age would suggest.

Hermione looked a bit bothered for some reason so Harry bumped her shoulder with his own. "Penny for 'em?"

She was startled out of her thinking long enough to reply. "Oh, sorry. I suppose it feels like cheating, not having to do the homework and all..."

He shook his head. "Maybe for me, can you cast that spell nonverbally though? Can you even cast nonverbally?"

"I have managed a few times but it's difficult, they do not require it to pass NEWTs but you do get more points on the practical portion of the test if you can cast without incantation so I have been studying, thanks to you getting me permission to practice at home." He smiled and opened his mouth to speak but she cut him off.

"So you are saying that I am being offered an advanced class that requires less written homework and I should stop complaining?" She asked him with a smile.

"If you insist on putting words in my mouth, something like that yeah." He smiled back. "Now lets go see how the others are doing..."

They walked back to their section and found Padma already helping her sister out, Neville as usual was having difficulty and Hermione went straight toward he and Hannah. That left Susan and Ron for Harry to work with and he suddenly felt a bit betrayed by his incognito girlfriend. He made his way over to them where he found Ron struggling as usual. "Hey you two...so uh, how's it going?"

Susan smiled and performed the charm satisfactorily, which Harry thanked his stars for. "That's great Susie...er Susan. You should just keep practicing so you have the wand movements in muscle memory..." She nodded and turned away from him so he took a deep breath and turned to Ron who was angrily waving his wand at the house.

"Ron, I'd be careful, the first part of that spell is Igneous which is the same spell you use to light the fireplace if your not careful you might..." But before he could finish Ron had set his house ablaze. Cursing Harry cast a flame freezing charm over the house quickly followed by an Augemeti to douse the flames. Ron was not happy.

"What'd you go and do that for?" He shouted in a whisper.

"What? Put out the fire you caused?" Harry asked a bit annoyed.

Ron looked like he was about to retort but took a deep breath instead and released it slowly, Harry saw the red leave his face along with the breath. "Yeah...sorry I snapped, this spell has me all sorts of twisted."

"Why don't you show me what you were doing in slow motion? Don't say or think the incantation though." Ron took another deep breath and nodded as he brought his wand to bare and performed the charm.

"Ah see, you are doing everything correctly except for the last step, you have to point toward the dollhouse rather than the center of the room. I am fairly certain Hogwarts is already shielded against flames." Ron looked a bit sheepish as he suddenly remembered Flitwick telling them almost the same thing only moments ago.

He performed the charm once again finishing with the downward stab rather than the upward one and the house glowed with a blue aura for a moment before dimming once again. "Good job mate! See that wasn't so hard..." Ron was panting rather heavily and sat back down.

"Easy for you to say, you weren't warding the classroom for the last ten minutes!" Harry grinned.

"I supposed not, I don't think the professor will mind if you take a quick break." Harry quickly cast a finite at Ron's house earning him a slight glare before turning back toward Susan.

"Uh, so still going alright over here then?" He asked shyly.

She looked up startled but nodded. "I think so...would you test it though? It looks good but I don't know if it's actually flame proof yet."

Harry quickly cast an Igneous charm and watched sadly as the roof of the building caught on fire. He extinguished it quickly and looked to the girl whose face had fallen. "I thought I got it right...what happened?"

Harry decided the same approach would work as with Ron. "It's alright Susi..um, Susan just take it slow."

"You can still call me Susie Harry...I'm sorry I've been avoiding you...its just..."

Harry nodded, "Alright Susie," he couldn't help smiling as the knot in his chest loosened just a bit. "Now try doing the wand movement as slow as possible without saying or thinking the incantation. That was Ron's problem, maybe we can catch something alright?"

She nodded and performed the movement again slowly Harry noticed that her last circle was more of an oval and when she stabbed at the house it was toward the center of the object through the wall instead of the ceiling. "Alright, your circles are a little loose, and when you make that final wand movement you should point down through the roof instead of through the wall. Not sure if that makes a huge difference since you are still pointing at the center but it's worth a shot."

She smiled and turned her back to him to perform the actual spell once more, he noticed that the oval still persisted just before she pointed downward to finish the movement and his teaching mode kicked in from the DA as he stepped up behind her grasping her hand in his own and placing the other on her waist. "No like this." He whispered in her ear as he directed her arm above her head. He noticed that she was trembling slightly and realized just what he was doing as he sprung away from her.

"Uh..sorry, I.."

"No its okay, I was just..."

"So looks like you have it down now, um I'm gonna go see how Ron's doing..." He quickly fled from her presence after seeing how violently she had reacted to his touch, the knot that had recently loosened tightened up again and he felt the bubble of pain pushing against his ribs again. It was like he couldn't quite take a full breath, but he forced himself to do it anyway and soon the pain lessened somewhat, he risked a glance over his shoulder and found her smiling at him before she realized he was looking, at which point she promptly blushed and turned away again. He was smiling once more by the time he reached Ron.

"How goes it?" Ron was still sitting in his seat looking like he might go to sleep. Harry kicked his foot and the boy stopped whatever daydream he was having and looked annoyed for a second before he realized where he was.

"Huh? Oh! Sorry, guess I drifted off for a second there...um so the charm..right..." Harry shook his head and reached into his pocket pulling a fun-size snickers bar and handing it to the redhead. "What's this for?" Ron asked.

"The chocolate should help restore your magical energy, they really need to figure out just how it does that anyway...um, and the nuts and stuff should help keep you full until lunch. Its been what, an hour since breakfast? You have to be starving!"

"Prat!" Ron said but picked up the candy bar and quickly ate it. "You know, this is actually helping...they should serve these in History of Magic!" They both laughed as Ron finished the last of the candy and stood up. "Alright lets try again shall we?"

Harry nodded and watched as Ron performed the spell perfectly, although his wand movement looked like something a Muggle magician would do, big and flashy. "Really good Ron, but I think you should work on making your wand movements smaller. It will transfer over to DADA as well, can't go telegraphing your next spell to your target now can you?" Ron nodded and cast the spell again trying to make his movements smaller. Harry watched for a while before nodding and going back to Susan.



"So uh, everything better over here then?" He asked, honestly just looking for an excuse to be near her again. It was pathetic but he couldn't help himself.

She quickly cast a flame charm at the house, which engulfed it without burning it before she cancelled it. "Much better, thanks again Harry."

He smiled back at her, "Anytime Suse...uh, I should go check on some of the other students." She nodded and he walked away, glancing around the room to see anyone else who needed help. Mandy Brockelhurst was sitting in the Ravenclaw area and Padma was making her way through the group but Mandy seemed to blend in. Harry decided now was as good a time as any to get to know her a bit.

"Hey," He said quietly after he watched her performed a failed ward once more.

She jumped slightly and turned to face him, her face suddenly going white. "Uh...hi?"

"You looked like you could use some help. Can you do just the wand movement in slow motion for me?" She nodded and turned away from him to hide her blush before slowly showing him the wand movements. "That actually looks pretty good, can you say the incantation for me without doing the wand movement?"

She nodded and took a breath to steady her voice. "Um...Igneous Extundo"

He smiled at her remembering Hermione arguing with Ron in first year. "It's ExtUndo not EXtundo, give it another try."

She sighed and looked down at her dollhouse and performed the charm and smiled as it glowed for a few seconds. She jumped into his arms and hugged him before she realized what she had done and pulled away with a blush that looked very pretty extending from her black hair down to her neck. "Um, thanks..."

He smiled. "No problem...shall we test it?" She nodded and he cast a quick flame charm, which he let die on its own, as it didn't catch on

anything. "Good job Mandy, keep practicing now that you know what you were doing wrong. " He cast a quick Finite and turned to observe the rest of the class.

Hermione had moved on to the Hufflepuffs who as a whole were doing reasonably well. The Ravenclaws were doing well and Padma headed over to join Hermione. Ron was actually helping other Gryffindors now and Susan and Hannah were both helping out Neville. That meant there was only one section left where Harry was needed and he felt extremely uncomfortable trying to work his way into that crowd. He saw the Daphne was helping out a small group toward the back of the room and Malfoy was looking rather bored as he stared off into space, likely planning as far as Harry was concerned. Pansy was at the edge of the group struggling with her spell work; Harry took a deep breath and mustered up his Gryffindor courage as he walked toward her. He did not see the smile on the little Professor's face as he walked by.

"Miss Parkinson...you look like you need some help." She looked up at him sharply before looking quickly around to see who was watching.

"What are you doing over here you idiot?" She hissed at him though the fear he saw in her eyes did not seem to be fear of the crowd, but fear of him.

"Um, Flitwick asked a few of us to help out the others and you looked like you needed help...now do you want to fail Charms on your first day or do you want some help?"

She seemed to wrestle with herself for a moment before nodding. He repeated his usual spiel and noted that her wand work was a little sloppy in the circles just like Susan's had been. He pointed it out to her and she sneered at him before she tried again to cast the spell paying attention to her circles, however they were no longer fluid and the spell failed once again. With a sigh he walked behind her and grasped her wrist lightly as he spoke into her ear. He felt the same tenseness and shaking from her that he had from Susan and was disappointed a bit that Susan seemed to find him so revolting but was just happy she was speaking to him again. He directed her wand in the proper form a few times before stepping away from her, noticing how heavily she was breathing.

"Potter! What do you think your doing pawing all over my girlfriend?" Came a voice that was only too familiar.

"Draco despite any fun we may have, I am not your girlfriend, would you please get that through your thick skull?" Pansy snapped surprising Harry and apparently Draco as well.

He was only taken aback for a moment however as he moved closer. "Listen here Potty, despite what she says she..mmmfpf?" Harry had locked his tongue to the top of his mouth drawing some attention from the surrounding Slytherins, thinking quickly he keyed the Langlock curse to Blaise Zabini as a trigger to release. One would not normally be able to do such a thing, but after talking to Ollivander Harry had started working on being able to tweak magic to suit his needs.

"Malfoy, I believe on the train I told you to refer to me as Lord Black if you must refer to me at all. Do I need to remind you of the consequences for pissing me off?" Malfoy's eyes narrowed and his wand twitched in his hand but no spell's came forth. "Good boy, now I believe Mr. Zabini should be able to help you out with that little problem. I'm glad you decided not to talk back to me. Wouldn't want to take half your money, even if I make more than that in interest each year."

Malfoy looked about to swing at Harry but Crabbe and Goyle each wrapped an arm around his shoulders, he looked daggers at them before he saw Professor Flitwick standing behind Harry. "Is there a problem here Lord Black?"

Harry shook his head. "None Professor, Draco thought better of slandering my family name is all. I appreciate his self control."

Crabbe spoke up surprising everyone a bit. "Potter cast some sort of curse and Draco can't talk now."

"Is this true Lord Black?" Flitwick asked with a raised eyebrow and stressing the title.

"Not at all Professor, Harry didn't even draw his wand!" Came Hermione's voice from behind him in the Hufflepuff section.

"I will need to see your wand Lord Black, if you please?" Harry nodded and snapped his Holly wand into his right hand before disengaging it and handing it to the little man butt first. He quickly cast Priori Incantatem and saw that the last ten spells were all Wards from this lesson. Harry noticed the man's eyes dart to his left wrist and a small smile appeared but he said nothing as he handed the wand back. "Very well, Mr. Malfoy, if you are unable to speak for some reason perhaps you should visit the hospital wing. As for the rest of you, your homework will be three feet on this ward and its various uses and origins due next class tomorrow. You are dismissed!" He said and turned his back on them.

Draco looked nearly homicidal but Harry just smiled and waved as he was dragged from the classroom by Pansy followed by his two goons. Blaise stopped by him on his way out of the room, ostensibly to tie his shoe. "Nice one Black, I don't know how you pulled it off but I would like to know why you tossed my name in there?"

Harry smiled but did not look down at him as he spoke. "I thought when no one else was able to remove that spell and you were it might help up your standing in the house. I would like to take Malfoy out as peacefully as possible."

Zabini smiled as he stood and locked eyes with Harry. "Very Slytherin of you Black...that could indeed be useful. Though I don't approve of your choice in friends, I can approve of your methods. Thank you." He then left quickly as Hermione and Ron joined him.

"What was all that about mate?" Ron asked.

"I was just keeping Malfoy from losing half his money to me is all."

Hermione looked put out, but her mutinous smile was overpowering her anger. "And I defended you! You cast that nonwandlessly didn't you?"

Harry looked at her a bit cockeyed. "Non Wandlessly? Are you feeling okay?" He said as he put a hand to her forehead.

She whacked his hand away from her with a slight smile. "What would you call it? Besides supermagic I mean?" He had to concede the point to her and bowed slightly. Just then the bell rang and she quickly started for the door. "You two may not have anywhere to be

but I need to get to Runes!" Harry caught up to her and Ron was walking confusedly beside them.

"Where we going mate? We don't have anything this period?" Ron asked.

Harry sighed at his thickheaded friend. "No we don't, so I thought we could accompany her to class. Unless you need to go start working on our Quidditch strategies, I'm sure she would understand." Hermione who was biting her tongue physically to keep from going at him nodded.

"That's fine Ron, I will see you in Herbology?" Ron nodded and stopped as they continued on.

"See you in a few then Harry!" He called out before heading back the way they came.

Harry saw Hermione to her door on the fifth floor and left her with a smile before racing to the stairs that led down from the Divination Tower. An out of breath Harry arrived just in time to catch Ginny and Luna at the stairs. "Hey...you...two..." He said with a grin.

"Harry did you try to kill yourself in order to walk me to class? Please don't die on my account." Luna said as she kissed him quickly on the lips, Ginny looked a bit distraught but held herself in check.

"I...thought I could...walk you to your next class...since I'm off." He said still catching his breath.

"That would be lovely, thank you Harry." Luna said wrapping an arm around his bicep and throwing a look to Ginny. "He is escorting you as well, perhaps you should take his other arm?" Ginny blushed but nodded as she took his other arm lightly and the three made their way down to the second floor and toward the Transfiguration classroom. They got a few strange looks but Ginny kissed him quickly on the cheek before diving into the classroom with a deep blush causing her female classmates to smile. Luna on the other hand wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him rather deeply to a chorus of "oooo's" from the classroom. Cat-Minerva jumped from her desk and transformed in mid-air as she approached.

"Miss Lovegood, Mr. Potter. I do not wish to deduct house points for a public display of affection, please use a little more discretion!"

"Yes Ma'am." They both said but both were smiling. "I'll see you at lunch Harry." She said before heading into the classroom. Minerva smiled quickly at him before closing the door for class to begin. Harry walked whistling back up the stairs to the Gryffindor common room where he found Ron pouring over parchments covered in Quidditch Plays. They spent the rest of the afternoon going over plays and strategies before rushing to Herbology, which ended up being rather uneventful. After lunch Harry was torn between escorting Hermione to Arithmancy on the seventh floor, Ginny to DADA with the Slytherins, or Luna down to Potions in the dungeon. In the end Mione and Gin had shooed he and his designated girlfriend away toward the dungeons with a smile. He dodged away before Slughorn could corner him again and afterward he was completely at a loss as to what to do. So he slowly made his way outside and began to walk around the lake, thinking of Luna, wishing he could be with Susan, wondering how Gin was going to get along without him that night, and whether Hermione could be persuaded to join him for a night cap later in his rooms.

He was lost in thought about the DA once more when Hedwig landed on his shoulder. There you are! I have been waiting for you! he heard her thinking.

"Hey girl, sorry I haven't been up to see you, it's only been a few days though. You know you are welcome to come visit at breakfast even if you don't have mail for me."

She butted her head against his in thanks before holding out her letter. "What's this then?" He got a flash of Blonde hair and perfect blue eyes and smiled. "You've been all the way to France? Such a good girl." He said stroking her feathers and feeling her purr in his head.

He opened the letter and began reading as he idly stroked his owl.

Master,

It feels like too long since I have had you next to me or inside me, I miss you every day. Things are going as well as can be expected at the school this year, my classes are not too difficult but they are

already hounding us about our OWLs next year. I absolutely love this bird, she found me just as my letter is being started and I was wondering how to sneak to the Owlery.

I am hoping you are well and that you are enjoying yourself and your witches, I spend much time thinking of you as I lay in my bed and pleasure myself. I hope you are taking care of and being taken care of by all of these witches that have lined up to date you. Without me there to greet you properly in the morning you must be going through withdrawal. As an adult student can you not take leave of the school on weekends? I would love to see you this weekend if possible; I need you inside me as much as I need air. I need to pleasure you, and to feel your lips against mine. However I understand your order, and I do have many friends here to keep me occupied in other ways. I look forward to a return letter and to seeing this beautiful owl once more.

With all my love, your pet,

Gabrielle

Harry pocketed the letter and made a note to ask Hermione if he could leave the school to visit her this weekend. A visit to his first love seemed like just the thing to get his mind off of Susan for a while. "Thanks again Hedwig, you have no idea how much this note means to me." He pulled her head against his for a moment in a strange sort of hug but he felt her contentment and knew she enjoyed it as much as he did. She then took off and back up to the Owlery for some well-deserved rest.

He headed back inside just as the bell rung for the last period to start. He quickly headed to the stairs just inside the entrance hall that led down to the Dungeons and pulled Luna to him as she passed. She smiled as if she had known it was about to happen, even before she saw him. He guessed she probably had but let it go rather than dwell on it. "Hey you." He said with a smile.

"Hello Harry. So are we heading to your room then?" Harry was suddenly struck speechless. He had just been thinking that but not exactly the way she made it sound.

"Uh, well actually I thought we could pick up Mione and Gin as well since they have this period off. And I guess Ron as well."

She smiled and patted his cheek. "That is what I meant silly boy, there will be plenty of time for fooling around later. Unless of course you want to watch me fool around with Ronald?" Harry thought about it for all of three seconds before dismissing the idea.

"Uh, no Luna that holds no appeal to me at all. I hope you don't mind?"

She shook her head, "Not really, he wouldn't be very much fun, I just thought after you let Hermione play with him..."

He cut her off quickly, "That was a mistake on their part and they know it, I did not let her do anything, it was her decision. And just so you know, if you decide you do want to uh...fool around with Ron you are allowed, I don't own you or anything...but I don't know if we could still be as close..."

She smiled again and kissed him quickly, "I know Harry, I don't want any other males at the moment since my current mate is the Alpha of the pack, but knowing you would let me makes me want to stay with you that much more. Now we better hurry to the fourth floor if we are going to catch Ginny. Something tells me Hermione will be waiting there for us as well."

Harry simply dismissed his doubt about her prediction as it really did make sense for Ginny's girlfriend to meet her after classes. So they headed up to the fourth floor and found the two girls talking as they headed back for the "UP" staircase where Harry and Luna caught up to them.

"Hey you two, how about we head to my room instead of upstairs?" Harry said.

They looked at each other before shrugging and following him onto staircase and waiting for it to move. "Harry what about Ron?" Hermione asked.

Luna smiled as she pulled a sheet of parchment from her book bag and scribbled a quick note before pointing her wand at it and saying a quick incantation *Velox Aer Vindico*. The parchment folded itself into a paper airplane and headed off up the stairs. "I just let him know where to find us."



Hermione was staring at her. "I thought that was a secret Ministry spell, it is really useful!" Luna just shrugged.

"Daddy has sources inside the Ministry, this is the least of the information he had gleaned from them. Did you know that besides eating Goblins, Fudge was also secretly amassing an army of Heliopaths?" Hermione made as if to comment but closed her mouth and nodded.

They reached the portrait and Hermione gasped. "Harry, what is that thing doing to those girls?" Ginny was giggling as she watched and Luna just looked on dreamily as normal.

"I beg your pardon Madam but I am not a thing, I am a Satyr thank you very much!" The portrait replied as he released his recently captured Nymph exposing his overly large erection to the girls for the first time.

"Oh My!" Hermione exclaimed.

The Satyr smiled, "Thank you, it is nice to know one is appreciated!" He bounced his boner up and down a few times using just his muscles causing Ginny's eyes to widen. Harry had enough but was smiling at their reactions.

"Alright Bernard, each of these girls has access to my rooms without restriction. I might like to be notified of their arrival if I am inside, but password or not you are to give them access, is that understood?" The man-goat nodded.

"Alright then ladies, the current password is 'Gabrielle'" The portrait clicked open and they all entered closing the door behind them. Harry heard a voice from above the mantel call out to him.

"Harry?" He turned and found Bernard poking his head into the portrait frame.

"Yes Bernie?"

The Satyr smiled at his new nickname. "Is anyone else coming? I really was in the middle of something...er..."

Harry laughed before answering. "In a few minutes Ron Weasley should be here, once he is inside you should be safe to 'Er' all you want for a while. Alright?"

Bernie nodded and disappeared from the frame, much to the relief of the female occupant. "Thank you Lord Potter-Black, I don't know how you stand that..that thing!"

Harry made sure the girls were okay in the seating area before walking over to examine the portrait closer. "You can call me Harry if you like, Miss..?"

She blushed prettily, "Wenny is fine Milord. I must say it is rather nice to have an occupant in this room again, it must have been half a century or so since it has seen use. And I just don't like to travel the castle any longer. After a thousand years the whole of it is a little boring when I cannot teach classes or interact with people on a personal level."

Harry began to wonder at the portraits identity but did not say anything of his suspicions. "Very well Wenny, well you are free to leave your frame if you wish but I am always happy to converse. However I might warn you about my er..." She began laughing outrageously at him.

"Yes well you are a young man with private rooms and apparently plenty of female company, if you wish to 'Er' I will not disclose anything to anybody on the condition you let me watch." She said with a smile. "Those that cannot do, live vicariously through observation and all that."

"You know Bernard may be a bit crass, but he was just complaining about chasing the same Nymphs around for a few centuries, I'm sure I could talk to him about...'Er' If you wish." She blushed again but was smiling.

"I am not quite that hard up Harry. I am not even certain that I could, having been painted by a different artist..."

"May I ask who the artist was?" Harry asked.

"Well, my husband.."

"Then it would be my guess that you would be perfectly able to 'Er' if you wish, I'm certain he was thinking about you in that way while he was painting if your beauty is any testament to the real you."

"You flatter me Harry. Go to your female companions, I shall not bother you any more this evening." She waved him off before her portrait went still once more.

He joined the girls in the seating area; they had left him the middle of the couch open with Mione and Gin on either side. He sat down and the girls snuggled into his shoulders and Luna sat sideways on his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. "You know what's missing from this picture?" Harry asked.

"Cartoons?" Ginny asked, he chuckled and nodded.

"I was going to say Telly but yes, cartoons would be nice right about now." He replied

"Whom were you talking to in that portrait?" Hermione asked.

Luna took Hermione's place on his shoulder as the other girl sat up. "Oh that's just Wenny, she really is a wonderful lady though I had never actually spoken to her before."

All three of them looked at the blonde who was content just to look back. "You know Wenny?" Harry asked.

"Eventually yes." She responded. After the roundabout on the train all three of them knew better than to question her.

"So what shall we do until Ron gets here then?" Harry asked to change the subject.

All three of the girls groaned and got up grabbing their book bags. "Ancient Runes." Ginny said getting a nod from Luna and Hermione.

"Arithmancy as well." Hermione said claiming the desk for her own. Harry looked at the arrangement of the room and had a sudden thought.

"Dobby?" The elf popped in. "Dobby can we rearrange this to make room for two or three more desks? Or figure out some way to..." Just

as he was speaking Bernie popped into the frame with Wenny surprising her once more.

"Harry, Mr. Weasley is outside, should I let him in?" Harry nodded and the door clicked open not long after the Satyr disappeared.

"What on earth is that thing?" Ron asked, Harry heard a growl from the other side of the door and quickly explained what a Satyr was to Ron. "Well, he looks like he is happy enough, he has to have six or eight of those girls to choose from."

"It's a lot harder than you think." Harry murmured, getting a giggle from Luna who was the only one to hear his comment. "So what's up? This is your place then?"

"Yep, we were just discussing trying to fit a couple more desks in here for study sessions, you have any ideas?" Ron's eyes lit up as he suddenly began walking around the room taking mental measurements and turning to Dobby, the two of them spoke in low tones for a few moments before Dobby nodded and disappeared. He popped back in a few moments later with three more shrunken desks.

"All right everybody up please?" They all complied and Ron nodded to Dobby who clapped his hands. The desk by the wall centered itself in the middle of the room with the three others as they regained their normal size. The soft seating moved from a ring configuration to seating along the walls and the four desks in the middle made a rather large work surface with four chairs. Ron nodded to Dobby who clapped his hands again and the furniture moved itself once more, the other three desks were shrunken again and Harry saw them sitting on the top shelf of the book case neatly stacked to take up minimal space.

"That is really impressive Ron." Hermione said honestly.

Ron's ears turned red but he controlled the rest of the blush admirably. "Just a little planning is all."

Harry shook his head, "I had no idea how to accomplish my goal and you figured it out in just a few seconds, you really do have a knack for this stuff. Are you sure you want to be an Auror?" Ron thought about it for a minute before shrugging.

"I don't really know what else to do, I don't think there are Wizard Interior Decorators, plus I don't want to be thought of as a pouf you know?" Luna shook her head.

"Ronald you are good at this, do you know how much paperwork the Aurors have to do?" Ron paled as he thought about it.

"All right, but what on earth am I gonna do then?"

Harry pondered that for a moment. "The Twins started their own business and they are doing well. You might think of doing the same thing, maybe talk to McGonagall about it some time. I would keep the classes you have now to fall back on rather than drop out or drop half of them. You might end up being an Auror anyway, or some other ministry job." Ron nodded and took a seat in one of the comfy chairs.

"Well I've got two years to figure that out then don't I? So where's the refreshments?" Before Harry could ask Dobby popped away and returned with Tea and Biscuits, as well as a shake for both Harry and Ron.

"Thank you Dobby." Harry said gratefully, the elf smiled and popped away. They all snacked a bit but the atmosphere seemed a little strained with Ron in the room for some reason. Luna was still sitting on his lap with a girl on either side, but they did not snuggle with him as they had earlier much to his disappointment.

"Well, I suppose we have some studying to do, how is that paper for Charms going Ron?" The redhead in question suddenly looked around warily.

"Uh...I haven't started on it. You?"

Harry shook his head, "You saw me and Hermione helping everyone else out today?" Ron nodded, "Our homework is to learn the spell nonverbally since we already demonstrated that we know the material."

Ron's look grew dark again as his jealousy surfaced but one look at Luna and he took a few deep breaths. "So you can help me with it

then?" Hermione nodded glad he hadn't gotten angry with them. "Well lets get started then shall we? Dobby?"

The elf reappeared and Ron clapped his hands to demonstrate. The elf smiled as he once again rearranged the furniture and popped out. The girls each took a seat at the work center and Ron took the last one, Hermione let Ron borrow her Charms text book while Harry sat on the couch and began mentally preparing for the Charms class the next day. After quickly reviewing the information from the entire sixth year text he sighed and stood up before heading over to Ron, secretly trailing his fingers across Hermione's back as he passed causing her to shiver as she tried to pretend nothing had happened. Harry found that he rather liked the power he held over Gin and Mione when it came to this. He knew and they knew that he could have them any time he wanted, they were just choosing to behave.

He was still a bit lost in thought until Ron cleared his throat. "You with me mate?"

"Uh sorry." Harry said with a smile. "Reading that much information always makes me a little light headed." Ron looked at him funny for a moment wondering what book he had been reading but quickly shrugged it off. The two of them got to work going over the required material once more with Harry in teacher mode. Ron seemed to pick everything up much better than normal and commented on it.

"You know mate, you're much better at this than Hermione. She is all facts and whatnot but you give it to me in a way I can actually understand."

Harry pondered that statement for a moment and glanced over to see that Hermione had indeed heard what Ron said but was pretending to ignore it. He put a hand to his eyes and pressed with his fingers to stop the headache before it could start. "Uh, well Mione is the smartest witch of our generation, of course she talks on a whole other level! Me on the other hand, I was a complete dolt like you until I cheated by learning Occlumency. I can recite the text to you word for word if you like?"

Ron quickly shook his head, "No thanks mate, I can read just fine by myself. You sure you wanna be an Auror? Your pretty good at this teaching stuff."

Again Harry had to pause for thought, he really did like teaching and he seemed to be pretty good at it no matter what subject as demonstrated in Charms earlier that day. He wondered briefly if he could teach by day and be a Hit Wizard by night but quickly dismissed the thought for the time being. He had to get rid of Voldemort first, that required HW skills. After that he could think about what else to do with his life. "Right now I just want to get rid of a certain pain in my forehead. But thank you." Ron nodded and sighed hugely as he unrolled three feet of blank parchment and started writing.

"You wanna help me write this too?" Ron asked hopefully.

Harry shook his head and smiled. "I will help you review it, but the writing stuff is Mione's bag not mine. I hope I can find a way out of written work for all my classes, though I doubt Slughorn or Snape will be easily swayed."

Once the work was done and Hermione had read over and corrected Ron's paper for him they all sat back and looked at one another. Ron spoke up first.

"You know, I don't know how you can do two subjects work in the time it takes me to do Charms Hermione...so uh, thanks for the help I guess." Hermione beamed at him, Harry wasn't sure but that might have been the first sincere gratitude that Ron had ever offered her for homework help.

"Not a problem at all Ron, when you actually apply yourself I am happy to help you along. Keep up the good work and I bet you could be number three this year." Hermione replied.

"Number Three?" Ron asked.

Hermione nodded, "Padma is very smart but she tends to fly under the Radar a bit just like Parvati who mind you, is just as intelligent but seems to enjoy applying makeup more than applying herself to her work. I of course am the top of all my classes except for one." She said with a look at Harry.

"What?" Harry asked.

She shook her head in amusement. "Harry, even with all of the bollox you have to go through every year you still somehow end up right behind me in every class except for DADA in which you have outperformed me since the Tri-Wizard. You have always been better at the application of magic rather than the theory behind it. This year I am having to work extra hard to stay ahead of you because of your...unnatural advantages." She was smiling, which told him she was not especially upset about that fact.

"Um, thank you?" He said and she nodded before turning back to Ron. "In any case Ronald I think you could easily displace Daphne Greengrass from the number three spot if you apply yourself this year. It would look really good on any application."

"Daphne is number three? Wait! You mean I really am number two?" Harry asked.

Ron nodded, "It makes sense Harry, what she said about the way you apply magic combined with having her for a best friend to help you with the theory stuff. It's no wonder really. I honestly thought you would be prefect instead of me." Hermione bit her tongue to keep from agreeing wholeheartedly with him, which felt rather ironic.

Harry pondered that for a moment, "Dumbledore told me he thought I had enough going on in my life that I didn't need to worry about prefect stuff as well..." Harry suddenly went quiet and the temperature in the room dropped a couple of degrees, enough to be noticed.

"Uh, Harry mate?" Ron asked quietly.

Harry looked up and took a few deep breaths. "Sorry got carried away for a second...Just more evidence of him meddling in my life. I really don't want to be Prefect any more than I...uh, anyway it would have been nice to have been offered or at least told up front that I was the first choice..." Hermione and Ginny knew that he had given up the Team Captain spot for Ron but also knew that Ron did not need to know that.

Ron was oblivious as usual as he stretched. "Well, think its time to head for bed. We have Slughorn first thing tomorrow." He got up and headed for the door. "You guys coming?" He asked the females in the room.



"We'll be along shortly Ron, if you have gone to bed I will see you before breakfast?" Hermione asked. Ron nodded and waved as he walked out, closing the portrait hole behind him.

Harry smiled and pulled her from her seat into his embrace and kissed her quickly on the lips. "I have wanted to do that all day. Since last night actually, I think you are trying to kill me woman!" Hermione hugged him but pulled away with a smile.

"I really should be going Harry, as much as I want to be with you we do need to keep a low profile and it will be too hard to have a secret physical relationship with you...besides after Luna is Lavender's turn and I don't think she plans on sharing you."

"I already told Gin that it doesn't matter to me what those girls want, I know I want you. They can deal with it." Harry said pulling her back toward him and kissing her neck lightly getting a sigh from her as she laid her head on his shoulder.

Ginny stood and wrapped her arms around him from behind. "No Harry, Mione is right. We need to give them a chance, Mione and I promise you are the only man for us until this is all over, but you need to try and have a real relationship with these girls...Luna included." As she finished she grasped Hermione's hand and pulled her away from Harry slowly. Hermione still had her eyes closed and was in lala land until Ginny pulled her into an embrace and kissed her on the lips.

"Oh my! Sorry, I suppose I lost myself there...that wasn't fair Harry!" She chastised him playfully.

"You know I am not going to be able to stay away from you two right?" Harry asked with a smile.

Gin shook her head. "You are going to try to behave, and so are we. If at some point we pull you into a broom closet and have our way with you that is our fault. But we are going to give the other girls a real chance with you!"

Harry sighed and walked up behind Ginny running his fingers through her hair and down her back before kissing her on the cheek.

"Have it your way, my mission is to make you drag me into a broom closet. But I will also give the other girls a chance alright?" Ginny shivered from the whisper of his voice in her ear and nodded.

This time it was Hermione who pulled Gin away. "Alright, good night you two. Don't do anything we wouldn't!" She grabbed both book bags from the desk and pulled a pouting Ginny from the room just as Tonks came through the portrait hole. She yawned and waved at the other two as it closed and turned back to the others in the room.

"Wotcher kids, don't mind me, I'd forgotten what a drag all these stairs were and I'm bushed." She walked over and kissed Harry on the cheek. "Have fun lover." She whispered before disappearing into the guest room.

He stared at her door for a few seconds before turning back toward the blonde on the couch. "So..."

She simply looked up at him dreamily though he could see her struggling to stay lucid. "Will you touch me again Harry?" She asked quietly.

He pulled her to her feet and into a kiss. "I think that can be arranged. Would you like to see my room?" She nodded and he pulled her with him back through his bedroom door.

"Oh, it looks like your room at the other place, how wonderful. Do you think Dobby brought any Humdingers with him?"

Harry just went with it, knowing it hurt her to try not to say such things. "I'm sure if they were around he brought a few over, what do they do?"

"Blibbering Humdingers are breeding right now and the pheromones they secrete are quite an aphrodisiac."

"Aphro..?" Harry asked.

Luna leaned in and pressed her chest against his as she ran a hand down his back and kissed him. She pulled away and looked up at him, "They make you horny..."

Harry felt his erection bounce against the inside of his trousers and Luna smiled up at him as she felt the same thing. "We don't have sex tonight Harry but we do."

He smiled as he was beginning to make a game out of these statements. "Oh we do?"

She smiled as she unbuttoned his shirt. "Eventually."

He kissed her softly getting a small moan from her as she stood on her tiptoes trying to press the kiss deeper. He smiled against her lips and guided her backward toward his room. He closed the door behind them and turned around a bit nervously now that they were at ground zero.

"Uh, hi." He said with a shy smile.

She looked at him with her big dreamy eyes and smiled. "Shy suddenly? You've seen me in a bit less than this, rather up close and personal actually."

He approached her cautiously and placed his hands on her shoulders. "That's true, but we weren't alone then... and uh..."

"And we never did get around to playing much with each other?" Luna whispered as her lips came within millimeters of his.

"Yeah..." He breathed as she leaned in and kissed him, taking the lead and deepening the kiss.

She pulled his hands from her shoulders and placed them against the buttons of her blouse before she finished undoing his shirt. He caught on quickly as they continued to kiss softly but each kiss was getting more urgent and soon they were ripping each other's clothes off until he pulled back and they were both naked. He gazed upon her once again with awe.

"You really are a goddess you know that right?" He said breathily.

She smiled, "The oracle at Delphi was considered to be almost a conduit of the Fates."

"Please don't make me think about, pardon my language, that Bitch, while I am appreciating your beauty." He begged before slowly stepping closer to her and pulling her toward him for a soft kiss once more.

"Touch me Harry?" She pleaded when he pulled away.

He lay her down on the bed and placed small kisses on her stomach before making his way back up to her breasts where he nipped and massaged with his mouth. He kissed her quickly on the lips before trailing his lips down her chin to her collarbone. She parted her legs for him as he leaned in and his member brushed against the golden down nestled at her apex. He remembered what she said about sex but decided they could have more fun anyway, so he slowly ran a hand down her body as he kissed her before wrapping his hand around his erection and placing it at her entrance.

She bucked a bit as if trying to tempt him to enter her but he held back, he dipped his crown just inside her wet center and began making circles, spreading the moisture. He then brought himself back up to her clit where he began making tiny circles getting a moan of pleasure in response. "You know Luna, that is one of the sexiest things I have ever heard." He whispered in her ear.

Her eyes were closed and her head thrown back but she nodded to let him know she heard him. He decided to continue talking as he teased her toward orgasm. "Do you like the way that feels?" She nodded again and moaned lightly. "You like the feeling of my hard manhood pressed into your soft folds?" This time she was only able to moan as a tiny foreshock ran through her system. He kissed her lightly and began trailing kissed down her body once more until he was level with her now dripping sex.

He dipped his head toward her and ran his tongue along her length, enjoying her sunshine taste once more before slowly pushing two fingers inside her as he attacked her nubbin with his mouth. In almost no time he had his fingers curling toward his chin pressing rhythmically against her spot in time with his tongue. She came hard enough to crush his fingers but surprisingly quiet as her back arched up off the bed before collapsing back to the mattress panting. "Here Harry...Please..." She panted at him.

So he crawled back up until he was poised over her once more and she reached between them to grasp his member. She then began teasing herself with him once more only this time she was concentrating on stroking his entire length as she rubbed his engorged crown against her warm wet folds. "Cum for me Harry, please?" She asked him before leaning up and catching his lips in a kiss. She did not let him pull away as she increased her efforts, she continued to kiss him until he was nearly starving for air as his climax approached. Finally he moaned into her mouth as she pulled him up toward her stomach and locked her lips to his. He sucked in a breath through her nose into his mouth as he began spewing forth his seed onto her glistening sweat soaked body. She released him from her lip lock and let him lay down beside her before reaching back under the pillow where she had somehow stashed her wand and vanishing the mess.

She then spooned herself against him and sighed in contentment. Harry chuckled softly and she turned her head toward him. "Have the giggles caught you then?"

That caught him up for a second. "Uh, Giggles? What are they?"

"I am not sure what the textbook definition is, but giggles are normally small uncontrolled bits of laughter. Are you feeling well Harry?" That got a real laugh out of him.

"Sorry Lu, I'm fine I'm fine, I was just giggling at the fact that Gin would kill you if she saw what you just did." He pulled her closer against him trying to remove any air between them.

She nodded, "Yes I imagine she would be disappointed, I did invite her to join us so it is her own fault she missed out."

"Goodnight Lu." Harry whispered as he doused the lights with a wave of his hand.

"Goodnight Harry. Thank you for letting me stay with you. This is wonderful while it lasted."

He decided not to question her odd use of tenses and just agreed with the general idea. It was indeed wonderful while it lasted.

The next morning she kissed him awake before heading back to her dorm just as curfew broke at six so she could change and get the books for the day's subjects. Harry expressed his worry to her about perception, but she replied that her dorm mates were unlikely to care in any event, and if they did she would simply tell them she had been observing the effects of Blibbering Humdingers and leave it at that.

He was still grinning as he headed for breakfast two hours later.

## Chapter 43: Behave

Breakfast was a pretty quiet affair Tuesday morning, for some reason Snape was avoiding Harry's gaze at all costs, which suited him just fine. However Dumbledore seemed to be disturbed by the casual coldness rather than outright hatred from his pet Professor. At the other end of the table Tonks appeared to be having trouble staying awake prompting Flitwick to keep levitating her face away from her food. However when Harry caught her eyes she smiled and he felt her humor at a good prank. He smiled and waved at her and turned his attention back to his friends.

Luna was once again sitting on one side and Hermione on the other while Ginny was a few seats down the table but within talking distance if need be. Ron sat across from him and in a surprising move; Neville had joined Hannah at the Hufflepuff table.

"So what's on the schedule for today again?" Harry asked sleepily.

Ron started to talk but after a look at Hermione he swallowed the lump of mash quickly before speaking; earning him a smile from the brunette. "Uh lets see here, Double Defense then an hour break til Charms before lunch. And then...free for the rest of the day again!" Ron had a huge smile but Hermione was shaking her head.

"I have Arithmancy again after the morning break, can you promise me you will work on your Charms rather than goof off again?"

Ron looked rather put out. "Goof off? I don't think Quidditch counts as 'Goofing Off'. I mean I am the captain after all, I have a responsibility!"

Hermione looked as if she was about to argue but Harry caught her eye and shook his head almost imperceptibly. She took a deep breath and relaxed as much as she could. "Alright then, as long as your grades stay on the up I will stop reminding you so often alright?"

Ron had a huge grin, "Thanks Mione you don't know how much that means to me, I promise I will keep my priorities straight." Harry noticed but did not mention that Ron hadn't stated that schoolwork was his priority. Hermione seemed to miss or ignore it as she simply smiled at him, glad to be rid of another argument. Luna spoke up

from his other side where she had one of his hand trapped between her legs, he didn't think she minded since she was the one that placed it there.

"Ginny has History of Magic and I have Herbology this morning and we both have Transfiguration and Arithmancy this afternoon. Do you mind if I escort you to your first period?"

Harry shook his head and quickly kissed her on the cheek. "Sounds good to me Lu."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

They made their way up one flight of stairs to the first floor with Harry and Luna hand in hand. He could tell how much the other two wanted to hold hands as they lightly touched fingertips. He could not help feeling a little sorry for them having to hide their relationship and wondered if he should have a talk with them about it. If they were truly in it for the long haul did they care who knew? Even if they held hands in the hallway would most of the Wizarding World think it was anything other than friendship? He didn't have much more time to contemplate as they reached the door and both Luna and Ginny quickly kissed him on the cheeks before darting down the hall toward the stairs giggling. A red-faced Harry turned and walked into the room where he found a bat staring him down.

"Mr. Potter, I believe that will be ten house points from Gryffindor for that despicable display of debauchery."

Harry instantly felt his hackles rise and responded without thinking, "Professor, while I accept the deduction of house points which for once are well deserved, if you wish for me to address you with respect, you will begin addressing me as Milord, Lord Potter-Black or Lord Black as you prefer. Nice alliteration by the way."

Snape had apparently been warned away by Dumbledore as Harry could feel the man's stare burning a hole into his left cheek rather than his eyes. He bit his tongue but looked murderous. "Very well...Lord Black..." He spat the title; "Take your seats before you give me cause to use you as a demonstration dummy."

"Anytime Professor." Harry said with a slight bow as he walked from the door to seats in the back of the room where Ron was sitting with



Hermione following him. He could sense the impending brow beating he would get from Hermione later but thought it was well worth it to put the overgrown bat in his place. Once everyone had filed in Snape waved his wand and the classroom door slammed and sealed itself with a squelch.

The normally light room had all the shutters drawn and torches lit making it feel like a dungeon, Harry had to use Occlumency to keep from laughing when he wondered if the man was uncomfortable in the light, lending credence to the rumor of him being a vampire. On the walls around the room were disgusting and detailed depictions of painful curses, jinxes and hexes which repeated over and over much to the chagrin of the victims. Snape walked to the head of the classroom and turned suddenly making his robes billow out before he assumed what he must have hoped was a threatening pose. Harry glanced at Neville and noted that perhaps it was working.

Snape interrupted his train of thought as he began speaking.

"I am sure you have all done much speculating as to the circumstances which led to my appointment as your instructor for this subject. I assure you I am much better qualified to teach you how to defend yourselves than any of your previous instructors. A cowardly buffoon, an idiot, a mongrel...I find it rather amusing that your best instructor happened to be a Death Eater." He began stalking back and forth and the light actually seemed to dim where he walked, Harry wondered if that was a trick of the light, or an enchantment. Even the Slytherins were looking a little weary at this point.

"The Dark Arts are unknowable to those such as yourselves. It takes much work and much dedication to learn them, two qualities many of those in this room lack." He looked directly at Ron who gulped but Harry knew in previous years that comment would have been directed straight at him.

"However it is my unfortunate task to teach you to defend yourselves against those who know magic you cannot pretend to comprehend. And so I will attempt to drill the subject into your thick skulls. Due to circumstances in the world at large I have been asked to modify the curriculum somewhat and focus on practical application rather than defense theory for my students." Ron's smile returned until the man rounded on him.

"Do not think however, that this means you will not be required to learn the theory. I will expect three feet of parchment at a minimum, on the theory of the next period's material at the beginning of classes. Those who cannot keep up on their own will not be allowed to continue in this course! That being said you will find on your desks the rubric for this years classes with the subject to be covered during each session." As he said this he waved his wand and indeed a roll of parchment appeared in front of each student, which Harry quickly opened and examined before turning his attention back to Snape. Not wanting to get docked points for failing to pay attention.

"The other stipulation is that you will no be allowed to cast verbally in my class room. Shouting out silly incantations will only let your opponent know your next move, those who have the skill and cunning to learn the Dark Arts will not be defeated easily, you will need all the help you can get!"

Harry had had just about enough, "We didn't seem to do so bad last term." He said quietly to Ron but Snape's bat hearing caught the comment, and apparently everyone else's as they all stared at the person who dared to challenge such an imposing figure. Snape quickly traversed the classroom until he was mere inches from Harry with his hands on the edge of his desk.

"Ah Lord Black wishes to regale us with his tales of bravery and skill. Tell me milord," The Slytherins snickered on cue faithfully, "How did your little battle with Bellatrix Lestrange end up?" Harry sucked in a breath as the man cut right to the quick, nearly exposing his shameful secret. "I see, and what of your Godfather Hmmm? Your little escapade turned out so well didn't it?"

Harry nearly stood up but was able to control his body, however his mouth had other ideas. "Leave Sirius out of this! Six students, two of them fourth years at the time, fought twelve of Voldemort's best to a standstill that night!"

Snape smirked as if he had won and quickly made his way back to the center of the classroom. "Ah yes, a standstill in which all of your friends were captured and remained alive only because you held the object they were after. You only barely escaped because help arrived, and you only went because you were too stubborn to properly sort your thoughts out beforehand. Tell me Lord Black; do

you think the mutt is proud of you now? You got him killed because you did not have the skills necessary to succeed. No need to comment, I think your record speaks for itself." He turned away but Harry caught his eye for half a second and caught a memory of two hands bound in red ropes of magic before the connection was broken. Rather than continue to argue Harry was suddenly very interested in that memory.

"I am glad to see you agree milord," Again with the snickering, "As you can all see, despite the sheer will to fight them, the Dark Arts will win out unless you properly train to protect yourselves. I am not entirely without feeling so today we will be going over basic dueling only." The class seemed to cheer up slightly until he finished his thought. "You will be expected to turn in three feet on proper dueling etiquette along with your homework next class." There was a collective groan.

"Would you care to help me demonstrate?" Snape said as he turned back toward the Gryffindors.

Harry was shaken from his thoughts as the man called him out. Hermione made as if to pull him back down as he stood but he caught her eye and shook his head slightly and she released him. He quickly centered himself and walked to the center of the room which he could now see was cleared just enough for a dueling ring. Snape cast an area affect spell which erected a shield around the dueling area which would stop all but unforgivable curses before speaking once more.

"Many of you will recall the travesty in your second year, in which the idiot attempted to teach you a subject he knew nothing about. We will begin today's lesson with a very short dueling tutorial. Lord Black, I believe you know what to do now? First we bow..." Harry suddenly had a flashback to the graveyard and nearly cut the man down right there. He knew Snape had seen that memory last year multiple times and he was using it against him now. Rather than do as his ego was trying to force him to do, he bowed very shallowly to the man who returned it with slightly less respect, meaning both were nearly imperceptible.

"We shall now take our places in the dueling ring and assume a dueling stance." Snape saluted him mockingly with his wand before

turning and walking to his place on one side of the ring. Harry repeated the action verbatim and ended up facing him.

"For this demonstration we shall cast a Jelly-legs Jinx or Protego shield only. Is that understood?" Harry nodded. "Very well then, on three. One, Two, Three!" As he said the last number he cast his spell and Harry only barely managed to bring up a shield in time to stop it. "Impressive use of nonverbal magic, I suppose you took complete advantage of the Ministry incompetence this summer...Why aren't you all taking notes?" He shouted at the class who quickly pulled out parchment and quill and began scratching away.

He walked back to the center of the room and Harry matched his every move waiting for the punch line to this joke. "And now we shall repeat the duel, first we bow..." Harry lowered his eyes as he bowed his head only slightly, however he was soon lying on the floor with legs that would not respond properly. He quickly cast the counter-jinx and got up with a murderous look on his face.

"What the hell was that?" He shouted.

Snape smiled but still would not meet his eyes. "That was Lesson Number One; never take your eyes off of your opponent, Most Dark Arts practitioners have no sense of honor." Harry was fuming inside but held his tongue as he simply nodded.

"Next we shall take our places." Snape saluted once more and made as if to turn away as he had before. Harry turned and headed for his spot only to find himself on the floor once more.

"Damnit!" He shouted.

"Language Lord Black, I let it slide the first time however I think the loss of ten house points for disrespect shall do. That was lesson number two; never turn your back on an opponent until you know they are disarmed and no longer a threat. Those who would use Dark Arts against you have no problem shooting you in the back."

Harry was getting rather angry at this point, when he saw jars of unknown disgusting things start to rattle on Snape's desk he quickly calmed himself down before he pulled the castle down on their heads.

"Ah you have learned to control your temper, you may just make it through this lesson without being kicked out after all. Next we will be firing our spells on the count of three. Jelly-Legs or Shields only, on three. One, Two, Three!" Harry attempted to cast the Jinx this time wanting a little payback only to find himself bound in ropes and laying on the floor as Snape simply stepped aside to dodge his spell.

"Two lessons here class, lesson number three is that your opponents should not be expected to fight fair and lesson four is that the best defense is not to be there when the spell arrives." Harry released himself from his bonds and stood up with hatred pouring from him, Snape raised an eyebrow as the class gasped. "Impressive...Shall we try again from the beginning? Perhaps you have learned something today?" Harry nodded as he stalked back toward the center of the circle.

Snape joined him and began his recitation. "First we bow..." Harry bowed without removing his eyes from the man. "Now we take our places." Harry saluted and backed up to his spot without turning his back. "Now we cast our spells on three, One, Two, Three!" As the last number was called Harry took two steps to the left and Snape found himself bound in ropes, upside down, with his tongue tied by a Langlok curse and his wand in Harry's hand thanks to a well timed Expelliarmus.

"Lesson five class, never underestimate your opponent." Harry said calmly. He waved his wand casting a Finite to cancel all the spells and placed Snape's wand on his desk before heading back to his seat, never taking his eyes off the man who fell unceremoniously to the floor. Snape finally met Harry's eyes and they were filled with hatred Harry felt the intrusion attempt and grinned rather evilly as time seemed to stop around him and he sank into his center where he found Snape in a cell in the jailhouse with a naked Dumbledore chasing him around.

"Hello Snivellus." He said calmly.

"Potter, what the hell do you think your doing and how the hell are you doing it!" Snape said still dodging the naked old man who seemed intent on his mission.

"Severus please, you look like you could use a hug so badly! I'm certain that is why you turned to the Dark, your father never showed you enough affection!" Dumbledore called as he held his arms out wide and made kissing faces, all the while chasing the other man.

Snape screamed at the man as he continued doing circles around the cell. "Stay away from me old man! Potter I demand you release me at once!"

"I thought you were an accomplished Occlumens Professor, can't you get yourself out of here?"

Snape tried to focus long enough to get out but found himself bound by an invisible force. "What do you want to let me out of here Potter?"

"First you are supposed to be calling me Lord Black, milord would be fine with me if you cut the sarcasm. Second as you can see I have indeed learned to clear and control my thoughts so stay out of my head. Third, you are going to treat all of your students equally this year or you might end up locked in here for quite some time. All it takes is just one look after all. Now I am going to release you and we are going to continue the lesson as if nothing has occurred. You are going to give up or at least attempt to hide your strange obsession with my Father that makes you hate me so much. In return I will stay out of your way in classes and do my work, you are going to grade my friends and I fairly or I might reveal a few of the secrets I've learned from you since you've been in here." Harry was rather enjoying his bluff; he had not attempted to read the man at all but figured the seeds of doubt needed to be planted.

Snape paled a bit, "You haven't read anything from me since I have arrived, I would have known!"

Harry shook his head and smiled. "Turns out I am a natural, Occlumency and Legilimency if you must know. Apparently you were such a poor teacher that you couldn't even instruct me in something that comes as natural to me as breathing. Very bad show old man." Snape seemed to reevaluate his situation quickly.

"Fine Lord Black, I agree to your terms now release me before this thing has his way with me!"

Harry nodded and they were back in the classroom only a few seconds from the initial connection. Snape looked around quickly trying to gather his thoughts. "Out! All of you, I expect both papers next time we meet now begone!" And with that he stormed up the staircase and into his office.

Ron leaned in, "What crawled up his.."

"Ronald!" Hermione said cutting him off.

"Sorry, so what's gotten into Snape? I mean besides getting his backside handed to him by Harry here."

Hermione looked at Harry for an explanation, "What? You think everything strange that happens is connected to me somehow?" Harry asked incredulously.

She simply raised an eyebrow. "Fine, we had a little heart to heart when he tried to read my mind. We came to an agreement and apparently he needs time to understand exactly what he agreed to."

"Which is?" Hermione prompted.

"Which is that he is going to treat and grade all of his students fairly from now on and try to keep his unnatural hatred of my Dad from transferring to me. Now do we really need to discuss this or would you like to hear about the one memory I pulled from him earlier?"

Ron looked confused, "Wait, you somehow had a mental conversation and read his mind at the same time?" Harry shook his head; it was difficult discussing this stuff with Ron when he hadn't been there to learn about it. All of the other students had filed out of the classroom at this point leaving them alone to discuss.

"I don't just go around reading people's minds. I could have easily read every memory he had while I had him trapped but that is something he would do, I refuse to abuse my power like that. However I caught a flash earlier of two hands clasped surrounded by red ropes of magic." Hermione and Ron both gasped.

"That's an unbreakable vow!" Ron exclaimed. "When I was younger the Twins had me most of the way through the ceremony when mum

caught us, I don't remember what I was promising but she was livid. If you break an unbreakable vow you die!"

Hermione chimed in, "The question is was he the witness or a participant? For it to be so close to the edge of his thoughts that it slipped like that it must have been recent, very important, or both."

"I don't know, but does it really matter? I mean, maybe that's why Dumbledore trusts him so much? He made him take an unbreakable vow not to betray the Order to Voldemort?" Harry asked.

Hermione shook her head, "We don't have enough information to go off of right now. Maybe you will catch something else Harry, I don't need to ask you to promise you won't go looking for the answer do I?" he shook his head. "Alright then, I suppose we should go to Harry's room for the next half hour and get started on the homework. Then I am off to my next class. I expect both of you to be done with one of them before Charms at eleven thirty."

"Yes Ma'am!" They chorused earning an eye roll from her as she got up causing both of them to smile. They quickly made their way back up to the sixth floor and into his room, Bernie did not even pause in his 'Er' as he unlocked the portrait for them.

Harry was able to data dump both essays in almost no time and helped Ron with one of his before the bell rang an hour later letting them know it was time to head for Charms again. Ron complained loudly at lunch afterward about the injustice of being required to cast non-verbally.

"Honestly Ron it is difficult but much more effective, would you rather have been given another written assignment? Besides, you do have an entire week to practice it before the next Charms class." Hermione commented.

That shut him up but he was still upset throughout the whole meal, Harry was able to tell when he only had one helping rather than his usual three. He perked up as soon as he remembered that he was off for the rest of the day and was rapidly trying to stuff his face before the food disappeared. The bell rang letting them know they had fifteen minutes to make it to classes. Before he could stand however Hedwig landed on his shoulder surprising all three of them.



"Heya girl." Harry cooed. "What do you have here?" She offered him the parchment in her left talons and butted her head against his as he took it.

The warm one's familiar sends this to you, he annoys me. Harry promptly started chuckling as he unfolded the note.

"What's so funny?" Ron asked.

Harry looked up after reading through the note. "She is annoyed with 'Fawks' familiar'...looks like my first lesson is Saturday evening."

"What time? I was thinking of doing tryout's Saturday."

"Late, as long as we don't go after dark you'll be fine." Harry commented.

Harry stood and offered his arms to Gin and Luna. "Mione, you and Ron are welcome to crash in my room, I'll be along right after I drop these two off at Transfiguration." Ron waved rather than try to speak with his mouth full and Hermione rolled her eyes at him.

"You know Ron, you should try to slow down and eat like a normal person. No person of the female persuasion excepting possibly Millicent Bulstrode could find that attractive." She commented before turning back to him. "I believe we will both see you there in a few minutes Harry." She said with a smile as she began collecting her things.

Harry escorted the girls up to the second floor once more and was able to dodge the kisses from both girls, though for some reason this elicited "ooo's" from the other fifth years in the class just as it had the day before. Minerva raised an eyebrow at him and he shrugged as two disappointed looking girls entered the classroom waving at him. He turned and headed back for his rooms though he was currently out of homework to do.

The portrait clicked open as the Satyr caught sight of him. "Bernie, you're not indisposed, what's the problem?"

The man-goat heaved a big sigh. "Wenny, I can't stop thinking about her." Harry repressed the urge to laugh.

"Is that so? Don't you like your nymphs?"

The portrait shrugged, "Sure they are fun, but I'm afraid I have fallen in love with Wenny from afar. She has been immobile for a century or two and I had no reason to visit her frame, but with you occupying the space now she is awake and I am in trouble."

Harry smiled, "I didn't know portraits could fall in love...are you sure it isn't lust?"

"Possibly, but I don't think I will know until I 'Er' with her a few times if you know what I mean." He said with a grin. "Besides, as much fun as my nymphs are new tail is always exciting, wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes Harry, wouldn't you agree?" Hermione asked with a grin from just inside the door.

"Thanks a lot Bernie." Harry growled as he walked in to his room and sat on the sofa. Hermione joined him shortly and he noted the absence of his favorite male redhead.

"Where's Ron?"

Hermione smiled, "He said he needed to use the Library for his other paper since proper dueling is not in the standard Defense text. Now don't change the subject."

Harry looked anywhere but at his non-designated girlfriend trying to find an answer that wouldn't get him hung. In the end he decided to try for deflection instead. "What do you think?"

"I think you are trying to deflect. I think this is a conversation we actually need to have. I love you Harry, Ginny loves you, and Gabrielle would do anything for you despite the fact that she loves you. Now you might have noticed that both Gin and I have discovered a rather kinky side. What does that tell you?"

Harry thought about it for a moment before deciding he would stop thinking and just answer from his heart. "That sex does not have to be about love, and that you love me no matter who I have sex with. And in fact, you get off on me having sex with other women...so yes, new tail is always exciting?"

She leaned in and kissed him, she tried very hard not to deepen the kiss but they were all alone and her willpower was wearing thin as she let him pull her onto his lap and snog her senseless for a few moments. It wasn't until she felt his erection beneath her that she let out a sigh and pulled away. "That was the right answer Harry, if I have to share Ginny with you, and you with her then I don't see the point in placing restrictions on a whole world of pleasure. I know I love you, I know you love me. You are not going to leave me just because you find someone who is better in bed..."

"That could never happen Mione." Harry whispered as he tried to pull her closer. "We learned together, there is no one else I would rather be with than you or Gin. Can we please stop this silly game and date properly?"

She pulled back and slid off onto the couch beside him but allowed him to wrap his arm around her. "We already decided that love is your weapon Harry, if you can find more of it you should have the chance, I don't want to lose you because I was selfish and you didn't have what you needed to defeat him."

Harry hugged her to him tightly and whispered in her ear. "When you put it that way I guess I can stop complaining. I just still can't believe I have you or Ginny, let alone that you want me to shag any other willing female, and that most of them are willing..." He trailed off as he noticed her thighs rubbing together. "Is this conversation making you randy?" He asked with a smile.

She was shivering very slightly in his arms and couldn't stop herself any longer as she nodded and turned to kiss him once again. His hand went to her knee and back up under her skirt where he quickly entered her knickers and began massaging her extremely wet folds, concentrating on her button and quickly bringing her to orgasm. She slid off the couch and between his legs where she quickly released his manhood from its confinement and went to work with her mouth. He placed a hand on the back of her head but did not pull; he just tugged lightly on her hair on each upstroke. It didn't take him long at all before he came in her mouth; she swallowed greedily before straddling his lap and pulling her knickers to one side so she could sheath him inside her. She groaned as he stretched her after so long apart but made no move to continue, she just lay her head on his shoulder and relished the feeling of being one with him once more.

"Mmmm, I missed you." Harry said smoothly in her ear.

"You too...we shouldn't have done this...supposed to behave. Luna..."

"Luna invited you to join us, by the way Luna and I haven't done this yet, I doubt she would mind...in fact I wouldn't doubt she is grinning ear to ear right now because she knows what we are doing."

Hermione smiled. "Kay.." She said in an almost little girl voice. "Love you."

"I love you too Mione."

She took a deep breath and stood slowly until he popped out of her causing both of them to groan quietly at the loss. She straightened her clothing as he put himself away before she sat back down beside him. "I can't do this Harry, if we continue a physical relationship I am going to get addicted to you again...I already am, it's like offering a taste of wine to an alcoholic."

"Are you calling me your own personal brand of wine?" He asked with a smile. She smacked his shoulder playfully. "So every now and then, we can get together for a 'drink' to tide you over until it's your turn to date me. You realize of course I'm going to be ruined after that. Are you last on the list?"

Hermione shook her head, "Gin is last..."

"That reminds me, why aren't you and Gin openly dating? Or at least showing affection to one another? I doubt wizards will make the connection between two females so you shouldn't be afraid to hold hands at the least."

She paused in thought for a moment. "I guess I was afraid, you know how Muggles jump straight to that conclusion simply because a girl doesn't act or look like society thinks she should, let alone if she has a close female best friend..."

"Are you ashamed to be bi-sexual?" Harry asked gently.

"No it isn't that...I guess I didn't want her to feel ostracized like she did her first year because I couldn't keep my hands to myself..."

Harry smiled down at her, "You are over thinking as usual. Ginny declared her love for you in a letter to her mum, I think she is a lot stronger than you are giving her credit for."

Hermione smiled as she turned toward him, "Stop it, didn't I tell you that intelligent green-eyed sex gods are my weakness?" She kissed him quickly before heading for the desk against the wall.

"That didn't answer my question you tease." He growled at her playfully.

She turned as she was getting her Arithmancy and Runes books from her bag. "Yes okay, I will talk to her and see if she wants to go somewhat public and see what the reactions are. We won't be snogging in the common room or anything but you have no idea how hard it is not to hold her hand or kiss her cheek..."

"I think I have an idea." He said quietly but with a smile.

"Fine I suppose you do, in any case I have work to do. So what are you going to do mister I can already cast everything nonverbally and have an encyclopedia of magic in my head?"

"It's not an encyclopedia, that would mean it covered the entire subject...anyway I thought I would go over the potions text some more. At least so far Slughorn seems to be a better teacher than Snape."

"Well, he was mentioned in Hogwarts: A history as one of the most beloved Potions Professors in memory. However the editor of that edition was a former student and probably a member of the 'Slug Club' so I can't lend the claim much credence. Do you need to borrow my text?" She asked.

"You just happen to be carrying your Potions Text?" He asked.

"Of course." She pulled a shrunken book from her bag, which she quickly enlarged and handed to him.

"Thanks." He said gratefully. She nodded and turned to her work.

He flipped to the index at the back, which was the only part he hadn't memorized and started to read until he hit a resource that he had never seen before. "Mione what table does this book keep referring to?"

She got up and crossed to him and looked down at the book. "That is the Potions Ingredient Interactions Table or PIIT, it is much like the periodic table of elements that Muggles use. Why do you ask?"

He looked at her incredulously. "You mean there is actually a document of some sort which describes why potions ingredients do what they do, and how they react to each other?" Hermione nodded cautiously.

"Why are you acting like you have never heard of it? It was in the first year Potions text after all."

"And Snape never once had us refer to it in any lesson, nor did he ever ascribe any homework on it. Don't you think we should have been copying that out multiple times just like times-tables in math?"

Hermione blushed and Harry couldn't keep from smiling at her reaction. "You did, didn't you?" She nodded. "No wonder you don't have any problems in Potions. That no good excuse for a teacher never taught it to us and wonders why we are all idiots when it comes to his subject, I'll bet the Slytherins knew to memorize that table!"

"Oh Harry, I memorized it so it never occurred to me to question why he didn't have everyone else do so as well! I'm so sorry I never taught you and Ron. Gods this explains so much!"

He shook his head and stood up to give her a hug. "Don't beat yourself up Mione, you probably memorized it before we became good friends, it isn't your fault that he can't teach to save his life."

"I know you were the training dummy this morning, but I actually thought he did a good job teaching Defense." She said quietly. Harry sat down and thought it through and had to come to the same conclusion.

"You know you're right, despite the fact that he tried to use the class as an excuse to hex me I actually learned a lot from him this morning." He shivered. "I feel dirty all of a sudden, I think I might actually have just gained a bit of respect for him."

She smiled down at him before she walked back to the desk and retrieved something from her bag and came back over. She handed him a sheet that was filled with symbols in table form and he grinned up at her. "You actually had a copy of the PIIT with you? Wonders never cease!"

"Yes well, you never know..."

"Thank you Mione, for everything. I will make sure to share this with Ron as well, do you think we should mention this to Slughorn?"

She got an evil look in her eyes as she answered. "I think we should make copies and distribute it to everyone in secret with a note about why we are doing it. At the end of term when everyone suddenly becomes a potions genius it will look very bad for Professor Snape."

"I though I was the one who was supposed to be sorted into Slytherin!" Harry cried. She blushed again and he couldn't believe his eyes. "No way!"

"Well the hat wanted to put me in Slytherin because of my thirst to be the best, or in Ravenclaw because of my intellect, but I begged it to put me in the house that Albus Dumbledore was in. It relented after a few seconds, not taking nearly as long as it did with you." Harry hugged her once again.

"That's my girl, I wonder if Gin was nearly sorted into Slytherin because of the Diary?"

Hermione nodded. "She asked me never to tell anyone that, but I don't think she would mind you knowing now. Quite the trio aren't we? Slytherins in disguise?"

He laughed. "You know that is actually what Wood Parkinson said, that I was a perfect Slytherin, hiding amongst the Gryffindors."

The bell rang letting them know it was time for break and he released her. "I think I will go escort the girls from Transfiguration to

Arithmancy. You'll be here when I get back?" She nodded as she turned back to her work and he flew out the portrait hole and down to the second floor catching the girls halfway up the stairs as they swung around the third floor landing.

"Hello ladies, might I have the pleasure of escorting you once again?"

Luna kissed his cheek and wrapped her arm through his. "Thank you kind sir."

He turned to Gin and offered his other elbow; she couldn't control the grin as he spoke. "Milady?"

She gave up and grasped his other arm and they made their way up to the fifth floor where he dropped them at their classroom. "I shall see you again for Dinner ladies, thank you for allowing me the boon of being in your presence." He said with a bow.

Luna smiled as she walked into the classroom but Ginny was looking at him strangely. "You know this isn't going to work Harry, I think I'm stronger than you realize."

He grinned and shot her a tiny bit of joy-juice as he winked at her causing her to suck in a breath. "I don't doubt it Gin, I am just looking for excuses to be near you." And with that he dove quickly down the hall and out of sight, he headed back up to his room where Hermione simply waved, as she was engrossed in her equations. He headed back to the couch and began mentally copying down the PIIT; he was nearly done before he realized he had a picture perfect memory of it but no clue as to how to read it.

"Dobby?" The elf popped in. "Can you pop back home and grab my first year Potions text?"

"Of course Mister Harry Potter Sir!" He called as he popped out once more, the book in question appeared almost instantly on the table beside the sofa with a double pop.

"Nice that you never need to worry about forgetting something at home again, what was that about anyway?" Hermione asked without looking up.



He smiled even though she couldn't see it, "I memorized the tables but have no clue how to read them, so I asked him to bring me my first year text since you said it was covered." She nodded and went back to her work.

He flipped to the section which described in detail how the reaction tables and symbols were deciphered and started reading, before he knew what was happening the bell rang to let them know it was dinner time so they headed out and up one floor where they met their current significant others coming out of the classroom. After dinner they all headed back to his rooms to discuss the new potions project. Ron was rather upset with her for not pointing it out to him five years earlier.

"Would you just listen Ronald? If you had read through the entirety of your potions text you would have known this already!"

He was shaking his head seemingly refusing to see logic. "It's your fault we've been hounded by that overgrown bat for the past five years! I just don't understand how you could overlook something so simple!"

"As I said, if you had simply reviewed your textbook rather than skimming it for instructions you would have found it, half the book is dedicated to it!"

Harry had to interject himself at this point before they tore each other apart. "That's enough both of you! Ron I was upset for all of about three seconds before I figured out that she had memorized it before we were even friends, if you and I hadn't been so thick headed we probably would have found it on our own. It is not her fault we don't know, this it's Snape's so put the blame where it belongs!"

Ron stood up and walked toward the door with a look of extreme betrayal. "Who's been your best mate for five years? Who have you been fucking for the last three months? Of course you would take her side!" Ginny got up and slapped him hard enough to leave a hand shaped welt on his cheek.

"You as well..." He started to say but Luna coughed politely getting his attention, his anger seemed to flee immediately as his words

caught up to him. He looked over to see tears running down Hermione's face and the honest betrayal portrayed by Harry's.

"I...I'm sorry..." Ron suddenly did one thing that none of them had seen before. Tears began to leak from his eyes but he quickly turned for the door. "Look alright...I can't do this yet. I thought I could but I can't... I just need to be on my own for a while and clear my head. I'll see you in class and at Quidditch but I just can't hang out with you anymore..." He couldn't say any more so rather than drag out his goodbye he simply walked out of the door.

"Ron!" Hermione cried and tried to run for the door but Harry and Luna caught her and pulled her back toward the couch where she sat on Harry's lap and had a good long cry. "I can't believe he left...he just left." She kept repeating over and over.

Harry shushed her as he held her close still staring at the door where his former best friend had left him once again and tried not to concentrate on the feeling of his heart breaking. He was soon crying silent tears as he continued to comfort Hermione. "You didn't really like him anyway love...it will be okay."

She shook her head. "No Harry it won't be okay...I know how much his friendship means to you."

He wiped his tears and pulled her away from him so he could look her in the eye. "You mean more to me, I think you always have. Would it be nice to keep both of you? Of course, but if I had to choose this is how I would want it. I don't think he really meant it though, didn't you see the tears? Our relationship is really hard on him."

Luna chimed in as Ginny pulled Hermione away from Harry and onto the love seat where the older girl laid down with her head in Ginny's lap. "I'm sorry Harry, I thought I had gotten through to him...I just hope he hasn't done any permanent damage to himself."

Harry smiled at her and pulled her toward him to snuggle. "It's not your fault Luna, I told him I didn't know if I could take another betrayal, for now I am chalking this up to an argument and leaving it be. It was kind of hard to include him anyway with all of you in my life; maybe he just needs to find himself without being Harry Potter's sidekick or Hermione Granger's boyfriend. I'll still see him at

Quidditch practice; I think this will be good for all of us in the end. No matter how much it hurts right now." The tears returned and he closed his eyes and turned away, trying to will the pain to stop.

Luna was having none of it however and turned him back to face her. "Harry you have to learn to deal with the pain, if you let it eat away at you the damage will be worse than you can imagine. I see..."

He was suddenly on alert. "What do you see Lu?" Hermione and Ginny had perked up as well although the former was still crying a bit, she was no longer bawling.

"I see pain Harry...please believe me when I tell you it is not your fault, or Ron's fault, or Susan's fault. This was going to happen anyway, I'm afraid fate may be up to her old tricks again."

Harry really did not like the sound of that. "I don't understand..."

"Neither do I Harry, I can't tell you what, where or when. Only that it is going to cause pain and that it isn't anyone's here's fault..." She had tears running down her face now as well and the mood had gone completely out the window. "I am going to return to the tower this evening, I think you two should stay with him tonight."

Ginny sat up a little straighter, "But I..."

"Please Ginny?" Hermione asked from her lap.

"Please Gin? I just want to hold you, we don't have to be more intimate." Harry asked from the other couch, he still had tear tracks on his face, which finally broke down her walls. She nodded and Luna kissed him once more before heading from the room as well leaving the three to console each other over the loss of Ron.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

A night with the two women he knew he could count on through anything had done wonders for all three of them and the pain and fear of the night before was nearly erased by the time Harry and Hermione made their way to Potions Wednesday morning. Ron had sat with Dean and Seamus across from Lavender and Parvati at breakfast and had traveled with that group to the morning's lesson.

The fifth years having a free period that morning escorted them down the stairs to the Potions Dungeon before quickly looking around and giving him twin kisses on the cheek and running away giggling. Ron rolled his eyes as he shouldered past them into the room, Hermione ignoring the sleight, followed him with slight smile on her lips. The dungeon was noticeably brighter, almost sparkling and clean. Gone were the jars of pickled or preserved flotsam and jetsam and in their place were more pleasant looking potions on the shelves. At the front of the room were three bubbling cauldrons and Harry could smell a mixture of strawberry, almond, and grass...it suddenly hit him that the room smelled the way that Gabrielle used to. Overall the room seemed to welcome him rather than be foreboding as it had in years past. However as Harry walked in a voice called out from the front of the room. "Milord, a word at my desk if you please?"

Harry sighed and sat his bag down at the table beside Hermione before walking to the head of the room and an impatient looking Slughorn. "Yes Professor?"

"Lord Black I hope you will forgive me but I am still earning the respect of my house, I will have to pretend to be cross with you from time to time. However you can rest assured that the son of Lilly Evans is more than welcome in my potions class." Harry had no clue what to say to that so he just nodded. "I also noticed that little display of affection outside of my door... I think a point for each of you should suffice don't you think?"

"I'm sorry sir, don't you mean a point from each of us?" He asked in confusion.

Slughorn placed a finger against his nose and winked before raising his voice. "If you must argue with me Milord I am afraid that will be two points each rather than one. Do not press me!" A very confused Harry made his way back to his seat where Hermione's look was begging for answers.

"Later." He whispered and she nodded as the bell rang.

After class Ron would not stop talking to Seamus about the potion Harry had received and kept missing the looks Harry would shoot his way asking him to drop it before Hermione blew her top, all the while he was fingering the little vile of liquid gold in his pocket.

Finally it was too much and she let him have it ending up with Ron storming away and a fuming Hermione turning her anger on Harry before promptly guilt tripping herself for venting at him and crying into his shoulder. He wanted to comfort her more, in fact he nearly dragged her into a broom closet but she pulled away before he got the chance, which although it frustrated him immensely seemed to brighten her mood. Harry hoped wherever Ron was he was working on his potions homework to avoid the wrath of Mione when they eventually made up again.

Harry was able to catch a quick kiss from Luna in the Potions corridor as she headed for class before heading upstairs to his suite. For the next hour they worked on their essays together, occasionally consulting on some point or another. It amazed Harry how much easier it all was now that he understood which ingredient did what and how they reacted to each other. It was as if a whole new world of magic had been opened up to him and he wondered idly if Snape had been intentionally making the subject unfathomable to generations of students. Once they were done with that they both settled on the couch where she pulled out her Defense textbook to study up for the next period. Harry on the other hand pulled out his recently acquired Potions text.

"You really shouldn't trust those notes Harry. I am not trying to be a nag but honestly, what if those directions had caused your potion to blow up in your face today?" She commented.

He sighed. "Mione I don't know why but I trust this guy..." She made as if to interrupt but he beat her to it, "Fine, guy or girl...trust this person. The notes just made sense to me. Slughorn said my mum was a prodigy in Potions, what if this is her textbook?"

She looked at him with sad eyes. "Harry your mum isn't a half-blood right?" He sighed and shook his head. "And as far as you know you aren't related to royalty on your mothers side?" He shook his head again.

"I don't really know much about my mum's family except that Petunia hates her for being special, and by extension, hates all of magic. She could have been related to royalty..."

Hermione shook her head. "Putting aside the fact that your mum is Muggleborn, I'm afraid you also do not refer to female heirs as

Prince but rather Princess. I'm sorry Harry but that argument just doesn't add up. For all you know that could be a Death Eaters notebook."

"Didn't you just negate your own argument as to the gender of said author?"

Hermione was speechless for a moment, "Fine, Perhaps Prince is not a title, maybe it's a name?"

He sighed and returned to reading the book in question. "So far he...sorry they do not feel like a Death Eater. I promise not to experiment too much all right, but the notes are still interesting. And I will have you know that it actually made sense to add the counter-clockwise stir."

"How did that make sense?" She asked suddenly very interested.

He placed the book on the couch and leaned toward her placing a hand on her knee. "In any other potion, when you add ground Wormwood the directions tell you to stir counter-clockwise, according to the PIIT it has something to do with turning back time, the directions for this potion seemed to ignore that altogether since most of the other ingredients call for clockwise stirring."

Hermione's eyes were a bit glazed and her breathing had quickened. Her lips were a bit puffier than usual and she was biting her bottom lip as she kept glancing at him. Finally she spoke, "That is an amazing bit of logic Harry... The counter-clockwise stir is used when the Wormwood is not fresh cut...which of course it almost never is, especially in school." She closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths; he noticed her grip tighten on her textbook before relaxing. He realized she was using Occlumency.

"You know..." He said breathily as he leaned in and whispered in her ear. "You don't have to calm yourself down, Luna invited you to share after all." He placed his book down on the couch and slid toward her placing his hand on her thigh. She didn't open her eyes so he leaned in once again as he slowly trailed his fingers upward toward her hip. "We have a little while left before Defense...how about we have a little drink..."

The bell rung alerting them to the fact they had fifteen minutes and giving Hermione an excuse to jump away. "Come along Mr. Potter, we haven't time to dawdle and besides, you got to see your girlfriend after Potions, I would like to see mine before Defense." With that she gathered her book bag and textbook and fled the room. Harry followed quickly after groaning loudly in protest of being interrupted.

## Chapter 44: Thursdays

McGonagall announced the days project, animal/object transfiguration, and said pretty much the same thing that Flitwick had about the commitment required in order to attain NEWT status in her subject. She prompted them to take out their texts and review the fifth chapter, which covered the changing of animate to inanimate objects and vice versa. It did not take Harry long to get very bored and begin antagonizing Hermione. A light touch here, a whispered comment there. Each time getting the reaction he was looking for immediately before she frowned and hissed at him to stop. Soon however she had finished reviewing the material as well as sat back with a sigh.

"You know this is going to be a rather boring year if I am not required to study any longer." She whispered.

He smiled and whispered back to her, "You think you have it bad? I have a copy of this book in my head for reference if I need to actually read it, but I don't think Minnie would appreciate me closing my eyes in her class."

"Quite right Lord Black!" McGonagall said just loud enough to startle them both as she stood behind them. "So you two are bored already? Filius said as much about your performance in Charms. Perhaps you could join me at my desk for a moment?"

They chorused a "Yes Professor," As they stood and followed her contritely up to her desk.

"Now then, Harry can you tell me a few Pro's and Con's of Human to inanimate object transfiguration?" Minerva asked.

Harry's eyes went wide for a moment but he simply closed them and centered himself quickly. "A person who is transfigured into an object will appear to anyone as said object thus making it nearly perfect camouflage, however that person is no longer able to think or observe the surroundings as they have in effect become the object. They are also unable to change themselves back and need assistance from another witch or wizard to return to form."

She nodded and looked to Hermione, "Anything to add Miss Granger?"



"Repeated transfiguration of this type has led to mental instability as a person goes from a state of being, to a state of un-being mentally speaking. The mind simply cannot handle multiple instances of this happening without suffering some damage." She nodded once more and turned to Harry.

"Can you explain the difference between Human to Animal Transfiguration and the Animagus Transformation?"

He again closed his eyes for an instant before replying. "The main difference is that a human transfigured into an animal in effect becomes that animal just as they become the inanimate object. They also are unable to return themselves to human form without assistance as even were they able to handle a wand they would be unable to think as a wizard or witch."

Without prompting Hermione went ahead and finished the thought, "The person transfigured into an animal suffers less effects as they are still a living creature. Though multiple transformations may still cause headaches and amnesia. Animagus is also one of the few known forms of Wandless magic that can be taught or learned. One does not need a wand in order to transform into or back from an animal form."

Minerva nodded again with a smile. "Very well, I am satisfied that both of you know the material. I would like you to practice animal to object transformations for the next twenty minutes and assist me in helping the rest of the class when we move to Practical application."

Hermione had raised her hand giving Harry a hard time trying not to chuckle. "Miss Granger...Hermione you may interrupt me when we are in such a small learning environment. Now you wished to say something?" Hermione blushed but nodded.

"There were a few other students you might wish to speak to that were helping out in Charms; Padma Patil and Daphne Greengrass. I think you might want to check up on them to see if they could join our advanced group as well. Minerva nodded and walked surreptitiously through the classroom, stopping and speaking with a few students before leading the two in question back up front with her.

"I have already explained to these two that I expect you to help me during practical demonstration as long as you maintain a grasp on the theory before coming to my classroom. Are there any questions?" Both of them shook their heads and the Professor smiled. "As you know intent and concentration are the most important aspects of Transfiguration. The incantation remains nearly unchanged for different objects or animals it is the will of the caster, which directs the flow of magic. Therefore I would like you each to study the mice and desk chairs in that corner." She indicated the direction. "And work on changing one into the other both ways, please try to keep the real mice separate from the transfigured ones as I do not want to accidentally crush the real ones with a Finite nor do I want to go through each, one at a time."

Once again the four of them were left to work on their own, Harry was unable to keep himself from trying to speak with the Slytherin girl once more. "Are you following me Miss Greengrass?" He asked nicely but made sure his look would be interpreted as a sneer.

She looked up and seemed taken aback by the look until she saw him wink and nodded slightly. "Black, I do wish you would leave me alone, I don't want to send the wrong impression." She was copying his play as she sat a mouse on the floor in front of her.

As long as they exchanged any words in hushed and rushed tones they were able to hold a real conversation without raising suspicion. He noticed though that Hermione was paying an inordinate amount of attention to his conversation and turned toward her. "May I help you Miss Granger?"

She smiled as she turned her mouse into a chair and pointed at it. "You are supposed to be practicing Mr. Potter, unless of course you feel like doing the written assignment later."

He looked at his mouse and performed the same sleight of hand he had in charms the day before casting Ex Bestia and noting the change in his magic as the mouse turned into a rather rickety looking desk chair. He was still proud of himself and turned back to her with a smile. "You were saying?"

"It isn't very impressive is it?" She asked.

He gave her an "hmpf" before turning back to the chair. He quickly cast a Finite followed by casting the spell nonverbally producing a perfect chair with mice carved into the wood running up the legs and over the back. He turned to her once again and smiled.

"Show off..." She said with a smile he could see her trying to fight.

"Now do you mind if I try to get to know my charge? She is supposed to be under my protection after all."

Leaning in she whispered in his ear. "Under you is more like it."

He spluttered for a moment as images flipped through his mind before he was able to respond. "That is not what is going on here...we're just talking is all!" He whispered back harshly.

"I'm just saying...she seems nice enough and I wouldn't throw her back if I caught her." Hermione whispered once more with a grin.

"Hermione Granger, are you talking about a member of the female persuasion as if she were a piece of meat? I am so disappointed." He said with a slight grin.

She shot him an annoyed look but was unable to maintain it. "Look Harry, she is hot okay, I'll admit it. I never said I wanted to date her; I just wouldn't be opposed to seeing you with her. I'm sure she is a lovely person and if you would like to date her that is your choice. All of the girls on the list agreed that you could make changes to the schedule."

He pulled away in deep thought and without thinking he non-verbally canceled the spell transforming the chair back into a mouse, which he picked up and put back into the box. He then pulled a real chair over to practice the Inut Bestia and worked through his routine of finding and setting the different power levels until he was satisfied, and returned once more to the live mouse to finish up. Fifteen minutes later he was proficient in both transfigurations and tried to return to his conversation with Daphne but Minerva walked over and pulled him aside.

"Harry I have been watching your progress and I must say your work is impeccable. However it did not escape my notice that you cast at

least three spells non-verbally for which I am awarding you five house points."

Harry was a little scared that he had been discovered but tried to cover himself. "Uh, thank you Professor. I have been practicing that over the summer but I don't exactly want to advertise the fact...you do understand why?"

She nodded, "Of course, however I'm afraid that means I don't have any homework for you. Are you certain you don't wish to try the Animagus Transformation?"

He shook his head. "Give me a few weeks to get my schedule set, I haven't even scheduled a DA meeting yet, or done a Quidditch practice. I just don't know if I have the time. Perhaps this summer you would be willing to do some tutoring?"

She nodded as she let out a sigh. "Very well, we are about to start practical's so please let the others know to finish up."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

After class Harry and Hermione caught up to their girlfriends and escorted them to Charms class before he then walked Hermione to her Ancient Runes. He was suddenly quite alone and decided it was time to hunt down his favorite Metamorphmagus. He glanced up and down the passageway he was standing in before pulling the Marauders map from his back pocket. "I solemnly swear I am up to no good!" He whispered and watched as the map unfolded before him.

He began scanning the school for her, noticing that the map was apparently self-updating as his quarters were now visible on the sixth floor. He finally found her name just down the hall from where he stood on the seventh floor, just outside the room of requirement. He released the spells on the map so it was once again blank parchment and headed down the passageway toward the room of requirement where he found Nym pacing back and forth and cursing softly to herself. He stopped and watched her for a little while as her hair went from blonde to black and many colors in between, appearing to punctuate each swear word.

"Wotcher Nym?" He called quietly making her jump.

"Hey!" She said ignoring her rapid heartbeat as she had nearly left her skin behind when he startled her. "Shouldn't you be in class?"

He shook his head. "You know for my bodyguard you don't know much about my schedule. I'm free until lunch on Thursdays after Transfiguration. Now would you like to explain to me why you're trying to get into the Room of Requirement?"

"The Room of huh?" She asked intelligently.

"Room of Requirement, the elves call it the Come-And-Go room...you mean you don't know what's on the other side of that wall?"

She shook her head. "My cousin disappeared into that wall and he paced back and forth in front of it first. I have been trying for two days to get in after him."

"Speaking of which, you aren't staying in my guest room. Where have you been staying...if I may ask that is? I don't mean to pry if you decided to start dating Snape."

She pretended to retch before answering. "Please...no I have my own rooms, it was just easier to crash in yours that first couple of times...not to mention the benefits." She said with a wink.

He nodded in understanding; "Well you're always welcome though I suppose it might get a bit crowded if I tell all of my girls that..."

"All of your girls huh? Getting cocky aren't you?" She said with a grin.

He glanced quickly up and down the corridor before pushing her back against the wall and kissing her quickly catching her off guard. They were lost in each other for a few moments before he pulled away and held her pinned to the wall. "Am I?"

"Huh?" She asked slightly dazed.

"Am I being cocky or am I just telling it how it is?"

"Oh...when you put it that way..." She reached between them and wrapped her fingertips around the bulge in his trousers. "Nothing wrong with being cocky, as long as you can back it up."

"Anyway, You, Luna, Gin and Mione."

"And Ron." She interrupted, but he shook his head.

"Ron and I are...taking a break or something..." He caught the glimmer of amusement in her eye but did not laugh at the accidental joke, he watched as the mirth left her and she was suddenly very serious.

"I'm sorry Harry, I know how much his friendship means to you, but you have to admit he can be one hell of a jerk sometimes."

"I know. That's why I'm not trying to make up with him. He asked for some time to get his head on straight. I think he needs to find himself rather than be my sidekick or Hermione's favorite target."

She nodded, "So, the Room of Cumming.."

"Room of Requirement, or Come-And-Go Room." He corrected.

"Yeah, that. Anyway how does it work?" She asked.

"Well, you walk back and forth in front of that stretch of wall across from this tapestry here." He said tapping the wall behind her. "Three times thinking of exactly what you need. Most people find it by accident, but it becomes whatever you want it to be within reason."

"Within reason?" She asked.

"Well we never really tested its limitations, but it was perfect for a clandestine meeting place for the DA last year. Even the Headmaster was not entirely certain where it was or how it worked before Dobby told me."

She nodded. "So if you needed a place that could not be found by anyone but you, somewhere to hide some super-secret weapon, or some place to wank in private..."

"Or someplace to get some privacy." He whispered into her ear causing her to get goose bumps.

"Right...um...so you...uh...mmmmm." She completely lost her train of thought as he trailed light kisses down her neck to her collarbone. He was interrupted however when he heard an exclamation from further down the hall and around the corner.

"What the Hell? This isn't the same hallway I came in?"

"That's Malfoy!" Harry whispered and quickly set off in that direction, the target was gone when they arrived but the doorway was still disappearing back into the wall.

"Bollox...you didn't tell me the doorway could move!" Tonks exclaimed.

"I forgot honestly, I wonder if the only exits to this thing can be on this floor or if you can ask for an exit say..Right into my rooms?" He walked back around the corner to the tapestry and paced back and forth a few times thinking that he needed a secret passageway into his rooms before the door appeared.

"What about cousin Drakypoo?" She asked.

He shrugged, "This seems to be the place he is doing...well whatever it is he's up to. I don't think we are going to learn anything by following him now. Lets see if this thing worked."

She followed him down spiral staircase that ended at a doorway. Harry pulled the door open and found that the door was actually the bookshelf in his common room. "Well that's interesting..." He thought aloud as they exited. He closed the "door" and then pulled on the bookshelf, which was no longer hinged. "Well I suppose that answers a question. Next time I will have to ask it for a permanent passageway."

"Any reason you brought me along with you?" She asked casually as she sat down on the couch.

He walked over to the desk and pulled out a copy of the Sixth year and Fifth year timetables before joining her on the couch. "You mean a lot to me Nym, and I know you are pretending to be

Hogwarts security rather than my personal security guard. But I'd like you to memorize these so you can find any of us at any given time."

She looked a bit put out that he actually had brought her here for business but shrugged it off. "Whatever you say Boss, I'll get right on this..." She made as if to stand but he pulled her back down and onto his lap.

"Business before pleasure. Now that the business is out of the way..." He leaned in and kissed her deeply picking right up where he left off against the wall upstairs.

She directed them into his room as she removed his clothes and hers without breaking the kiss except for a quick breath here and there. They were both nude by the time they reached the bed, which she turned and pushed him down on.

"Wait...I thought I was the one running this show!" Harry said with a grin.

She morphed into Hermione and smiled down at him, "Now Harry, whatever gave you that impression?"

Her impression was dead on, "You know that is actually a bit scary?"

"I'm not sure what you mean, in any case you did mention you didn't want to see any of my tricks until you had seen me first. I think it is high time that you were introduced properly to my Metamorphmagus side."

Before he could answer she dove for his cock and quickly took him all the way into her mouth and down her throat. "Bloody! Nym...you realize she can't do that right?" He complained lightly but soon lost himself in the sensations. Gabrielle was able to take him all the way in, but Nym was doing something more. Her mouth was locked tight around the base of his cock even as the muscles in her throat and her tongue worked their way around him. Each time she swallowed he felt like she was riding him, if his eyes had been closed he would honestly have thought they were shagging. Before he could cum however she pulled off and smiled at him.



"Yes, I know she can't do that, her jaw simply doesn't stretch far enough. However as a Metamorphmagus I have much better control of my body, something as simple as dislocating my jaw and consciously controlling the muscles in my mouth and throat is no challenge really."

"Nym, as sexy as this is, and as much as you sound exactly like her...I think you are almost too good at this, its starting to freak me out a bit."

She nodded and quickly transformed into Ginny. "Well then Mister, I guess we will just have to try something different wont we?"

"Nym..."

She shook her head as she crawled atop him and guided him to her slick entrance. She popped him just inside her and began wiggling her hips back and forth. Suddenly he could have sworn he was getting a blow job as her labia wrapped around his cock and began to pull him in.

"Okay, that is really just too weird Nym...please?"

She sighed and dismounted briefly, standing up and reverting to her base form. "You really prefer this form?"

He sat up and pulled her to him wrapping his arms around her waist. "I do." He took one of her nipples into his mouth and began suckling softly getting a wonderful moan from her. "You don't need your tricks to impress me, although I have to say that had to be the best blowjob ever."

She grinned down at him. "Even better than a Veela? I've heard stories."

"Gabrielle is good, but she can't quite match that, I would have sworn you were shagging me if I hadn't known better."

She pushed him down onto the bed once more and grinned before her breasts began to grow before his eyes all the way to an E-cup before stopping. "How about my boobs? I know you enjoyed Susan and Hannah's."

He shook his head, "On you they look unnatural, though as gimmicks go, that is more of a turn on than a freak out."

She reduced them back to their normal size and crawled up on top of him again placing his member at her entrance once more. She closed her eyes for a moment and seemed to relax just a bit more than he had ever seen her. "What did you just do?" He asked.

"You noticed?" She said with a soft smile.

"Yeah, you seem like you just relaxed something. Like the whole time I have known you, you were holding onto something?"

She slid him inside just slightly until he bumped against a barrier which had not previously been there. "I removed my maidenhead before my first time to avoid the pain and sort of, well just never put it back..."

"Wait, you mean you are technically still a virgin?"

"I want you to take it Harry. You have helped me be more myself than anyone else and this is one last part of me that I've been hiding for years. Please?"

He pulled her down into a kiss before answering. "If that's what you want Nym...thank you."

She closed her eyes and slid him all the way inside, hissing as he broke past that little bit of flesh. She took a few deep breaths and opened her eyes. "There, that wasn't so bad after all."

"Tell me that tomorrow." He said with a smile before he began rocking her gently on his lap, slowly picking up the pace. Eventually she took over and he simply enjoyed the show as she rode herself to three orgasms before his began to build. As her fourth approached he let her know, "Nym...I'm about to..."

She simply nodded as she increased her pace and soon they were riding the wave of pleasure together before she collapsed on top of him. "Thank you Harry...for everything." She whispered softly.

"Thank you for that gift Nym, even if technically I wasn't your first, that was still a huge thing to me."

She smiled as she looked up into his eyes. "Do we have to move? Can we just stay like this?"

"Dinner isn't for quite a while, I think we can lay here for another hour or so."

She sighed and snuggled in to his embrace as he lightly ran his fingers up and down her back. "You mean a lot to me Harry."

"You too Nym, you too."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Dinner Thursday night went as usual, Luna sat with Harry, Hermione and Ginny while Ron sat with Dean and Seamus further down the table across from Lavender and Parvati. Neville had become something of a fixture at the Hufflepuff table but they didn't seem to mind all that much, and at the Ravenclaw table he caught the eye of Mandy a few times who blushed and quickly looked away causing him just a bit of amusement. Cho as usual just smiled back at him before returning to her conversation and Padma nodded in greeting but did not look away until he did, she was rather intense at times and he was not sure if he was totally turned on or a bit creeped out or both. At least Parvati seemed to keep the atmosphere a bit lighter even though he was sure she could be just as intense if she needed to be.

As he looked down the Slytherin table he caught glances of Draco who was more and more drawing away from the rest of them except for his goons and Pansy. Harry was unable to help himself and, despite the events earlier that week, could not resist giving her "the look" whenever she caught his eye. He was a bit worried about falling to the "Dark Side" with his new powers but figured bringing a girl to the edge of an orgasm from across the room was not really a dark act. However he was getting a bit worried that it was taking less and less time for her to look up and meet his eyes, almost as if she were waiting for him. Further down the table Blaise and Daphne chatted lightly with a few other students occasionally getting heated looks from Pansy, which they simply smiled back at.

The normal routine was interrupted however when a flurry of Owls flew in and began dropping to the tables with rolled up newspapers

attached to their talons. Harry looked up and spotted a speck of white amongst the sea of brown and black as it headed deftly toward him.

"Hey girl, you've been busy this week haven't you?" He asked as Hedwig landed on his shoulder.

Better than years past, the Owlery gets rather boring when you never write to anyone I will have you know! She chastised him as she nipped his ear a bit painfully but didn't draw blood.

"Alright, alright, sorry for that okay? All of my friends were here, who was I going to write to Dudley? Vernon and Petunia?"

She butted her head against his in apology. I understand master, but yes I have very much enjoyed serving you this week.

"So what do you have here?" He asked removing the paper from her leg.

I knew from the gossip that many Owls were needed to sell these papers, I was able to sneak into the line where they happily attached it without checking that I belonged to them. Silly humans!

He chuckled, "Indeed!"

"Want to clue us in?" Ginny asked in mild humor and annoyance.

"Oh, sorry. First she was complaining about the last five years when I never used her to deliver anything, and then she was telling me how she infiltrated the Daily Prophet and stole a newspaper for me. Such a good girl!" He said lightly stroking her feathers.

"Not a good girl Harry! She stole!" Hermione chastised him.

"It is not her fault that they handed her a paper to deliver without checking that she belonged to them. So technically they used my owl to send me a copy of the paper. Anyway let's see what the big deal is shall we?" They all nodded and he unrolled the paper.

Durmstrang Falls Peacefully to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named!  
- Rita Skeeter

It is our sad duty to report that Death Eaters accompanied by You-Know-Who attacked and captured Durmstrang Institute Thursday evening. Sources tell us there was almost no battle and that only the 33 students and 2 instructors who resisted were killed. The rest have reportedly accepted the Dark Mark including the underage wizards who are currently attending bringing the number of known Death Eaters to 147 excluding those who are currently imprisoned in Azkaban after the battle at the Ministry in June.

One has to wonder how our new Minister Amelia Bones did not see this coming and make the necessary preparations for an attack of this sort? While we have been wasting our time freeing Dark Creatures; He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is actively recruiting and attacking school children...

Harry put down the paper but his mood was rather dark. "They just let him take over? They all took the Dark Mark? And Skeeter is ragging on Amelia for this? Who the hell could have seen an attack on Durmstrang coming? Besides me I mean..." He suddenly went very quiet.

"Luna was this what you meant when you said you saw pain coming? That it wasn't his fault?" Hermione asked quietly.

The blond in question shook her head. "I cannot be certain, let us hope this is the extent of the pain that I foresaw."

Hermione and Ginny each grabbed one of his hands from across the table as Luna wrapped her arms around him and hugged him tight. "This is not your fault in any way Harry." Hermione stated.

He shook his head. "I have a leak in my shields, I kept him from hurting anyone for so long and just a little leak and he is back at it?"

Ginny squeezed his hand and he looked at her. "Just like you gave everyone thirteen years without Voldemort when you defeated him the first time. It was not your fault that he came back. This is not your fault either, he is evil and probably would have done this sooner if you hadn't hurt him so badly at the DoM or cut him off with Occlumency."

"Why am I leaking enough to give him power but not enough that I felt or saw this coming? What good is my Occlumency doing me if I

can't see inside his head...your dad would be dead if I hadn't been in his head Gin!"

"I know Harry, but I like the real you without Tom sucking up all your magic and darkening your emotions. Plus when you had him almost completely blocked he wasn't able to hurt anyone. We just need to find you some more love to help shore up that hole you talk about."

He shook his head. "I don't know if it's going to work that way Gin...I...don't know if I can fall in love again after..."

Hermione tried to distract him from memories of Susan, "Besides Harry, you said yourself that he might build back up his own magical reserves without his link to you. Maybe that is what happened. If you didn't feel or see this coming then you can't be leaking that much to him right?"

He sighed and nodded, Luna simply continued to hug him. "So do you think he is coming here?" He asked his girlfriend.

Luna shrugged, "I don't know Harry, first of all my sight does not work exactly like that. And even if it did the future is not that well defined."

Harry put on a sage look and changed his voice slightly. "Difficult to see. Always in motion is the future." Luna nodded happily as Hermione rolled her eyes and Gin looked a bit lost. "I'll explain it to you later Gin."

"So does that mean your not going to go all Harry-Potter-In-A-Funk on us?" Hermione asked.

"That depends, did I really just hear the hyphens in that? You know how much I hate hyphens." He smiled at her and the girls all let out tiny sighs of relief.

Dumbledore stood and every eye turned toward him. "As you all know by now there has been an attack on Durmstrang and it has unfortunately fallen to the enemy. What you may not realize is that this is the first major offensive by Voldemort..." There was the usual intake of breath. "By Voldemort in three months. There is no evidence to suggest that they will be attacking Hogwarts in the near

term, this appears more to be a recruitment move than Modus Operandi.

"For now I suggest each of you contact any relatives or friends you may have at Durmstrang to urge them away from the darkness, they may have taken his mark but there is still time to save them from themselves. I also encourage each of you to examine yourselves and resolve not to fall as Durmstrang did in the unlikely event that an attack were to take place here. Hogwarts has always been a "Bastion of the Light" and I pray that it will remain so. If you have any questions you may direct them to your Heads of House. Thank you."

He left the room and conversation resumed at a slight roar above the usual for the Great Hall. "Do you think that is all this was? A recruitment drive?" Ginny asked.

"I don't know, this time last year I was getting visions I didn't understand but they turned out to be useful. Who would have thought I would be wishing for a glimpse into the head of the most evil man on the planet this year?"

Hermione spoke up, "If Voldemort is marking children I may have been wrong about Malfoy, do I have to apologize to Ron?" She asked him with puppy dog eyes.

"When he comes back to us on his own, yes you should apologize for dismissing his misgivings..." He sent her an expectant look and waited until she got his meaning.

"Oh! I am sorry Harry, you thought he was marked as well and I never realized I was dismissing your idea as much as his...Ron makes me the worst sort of person doesn't he?"

He shook his head and took her hand again across the table. "Ron can't make you do anything Mione, you have always had a tendency to stick to your ideals until you are proven absolutely wrong." He leaned in closer and whispered. "That being said, I love that about you so don't change, just be aware of it alright?"

She nodded as he pulled away and soon the pudding disappeared from the tables signaling that it was time to head for common rooms and curfew. They all followed him up the stairs and off to his rooms

on the sixth floor. Bernard had given up the bush and was steadily banging one of his Nymphs against a tree. He looked over his shoulder and smiled, never breaking his pace. "Greetings Milord, Miladies!"

"Uh, Hey Bernie...I see you got out of your depression."

The man-goat smiled as he continued to pound into the Nymph whom was shouting his name loud enough to be heard two doors away. "Wenny smiled at me earlier, she didn't say anything but she didn't cringe away from me either."

Hermione couldn't help herself. "You have a thing for Wenny even though you have all these girls to er.."

Harry began laughing at the private joke, which was quickly becoming public. Hermione sent him a softened glare before turning back to the portrait. "All of these girls to play with you still want Wenny?" He nodded with a grin. "And just the thought that she might not loathe you any longer has you banging away happily with them again?"

"She is a smart one Harry, you had best keep her. Unless you wanted to get a portrait done for your rooms?"

Harry turned toward his girls slightly intrigued by the idea. He had a sudden mental flash of a group portrait of all of them on a double-king sized bed. "What do you ladies think, would you like someone to paint us while we 'Er'?"

Luna shrugged, Ginny looked contemplative, but Hermione was visibly turned on. He leaned in toward her, "You really do like to be watched don't you? Or the idea of being watched in any case?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, I already have one kink, and I don't need another."

Harry turned and Bernie released the lock so the frame swung open allowing them entrance. Once they were all inside he pulled Hermione into his lap on the couch. "There is nothing wrong with recognizing and utilizing what turns you on Mione." He whispered quietly to her.



There was a soft cough before Ginny called Dobby to rearrange the room and began setting up her work area with Luna opposite her. "Well Luna I suppose we should get to work. I have two papers due tomorrow how about you?"

Luna nodded and pulled her things from her book bag as well as she set to work. Hermione made as if to get up off the couch but he pulled her back onto his lap once more. "Where do you think your going?"

She pulled away from him once more but he held her. "I have Transfigu...no we don't have any homework from Minerva...Herbology then."

"We weren't assigned any written homework for Herbology and you know it. I also know you have already memorized the chapter we were assigned." He ran his hand up her leg to her thigh just beneath her skirt and squeezed slightly causing her to catch her breath. Her eyes were closed as if she was trying to ignore his intentions.

"Well not all of us have perfect recall like you do...I should at least work on my nonverbal casting..." He began kissing her neck and jaw as his hand slid further up her leg until his thumb rested against her knickers just above her slit.

"I think you have been a good girl and you need a treat." He whispered removing his hand from her skirt and gently tugging her blouse out so that he could run a hand underneath. Relishing the skin-on-skin contact with her warm belly. He then ran his other hand up her back and unsnapped her bra with one deft movement.

"Harry...we can't...Luna is right here...and Gin...not fair..." In response he began kissing her neck once more, removing his hand from inside blouse and beginning to unbutton it. As he reached the last button he let it fall open and began trailing those kisses lower across her breasts. He opened one eye and looked at the girls working at the desk. Gin looked up and though he could see the lust in her eyes she winked at him and nodded. Luna was either completely oblivious or simply ignoring the couple on the couch.

"Harry..." She half whined half pleaded as though she was trying to tell him to stop but her body was betraying her. He continued kissing his way south, pushing the fabric of her bra aside with his nose and

capturing her nipple. She quickly let out a small moan and he returned his hand to beneath her skirt.

He worked his way back up her thigh until he was able to hook his thumb under the fabric of her knickers and push it aside enough to gain access to her love button. She spread her legs whether unconsciously or not, allowing him better access and soon he had her riding a small orgasm. He gave up pretense and quickly pulled her blouse from her arms before she allowed the bra to slip from her shoulders completely exposing herself to him for the first time in quite awhile. As he captured her other nipple in his mouth she tried once more to complain.

"Supposed to be strong...supposed to behave..." He pulled away for a moment.

"Just having a little 'drink' you know. Besides," He leaned in and whispered in her ear. "Gin is pretending not to watch but I can tell she wants to join in. Luna is pretending to ignore you but I bet she has eyes in the back of her head..." He caught her lips in a quick kiss and then ran his hand down her side to the zipper of her skirt, which came undone quickly. She lifted her hips having given in at some point and allowed him to pull her skirt and knickers off so that she sat completely exposed on his lap. His hand came up between her legs and his fingers quickly found their way inside her dripping hole.

As slowly as he could he brought her toward an orgasm and then held her just on the cusp as long as he possible. Finally he got the response he was looking for. "Haaarrrryyy...please?" She whined. He increased his pace and quickly brought her over the edge.

He decided he did not want to break his pace just for something silly like removing his clothing and with a thought and a wave of his hand he vanished and reappeared his clothing on the loveseat so they were now both equally nude. He then pulled her up so she was straddling him and she gasped when she realized his member was pressed against her entrance. "Harry? How did you...?"

He shushed her and pulled her into another kiss quickly as she gave up and sank herself down onto his lap. He moved his hands to her hips where he began to rock her gently, relishing each sensation as her warmth surrounded him. They continued their dance for the next

forty-five minutes with her having many small orgasms and attempting to drive the other occupants of the room to distraction. Luna placed her quill down and turned toward them. "There we are, all done for the evening. Are you two enjoying yourselves?"

Hermione nodded her answer from his shoulder rather than look up. Gin placed her quill on the desk as well. "That has to be the fastest I have ever written a potions paper..." She was staring at the scene on the couch and all but drooling.

Luna stood up and walked over to the redhead pulling her into an embrace and kissing her quickly. "You shouldn't deny yourself while you can Ginevra...go to him."

She seemed to wage an internal debate before she finally began undressing quickly, once she was nude she walked quickly to the couch. "You're all evil, I just want you to know that!"

Hermione leaned back and smiled at her girlfriend who she pulled into a deep kiss. "Hi Gin...I missed you."

A lone tear ran down Ginny's cheek as she kissed her girlfriend back, she then turned and captured Harry's lips causing him to buck inside Hermione. "God I missed you too Gin, can we not do this again?" He asked.

Hermione pulled off of his lap and quickly pulled Ginny down on top of him. He slid straight into her without a problem. "No Foreplay tonight?"

She began rocking and he leaned in and captured one of her breasts and Hermione caught the other one. "Gods..no...Mmmm...been trying to ignore...you two for an hour...bloody knickers are soaked..." She came quickly and loudly. Her lovers pulled back to allow her to rest her head on his shoulder, he placed his hands on her hips and began to rock her slowly just as he had with Hermione.

Across from them on top of Harry's clothes was a nude Luna making quite a show of playing with her wand. It was butt first embedded inside her about half of its length as her other hand made furious circles around her clit. Harry looked up and bucked once more inside the redhead who took that as encouragement and upped her

pace once more having caught her second wind. He tried to slow her pace down again but being inside of his second lover once again, with his first sitting naked next to him playing with the first. And the sight of Luna playing with herself it took him almost no time at all to spill himself inside her with a shout.

She performed some kind of acrobatics where she ended up facing away from him without removing him from inside her so that she could watch the show as well, Hermione quickly dove between their legs to where they were joined and started cleaning them both as cum began to leak around his shaft. Ginny continued to move causing him no end of glorious torture while they both watched Luna bring herself off on the other couch.

"You know...Luna...this is so much better...than your wand..." Ginny stuttered out through her pleasure.

A panting Luna looked up at them and smiled. "I will have sex with him."

Hermione pulled away long enough to ask, "Eventually?"

Luna shook her head. "Now if nobody minds?"

Ginny continued her pace for a few moments more until she came with a whimper and fell sideways where Hermione pulled her over to the other end of the couch. Luna stood and approached with her eyes never leaving Harry's.

"Luna are you sure...I mean we don't have to..." She placed a finger on his lips and smiled dreamily at him.

"Will you be my first Harry? Even if we don't fall madly in love and stay together forever I won't think badly of you. Please?"

The pleading in her voice finally convinced him and he placed his hands on her hips pulling her forward slightly. She parted her legs and straddled him as she reached between them and grasped his abused member to line it up. She never looked away from his eyes as she slowly sank down on him, only letting out a sigh of pleasure as she stretched her insides for the first time and when their pubic bones finally touched she laid her head on his shoulder.

"This is wonderful Harry, thank you." She whispered into his ear.

He began kissing her neck and shoulder and running his fingers up and down her back raising goose bumps and feeling her reaction as her muscles clamped and unclamped around him. Finally she began to rock slightly and soon had a decent pace going. Ginny had awoken and she and Hermione moved to the loveseat so they could enjoy the show as they pleased themselves. Harry however was lost in Luna, love or not he wanted to make certain that she remembered her first time fondly as making love and not shagging.

She pulled back and wrapped her arms behind his neck as she increased her pace, throwing her head back in ecstasy as the first of many small orgasms rocked through her though she barely made a sound. Just as Harry thought he was going to cum along with her she slowed her pace and clamped herself down around his member causing him to stop just before he filled her with his seed, though somehow he still felt the spasms and wonderful pain of orgasm. She leaned forward once again and whispered in his ear.

"I may not have much experience Harry, but I have done much reading. Did you know that the Kama Sutra was written by a Muggleborn Witch? That the Muggle version only covers the basics that can be performed without the gift of magic to aid them?" He shook his head as he was still trying to catch his breath from the first orgasm he had ever had without actually Cumming.

Hermione chimed in. "I thought that was just a joke!"

Luna performed the same bit of acrobatics as Ginny as she spun on his lap without removing him. Harry groaned at the intense pleasure he was still experiencing. "Not at all, Daddy found a tome in the ruins of the Library at Alexandria. Are you enjoying yourself Harry?" She asked over her shoulder.

"Oh Gods..." He squeaked out in a manly tone.

"I'm glad it is working, I have been practicing my Kegal exercises since I turned eight. Once I realized my hymen had already been perforated at some point in my second year I began practicing with one pound weighted balls. I can now carry around three of them inside and normally do."

Harry squeaked once more letting her know he heard her, just did not currently have the power to respond. Hermione was enthralled. "You mean at any given time you are carrying three pounds inside of your vagina? Up the stairs?"

Luna nodded and finally began rocking slightly again, Harry was just coming down from the peak of his orgasm and was still hypersensitive, he did what any male would do in this situation. He began moaning like his witches normally did.

"And at meal times, in the shower, during the DA last year. I have a set that rings when they move if you would like to try them sometime?"

Ginny couldn't help it, "Damn! I have got to try that!"

"Ladies?" Harry had finally regained the use of his voice but it was still high pitched as he could feel another orgasm building on top of this one.

Luna spun once again getting a groan from him and clamped down once more on his genitalia getting another wonderful squeak. "Are you enjoying yourself?" She asked lightly.

"What are you doing to him?" Ginny asked in stunned amazement.

"I was able to prevent him spilling his seed even though the rest of his body reacted as though he was having a full orgasm. So he is now in a heightened state of feeling. This is the closest a man can come to having multiple orgasms that simulate ours."

Harry mumbled something unintelligible and she began rocking once more. "The Kama Sutra and Tantra teaches you how to control your body and that of your lover to extend pleasure for as long as possible. If I wanted I could keep him on the edge like this for days. Isn't that wonderful?" Hermione and Ginny nodded in rapt attention but Harry was able to squeak once more.

"Please don't?"

She leaned in and kissed him as she increased her pace, before long she came howling into his mouth and finally just when he thought every muscle in his body was going to knot up he poured

forth into her eager hole. He continued to spurt inside her for a full minute until finally he passed out along the length of the couch.

He awoke a few moments later to find Hermione bobbing and licking as much of him as she could manage while Ginny had Luna splayed out on the couch trying to capture as much of his cum as she could from the blondes now weeping hole. Ginny turned and tapped Hermione on the shoulder as she wiped a bit from her chin. "Switch? I can't handle that much, no matter how yummy!" Hermione nodded and Ginny went to work on his tool as Hermione began to eat the younger witch out eliciting moans from the other girl.

"What happened?" Harry asked groggily.

Ginny smiled up at him with his cock still in her mouth before releasing him to speak. "You passed out." She promptly went back to what she was doing.

"I didn't know that was possible!" He exclaimed through a groan as she began pumping his rapidly hardening cock.

"MmmmmmmHmmmmmmmm" She hummed getting another moan from him.

"Gin I think I'm clean...and I'm sorry but after that load I don't think I will be Cumming again for days!" Luna came loudly before laying back as Hermione moved to let Harry lay his head in her lap.

She lay staring at the three of them with her dreamy smile, which looked just a bit dumber than usual. "You drink your shakes every day, they have potions in them to prevent that problem." She said rather more dreamily than usual.

"Bloody hell!" He exclaimed as he pulled Ginny on top of him rather than let her continue her ministrations.

"Oh! Ready for another round already?" Ginny asked playfully.

"You three are going to kill me!" He sighed.

Luna had regained her composure somewhat as she sat up on the end of his couch. "I doubt that very much Harry, after all an Avada

Kedavra could not do it. You will just have to work on building up your stamina and your pleasure tolerance is all."

"Just what I need, more training." He said only half jokingly.



## Chapter 45: Memories

Friday went by in a blur and before he knew it Harry was standing on the Quidditch pitch watching a very irate Ron argue with Cormac McLaggen before finally getting pissed off enough to allow a keeper trial even though he was the captain. Apparently being so focused on his rage was a good thing for Ron and a bad thing for his challenger who missed two goals while Ron stopped everything that came his way. Harry was rather proud of his friend even if they weren't actually speaking at the moment. McLaggen was named to reserve keeper, which mollified him somewhat, but after that Ron was nearly unbearable as he barked out orders and expected everyone to jump at his command. In the stands Harry could almost see the heat coming off of Hermione as she held her temper in check.

To console Ron somewhat Harry suggested they hold Seeker trials as well, in the end only a few people were brave enough to go up against the Greatest Seeker in a Generation. Ginny had to volunteer before anyone else would step forward to race him to the Snitch. Funny enough she was also the one to be named to reserve even though she had already made the team as the number two Chaser along with Katie Bell and Dean Thomas. Surprising everyone the Creevey brothers ended up being the best of the bunch in the position of Beater and just like that they had formed the team. Everyone else headed back to the castle while the team met for a brief meeting in the locker room. Ron, Dean and the Creevey brothers headed back after a quick pep talk and discussion about when to hold the next practice, Harry went to follow when he heard a cough from behind him.

"Going somewhere Harry?" Ginny asked.

He turned to find Katie and Gin removing their Quidditch gear, he had secretly watched Katie for years in the changing room, it was one of the little known perks of being on the team that you got to see members of the opposite sex in various states of undress though the younger players normally headed to the separate showers before completely disrobing. So it was a bit of a surprise when Ginny got down to her sports bra and knickers and continued to undress, even more surprising was that Katie was doing the same thing.

"Uhhhh..." He said intelligently.

Katie smiled at him as she pulled off her bra quickly freeing her breasts and causing Harry to become instantly erect. "Honestly Harry, their just boobs. I would think you would be used to them by now."

"Haminah muh?" Was his reply.

Ginny grinned and walked over to him after removing her knickers. "You are wearing entirely too many clothes for the shower, want to help me out here Katie?"

The girl nodded and sauntered over to the still semi-comatose young man. Rolling her eyes she leaned in and kissed him quickly on the lips. "Harry, I talked to Gin about this earlier. I am going to be so busy with my studies and Quidditch that I doubt I am going to have time for a real relationship."

"Sound familiar?" The redhead asked rhetorically.

He nodded but was still unable to say anything as he stared at her breasts, back into her eyes, then back at her breasts. She giggled causing all sorts of fun things to happen to her chest. "I wouldn't say I have been crushing on you for years, but definitely lusting for a couple now Harry. Before last year you were kinda scrawny to be honest, but you have always been Harry and that more than made up for it." She kissed him again and began to undo his shirt buttons as Gin started in on his trousers. "I've snuck glances into the boys showers along with Angelina and Alicia, though they were more interested in Wood or the Twins...its only fair that you get to return the favor now isn't it?"

He nodded dumbly as his shirt was removed and his trousers and boxers pulled down to expose his erection. Ginny pushed him down on a bench before she began working on his shoes. Katie continued as she stared at his member in awe. "If you don't mind Harry, I'd like to hook up every now and then, no strings attached. I just need to blow off some steam and I guess I get to live out my fantasy of you at the same time?"

Katie blushed very prettily causing Harry to smile as he was rapidly regaining his confidence. "I have to admit this was all rather

sudden...But I think we can work something out Miss Bell." He held out a hand to her but she shook her head.

"Were all sweaty from tryouts, how's about a shower?" She asked as she dropped her knickers to the floor stunning him once more.

They pulled him into the previously unknown territory of the female showers and turned on all four of the shower heads in the circular room. The air was scented with what he identified as sandalwood. There were wooden benches along the walls with steam vents above them for relaxing after a workout and he wondered why they didn't have something similar in the male showers. "The girls take their time and pamper themselves Harry, I'm sure you boys would rather not hang out naked with each other any longer than required?" Ginny asked.

"How did you know what I was thinking?" He asked with a smile as they pushed him under the nearest stream of hot water.

"Intuition? Or maybe it's because you looked so surprised that it smells nice in here. Besides, I have seen you boys showering and she has the right of it. I honestly don't know why men can't stand to be naked around one another. It's just natural to me to be comfortable with other women. And you definitely don't have anything to be ashamed of." Katie said as she leaned in and wrapped her hand around his still hard member.

Ginny came up behind him and began washing his hair as Katie released him and began to wash his feet and work her way up as Gin worked her way down. "When I was younger I was very self conscious but once I started to grow in the right places I didn't really care any longer because I knew I was not hideous even if I'm not beautiful.

"You are amazingly beautiful Gin. Never put yourself down like that." Harry told her getting a genuine smile for his trouble.

They met on their knees in front of him and smiled at one another before Katie took him into her mouth getting him to groan and thread his fingers into her hair. "Moving awfully fast aren't we?" He asked but made no move to stop her.

She shrugged and continued to clean his tool Ginny sat down on a nearby bench under a steam vent and began to massage her clit as she enjoyed the show. She pulled off of him for a moment but it was too long as he pulled her to her feet and into an embrace. He caught her lips and began to assert control once more, as he deepened the kiss he felt her starting to melt into his arms and steered her to the bench opposite of Ginny where he sat her down on a conveniently placed towel.

Once she was seated he trailed his lips and tongue down her torso slowly, he began nibbling lightly on a nipple when she pushed him away softly. "Harry, we aren't in a relationship and I think that's plenty of foreplay, now stop trying to make love to me and shag me rotten already!" She pulled him back into a kiss as his brain switched gears. Finally he asserted control once more as he pulled her over onto her stomach with her legs dangling from the edge before crouching behind her and quickly driving himself inside her waiting snatch.

"Oh Sweet Merlin!" She groaned, as he took no time at all to begin pounding in to her. It was not long before she was quivering beneath him calling out his name. Ginny came loudly behind him just before he pushed Katie over the edge. She held up a hand begging him to stop for a moment.

"I was wrong..." She breathed. "Not enough foreplay...gods your huge!"

"You get used to it." Ginny said breathily as she walked unsteadily up behind him and wrapped her arms around his waste.

He turned slightly to speak to her. "Seems like you are always on the edge of orgasm Gin, I don't think you get used to it I think you are just insatiable.

She nodded happily as she peeked around his bicep down at the girl on the bench still impaled on Harry's stiff Rod. "That being said..." Katie tried again still catching her breath. "You are a little large to just jump into it like this..."

"Katie I'm sorry, I just thought that you."

"Stop it, you did exactly what I asked, I just underestimated you is all." She said with a smile as she turned toward them.

He laughed, "That's what every man wants to hear, I thought you were smaller..."

She pulled forward and he pulled away and out of her, she moaned slightly but sat up and reached a hand out to Ginny to pull her around and down to sit on the bench beside her. "I'm gonna be sore now for a couple of days between the broom and the broom handle, but you seem to have a bit of an issue here." Katie said as she grasped his cock.

"Yes, we are definitely going to have to find a solution to this problem." Ginny said as if the whole thing were choreographed.

Katie pulled him toward them so that his cock was between their faces and before he knew what was happening he was receiving a double blowjob. It was a wonderful sensation, and Katie definitely had a few tricks to teach the redhead but they kept getting him close and backing off at just the wrong time.

"Ladies please? This is wonderful, but starting to get painful." He pleaded with fake puppy dog eyes.

Katie leaned over and whispered in the other girl's ear eliciting a smile and a nod before reaching up and wrapping her hand around him once more and began pumping in perfect rhythm. What Ginny lacked in skill she made up for by knowing him so well.

"Oh gods Gin...a little faster?" She obliged and soon he was on the cusp once more. "I'm..."

Katie leaned her cheek against Ginny's as the redhead directed his cock toward their faces. They both closed their eyes and as he looked down he watched as rope after rope of his cum spewed forth onto the girls faces, the sight was both new and reminded him of the first time he came all over Ginny making his orgasm that much more pleasurable, finally he spent his last with a grunt and collapsed to his knees. The girls opened their eyes slowly, he assumed to make sure they wouldn't get any of his spunk in them. Before Ginny began licking his cum from the other girls face causing Katie to gasp in surprise.

"Trust me Katie, Harry is different than most guys in more ways than one." Ginny said as she dragged her fingertip along the girl's cheek and popped it between her lips.

The other girls eyes lit up, "What the hell?" She asked in surprise before she began to lap at Ginny's face as well, before long it turned into a kiss that ended with Katie between Ginny's legs giving her another quick orgasm. She then sat up and looked over to the prone form of her new shag-buddy who was watching in rapt attention laying in the middle of the floor with rivulets of warm water flowing around him toward the drain in the center of the room.

"You are so yummy Harry Potter, I don't know why I waited."

He smiled up at her finally regaining a bit of strength and propping his head up on his elbow. "Maybe the fact that you are a year ahead and until this year I was basically scared senseless by girls?"

She smiled back at him. "Something like that. You okay Ginny?"

Ginny was lying flat on her back on the bench and raised a thumb up into the air without looking at them. "Okee-dokee..."

Katie stood and helped pull Harry to his feet. "This was fun, lets do it again some time?" She leaned in and kissed him allowing him to catch the taste of his cum mixed with Ginny's, one of his favorite flavors.

"Uh...if you say so? I did..um..enjoy myself?" Harry said rather confused as to how to treat the situation.

"You're not going to fall for me because of this are you? I just don't have time for that this year."

He shook his head. "Honestly? I have more than enough on my plate than to worry about without taking care of another relationship. But these two keep pushing me to fall for as many girls as I can. They have a point, it was really my idea anyway, but one woman is hard enough to keep up with!"

She kissed him again, a little deeper this time. "You're Harry Potter. The Lord Potter-Black, richest wizard in possibly the whole world,

youngest and greatest Seeker Hogwarts has seen in a century. You are also the Boy-Who-Lived and the Chosen One. You are a wonderful guy who just happens to be an amazing lover with an equally amazing package to back it up." Harry was blushing at this point. "You can have any woman you choose you know that right? And your girls seem to like sharing so you should just go with it. Sex doesn't equal love."

He shook his head, "No, but love makes it better."

She thought about it for a moment. "I suppose, but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy an amazing shag like I just did. So are we okay?"

He grinned, "More than...I just have no clue how to handle this situation. I've fallen in love with almost every girl I have been with so far. I guess I don't know how to separate making love from shagging yet."

"That was a wonderful start then." She winked as she walked toward the door. "So since we are the only two females on the team this year, maybe we can do this every practice?"

"Sounds like a plan to me!" Ginny called from her bench as the girl walked out of the room.

Harry turned toward her. "What happened to being strong, pretending we weren't together, backing off so the other girls can have a real chance?"

She growled at him as she sat up. "Bugger it, you ruined me two nights ago and you were right anyway, I love you, you love me, and any girl who can't understand that doesn't belong with you!"

He smiled down at her. "Easy there Tiger, I agree but maybe we can still keep it cool during the courtship phase anyway. Maybe the first week I can be with just my designated girlfriend and after that I explain to her how it is and let her make the choice."

Ginny began walking around the room rinsing off as she turned each tap off before making her way back to him. "And what if they don't want to shag you after only a week of dating?"

He pulled her to him when she was close enough and kissed her. "Two weeks was your idea not mine, I am not just looking to shag anybody..." She made to interrupt but he put a finger over her lips. "But I will if they offer and hope they will include you. This is fun, and its much easier to enjoy myself now knowing I don't have to worry about anything but giving her pleasure in the moment. No feelings to worry about attached to the physical intimacy."

She nodded and looked up into his eyes, "And what if emotional intimacy forms during the physical?"

He shrugged as he pulled her back to the locker room to get dressed. "Then I guess Hermione gets her wish and I add to my arsenal. But honestly we could drop the whole charade now. I am happy with what I have, I don't need anyone else."

"Then I guess you are just lucky that we insist on watching you shag, bummer and otherwise pleasure every female in sight then aren't you." She asked with a grin.

"Sometimes I wonder..." He said quietly.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

As night fell Harry found himself standing in front of the gargoyle statue that guarded the Headmaster's office. Rather than give the password right away he took a moment to put all of his thoughts in order and calm his emotions. He was not afraid of the old man reading his thoughts so much as afraid that being in his presence for an extended period of time would lead to the destruction of his office once again. Once he was sure of his mental state he gave the password "Licorice Wands" and hopped onto the rotating staircase as the statue began to spin. When he reached the top he stood patiently waiting for the man to call him inside rather than knock.

"Come in Harry." Came the expected invitation.

Harry pushed open the door and entered the room, he was glad to see that he had not done any permanent damage at the end of the last term though he found some pleasure from the noticeably sparse table which has once held any number of silver whirring and puffing instruments. Harry walked over to Fawkes' perch and scratched the bird on top of his head.



"Hello again Fawkes, it is nice to see you again."

Fawkes leaned into the attention closing his eyes for a moment. Good evening young one, have you learned to speak yet?

"I have, I still don't understand exactly how I do it but I enjoy myself none the less."

You will learn in time to speak silently, but it is nice after many of your centuries to meet another of your kind who can speak. Would you mind terribly scratching a bit lower? There is a spot on my neck I cannot quite reach.

Harry lowered his fingers just a bit and felt the bird sigh as he found the spot in question, the then began stroking his feathers slowly all the way down to his tail. "Am I to assume that you are not speaking to yourself but rather to my old friend there?" Dumbledore asked from behind his desk.

Harry jumped as he realized he had just given away another of his abilities. "Uh, yes Headmaster you may assume as much."

"Curious...at times I feel as if I can understand what he is trying to emote, but never have I heard him speak clearly. Does he have anything he wishes you to relate?"

Harry turned back to the bird in question. "Fawkes?"

He paused in thought for a moment before dipping his head. Harry nodded and turned back to the Headmaster. "He says he would like you to know how much he has appreciated his time with you even if you have been making more and worse mistakes lately. Also he wishes me to tell you that when the time comes he will accompany you on your final journey to the next adventure before returning to this one."

Dumbledore looked stunned and more than a little sad at the admonishment and the offer. "Yes...well thank you my old friend. I do not know how to respond to that."

"Why is he talking as though your death were imminent?" Harry asked suddenly very concerned for the man. They had their

differences but deep down he still cared very much for the man who had been like a grandfather to him.

The old man took a deep breath before answering, "To a phoenix the lifespan of a human is just a blink of an eye Harry, I have no doubt that were I to even live another hundred years he would still see my death as very close. Let us not dwell on the idea; please know that when the time comes I am ready. As my friend Nicholas used to say, 'To the well organized mind, death is but the next great adventure.' Now if you are ready we can begin your lesson for the evening."

Dumbledore stood and walked over to a cabinet in the corner which he opened exposing what Harry recognized as a Pensieve and many small vials of silvery liquid that could only be memories.

"Tonight Harry we are going to explore the history of Tom Riddle, I take it you recognize this device?"

He nodded, "A Pensieve, like the one Snape used to store the memories he was too afraid I would see when he was training me last year."

"The very same one actually. And from the tales that Professor Snape tells I assume you know how to operate it as well?" Harry nodded. "Then let us proceed."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

"That's it?" Harry asked as they exited the Pensieve Memory.

"I think the history of his family is fascinating and useful, from your tone I assume you think otherwise?"

Harry shook his head before speaking. "That depends, is this all you are going to show me tonight? Were you planning on spending all year showing me memories and wasting time that should better be used to train in advanced magic?"

Dumbledore looked a bit taken aback before nodding. "I suppose from a certain point of view, that is exactly what I had planned, though I would have put it much more delicately. Knowledge is

power Harry and the more you know about your opponent the easier it is to spot weaknesses."

Harry took a deep breath and let it out slowly before replying. "And why do you feel the need to stretch out these memories over many sessions? How many do you have to show me and is there a point that we can skip to and refer to them only if I don't understand something?"

Dumbledore looked very put out that his well laid plans were being interrupted and reinterpreted, for the first time Harry could remember he actually looked quite confused. Harry grinned.

"There are a few to go through which I believe you will need to see at some point. I cannot stress how important it is that you learn as much as I know about Tom Riddle the man as well as Voldemort the Dark Lord in the next few months. We may be running out of time..." The old man trailed off and Harry noticed him clenching and unclenching his crippled hand but chose not to comment.

"Sir, with all due respect..."

The old man smiled. "That phrase is rarely followed by something one wishes to hear, but please do continue."

"If time is limited for some reason, then we should get to the point. I am through waiting around and playing the proper student while Riddle wreaks havoc. If I am destined to stop him then I want to do it sooner rather than later, so I can get on with my life!"

Dumbledore sighed and pulled another vial from the shelf. "Very well, tonight is going to be a rather long night."

"Good thing it is a Saturday and I am not subject to curfew isn't it then?" The old man nodded and before long they plunged into the next in a long line of memories.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

They exited the last memory at nearly three in the morning and made their way over to sit down, Dumbledore behind his desk and Harry across from him. "Lemon drop?" The old man asked wearily.

Harry shook his head. "No but I could do with some tea, would you like some?" He nodded and Harry called for Dobby to bring them tea service. Once they were a bit refreshed they started in on an hour-long discussion about what Harry had just seen.

"So you manipulated things this year to get Professor Slughorn to Hogwarts once more so that you could get the real memory?"

Dumbledore took another sip of his tea before replying. "I have tried over the years I have been collecting these, to get him to give up the real memory but he insists that this is his only recollection. In short, he will not give me that memory, that is your homework."

"You expect me to do in six to nine months what you have not been able to do in twenty years?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Perhaps you have noticed that Horace has taken a liking to you. I know how much you hate to use your fame or influence but in this case it is critical that you retrieve that memory. Without it we have no chance at discovering how many Horcruxes Voldemort may have created."

"Slytherin's ring, possibly the locket that Merope Gaunt sold which more than likely belonged to Slytherin as well, Hufflepuff's Cup and the Diary I destroyed my second year?" Harry asked as he ticked them off on his fingers. "That is four already, aren't their consequences to splitting your soul like that?"

"There is little information on the creation of Horcruxes and even less on the effects the creation of them would have on a person. However I believe that as one's soul is diminished, ones morality and sanity would go along with it."

"That sums up Voldemort in a nutshell. Immoral and Insane..." He yawned suddenly though he tried to hide it.

"And I think that is enough for this evening Harry. We shall not meet again until you have retrieved that memory as idle speculation will get us nowhere without facts to direct our thoughts."

Harry shook his head but controlled his temper. "I am going to be facing the most evil dark wizard possibly ever, you promised that

along with these memories you would train me in advanced magic. I am expecting you to hold up your end of the bargain."

Dumbledore sighed. "Very well then, I shall contact you again with the time of our first practical session. In the meantime I must stress how important that memory is."

Harry stood and nodded. "Goodnight Headmaster."

"Good Morning Harry. Do try to get some sleep."

Harry was still pondering everything he had learned as a sleepy Bernard unlocked his door for him and he entered his suite. Once inside he headed straight for his room where he found Mione and Gin curled up together in his bed. He smiled softly as he undressed and climbed in behind the brunette and got comfortable, wrapping himself around her.

"Harry?" She asked groggily.

"Go back to sleep love, we can talk later."

"What time is it?" She asked, still half asleep.

"It's about five in the morning now, let's go to sleep and I promise I will tell you everything later alright?"

She nodded and cuddled her backside into him even as she pulled the redhead closer. The three drifted off to sleep with smiles on all of their faces; Harry awoke an hour later as someone nude and warm climbed into the bed behind him. He did not even need to open his eyes, as he could smell sunshine.

"Morning Luna." He whispered.

"Good morning, I'm sorry to wake you. I take it you had a productive morning?"

He nodded, "Do you mind if we sleep through breakfast? I'm running on fumes here."

"Fumes?"

"Never mind..." He was already drifting back to sleep with a warm body on either side of him.

"Alright then, good morning." She whispered softly.

"Mmmm..."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

When Harry woke up to an empty bed at nearly noon on Sunday he was a bit groggy and a bit grumpy. He rolled out of bed and headed quickly into the shower, which he slowly turned down until it was ice cold. A much more alert and happy Harry emerged from his bedroom dressed and ready for the talk he knew was coming. Luna, Gin and Hermione were studying at the desks in the middle of the Common Room and he walked up behind Hermione and kissed her on top of her head.

"Good morning my beauties." He said cheerfully as he repeated the gesture with Ginny and then Luna.

"Good Afternoon Harry, you know you missed breakfast?" Ginny asked.

"I planned on it, I didn't get back from my private session with Dumbledore until nearly five this morning. I'm sorry I didn't think about what time you must have gone to bed."

Luna spoke without looking up from her homework. "Oh that wasn't a problem, Dobby was kind enough to bring us breakfast earlier since we missed the morning meal time."

He nodded as he sat down at the empty desk beside the blond. "I wonder if he could..." Before he could finish the thought Dobby popped in with eggs, toast, bacon and a smoothie just like he got at home. Harry descended on the meal and quickly cleaned his plate before sitting rather satisfied. "Ug...now I need a nap!"

"Honestly Harry!" Hermione chastised him. "You could have paused for breath at the very least. You were channeling Ron there."

He smiled. "Sorry, all I have had since dinner yesterday was tea."

She nodded and finished writing the line she was working on before closing her book and turning toward him. "So?"

He simply looked back at her. "So what?"

Ginny closed her book as well and turned to him. "So, what had you in Dumbledore's office until five in the morning?"

"Memories."

"Memories?" Ginny asked.

He nodded, "Memories. That is the private tutoring he wanted to give me all year."

"Memories of?" Hermione asked looking a bit annoyed with him for dragging out his answers.

He sat up and related everything he had seen the night and early morning before, inserting bits of the discussion that took place afterward as appropriate. Ginny looked slightly confused, Luna appeared to be ignoring the entire conversation as she worked on her Divination homework but he had no doubt she had absorbed every word. Hermione had on her thinking face and was chewing her bottom lip cutely making him want to kiss it.

"I need to research these things, I will need a pass for the restricted section I suppose...do you think the Headmaster would be willing to grant me the access?"

He shook his head. "There is almost no information on Horcruxes Mione. The little bit that can be found, can be found in the Headmasters office, I am sure he would be reluctant to share something so dark with any student, even me." She looked put out about not having free access to information. "But I might be able to convince him." She nodded reluctantly.

"There is one thing that bugs me though, there was a symbol engraved on the ring that I could swear I recognized in that memory, but you can barely see it now that the stone is cracked. It is like it's sitting at the edge of my memory waiting for me to make the connection. And it wasn't a snake or anything remotely Slytherin as far as I could tell."

"Perhaps it was the Gaunt insignia? That at least I should be able to research for you, can you draw it for me?"

He did so and as he looked up from his finished drawing he noticed the look on Ginny's face. Knowing exactly what the situation called for he stood and pulled her out of her chair and onto his lap as he sat them on the couch. "Penny for 'em?" He asked gently.

"Tom...that wasn't just a bewitched diary, that was actually him." She began to break down and he pulled her closer placing kisses on the top of her head.

"It's alright Gin, you can talk to us about it."

She sighed and tried to put on a brave face though he could see the tears threatening to fall. "He was my friend Harry, he might have been a manipulative bastard and just beginning to be truly evil. But he listened to me, he talked to me...he showed me...things..."

"Things?" He asked gently but he really did not like the way she said the word.

She took a deep breath before continuing. "He showed me memories of himself masturbating...and then he asked me to do so as well while I watched..." She seemed to be watching his face for a reaction.

His reaction was instant anger, but she mistook it as revulsion and tried to climb out of his lap, the tears did begin to flow now. "Gin wait!"

She shook her head but he still had a hold of her hand and wouldn't let her walk away. "Gin, you were eleven. The Tom in that diary was most likely seventeen; it is not your fault that he used you like that. And it is not wrong to be curious either...I just hate that he took something like that away from you. I hate him, not you." She collapsed back on to his lap and began sobbing into his shoulder.

"I don't know what all he made me do while he possessed me Harry, what if he made me touch myself. What if he had made me sleep with a bunch of older boys?"



"But he didn't did he, you saved yourself for me even when that bastard was possessing you. You held him off for at least nine months before he got close to taking you over completely. You did nothing wrong Gin, and no matter what he did I don't think any less of you." He whispered into her hair. By now Luna and Mione had joined them on the couch. He looked up to see Hermione's understanding cinnamon eyes looking back at him.

"You knew?" He asked her. It was not an accusation, just a statement.

She nodded at the same time as Ginny. "Hermione knows everything about me, she has been the only person I could really talk to for five years now. I'm sorry. I..."

He shushed her and kissed her quickly before speaking. "No more apologies, it is all his fault not yours."

She shook her head. "But Harry...I enjoyed it!" She began sobbing again.

He hugged her close once more and thought over that revelation. Finally getting his thoughts straight he began speaking. "Mione, when you were eleven or twelve, did you uh..play with yourself?"

She blushed but nodded, "And we know Luna has been playing with herself since she was eight. Mione, if you found a book that would have let you watch an older boy masturbating would you have enjoyed yourself?" She blushed even deeper but nodded again. "See Gin, it was normal. You didn't know who he was, you were being paid attention by a handsome older boy and maybe you are all crazy, but all the females in this room were experimenting with themselves at that age."

She pulled back and looked into his eyes seeing the sincerity of his words. "Did you?" She asked quietly.

"Did I...oh? Oh! Um no... Honestly that was part of my problem with you two and Occlumency training. I would have liked to though I can tell you, and I watched plenty of nudie movies when Dudley didn't know I could see through a crack in his door. It's the same thing though."

She wiped her cheeks and smiled at her girlfriend and her boyfriend. "Thank you...it's been bothering me forever...I just didn't know how to tell you Harry. That I had been basically intimate with your arch enemy."

"No problem Gin, I don't think there is anything you could do or have done in the past that would change the way I feel about you alright? So no more secrets unless they are good ones like birthday surprises."

She nodded and turned to her girlfriend. "Speaking of birthdays, have you given any thought to yours? It's only ten days away now."

Hermione shook her head. "I have gotten used to having no celebration over the years, Harry was always certain to wish me a happy birthday but it just has not been the same when I can't be with my parents."

"I am usually bollox with gifts, or at least I was in the past. Plus the whole, she is a girl, she is a friend, is she a girlfriend, but what about Ron...thing going on and knowing he would probably forget I didn't feel right giving you presents. Guess I will just have to do something spectacular this year won't I?"

"You really don't have to go to any trouble. Just a birthday greeting from you has always made my day Harry." He nodded but secretly began planning a surprise she would never forget.

"Alright then...if you girls are ready why don't we head down to lunch?"

"But you just ate!" Ginny exclaimed.

"Yeah, but I'm a growing boy, and besides I don't want to throw off my schedule too much. I'll be starving by Dinner otherwise."

Hermione began poking and prodding him, lifting his arm and turning his face this way and that. "What?" He exclaimed.

"Are you sure you aren't Ron?"

The mood was much lighter as they filed out of his rooms and headed down to the Great Hall for lunch.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Luna stopped Harry and motioned for the other girls to go ahead without them into lunch.

"Lu?" Harry asked.

She smiled up at him and kissed him quickly. "This has been amazing Harry, but classes are picking up and now that you have those two back I get in the way."

"Wait, are you breaking up with me? It's barely been a week! And you...I mean we..."

"It was everything I dreamed of Harry and we will do it again."

"Eventually?" He said with a sad smile.

She nodded. "Exactly. I do love you Harry."

"Luna I.." She placed a finger against his lips and kissed him one more time. As she pulled away he smiled down at her. "Eventually?"

This time she didn't answer as she walked away toward the Gryffindor table. Rather than sitting down with the girls as usual she made her way further down until she stopped behind Lavender and whispered in the girls ear. As Luna walked away to the Ravenclaw table Lavender looked up and met Harry's eyes and grinned almost predatorily.

"Oh bugger..." He said to himself as he cautiously made his way to sit down beside Hermione.

"Did you two know about this?" He asked quietly.

Ginny nodded across the table. "We discussed it this morning, even tried to talk her out of it, but you know how Luna can be."

"I'm so sorry Harry, but you know you didn't do anything wrong right?" Hermione asked.

He sighed. "I think I do, but it still feels strange to be so close to someone without the emotional attachment..." He looked over his shoulder at the Ravenclaw table where Luna smiled at him as if she knew he was going to look at her. She then began buttering some toast and did not look back up.

"Are you certain you didn't form some emotional intimacy?" Ginny asked with a smile.

Harry couldn't help but grin as two sets of memories came back to him, Katie in the showers and Luna trying to stay lucid for him. He shook his head. "I don't know, but I guess I have to get used to this sort of thing if you two insist on keeping up this game."

Hermione squeezed his knee rather hard getting a half-laugh half-wince from him. "This is not a game Harry, this is your life we are protecting!"

He was about to reply when Lavender sat down on his other side. "Hello Harry."

"Uh, hey Lav..."

"So I guess I am your new play toy then?" She asked with a small smile.

He groaned inwardly. "I don't like to think of it like that...and you are not required to date me by any means so if you would rather..."

"Oh no! I would rather I assure you, I just wasn't sure if you really wanted to do this. I mean you already have Ginny, Hermione, Katie, Luna, Susan, Hannah, that little Veela..."

He quickly shushed her and looked around to see who had heard, luckily nobody seemed to have noticed. She lowered her voice and continued. "And that Hit Wizard if I am not mistaken."

"Where on earth do you get your information?" Hermione asked quietly from his other side.

"I have my sources...In any case can I take Cho's deal?" She asked the other girl.

"Wait, Cho's deal?" Harry asked quietly. He was still hyper aware of discussing these things in Gossip Central.

Ginny sighed as she lowered her eyes and leaned closer to the small group. "Cho asked how she could form a real relationship with you with us hanging all over you...we said we would back off completely to let her try..."

"No." Harry said quietly.

Hermione turned to him and tried to grasp his hand in hers beneath the table. "Harry please? We agreed to this and we are going to stick to it..."

He pulled his hand away from her softly. "No!" He said emphatically, getting curious looks from those around them.

Ginny wrapped her foot around his ankle and waited for him to meet her eye. "Remember what you said after Quidditch?"

He sighed and looked down at the table before looking up at Lavender who was trying to look uninterested. "Lav, I am in love with three women at the moment. But I will allow them to back off for a week or two so we can try a real relationship. But you realize I am not going to be leaving them for you?"

Lavender looked across the table at the redhead and licked her lips then appraised Hermione on his other side. "I do want to try this for real Harry...and in case nobody has figured it out I am curious about girls so I don't think that will be a problem."

He sighed. "Fine, a week by ourselves unless you invite them in... Luna gave up her spot so I guess you can have her extra time...but I really have no idea how to go about this. I haven't actually dated anyone yet, everyone I am with just sort of fell into my lap."

Ginny grinned from the other side of the table. "Actually you fell in my lap if I recall."

He blushed deeply before taking a deep breath. "This is going to drive me bonkers before it's all said and done you know."

"One more thing Harry?" Lavender asked.

"What's that?"

"Will you teach me Occlumency?"

Harry got a deer in the headlights look before taking a few steadying breaths. "If you really want to learn, then I guess that's fine."

"Tonight?" She asked a bit pleadingly.

He shook his head and turned toward Hermione. "Mione, as an adult student am I allowed to leave school grounds on the weekends?"

The sudden change in topic caught her off guard for a moment before she understood what he was asking. "Actually Harry, you are allowed to leave school grounds at any time, though you have to maintain your grades and there is no guarantee that the gates will be unlocked when you get back."

He turned back to Lavender. "I am still sort of getting over Luna, and I really have something I need to do..." He was cut off as Ginny began chuckling on the other side of the table. He growled at her playfully until she stopped. "...In France. How about we pick this up tomorrow?"

Lavender looked quite put out, she knew that he knew what learning Occlumency probably meant and yet he was putting her off. But she decided she could wait one more day since she had thought she had another week anyway. "Fine, tomorrow then." She stood and kissed him on the cheek before making her way back down the table where the giggles let him know she was telling Parvati all about it.

"So you are heading to France today then?" Hermione asked with a small smile.

He nodded. "I am afraid she is withering away without me there, you should have seen the letter she sent."

"Give her our love?" Ginny asked quietly.

"Of course. You realize there is one other benefit to having Lav wait until tomorrow?"

Both girls suddenly got the realization at the same time. He grinned at them, "I'm sure Gabby will send her love right back to you."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry appeared silently just outside the wards at Beauxbatons Academy and walked through the gate, which sat wide open. He felt the wards as they announced his arrival to the Headmistress and made the long walk up to the front doors of the school. He still did not feel right simply walking into the school and so once again he stopped and knocked on the double doors where a house elf, possibly the same as the last time, answered.

"I can helps you sir?"

He found it interesting that even in France the elf was speaking to him in English and wondered if that was part of their magic, he dismissed the thought to ponder another time. "Harry Potter-Black to see Ms. Delacour." The elf nodded and closed the door.

Approximately five minutes later the door opened once more and he found himself lying on the ground with a halo of golden silk over his head and perfect soft lips pressed against his. He lost himself for a moment just enjoying being with her again before the tears started to fall and he had to pull her away to actually look at her.

"Why are you crying Master?" She asked him. He reached up and wiped the tears from her perfect cheeks.

"I might ask you the same thing Pet." Just saying the word once again popped some bubble in his chest, which had been holding back his sobs of joy. Finally he pulled her to him as he cried. She simply clung to him for a few minutes until his cries ceased.

"Is everything alright Harry? Ginevra and Mine are still with you Non?"

He allowed her to help him stand up, as he really did not want to be caught lying on the ground outside the door with his underage lover. He pulled her away and toward the woods where they had gone a

lifetime ago. "They are, I just did not realize how much I had missed you Pet. I love you so much." The tears fell once more but they were happy tears and he was not ashamed.

"I love you as well Harry." She wrapped her arms around him as he sat on the log and pulled her into his lap.

He sighed in contentment. "How has school been?"

"We had a bit of a fright when Durmstrang eez attacked, not knowing if we are next. But eet has settled down once more and I do well in my classes."

He hugged her tighter for a moment. "That is good, you know that intelligence is one of my weaknesses." He kissed her quickly before pulling back and smiling at her. His arms felt tingly where he touched her and his hands ached to touch her more intimately but he wanted to draw the moment out as long as possible.

She however, was having none of that as she felt his erection stirring. "My Master is in need of my services." She grinned at him as she slid off his lap to kneel between his legs and quickly had him out of his trousers. Once again he thought it had to be Veela magic.

"Gabrielle you don't have to...mmmwaaah..." He tried to stop her but as soon as his member hit the back of her throat and she began bobbing her head he lost all semblance of coherent thought. It was an eternity and almost no time at all before he was spewing forth into her mouth as she swallowed hungrily. She then hiked her skirt exposing once again her lack of underclothes and plunged him inside her before she began to move.

Tears were running down her face again but the light of her smile outdid them as she rocked herself toward orgasm with her eyes never leaving his. Surprising himself he felt another orgasm building along with hers. Soon they came at exactly the same moment and Harry fell off the log onto the ground with her still on top of him where she simply laid her head on his shoulder and sighed.

"So you must tell me what is happening with ze Plan my Master." She said quietly.



He related everything that had happened in the whirlwind of the past few weeks since she left him. And he broke down and cried, tears of sadness and sobs of anguish as he described losing Susan to her. He thought he had dealt with the pain but apparently he was still good at subconsciously burying his feelings using Occlumency. She never let his member leave her body, milking him with her muscles to keep him hard even as she soothed away his pain with her kisses and her promises that Susan would indeed come back to him if it was meant to be, and that despite the charm, her Veela magic told her that the love Susan had felt for him was real.

His sobbing subsided and his tears dried up as the sun fell behind the horizon, "We should get you back inside."

"Will you come to dinner? I am sure ze Headmistress, she will not mind."

He agreed and followed her inside making notes mentally of the layout of the school. She led him on a quick tour as dinner was starting; just inside the doors was the entrance hall with dual staircases headed up to a second floor balcony and a large stained glass window. Off to each side was a wing of the manor, to his left was the ballroom and dining area and to the right she explained was a study area and the Library.

Up the stairs she pointed that the west wing contained the Staff quarters and offices and the east wing was where the classrooms were, up one more level found them at the dorms. "Ze East Wing is ze Boys dormitory and ze West Wing is ze girls with a unisex common room between." She explained.

He looked back and forth a bit confused but she explained further. "Boys and Girls who are underage cannot enter ze common room of ze opposite sex, and zose who are of age cannot enter ze dorm rooms if zeir are underage children present. Eet eez a modified age-line, much like was used to protect ze Goblet of Fire."

He looked down at her and smiled. "So the older boys and girls are allowed to go to each other's dorm rooms?"

"Of course Master, zey are of age! Why would zey be restricted?"

He shook his head, "You were right, the British really are stodgy aren't they?"

She smiled and led him back down the stairs and into the ballroom where dinner was currently being served. They had many round tables instead of the familiar house tables he was used to; all in all it was nice, but a bit disconcerting. As they sat down the group of girls sitting at the table began giggling and speaking rapid French quietly. Harry had taken the time to memorize French but could barely understand it when spoken; he was a wiz when translating the written word though. However he had picked up enough along the way to catch the meaning.

"You should watch what you say, vous ne savez pas ce que certains francais on comprend." He knew he had gotten it wrong when they began giggling but they did not continue their not-so-private discussions any longer.

Gabrielle cuddled in close to him as she ate. "You do not know who speaks French. That was very good Harry, you have been practicing, Non?"

"Non, I have memorized French to English translations but actually speaking it or understanding it when spoken still escapes me." He said with a small smile.

She grinned back at him. "It is very good then. I have been practicing my English as well, if I concentrate I can nearly lose the accent, do you see?"

"I do see, that is very good Pet." He caught her eye gave her a small jolt of joy-juice. She didn't even blink but her grin got larger and more beautiful, which he was unaware was possible.

He was interrupted from his musings by a tap on his shoulder, he turned and looked up...way up into the face of Madame Maxime. "Good evening Lord Potter-Black. What brings you to our fine establishment today? Have you reconsidered attending?"

He smiled, "I am afraid not Madame, I am drawn by this beauty as a moth to flame. I hope you do not mind my visit?"

"No Milord, you are always welcome here after what you did for Mademoiselle's Delacour at the Tournament. I still wonder what Alboos was thinking..."

Harry shook his head and made a disapproving sound, "As do I, as do I."

"Well, enjoy your meal Milord and do not be a stranger. And I hope you do not get burned by this one little moth." She turned away as he grinned back at her.

He sighed as he noted the time, "I'm sorry Pet but I have to be getting back unless I want them to lock the gates on me. But I promise to try and visit soon."

She stood and walked him back to the doors and outside, they continued on down the path toward the gate. "Not too soon my Harry, you are to give this Lavender a chance. Unless of course you just wish to sex her. That is fine too."

He groaned. "I don't know yet what will happen with her, but I promise I will visit in between the next set. I missed you more than I thought."

"I love you my Harry, my Master." She said and kissed him softly.

"I love you as well my Pet, until next time..." He knew just how cheesy he sounded but he couldn't help it, the French foods as well as being in her presence always made him feel poetic. He stepped out of the wards and disappeared silently with a single tear falling down his cheek.

## Chapter 46: Lavender

Snape was his usual cheery self in class on Tuesday morning. After collecting the pre-class homework and a quick demonstration he cleared the desks and paired everyone off at random to practice shielding and performing the day's jinx. However it was not lost on Harry that he had been paired with a Slytherin, he was only thankful it was Blaise and not Malfoy.

Unlike Transfiguration or Charms, he had already practiced and perfected the DADA material for the year and so he was able to make quick work of Zabini. When Snape made no move to intercede Harry took his own initiative.

"Zabini hold on!" He called quietly and watched as his partner lowered his wand. "Look, you're flicking when you should be jabbing alright. I don't know why our illustrious Professor isn't telling you this since he seems so invested in teaching us to properly defend ourselves."

Blaise nodded without saying a word and brought his wand to bare awaiting Harry's go ahead. Harry nodded and was promptly disoriented as his perceptions were all reversed, if he had to describe it he was upside down, facing backwards, left was right and right was left. However he knew all of this from study and his experiences in the Triwizard Tournament, once he recognized it he was able to reorient himself and quickly cast the counter and disarm his opponent. "Not bad Black, maybe the rumors about your organization are true."

Harry handed him his wand back, "It's a school club now and you are welcome to join us. Again?"

He nodded and Harry returned to his spot where they began casting back and forth once again, shielding and jinxing as fast as they could. Before long the rest of the class had stopped what they were doing and were staring at the pair of them. Blaise had broken out in a sweat and his breathing had quickened but he refused to back down from the impromptu battle of wills. Eventually Snape called a halt, which he had to repeat three times before they stopped and Blaise promptly passed out.

"Potter what have you done?" Snape called as he rushed to the other boy's side.

"We were just performing the exercise as instructed Snape." He replied

"Sir!" The man shouted at him.

"You don't need to call me Sir, Professor."

The entire classroom gasped and stared at him, Snape however was grinning. "50 points from Gryffindor for your cheek, and detention Saturday evening, you had best hope that Mr. Zabini is not permanently harmed or that will be the least of your worries! Class Dismissed!"

Everyone was quick to gather their things and exit the room; Harry was exceedingly upset at the turn of events. He had no clue what happened to Zabini, or why on earth he had shown the Professor such disrespect. Whether Snape deserved it or not, Harry knew his punishment was deserved if a bit excessive, Hermione pulled him from his thoughts as she caught up to him on the stairs.

"Harry, what on earth just happened?"

"I don't know Mione, Blaise and I were just practicing. Granted it was full out practicing but I didn't notice any difference in his casting."

She shook her head. "You were casting non-stop for over half an hour Harry, maybe you and your Super magic can handle that but Blaise must have passed out from Magical Exhaustion!"

"What?" Harry exclaimed quietly. "He would have stopped if he was getting that tired...wouldn't he?"

"Think about it Harry, he is trying to take over as the lead male for Slytherin house and he was in a battle with the lead male from Gryffindor. No don't interrupt; I thought you had already accepted that even if it is unofficial."

"Fine...you were saying?"

"He didn't want to show weakness Harry, so he kept casting full bore hoping to best you or at least come to a draw. He doesn't know about your unlimited reserves."

Harry sighed as they reached the door to his room where two nymphs were engaged in an act which did not belong in public while Bernie's feet could be seen sticking out behind his usual bush with nymph feet wrapped around his backside. Harry cleared his throat causing the goat-man to jump up suddenly and look around.

"Milord! You gave me a fright!"

"Uh, Bernie since when do your nymphs chase each other?" Harry asked.

Bernie turned and looked over at the tree where one of the girls was kneeling while the other leaned against the tree with one knee over the others shoulder, being serviced. The Satyr smiled. "Ah, that would be your fault milord. Or more precisely that would be your fault milady."

"My fault!" Hermione exclaimed, though her blush told Harry that she already knew exactly what he meant.

Bernie grinned at her even as his eyes traveled up and down her body. "I am not the only one to share the frame with Wenny lately; your antics on the couch were quite enlightening to these relatively innocent girls."

"Innocent? Hardly!" Hermione said trying to defend herself.

Harry just smiled at her, "Think about it Mione, in a way they are innocent. Running around nude and having sex is what they were born, uh painted to do. That..." He gestured to the couple, which were still engaged in the act, "Is a rather not innocent act for them."

"Fine, but it is not my fault, you are the one that couldn't keep it in your pants!" She pouted. "Bernard, open up please?" He nodded and the portrait swung open allowing them entrance.

Harry laughed all the way to the couch where he plopped down. Hermione was still in a mood, "And what are you laughing about

Harry, in case you forgot you lost your House 50 points and got a detention just now!"

"Sorry, you are just amusing to me." He said with a grin. "Besides, I lost that many points third year for defending you, I think this is way more worth it." Her hand went to her mouth to cover her teeth before she remembered that she had let Madam Pomfrey continue to shrink them even after they had reached the correct size.

"That isn't the point Harry, first of all you are going to have to curtail your attitude toward Professor Snape regardless if he does the same, and second you have to remember that you are not normal any longer, I thought you wanted to help Blaise not make a fool of him."

He sighed. "When have I ever been normal? Wait. Please don't try to answer that. In any case you're right on both counts, but I already warned him about mistreating the students this year. Lucky for him I deserve what I got this morning eh?"

The bell rung and she stood and kissed him quickly on the cheek. "I'm off to Arithmancy; I'll see you in Charms."

He waved as she left and settled into review for the day's subject in Charms.

Not long after she left Bernie called out from Wenny's portrait. "Harry? There is a lovely young thing at your door by the name of Lavender, shall I allow her entrance?"

He looked up at the painting. "I suppose you better Bernie. Thank you."

The door clicked open and Lavender walked in to find Harry sitting on the couch, Monday had been pretty much a bust during the day but that evening the two of them had taken a walk around the Black Lake and chatted. She told him all about her family and her family business which was in clothing design and supplying material to other designers such as Madam Malkin. He had been pretty quiet about his home life but she didn't press, by the time she had run out of talking points and moved on to cosmetics Harry gave up and kissed her, partly because the constant flirting during their walk was

driving him crazy, but partly because he just wanted her to be quiet for a moment.

"Harry!" She exclaimed and jumped into his lap and wrapped her arms behind his head, kissing him on both cheeks before capturing his lips. His arms came automatically up to her waist and he trailed his fingers up and down her spine. She was smart enough he supposed but he had not yet connected with her on a mental level, on a physical level however he was hard pressed not to push her toward being more intimate.

"Hey you, so what brings you by?" He said quietly as they came up for air.

"Hi," She whispered breathlessly. "Um...I...oh! I was wondering if I could do my Divination homework in here before Charms?" He was beginning to wonder if he had developed some sort of "Clark Kent" ability that made her forget things when he kissed her. It seemed like no matter what the subject he was capable of rendering her completely speechless, semi-catatonic at times, with just a good snog.

"That's fine, Lav. I'm just going over my Charms for next period."

She looked for study materials before looking up at him funny. "Where are your books? Your notes?"

He tapped the side of his head and smiled. "Occlumency has given me a photographic memory. I only have to read the book once."

She poked him in the chest. "You are supposed to be teaching me that stuff Mister. Do you have any idea how annoying it is to have my brains scrambled every time you touch me?" He made a mental note that it was his touch and not his kisses that had gained supernatural powers. At least for the next week he couldn't test out the theory on Gin or Mione.

"You do realize what that might entail? I won't just teach anybody, the experience and the bond can be rather intimate between student and teacher. I don't want you to get trapped in a relationship or anything."



She decided to play dumb, "I know there is a lot of meditating but I don't know much else. You taught Hermione and Ginny right? What made that so intimate?"

He blushed and she tried to suppress the grin that threatened to break her cover. "Well there is the fact that you might end up sharing all of your deepest secrets and desires with me by accident. Also...uh, Mione figured out that being nude...uh..helped her to meditate and relax. She got Gin doing it as well and...well I have tried it and after the initial shock wore off she was right. Not that it would work for you. I mean you don't have to get naked for me to teach you or anything.."

She let the grin spread finally and leaned in to quickly kiss his lips. "Don't you want to get me naked?" She asked.

He took a deep breath as his libido caught up to the conversation and his erection stirred. Unfortunately Lavender was sitting across his lap and noticed immediately. "Oh! It is nice to know I'm not hideous I suppose." She said playfully.

He lowered his voice and steadily leaned in closer as he spoke finishing against her lips. "You are far from hideous Lav. I just don't like looking at women simply as sexual objects; however despite what my brain is trying to put across, I still have the body of a sixteen year old who would very much like to see you in the buff."

Her lips brushed his and she shot off of his lap. "None of that Mister Harry, I have homework to do and I don't need you distracting me!"

He grinned up at her, "You could have studied in the Library or the Common Room, I think you were in fact, looking for a distraction."

She thought about it for a moment before replying. "I suppose, but that doesn't change the fact that I need to do my homework!"

He waved toward the desk against the wall as a peace offering and she blew him a kiss before settling down at the desk and getting her parchment and quill out. Rather than continue his review of Charms, which was actually almost unneeded anyway, he watched her for the next half hour. Despite her airhead facade she was actually intelligent; she just expressed herself differently than the rest of his girls. If you got her talking about Divination, fashion or gossip she

was extremely well informed, unfortunately none of that interested Harry at this point.

After cataloging her mental traits he began taking notes on her appearance. She was just taller than Ginny but still shorter than Hermione, with a very pleasing hourglass figure. Her eyes were a beautiful brown, which he found more and more was his favorite eye color. Luna's silvery blue eyes were striking but not the feature that attracted him to her, and nobody could compete with the perfect blue of Gabrielle. And her hair was just below her shoulders in length and curled very prettily like Hermione's hair once she had it relaxed. In fact he suddenly noticed the amazing similarities between the two girls. Both Mione and Lav had brown eyes and long curly hair. Both had a similar build, it was just that Lavender tried very hard to take care of her appearance whereas Hermione was self confident and bookish, and he loved her for both. But he knew that beneath the conservative clothing was an extremely nice body, his erection began to stir once more as he thought more about it.

So, as he sat deep in thought he completely missed Lavender trying to get his attention before she dropped into his lap and began snogging him once again. She pulled away after a few seconds.

"Are you in there Mister Harry? I saw you staring when I finished my homework; I thought you were staring at me..." She addressed him in a pouty seven-year-old voice.

He felt extremely ashamed for some reason. "Sorry, I was staring...then I guess I got lost in thought."

She grinned and ran a hand down his chest and continued down to his crotch. "So you were staring at me and thinking dirty thoughts? You naughty naughty man!"

"No wait! That isn't what I meant! I mean I was staring at you, and I was sort of thinking...but I wasn't thinking about you..."

She got off his lap and stomped back to the desk and began putting her things away. "Fine, if you are really not attracted to me I guess there is no reason to continue this..."

He got up off the couch and walked up behind her. He turned her slowly to face him and pulled her chin up so she was looking at him.

"I'm sorry Lav. This whole plan is bloody confusing if you ask me, but I promise you I am more than attracted to you." He said softly.

"Really?" She asked hopefully.

He nodded, "You are a very beautiful girl, before this summer I would have had to admit that I thought you were the prettiest girl in our year. We just ran in different circles."

She put her book bag down and stepped into an embrace, which he automatically returned as she looked up into his eyes and smiled. "Well you weren't exactly easy to approach either you know, nobody wanted to step into the middle of the Golden Trio."

He leaned in closer letting his mind shut up and let his body do the talking for a while. "Funny how things end up then isn't it?"

She brushed her lips lightly against his as she spoke. "So you really thought I was the prettiest?"

Rather than answer her aloud he brought his lips to hers steadily deepening the kiss. He caught her and held her weight almost effortlessly as she melted against him, she pulled his shirt from his waistband and ran her hands up underneath against his bare skin for the first time and going on autopilot he did the same with her blouse getting a moan from her when his warm hands met the warm skin of her back for the first time. She suddenly found strength from somewhere and pushed him backward toward the loveseat where he sat down before she sat astride his lap, never breaking the kiss.

Her hand went to his waistband and he let her undo his trousers before his brain reengaged and he stopped her. She pulled away looking slightly confused. "What's wrong?" She asked breathily. Her pupils were dilated and her cheeks were flushed with desire.

He took a deep breath, "I don't want to move too fast Lav, you asked for a week or so to ourselves because you wanted a shot at a real relationship. I am trying to do that but if we get too intimate too soon I'm afraid that won't happen."

She turned her head and examined him for a moment. "You're really something else you know that Mister Harry?"

He smiled. "So I've been told."

"You better be careful or I might fall hard for you." She said leaning in for another kiss.

"That's why we're taking it slow, it needs to be mutual and I don't just want to use you." She finished leaning in and began another kiss, her hand once again went to his waistband and paused for a second to see if he would stop her again. When he didn't she continued inside his boxers and along his curls until she wrapped her hand around his extreme erection.

"Holy..." She began.

"So I've been told..." He said quietly.

She began to make her way to her knees and he was about to stop her but was saved as the bell rung announcing that class would begin in fifteen minutes. He pulled her hand gently from his painfully hard erection and stood them both up getting a pout in protest from her.

"We still have fifteen minutes..." She said in her kiddy-voice again.

"And we need to straighten ourselves up. Besides, I think we were moving too fast again." She continued to pout at him but began tucking and straightening her uniform once again as he did likewise.

"Can we start Occlumency tonight?" She asked quietly.

His eyes went wide for a moment and his voice caught in his throat, but he swallowed and smiled. "I suppose so."

She grinned at him. "Good, then maybe we can finish what we started..." He honestly had no response and so just smiled back.

They gathered their things and walked arm-in-arm to Charms, Hermione threw him a questioning glance when she saw the two of them together but he shook his head slightly to answer her unasked question. To his amusement she pouted as he approached looking much like Lavender had moments earlier.

"Did you two have fun then? Did you actually get any work done?" Hermione asked quietly as he joined her in the corner of the room to await instructions for the day's lesson.

"We did a bit of snogging, though she tried to take it further. And yes we did get work done thank you very much, I do have some self control."

She grinned at him, "You could have fooled me."

Professor Flitwick quickly called the class to order as the bell rang, he went over the ward they were learning for the day and gave the rest of the class the chapters to read. He then approached them in the corner and asked a few review questions before demonstrating the wand movement and incantation and leaving them to their work.

He tried to stay next to Hermione for a while as they practiced but she finally shooed him away with the admonishment that they were technically not dating and needed to keep up appearances. And so he dejectedly perfected his casting before moving to chit chat with Daphne once more.

"Hello again you seductive snake. You sure you don't want to come to Hogsmeade with me?" This had become somewhat of a private joke between them over the last week. He would pretend to ask her out and she would pretend to reject him and then they would be able to carry on a normal conversation disguised as bickering. In a funny way it almost reminded him of Ron and Hermione from years before and he wondered idly if she was flirting with him or just being polite. He wondered if he was doing the same. Thoughts of Ron brought him to look around the classroom until he found Ron sitting with Dean, Seamus, Parvati and Lavender. The boys were talking in low tones rather than studying, the girls were doing the same though he could see them giggling about one thing or another. He almost dismissed it until Parvati looked up and caught his eye before breaking down in giggles once more.

"Great, they're gossiping about me." He said quietly to no one in particular.

Daphne looked nonchalantly at the girls in question then back to Harry, "You really do get around don't you Black?"

He barely controlled the blush and responded as venomously as he could for show, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

She leaned in closer, "Word travels milord, Lovegood, Weasley, Bones and Brown are at least Purebloods even if they are from minor families. But why do you insist on fraternizing with the likes of Granger and that Hit Wizard Tonks?"

Harry's anger was real this time, "Why do you have an issue with half-bloods and Muggleborn? I had thought better of you Daph." He spit at her.

She was taken aback momentarily but regained her cool demeanor almost instantly, "I don't have an issue with them if you must know, but they should stick to their kind."

"You're a racist snake you know that? Just when I thought that Slytherin was redeemable."

She turned on him, "Now listen here Black, just because I don't think that they should be allowed to mix with their betters does not mean I do not respect them as people in their own right! How dare you accuse me of such a thing!"

"Then explain it to me your worshipfulness!"

She looked around quickly to make certain they were not attracting undue attention and lowered her voice. "Look, since time immemorial there has been a class above the rest. Royalty and Pureblood Mages have always been held above the riffraff, just because a King or Duke was not able to keep his Willy to himself does not give his bastard the right to rule!"

"How dare you!" Harry said coldly; and indeed the temperature dropped in his vicinity. "You do realize that half of the atrocities committed by your precious royalty were because they were inbred and sick! Those bastards as you refer to them have been the savior of the royal lines since time immemorial! When a King becomes a Tyrant he loses the right to rule, his inbred Royal-bloodline starts breeding genetic defects that lead to insanity or stupidity. Then along comes his bastard to lead a revolution and take over by right of conquest as well as blood. You do realize my mother was Muggleborn? You do realize that Andromeda Tonks ne Black is the

one who couldn't keep her willy to herself? Where do you get this stuff?" He asked heatedly though it did nothing for the temperature.

She seemed to catch on to his mood as she began shivering and looked around curious that nobody else could feel the cold, she looked back to him and was pinned by the power in his eyes as she responded. "I...I...my mother..."

"Not Matty Malkin, for some reason I can't picture her filling your head full of this dribble!"

She was stunned again by his information, "I...no...Matty is one of my father's stranger wives..." She just could not regain her calm appearance with him staring her down like that.

He shook his head. "Not your father I hope, Wood Parkinson and Terrence Zabini seemed reasonable enough."

She shook her head, "My real mother Diana Greengrass, my father's first wife. Her line goes back to Merlin's time as far as we can tell...Besides, Blaise's Uncle Terry is a bit off if you ask me."

He lost some of his anger and she was able to regain some of her footing, once again glancing around to see who was watching. She only saw one pair of brown eyes looking back at her from the Gryffindor section and they were full of jealousy. She suddenly realized just how close Harry was standing to her and took a step back.

"I thought Terrence was his father?" Harry said quietly.

Glad to see him in a more reasonable state she was happy to fill him in on the clan. "Blaise's mother is known for marrying rich wizards who then die unexpectedly. Her last husband was Terry's brother. Terry is not at all happy with her but he loves Blaise like a son."

He had cooled off enough to regain control of himself. "Listen alright; I'm sorry about that...conversation. I love Hermione and I cannot stand to hear someone speak of her so casually as if she were an animal." His eyes began to grow dark again and she quickly jumped to keep him from his anger.

"Look, I told you I don't think of them as animals. I was just raised to see Purebloods as Royalty who do not mix with the commoners. That includes Muggles and Muggleborn. I realize that you are a Halfblood but you are the only child and heir of two very long Pureblood lines, and you are not a bastard child." He growled. "I am sorry; you are not an illegitimate child as your father did marry your mother. You have standing amongst the Pureblood aristocracy despite your lineage and I hate to see that wasted on the likes of...sorry to see you dilute your bloodline more by being with Granger."

"Listen Daphne, if I get you some books on genetics will you read them? I know it is Muggle Science so you will automatically dismiss it but you have to see. Purebloods should have bred themselves out of existence a century or two ago but have not. There is not a magical explanation; the only logical one is that they have been renewing their bloodlines with Muggle or Muggleborn mates."

She considered the idea for a moment, "Fine, I will read your science and even accept that it is possible that we have used breeding stock in the past. But I still don't know about fraternizing with them like this. That's another thing, if you love Granger why are you with Brown?"

He sighed and was about to begin his explanation when Flitwick called the class to attention once more for the practical part of the class. "Later." He said getting a nod from her.

She nodded in response and they began making rounds through the class as they had before. Once again he appeared to be the only one brave enough to help out the Slytherins and ended up at the edge of the group. "Tracey Davies right?" He asked the rather tall blonde.

"What of it Pott..Black?" She responded with venom.

"Look, you're supposed to swish then flick not flick then jab. Like this." He demonstrated for her and watched as she repeated his actions and got the spell correct on the first try.

"I...look Black, you aren't welcome over here. Thanks for the tip but you better move along before someone..." She was interrupted by a rather unwelcome voice.



"Looky here, its Potty trying to talk up one of our chicks again boys. You know milord I understand that the pickings are slim in the other houses, but you just don't rate a Slytherin Princess for a date so give up." Malfoy spouted off getting laughs from his two goons.

Harry was about to respond in the same manner as the last time but was surprised when Blaise stepped between them facing Malfoy. "Move along Malfoy, Lord Black is simply trying to help out; I seem to remember his little group bested you without wands last year. I for one think he is worth learning from."

"Get off it Zabini, like I just got off your mother!" Malfoy snarled.

Blaise grinned back at the boy giving him pause. "Actually Malfoy, you are welcome to my mother. Maybe you will end up like her last three husbands, you two deserve each other."

Malfoy was choking on his tongue trying to come up with a response but a very suave Blaise turned to the rest of the group. "Listen up all of you, Lord Black is simply offering to help us out. I say we call truce and let him help, I think you all noticed the OWL scores from last year? How many Slytherins were in your defense group Milord?" He said turning back to Harry.

"Uh, none." Harry said still stunned at this sudden change.

"And what was the average OWL score for your little group?"

"Exceeds Expectations...but I..." He was cut off again.

"And what was your score?"

Harry blushed very slightly before getting annoyed at the smirk on Malfoy's face. He decided he would go along with whatever was happening if it would wipe that smirk off. "Double O plus, they couldn't give me more points so they sent a letter letting me know I had the highest recorded score for DADA ever." There was a sudden intake of breath from all the snakes present.

Blaise was grinning as he turned back toward the group, Malfoy looked stunned. "You see what I mean? I think we need to promote change within our house and peace between the houses. Hatred is

getting us nowhere and that is simply not acceptable to a Slytherin is it? Onward and Upward right?" The group broke away muttering to themselves quietly as Malfoy was dragged away by Crabbe and Goyle.

Blaise turned back to Tracey. "If you need help, don't be afraid to ask him since it appears that no one else is brave enough to try and Daphne can't really help all of us." Daphne nodded from the other side of the group before she turned back to her demonstration.

"Thanks for that Zabini." Harry said quietly as the boy went to walk away.

The boy smiled ever so slightly, "Don't disappoint me Black; I just went all in placing a bet on you."

"Oh, and sorry for making you lose face and all that. I didn't think honestly." He said quietly so that Tracey couldn't hear him.

The boy shook his head, "Don't apologize for being stronger than me, I should have stopped or slowed down." Blaise answered in the same hushed tones.

"Or I should have seen that you couldn't show weakness when facing me."

"Don't worry about it Black, if today's gambit pays off then were even." He then walked away.

"Um...so what was that wand movement again?" Tracey asked shyly and Harry turned to show her again.

The rest of class was much more subdued and as usual the advanced students were given non-verbal casting as homework. Harry had just entered the hallway when he heard the beginnings of a curse being cast and dove headfirst bringing Hermione, Parvati and Lavender down to the floor with him as a curse shot overhead and struck the wall. In what looked like a blur of movement to the rest of those present but felt like a lifetime to Harry he slowly turned and released his wand even as he began the wand movements. In less than half a second Malfoy was disarmed, unconscious, and stuck to the ceiling with a passworded permanent sticking charm.

Time then seemed to jump back to normal speed suddenly leaving Harry disoriented.

"Harry!" simultaneous cries came from either side as Hermione and Lavender both tried to kiss him and ended up butting heads, Hermione looked apologetically at a fuming Lavender before standing and helping both of the others to their feet where Lavender jumped into his arms and began kissing every inch of his face.

"Mister Harry, you're my hero!" Kiss, "How did you know he was casting?" Kiss, "I can't believe you dove in front of that curse for me!" Kiss, kiss, kiss.

He reached up and grabbed her hands from the sides of his head where she was holding her target and pulled them down to her chest. He then kissed her properly getting the immediate response he was looking for as she went slightly limp and half-comatose. "Lav..Lav?" he whispered quietly.

"Hmmm?"

"You in there?" He said with a small smile and a glance at a very jealous looking Hermione.

"Mmmhmm?"

"All better now see, not a scratch on anyone...well except him." He said nodding toward the boy on the ceiling.

"That was still amazing Harry, I've never seen anyone react that fast or cast like that!" She said as she finally came back around.

Just then Flitwick rushed into the hallway and looked around. "What is going on out here?"

"Nothing Professor, There was a minor skirmish but Malfoy thought better of himself and shut up." Blaise answered coolly.

The little man looked around at the crowd looking for signs of trouble before shrugging. "Very well then, I believe we are missing lunch?"

"Yes Professor." Came a chorus of replies and they all headed toward the stairs.

Nobody ever thought to tell the Professor he should have looked up rather than at the crowd. "Nice work Black...how do we get him down?"

Harry grinned, "Why would you want to do such a terrible thing?"

Blaise just looked at him until he relented. "Fine, the password is I'm a Ferret."

"Why would I say such a thing?" The Slytherin asked.

"You don't, it's keyed to him." Harry said with a grin.

"Harry!" Hermione chastised him though she was grinning as well.

"Good show Black...this is going to be an interesting year..." Blaise said and separated from him as they entered the Great Hall.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Halfway into lunch Tonks came up behind him and clearly trying to control her giggles asked him what she needed to do to get her cousin down off the ceiling on the fifth floor. After a playful session of "Why ask me?" he gave her the password and watched as she laughed uproariously out the doors getting strange looks from everyone in attendance. Afterward he and Hermione were free for the rest of the day but as he began to make his way his way down the table toward she and her girlfriend he caught a very slight shake of her head and an apologetic look in her eyes before they darted over his shoulder and back across the table to Gin. He followed her line of site and found Lavender tapping her toe and waiting patiently for him.

"So we are off for the rest of the day Mister Harry, whatever shall we do?" She asked him once she caught his eye.

He turned toward her and sighed internally, the plan was not working out as far as he was concerned, although Luna had actually been fun. He supposed that dating was often like that but he really didn't like the trial and error of dating when he already had three steady relationships. He walked toward her and threw on a smile.

"I guess we could go for another walk around the lake."

She shook her head, "That was lovely Harry, but it would be boring to do again, besides it is starting to get chilly outside. How about we head upstairs?"

He nodded and they made their way arm-in-arm up the stairs, he was about to continue up toward Gryffindor tower but she steered him toward his rooms. "I thought we could work on Occlumency, if that is okay with you?"

He had promised her they could work on it later; he just wasn't all that comfortable around her when they were alone. Her body drove him crazy in a good way, but her mouth could drive him crazy in a bad way. Mentally sighing once more he walked her down the corridor and through the portrait, which clicked open at his approach. Once inside he got very nervous.

"Uh...look, for this to work we both need to relax just a bit alright? Can we, um, talk or something for a while?"

She just smiled and sat down on the loveseat, patting the spot beside her which he took gratefully since it didn't require much thinking. "So what do you want to talk about?" She asked him quietly.

He tried to think of something non-sexual off the top of his head that didn't have to do with gossip, makeup, fashion, or Divination and only one thing sprang to mind. "Uh, how about Quidditch?"

Surprisingly her eyes lit up, "That sounds fun, so who is your favorite team?"

"Uh, well Ron keeps trying to force the Cannons on me." She made a face, which he couldn't help but chuckle at. "I don't have the heart to tell him I'm a Puddlemere United fan."

She smiled, "I of course love the Harpies, not only are they actually a rather good team, but they are all so beautiful. It's nice to know that even in a downpour with sixty knot winds there are ways to keep your eyeliner from running and your hair from going frizzy. But I think deep down I'm a Tornado's fan."

He began to relax as they chatted for half an hour or so about everything Quidditch. She was surprisingly well informed and he finally found some common ground which interested him in her mind as much as her body. If not him, then some Quidditch fan was going to be very lucky when they snagged her as a girlfriend. It wasn't long before he had his arm wrapped around her as she laughed at some off color joke he made or a story he told about the World Cup prior to the attacks. She was pressed lightly against his side and he found that he rather liked her there even as he pulled her closer.

"So are we ready to get started now?" She asked with a large smile.

He smiled right back, "I think we are. Now you realize there is some reading involved in this right?"

She looked a bit crestfallen but quickly nodded anyway. "It's worth it if I can remember things even half as well as you can."

"It will also keep the likes of Dumbledore and Snape out of your head." He mentioned.

She shrugged, "I don't necessarily have anything to hide, but I suppose that is a nice bonus."

"Dobby?" He called out and the elf appeared before him. "Can you go grab Occlumency for the Occluded for me?" He nodded and popped away, the book appeared as before with a double-pop too quick to see the elf before he left. Harry picked it up and handed it to her.

"Now I can walk you through the meditation today, it is one of the basic things that is covered by the first couple of chapters so you won't have to read the whole thing. But once you find your center there is not a lot I can do to help you out so you will need to have studied up on it."

She nodded, "I thought you were a mind reader as well, couldn't you pop into my head and help me organize stuff?"

The question actually made some sense but he was not about to do the work for her. "First of all, the term is Legilimens; Mind Reader implies that your memories are like a book and all I have to do is find the proper page, that isn't how the mind works. Second, the way you

choose to organize your mind has to make perfect sense to you, in fact the less sense it makes to anybody else the better in case they make it past your shields."

"Shields?" She asked in rapt attention, he found the look disconcerting as she never seemed to concentrate so hard in class.

"Everyone has natural shielding just to cut out the noise of life. Part of your training will be to strengthen that shield and possibly form a new one that is specifically for protecting your thoughts and memories. It's in the book." He said tapping the cover of the tome in her hands.

She sighed. "Well, anything worth doing and all that...So is this the part where I have to take my clothes off?" Her question was unexpectedly shy. After as much as she had pressed him to do this and her casual mention of the fact, it seemed she was in fact a bit uncomfortable with the idea.

"Do you want to see me naked that badly?" He asked with a smile.

She blushed, another surprise, but nodded. "That might be part of it...It just sounded like so much fun until we are actually ready to do it, you know?"

Harry nodded and walked over to the desk where he pulled out two sheets of parchment. He produced his wand and waved it a few times turning them into fluffy bathrobes. "Here we go." He said turning back toward her, "How about we start out in these and if you still can't seem to get into a meditative state we can work our way up to nudity?"

She took the robe gratefully and stood up; she removed her shoes and stockings and began to unzip her skirt before catching his eye. "Well, turn around!" She said with a smile.

He did as she asked and walked into his room where he quickly removed his clothing and put on the robe before heading back. He knocked on his bedroom door and called out to her. "Is it safe?"

After receiving confirmation that she was decent he walked back in to find her wearing a robe and a blush. "You know, all that blushing is kind of cute."

"Stuff it Mister Harry." She said playfully

He called out to Bernie to lock the portrait before heading to the center of the room where Dobby had thankfully placed a large rug at some point. He then sat down cross-legged, making sure that he was not exposing himself and motioned for her to join him. Once they were settled on the floor he led her through some breathing exercises to get her more relaxed.

"How are you feeling right now?" He asked softly.

"I can feel my body rocking in time with my heartbeat. I can hear blood rushing through my ears...and a high pitched noise that..."

"That's your nervous system, trust me you don't want to listen to that or it will just get louder and more annoying. Concentrate on the sound of my voice instead..." She nodded. "Now your mind should be completely devoid of thought, tell me what you are seeing but don't try too hard to describe it."

"Black...Red...Yellow dancing lights..."

He suppressed a chuckle, "That is the back of your eyelids, you aren't relaxed enough, you need to let your mind wander a bit more. Rather than trying NOT to think of anything, let's try not thinking and just watching whatever your mind wants to show you." She nodded and went quiet.

He dipped into his own center and then raised himself to the level he was telling her about, it was almost like dreaming, possibly more like daydreaming. He found himself sitting in a meadow with bright sunlight shining down. He tried to hold on to the image, but not so hard that he lost it and spoke again. "How are you doing?"

"I feel like I'm about to fall asleep and start drooling...sorry...I can't really seem to do it, every time I start to drift off I concentrate on the image and sort of end up losing it. I don't know what I'm doing wrong." She said in frustration.

"Alright calm down, frustration won't help you here. Breath in..." He demonstrated. "Now breathe out slowly to a count of five." She did so and he decided to try and help her along. He reached out and felt



just the edge of her shields and that is where he kept his consciousness even as he drifted back toward his meadow.

"Breathe in again..." She did. "Now follow me and keep up your breathing. You catch a glimpse of blue white and green just from the corner of your eye. Don't chase it, just let it sit there. Good, now another breath. Without looking at it I want you to imagine what you can see, the green is grass on the ground gently swaying in a light breeze. Breathe...The blue is the cloudless sky above the sun shines brightly, it is warm and cozy, just the perfect temperature for lying in the grass. Breathe...Around the edges you see the white mist that obscures the trees. You are in a beautiful meadow, now I want you to lay back in the grass and Breathe..." He did the same even as he described it to her and found himself lying in the meadow looking up at the clear blue sky.

"Harry?" He turned his head and found her lying beside him in her Robe.

"This is different..." He said quietly so as not to wake her up.

"How is this possible?"

"I was touching your mind very lightly trying to help you relax; I guess you followed me into my vision. It's beautiful isn't it?"

She nodded and scooted over to lie on his shoulder as they both looked up at the sky. "Where are we?" She asked.

"I don't know. No place I've ever been it was just where my mind took me." Their voices sounded hollow, kind of like they were echoing off of nothing.

"It's nice."

He nodded and pulled her closer to him. "It is. Now that you are here I guess I can help you out more than I thought. Once you reach a state like this you should be able to actually control what you see. Look up at the sky." He said even as he looked up. "Why don't you think us up some clouds?"

"How do I do that?" She asked quietly.

"You just do, pretend you're writing a story or something, whatever works for you and imagine white puffy clouds appeared. She tried it the way he said and a single white cloud floated across their field of vision. "I did it!" She exclaimed.

"Calm down, you don't want to ruin it. Now how about a cloud shaped like something, the first thing you can think of, sort of the opposite of finding shapes in the clouds when you're awake."

She went quiet for a moment and a rather large penis shaped cloud floated lazily over head. "Why Miss Brown, I think you are not concentrating on your work."

She blushed prettily which he found amusing since she should technically be able to control that here. "You said the first thing that came to mind...and I got a feel of you earlier..."

He coughed as he hastily changed the subject. "Alright, now make the clouds go away."

She looked at him funny for a moment before closing her eyes. Soon the clouds dissipated and left the sky once more clear and blue. "Good job Lav, now I want you to make the sun disappear."

"What?" She exclaimed quietly.

"This is all a dream world Lav; you have to learn how to block things out and how to change things around in your head. Now go on, I'm not saying you have to turn the lights out, maybe just make the sky completely blue with the sun hiding behind the trees?"

Once more she closed her eyes, rather than what he asked, the sun fell quickly behind the trees casting the whole meadow into twilight. "I suppose that works as well, but now I won't you to make the trees and mist go away as well. We just want green grass as far as we can see meeting clear skies." She concentrated and what little of the trees poked through the mist seemed to fade away and the mist began to roll back. It stopped at the edge of vision though and her face screwed up.

"Lav you're trying too hard. Don't make it go away over the horizon, just make it disappear. There are no rules of physics here."

"Physics?" She asked without opening her eyes.

"Natural laws...don't worry about it. Here I will help you with this part." With a thought the mist simply disappeared.

"Now can you make the ground into sky as well? If you have to then imagine you are on a broom or something, but remember, if you make the ground disappear there is nowhere to fall to."

For some reason that was easier for her to grasp and they were suddenly surrounded on all sides by Lavender sky which he found almost poetic. "I actually think this is perfect but it doesn't matter what I think. What do you think?"

"I think it's beautiful...but how can you tell where you are, or where you are going? There is no frame of reference." She said. The last sentence made him up his appreciation for her mind more.

"That shouldn't be a problem once you find your center, at your center should be a representation of your magic like a spring or a well or even a lake. That will help you anchor yourself when you start sorting your memories and emotions."

"This whole thing is scary I just want you to know that." She said with a smile as she floated toward him.

He opened his arms and welcomed her into his embrace. "But worth it, now here is what you are going to do at night before bed. I want you to try and reach someplace like this on your own and then I want you to stop thinking and feeling. For now you won't be sorting anything I just want you to be able to control yourself. If you get relaxed enough you should be able to start exploring until you find your center. Oh, and read the book."

"Poo on reading, you are so much better at teaching than any old book Mister Harry." For the first time the nick name didn't aggravate him, he thought it was cute.

"Well, there are things in that book that I might forget to teach, just ask Gin about it sometime..." She went rigid in his arms for a moment before relaxing again. "Do you have a problem with Ginny?"

She shook her head and sighed. "No, I think she is lovely, and beautiful. I guess I just can't help being jealous."

"You know I am not leaving them right? Even if I fall in love with you I already know I am in love with them."

Lavender sighed and nodded into his shoulder. "I can handle it if we work out...I mean, I have to right?"

"Exactly."

She stepped back out of his embrace and looked around. "So none of this is actually real right?"

He nodded cautiously, "I would be careful about what you do in here, but yeah, for the most part this is just a waking dream I guess. Why?"

She untied her robe and took it off in a flash causing him to go instantly erect and his eyes to lock in the open position. "Uh..." He said intelligently.

She strolled over to him watching in amusement, as he stood immobile. "I'm glad you like what you see."

"Uh..."

"I was too scared to do this in real life, but in here it's like I have no inhibitions since there aren't any repercussions. And now that this is out of the way maybe I can meditate properly."

"I uh...I suppose so." He said having finally regained the use of his voice.

"I show you mine, you show me yours Mister Harry." He nodded and removed his robe quickly having already gotten used to nudity.

"Oh my..." She said quietly.

He smiled glad to have regained some advantage. "So I've heard...honestly I got used to my body over the summer so it never bothered me that much to disrobe in front of you. However watching you disrobe is another matter."

She closed the distance between them and wrapped her arms around his neck pressing his manhood against her stomach. "You mean even after everyone you have been with you were still nervous about getting me naked?" He nodded. "How sweet." She leaned in and kissed him and he immediately deepened the kiss. His hands ran down her back to her bum and back up to her chest where he began playing with her nipples and massaging her breasts before he finally had to break for air.

"I haven't ever been this exposed before...I mean I've played around with, well that doesn't matter. But you're the first guy to see me completely naked."

"Lucky me." He said through a smile before kissing her again.

She ran her hands down his chest and wrapped one around his shaft before directing him between her legs where she began using him as a dildo. She seemed to give up as a bed appeared behind him and she pushed him down onto it.

"Lav?" He asked a bit fearfully.

"This isn't the real world right Harry?" She said as she climbed on top of him.

"Right...but I still don't think..."

"Stop thinking, this is just a daydream I've had more than my fair share of." She reached between them and lined his cock up with her entrance before quickly sliding him inside her.

"Lav! Wait, I thought you were a virgin?"

"You think in my fantasy of being with you I am going to go through the pain of breaking my hymen Mister Harry? Think again." She began rocking and he stopped protesting.

"Still not right, but...bloody hell this is erotic." He groaned as she came loudly on top of him. He rolled them over and began long slow strokes enjoying every sensation even as she came once more beneath him. He slowed for a moment and gazed down at her. "Do you normally get off so easily?"

She shrugged, "Never had sex before, but it is my dream and I am having multiple orgasms. Now shut up and shag me!" He obliged and began pounding into her. He imagined that any other girl would have passed out after the tenth orgasm but was simply happy to see her enjoy herself. He could feel his own orgasm building and it felt like the one he had with Luna, which he supposed, was only natural being a dream and that having been the most amazing orgasm of his life. Finally he couldn't hold off any more.

"Lav, I'm gonna...I..." He panted.

"I Love You Harry!" She screamed before falling back to the mattress still looking as beautiful as if she had not just been shagged rotten. Even as he spilled into her Harry was scared out of his mind.

"Lav I... I mean you do not love me! It's too soon..." He collapsed on top of her as the pleasure was still washing through his system trying to force the fear to subside.

She looked hurt for a moment before she turned her face away from him. "Of course not...just caught up in fantasy is all...sorry for scaring you like that. At least you enjoyed yourself right?"

He groaned as he pulled out of her and lay on the bed beside her. "I did, that was amazing Lav but I am not going to be doing that in real life any time soon. I still think it was too fast even in here." He said gesturing to the empty Lavender sky all around their floating bed.

She cuddled into his shoulder and sighed contentedly. "I know, I just couldn't help myself. You have been my fantasy for years now, I'm sorry if I rushed you."

"How about we get out of here, it has to be dinner time."

"What about a shower?" She asked. He just looked at her for a moment as if she had gone crazy. "Oh! Right, sorry, forgot where we were."

He walked her through waking herself back up slowly, one level at a time they returned to the waking world and opened their eyes at the same time facing each other sitting cross-legged on the rug in his

common room. She blushed a very deep red and couldn't meet his eyes. "Uh, so...dinner?"

He stood and offered her a hand up. "Dinner."

She walked over to the couch where she had placed her clothes earlier and looked nervously at him and smiled shyly. "Do you want me to go in the other room?" He asked.

"No...no if I am going to do this I have to get used to it in reality..." She took a deep breath and slowly let the robe fall to the ground; his reaction was exactly the same as it had been in the dream, instant erection. He watched for a moment as she slid her white cotton panties back on and decided that he would rather watch her remove them and headed toward his room.

"Where are you going Mister Harry?" She asked with a pout.

"Uh, my clothes are in here. Not that I don't want to see you naked, um again that is... I just need to get dressed as well."

She turned toward him with her hands on her hips wearing only her panties. "I've shown you mine..." She waited patiently until finally he got it and let his own robe fall to the ground.

"Happy?" He asked.

"You have no idea." She said staring straight at his member for a moment before looking up into his eyes. "Well off with you, I don't want to be late for dinner!" She shooed him into his room before finishing getting dressed.

## Chapter 47: You're Freakin' Me Out!

Harry was getting extremely uncomfortable around Lavender as she became more possessive and lovey for lack of a better word. He was able to avoid being alone with her for most of the day Wednesday, and when they were together he managed to keep her distracted with a touch here or a kiss there, long enough and often enough to keep her from escalating their relationship in life toward the one of their dreams, so to speak. He was able to keep away from her Wednesday night by begging off sick but he knew that was only going to work every now and then.

It was not that he didn't like her, she was bubbly and fun and once they started in on Quidditch they could actually hold an intelligent conversation. But he found out rather quickly and much to his chagrin, that his knowledge of the sport was rather limited even if he was the youngest and best seeker seen in a century. It only reaffirmed his stance that Ron was the better choice for Team Captain. The times when they were alone together though were starting to wear on him, she was after all a nubile and willing female, and he was still only a sixteen-year-old boy.

So they found themselves alone in his rooms once more on Thursday evening, Harry was really beginning to miss his Telly as the nights were starting to feel longer and longer. He decided he would push Hermione to work on her electricity alternative, especially in those times when he couldn't be with her.

"Knut for your thoughts Mister Harry." Lavender said in the baby voice she adopted when speaking to him. There were definitely times when it was cute, but other times it reminded him too much of Bellatrix Lestrange.

"Just thinking that we have a serious lack of entertainment choices with no radio or television is all."

"Well then, I can think of a thing or two..." Her hands began to roam and he suppressed the sigh once again as he caught them and tried to play it off as hard-to-get or playful.

Finally he decided he might have had enough. "Lav we need to talk."

"I thought we were Mister Harry, what were you thinking?"



"That for starters, look the baby talk is cute and the nickname is cuter...but I had a really bad experience and you are kind of freaking me out."

She sat back on her end of the couch and looked at him strangely. "Explain please."

"I fought Bellatrix Lestrange at the Department of Mysteries and she mocked both Sirius and I in a voice just like that...I'm sorry, it isn't that I don't think it's cute or that I don't like when you do it...it's just..."

"It is just that you don't like when I do it." She said clearly but with a pout on her face. He hated that she could manipulate him so easily with a look but he opened his arms inviting her into his embrace which she quickly took him up on.

"I'm sorry but yeah."

"What else?" She asked a little coolly.

He took a deep breath, knowing this could get ugly. "I'm a bit afraid of you...of going farther than you are ready for...um...intimately. That's part of why it's been hard to get me alone."

She turned in his arms so that she was lying on his lap and grinned up at him, "So big, strong, experienced Mister Harry is afraid of little old me? How cute."

"I'm not afraid of you...more afraid for you. Lav what you said the other day really scares me alright? That is exactly what I have been afraid of from the start. I don't want you to think you are in love with me, do something stupid, and end up hating each other when we break up."

She pulled away and went back to her end of the couch. "So we're breaking up now? We've only been together for a few days!"

He rolled his eyes as he took another deep breath. "No we are not breaking up, I'm just pointing out that we have barely been together and we need to slow down alright? I do like you but I feel like I still barely know you."

She moved back into his arms after a few moments and cuddled into his shoulder. "You just make me feel safe Harry; I saw what you did to Malfoy the other day. That kind of raw power and speed is just unheard of, and to top that off you are a Quidditch superstar...and you are THE Harry Potter...I mean...now I sound like a fan girl."

He smiled down at her in her flummoxed state. "I suppose there is nothing wrong with a fan girl...after all Gin started off the same way."

"Ron doesn't seem to mind fan girls."

That caught him off guard. "What do you mean?"

She looked at him as if he were crazy, "You honestly haven't seen Romilda Vane hanging all over him now that he is Quidditch Captain?"

"Name doesn't ring a bell, is she in Fifth year?"

"Fourth actually, you mean to tell me you didn't see her trying to get your attention at tryouts?"

He thought back to a group of giggly girls who could not even mount a broom properly. "Ah, dark curly hair, dark eyes, kind of cute if a little young?"

"So you did notice?" Lavender asked with a raised eyebrow. He wondered if women were taught how to do that in some class.

"Perfect memory remember? Anyway what is Ron doing with a Fourth year?"

Lavender smiled up at him as she settled back into his lap and began buffing her nails, "What isn't Ron doing with a Fourth year? From what I have seen of them in the tower they are closer on some levels than you and I are."

Harry's eyebrows shot into his hairline. "With a Fourth year?"

"How old is your little pet Veela Harry?"

That caught him up short for a moment and he got a silly smile on his face before remembering that she had asked him a question.

"That's completely different, Veela mature faster than humans, and Gabrielle is not a fan girl."

"No she is a sex slave." Lavender said with a bit of disappointment in her voice.

"No Lav, she is not a slave. At least I do not treat her like one; to me she is my first love. I would appreciate if you wouldn't speak of her like that."

The girl sat up and sighed, "I apologize Harry, " She took a deep breath and blew it out as if trying to clear whatever else she were going to say. "In any case Ron has been seeing her since tryouts, of course he was also seeing a Fourth year Hufflepuff but I do not know the extent of that relationship as Vane made sure to mark her territory."

Despite his normal reluctance to engage in gossip this was too close to home and too juicy not to pull him in. "Fine I'll bite, how did she mark her territory?"

"Got him an ear ring with her initials on it, I hear it whispers things if another female gets too close but is spelled so that Ron can't hear it."

"That's terrible!" Harry said though he was smiling at the thought. "Wait, Ron is wearing an ear ring now? Wait til his mum sees that!" She promptly broke into giggles and they both collapsed into laughter for a few moments. Finally Harry recovered enough to ask her another question. "So he is doing alright then?"

She looked up at him again with a smile before her face turned serious. "He seems to be doing just fine without you or Hermione, Harry. Though I have caught him looking at her, I see her staring at him as well. Are you certain that those two aren't still attracted to each other? Maybe you should let them try again?"

Harry was suddenly very defensive but tried hard to cover it. "Mione knows she doesn't belong to me, if she chose to try again with Ron I would not stop her but I would be sad. However that being said I know for a fact that on her part at least she has no attraction to him whatsoever." He finished a bit coldly but not so much that she was afraid.

"I never meant it like that Mister Harry, I'm sorry you took it that way."

He sighed at the hurt in her face, "Look, I am not saying you don't stand a chance but you have to realize by now that this is a package deal. I just...don't make me afraid to get you alone alright? I have to trust that you aren't going to try to push me farther than I want to go."

"When did I become the man in this relationship?" She asked with a smile. "Fine, in real life at least I promise not to push you."

"In real life?"

She nodded. "Well yes, in our heads we have already gotten past all of that. No harm no foul right?"

He was a bit uncomfortable but decided she was at least mostly right. "I suppose, I don't know if I can even get us into a place like that again though. I have no idea how it happened the first time."

"Practice makes perfect!" She said as she stood and began removing her clothing.

"Hold on!" Harry said as he stood up and stopped her hands, which were halfway done unbuttoning her blouse. "I will tell you what, that is going to be your reward for learning your Occlumency alright?"

"What will I do to relax beforehand?" She asked as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"I suppose I can think of a few things..." He said with a smile as he brought his hands up to her buttons and began undoing them slowly. She leaned in and kissed him, not the needy and rushed kisses he was used to getting from her, it was slower and softer. He pushed on the shoulders of her blouse letting it fall from her arms down to the floor.

She returned the favor and soon they were both nude, he pulled away with a smile. "See, slower is better right?"

She smiled and sat him down on the couch and very slowly removed the rest of her clothing before straddling his lap; however she positioned his cock so that he sat along her slit rather than in line with her entrance. He was still nervous as all get out however. "Slower is better yes, but not too slow Mister Harry."

"Lav..." He growled slightly in warning.

"I am not going to rape you, you dolt. I know what I just said." He relaxed visibly. "I am however, still a bit too worked up to try meditating just yet. Any ideas?" She asked with a smile.

He quickly rolled her over and himself onto his knees on the floor before attacking her breasts with his mouth. He trailed kissed down her taught stomach to the mess of dark blonde curls that surrounded her sex. "Harry?" She asked a bit scared.

He looked up at her, a bit afraid of the tone. "Lav?"

"Uh...what are you doing?"

He was rather taken aback, especially with her attitude from before. "I was going to pleasure you...uh...with my mouth. You never had that before?"

"Harry I know my reputation alright, but I have never been on the receiving end of things...are you sure you want to do that?"

In response he began kissing her stomach again as he slowly worked his way downward toward his goal. She spread her legs very slowly for him, shaking the entire time. He glanced up to see her nibbling her bottom lip which reminded him of Hermione and caused him to smile. "Don't worry Lav...I won't hurt you."

She nodded and relaxed her legs as he leaned in and brushed his nose against her curls lightly kissing just the top of her slit. When she relaxed a bit farther he began kissing along the join where her leg met her pubic bone and then down to her right knee. He then kissed his way back up and repeated with her left knee, she was trying to relax but rather than fear he could tell she was simply nervous. He pressed his hands to either side of her and pulled, exposing her center to him for the first time before leaning in and

trailing his tongue from her entrance all the way up to her clit and getting a cry from her for his trouble.

"You like?" he asked quietly.

"OH Goddess..." She said as she nodded and closed her eyes.

He leaned back in and began relishing attention on her, he licked and sucked lightly everywhere but directly on her clit until she was quivering and then he slowly began to rub her clit with his tongue. Her legs locked and her bottom slowly left the seat as her back began to arch, he continued to bring her as slowly as he could toward orgasm before finally she spilled over the edge with a strangled cry. He then slowly backed off without stopping and brought her back down from her high until she was relaxing once more on the couch and the muscles in her legs had stopped contracting. He pulled back and smiled at her as she lay back on the couch in a sweaty mess.

"Mister Harry!" Her eyes were rolling wildly as if she were still having trouble seeing straight. "That was...oh my..."

"Relaxed now?" He asked a bit playfully.

She simply nodded in response. "Maybe too much...give me a minute before you expect me to sit up okay?"

After the allotted time he helped her to the middle of the room and into position on the rug before talking her down into a proper meditative state and left her to herself to figure out the rest. Meanwhile he decided it was long past time to check up on his own shields, every night he sorted his thoughts and memories of the day's events but he had been remiss in actually checking his shields. As he began his perimeter sweep he was pleased to find that although the breach still existed, it had not spread farther. Just to be safe he removed the whole of it and reapplied his shielding once more. He was happy to note that at least for the time being, the hole had disappeared once more though he could still detect the magic or whatever it was that was trying to seep through.

He came back out of his meditation to find Lav still seated on the floor, he checked and found that only an hour had passed and so he

got up and began work on his essays for Defense and Potions. She joined him unexpectedly a while later. "So how did it go?" He asked.

"Better than the last time but I still feel lost, I haven't found my center or whatever just yet so I'm just wandering around in here." She said tapping the side of her head.

He smiled, "Don't worry you will get it eventually. If you like we can ask Hermione or Gin to sit in for a session; they had more trouble than I did. Most likely my experience is anything but normal."

She shook her head, "I don't need their help, and you're doing just fine; now what about my reward?"

"Did I say something about a reward?" He asked with a grin.

She put on her pouty face but refrained from using her baby voice. "Mister Harry?" She begged him.

"Fine, but we need to make it quick; curfew is less than an hour."

"Just what every girl wants to hear, let's make it quick." She said playfully. "Can't I stay here?"

He actually had to think about the question for a moment, if she had asked him that before their little chat earlier he would have turned her away. "Tell you what; you can stay in the guest room. I'm still a bit afraid of what I might do with or to you, and that you wouldn't stop me."

"But how will we...er...you know?"

"Let's try it okay? If I cannot make contact with you then you can sleep in my bed alright?" He thought of something and quickly added. "In Pajamas."

"Alright, I will see you in a few minutes then?" She asked hopefully.

He nodded and walked her to the guest room watching her lie down and talked her down into the meditative state once more before exiting and walking back to his bed. He laid down in his own bed and quickly reached out to find her consciousness, it was a struggle trying to push this particular gift that far but eventually he found her

and brought himself back to the meadow pulling her along with him as he had before. He was lying on his back looking up at the puffy white clouds as they flew over and turned his head to the side where he found her looking at him.

"This is really a neat trick you know that?" She asked with a smile.

"I have no idea what I'm doing or even if it's been done before, but you might have noticed that happens to me a lot."

She rolled over and straddled him before kissing him softly. "Personally I am just enjoying it, I don't ask why or how. I love the way you make me feel Mister Harry."

She said the word again and he nearly freaked out before realizing it couldn't have been meant literally, it was just a turn of phrase. "Well I like the way you make me feel as well. We are not doing this every night though."

She pouted at him before slowly lowering herself onto him and moaning softly as he slid inside. "Then I guess I had better make the most of it shouldn't I?"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry was getting rather desperate to at least speak with Gin or Mione by the time Lunch rolled around on Friday, but Lav kept him firmly in place by anchoring herself to his arm and his girls were respecting her wish to stay clear for the week. He was just about to tell her he was done with the charade but his thoughts were interrupted as a slew of post owls flew in including Hedwig who landed on his shoulder.

"Oh! Hey girl. How you doing?"

The silly humans handed me another paper for you. She replied.

He removed the Prophet from her leg as he scratched her neck with the other hand. "Good job girl, any idea what the big deal is?"

I do not pay attention to the affairs of Humans, they are silly creatures.



Just as he was going to reply he heard a whine from beside him, he turned his head to find Lav staring at Hedwig with huge eyes. "Aren't you going to introduce us Mister Harry?"

Mister Harry? Did she mean to say Master? Hedwig was laughing inside his head and he was not amused.

"Hedwig I would like you to meet Lavender Brown, Lav I would like you to meet the most beautiful and smartest owl ever. Hedwig was also my first friend."

"May I pet her?" Lavender asked with child like glee.

"That isn't up to me. Hedwig would you like some attention from Lavender here?"

In response Hedwig flapped over to the other girls shoulder before hopping onto the table in front of her. He was just about to unroll his paper when a very welcome voice called to him from across the table as she sat down. "Harry did you read yet?"

"Hey Mione, long time no speak. No I hadn't gotten to it just yet."

Ginny sat down beside her as those across from him got the message and left them some space. "Harry I'm so sorry, you know this isn't your fault right? Please don't start the whole..."

"Harry-Potter-In-A-Funk thing yeah I got it Gin, nice to see you too. Now what's this all about?"

Before they could reply Dumbledore stood and caught everyone's attention. "As you have all read by now, Lord Voldemort and his followers have just broken all of the remaining prisoners out of Azkaban Prison. There is no need for panic as Hogwarts is one of the safest places in the Magical World; however I believe that this is a wonderful time to announce the formation of a new school club, which many of you are already, no doubt, aware. Lord Black?"

Harry was rather suddenly shoved into the spotlight with absolutely no preparation and his mind was racing as he stood up. "Uh...I'm sure you all know who I am by now, uh..." He took a drink of his smoothie to wet his throat before continuing.

"Last year I led an unsanctioned club to teach anyone who was willing to keep our secrets Defense against the Dark Arts. I have spoken with the Headmaster and this year the Defense Association will be a school sanctioned club where we will be reviewing and practicing DADA as well as learning more advanced defensive techniques that will not be taught in classes. Everyone is welcome to join." He said this with a look at the Slytherin table where he received a nod from Blaise Zabini.

"Uh, I suppose our first meeting will be this weekend so uh...watch the bulletin boards for more information. Thank you." He sat down quickly.

"Thank you Lord Black for offering to help in our time of need, with all of the Death Eaters plus many more escaped prisoners at his disposal, Voldemort will surely be going on the offensive soon. For your own safety, and those of your loved ones, I urge you to consider joining the Defense Association. For those of you not interested in Defense as simply an extracurricular activity I would also like to point out that those who belonged to this clandestine organization last year scored some of the best OWL and even NEWT scores in DADA that the school has ever seen, while those who did not participate will likely be taking their OWLs once again this year. As Lord Black says, please watch the bulletin boards or speak to your Heads of House for more information."

Talking resumed in the Great Hall as Dumbledore left the room and Harry looked expectantly across the table. "All of them?"

Hermione nodded, "Azkaban was a stationary target without the Dementors to guard it, why they would still put Death Eaters back there after the fiasco last year is beyond me."

"What are we going to do Harry?" Gin asked meekly.

"We are going to train everyone who is willing to fight. We are going to become the army in fact that we were in name last year. When our army meets the Death Eaters in public they will not run away but rather stay to defend themselves and others, and if Voldemort stupidly decides to attack the school we will be ready for him."

They both were quiet for a moment before Hermione spoke up again. "So then, Sunday?"

"Sunday afternoon I think." Harry said quietly lost in thought.

"Sunday?" Lavender finally joined the conversation.

"Well yeah, I have Quidditch practice and detention on Saturday and most likely I have an appointment to keep with Dumbledore Saturday evening."

She pouted and batted her eyes at him, "But I was hoping to have you all to myself on Sunday Mister Harry."

He caught hints of amusement rolling off both Gin and Hermione but he shook his head. "Being ready for this, for defending or beating back Death Eaters is more important than snogging."

She leaned in toward him but whispered loud enough for the other two to hear. "And what if I wanted to do more than snog?" Harry didn't miss the jealous looks both girls got.

"We still have Sunday morning Lav, and besides we both know we aren't doing much more than snogging."

Lavenders face fell a bit but she continued to smile devilishly up at him, Hermione and Ginny raised questioning eyebrows almost in sync, which amused him no end. He shook his head once again and mouthed the word 'Later' to which he got small nods from both of them. "We need to go over lesson plans and the overall goals for this club. How about this evening Mione?"

It was Lavenders turn to look jealous which did not go unnoticed by Harry. "That sounds fine I suppose, I will meet you in your room after Ancient Runes."

"What about me?" Ginny asked in a pouty voice, which for some reason was cute to him instead of annoying or freaky.

"You and I can go pay a visit to Hagrid during last period. Have you noticed he hasn't been coming to meals?"

Hermione quickly turned and scanned the head table before looking guiltily back at him. "Oh Harry! How awful are we for not visiting before now? We even have time to take his class that we didn't

know until after school started, the least we could have done was to sit in or visit!"

He nodded, "I know, I only just noticed when I was listening to the Headmaster. I will make sure to tell him you miss him?"

"Please do." She said with a nod.

Lavender was looking back and forth between the three with a confused look. "You are going to visit Professor Hagrid? Why would you want to do such a thing?"

Harry turned to her, "Because he is a wonderful person, and was my first Wizarding friend. In fact he bought me Hedwig for my eleventh birthday. You are welcome to come as well."

Lavender quickly looked across the table before nodding. "I will come if you are going. Lucky me I am free this afternoon as well."

He smiled at her. "Good then, we better hurry if we are going to make it to class."

"What?" She asked in surprise.

"Like you say, we are free this period as well as last and I would like to go sit in on his class. Come on!"

"By Harry! I'll be down after Charms, and I will bring Luna as well." Ginny called as they got up.

"Sounds good Gin, see you two then."

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Lavender pouted all the way down to the paddock where they held the COMC classes and complained about not getting any alone time with him. He turned around once they arrived and kissed her quickly.

"We are alone right now aren't we?"

She looked around and sighed as she looked down. "I suppose...I guess I just can't get enough of you."

"You have to learn to share sometime if you want 'us' to work out. We already talked about this." He said quietly.

She nodded, "I know, I didn't say I wasn't willing to share!" She turned her shoulder on him looking for all the world like a five year old who didn't get her way. He half expected her to hold her breath until he kissed her or some other nonsense but was thankfully saved as Hagrid walked up.

"What're you doin 'ere 'Arry? I though ye didn' want to be in me classes no more."

Harry shook his head as he turned toward his enormous friend. "Hagrid I'm so sorry for not telling you, and more for not coming to see you before now. Hermione, Ron and I didn't know how the schedule would work out this year and were encouraged to only take certain courses. Not taking Care has nothing to do with not liking you Hagrid."

"Ye coulda tol me, I woulda understood." Hagrid said with a slight pout. Harry wondered why everyone was so pouty lately.

"If you don't mind we wanted to sit in on your class this afternoon, I can't promise to come to all of them but I will try to make it to a few alright?"

Hagrid smiled down at them, "That's fine 'Arry, jes fine. I knew you didn't mean it personal like, but it still hurt jes a bit you know?"

"I do and I'm sorry."

Hagrid looked at Lavender who was still facing anywhere but at Harry. "And who migh this be? Why is that Lavender Brown? Wha happened to lovely Luna?"

Lavender turned at that and looked to be about to speak harshly before she realized she was pointing her finger at the large mans stomach. "Um, Luna and Harry are just good friends. We are together now."

Harry didn't like the emphasis on the word together but was saved from comment by Hagrid. "Oh...I woulda thought you'd end up with Ginny Weasley, or maybe even Ermione before you'd date anyone

else. I..." He took a look at the girl's face and quickly clammed up. "I..shouldna said that. Sorry Miss Brown, I'm sure you're a lovely lot, I just didn't know he were looking to date anyone else is all."

She rolled her eyes very slightly which Hagrid missed but Harry did not and was getting rather upset with her behavior. She answered politely however, "It isn't a problem Professor, you cannot be expected to know everything about your student's love lives now can you?"

"Nope I suppose I can't now. Well do ye want to help me set up? The others should be along in a few moments and I need to get the animals set up."

Harry complied as Lavender sat on the fence post and watched; once class began he joined her on the fence and simply enjoyed the lecture and the incidents that happened along the way. Once again glad he hadn't taken the class even if he was sorry to have hurt Hagrid's feelings. After class they chatted for a few minutes as Harry helped to clean up the equipment and bits of torn clothing from Goyle trying to pet the pretty bird. Apparently this was one of the classes he was able to continue on into NEWT level and without Malfoy there to direct him he was rather grabby. The Baby Roc had not been amused and Harry was only thankful that the mommy Roc had not been nearby or the school might be less one Half Giant as well as one dumb Slytherin.

Gin and Luna joined them later; Luna kissed him on his cheek in greeting causing all sorts of posturing and glaring from the other blonde attached to his arm. Afterward Hagrid led them back to his hut for some tea and rock cakes. "So all of em escaped you say? Can't say as how I wouldn't of taken off after a few hours in...well in any case most of them is bad people after all. What's Dumbledore doing about it? Anything from the ol' crowd?"

Lavender was looking confused but Harry simply answered the question. "You would know before I would what the 'Old Crowd' was getting up to, I can tell you though he put me on the spot to start the DA a little earlier than I had planned."

"Thas good though 'Arry, from what I hear you were a right fine teacher. All the Professors, 'ceptin the one o'course, is very

impressed by what you was able to do las year. Proud of you they are, me too."

Harry blushed at the praise but Lavender hugged him close basking in his reflected glory. "That's my Mister Harry, he doesn't know how great he is does he?" She kissed him on his cheek getting a smile from Hagrid and causing him to blush even deeper at the public display of affection.

"Uh, yeah so anyway we are trying to work out the details this evening and get fliers up on the bulletin boards about when we are starting up. We are going for Sunday but I have no idea how many people will be attending."

Ginny spoke up, "Well in the DA last year there were usually twenty of us, you take away the seventh years that graduated and add in the fact that this year it's actually school approved and I would say we need to add another 50 or so to that number."

"What?" Harry exclaimed. "You think we might have half the school show up?"

Lavender spoke up from his side. "Well you are Harry Potter, lots of people are going to show up just to get close to you."

"But they see me in the hallways everyday!"

Luna shook her head, "No Harry, they don't see the real you."

"The me that goes to class and struggles with girl problems is the real me!"

Luna just looked back at him, "No Harry, the real you is the one who was teaching us last year in the DA, the real you is the one who is taking the fight to Tom instead of waiting for him to take over. The real you is Master of Death."

The hut went quiet for a full minute before Lavender spoke up. "Master of Death?"

Before Harry could answer Ginny spoke up, "He took an AK after all and is still here."

She didn't look convinced but nodded anyway, "And who is Tom?"

Harry whipped out his wand and performed the floating letters trick. Hagrid was actually the first to respond. "Blimey! I never made tha connection. I mean I knew what Tom ended up as...but I didn't know how he came up with the name."

"He couldn't stand that his father was a Muggle so changed his name. It's funny, in a sad way, that the bastion of the Pureblood Supremacy movement is a Half-Blood himself..." Harry suddenly came to a horrifying conclusion.

"Hagrid, did Tom ever call himself a prince? Or use any sort of title?"

The big man thought for a moment before shrugging. "Can't say as I remember anything like that 'Arry. Any reason?"

He shook off the feeling of dread, "No I suppose not, just had a disturbing thought is all. Uh, Hagrid I hate to say it..."

Lavender stood up and pulled him to his feet as she extended her hand to the large man. "But we need to get back up to the castle and work on the DA stuff. You understand of course?"

"O course! Thank ye again for coming down to see me you four. It means the world."

The four exchanged goodbyes one last time and headed back inside.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

A very bored Lavender sat on the couch reading 'Teen Witch' and throwing annoyed glances at the four other women in the room. In addition to Luna, Ginny and Hermione, Tonks had shown up just as they began discussing what to teach, when to teach it, and how to present it. She offered them insights on how training was done at the academy and pointers on how to run casting and operations drills. They worked out the general structure for the meetings and then got into how to handle a larger audience.

"I think you are going to have to limit it to Fourth year and above Harry. Even if we find a big enough space for everyone you are



going to have quite a time teaching that many especially with the younger kids running around." Hermione said.

"They need to know how to defend themselves as well though; I hate to limit the opportunity in any way!" He argued.

"Contingency plan then," Suggested Tonks. "We post the flyers and see what the turnout is, if it looks to be too much then you send the lower years away."

They all agreed to that and finally had the details mostly worked out, they all say back from the desk and Lav looked up from her light reading. "Are you finally done with my boyfriend?"

Hermione controlled herself well but Ginny and Tonks were growling low in their throats, Luna was actually the one to speak up. "Down girls." The two looked at each other and began laughing. Lavender was oblivious as Harry walked over and sat down heavily on the couch next to her and she began massaging his temples.

"Now that the business is out of the way maybe we can work on my Occlumency?"

He sighed, "Sure Lav, let's get started."

"What with them here?" She said motioning toward the other girls with her head.

"Is that a problem?" He asked only half joking.

She put on her pouty face and he could hear the whine in her voice even though she tried to control the impulse. "Miiiister Harrrry."

He sighed again, noting that he was doing a lot of that lately. "Alright, Ladies?" he called out. "I guess we are going to work on Occlumency, and as Lav here is not as proficient yet as most of you are..."

Hermione stood and smiled at the couple on the couch. "Not a problem, we will just leave you two alone then. Won't we?" She said with a look at Gin and Tonks who looked especially put out."

"I suppose not." Ginny said in a defeated tone. "We will see you tomorrow Harry."

They gathered their things before she had Dobby reset the room and soon just the two of them were left. "Lav, you really need to start letting them in if you want us to work."

"But it's my week still and I want my Mister Harry all to myself!" She cried playfully.

He stood and undressed quickly, calling to Bernie to lock the door before holding his hand out to help her up. "This isn't any fun is it? It's almost clinical." She remarked.

"Lav, you really need to work harder if you want to get this down. Occlumency does not begin and end with getting me to shag you in your head, or my head...well wherever we end up when we aren't here."

She stood and disrobed slowly trying to get a reaction out of him, much to her displeasure his member did not even twitch as she slowly pulled her knickers off and sat them atop the rest of her clothing. "Do I still get a treat afterward?"

"I'll make you a deal Lav, if you concentrate on your study tonight and make significant progress I will let you sleep in my bed." She squealed and jumped into his arms, and his body betrayed him as he became instantly erect. She grinned down at his member before looking back up into his eyes.

"Looks like someone likes that idea as much as I do."

"Lav..." he growled.

"Fine, fine. Do we get to have treats too?"

He shook his head, "You are relying on me too much, none of that tonight."

She put on a pouty face again and begged him with puppy dog eyes. She sniffed sadly, "But Mister Harry..."

"No." He said firmly.

"Then no pajamas."

"What?" His voice jumped an octave halfway through the word.

"If I can't have fun with you like usual, I think the least you can do is let me cuddle with you in the buff. I promise to be a good girl."

He walked to the middle of the room and sat down motioning for her to join him. "We'll see."

Quickly she found her spot on the floor in front of him and began her breathing exercises. He observed her rather than doing any meditation of his own and after ten minutes he could see the struggle on her face. "What is it?"

She groaned, "I can almost get there but I just can't seem to...I don't know how to describe the problem. Can you come help me? It isn't cheating or anything is it?"

He closed his eyes and reached out for her; once he connected he slowly lowered himself into her consciousness until he reached the level she was at. He was suddenly bombarded with thoughts, images, memories, sounds, smells and all manner of stray thoughts. He had to fight them away and organize them somewhat before he was able to find her in the middle of the storm slowly sorting through her memories.

"Lav what are you doing?"

She looked up at him with tension in her face. "Harry I can't do this myself, I don't know if I am just too scatterbrained or what but how am I suppose to find my center when I cannot wade through my own memories to get there."

"Look, you're too worked up. You need to relax, here take my hand." She did so and he began projecting relaxing emotions into her, the maelstrom began to calm until finally her memories were floating by lazily and looking like flying windows, each looking into a different scene. "Alright Lav, let's just start walking okay? I want you to point in the direction that feels like it is your center. Don't think about it, just do it."

She nodded and randomly pointed behind them, so they turned and strolled hand in hand through her memories. He tried not to look at them but every once in a while one would catch his eye and he would instantly know the contents of that window. The first was of a little girl planting flowers with her mum at what must have been age six or seven. It seemed innocent enough and soon it was over, but as they continued on some of the scenes got darker.

An image of a man standing in the doorway of a little girl's bedroom with the lights off smelling of Firewhisky. Another of the little girl playing doctor with a few neighbor boys who were all much older and telling her things that no eight year old should hear as they 'examined' her. They proscribed treatment for her 'disorder' by sprinkling sand from the playground nearby onto her vagina and then telling her she needed to kiss them on the Willy to make it all better.

"Lav I don't think I should be..." He began.

"Please Mister Harry; don't make me do this by myself?" She pleaded with him, he nodded and they continued on.

They finally came to a place that looked remarkably like the meadow that Harry had chosen as their meeting place, but at the center was a pond with a small fountain in the middle. "It's beautiful." He remarked.

"It's just like the one at my house...well my old house, before my mother remarried."

"I didn't know that, did your father die?"

She shook her head, "He...was a drunk and was not nice to either of us, mummy finally had enough and took me away. He did die a few years later when he married that Zabini woman..."

"Wait, your father married Blaise's mum?"

She smiled, "Yeah, we were related for about three months before my dad died. She got half of the Brown estate but my mum got the other half, it was a Pureblood contract and my maternal grandfather certainly knew how to negotiate. In any case when he and my mum

would fight or when he...well anyway I would sit and watch the water bubbling in a pond just like this for hours."

"Lav, this is part of why Occlumency is so intimate between student and teacher. There are things you are going to have to go through in order to sort everything. Trust me, as easy as it would be to just lock the memories away, you will be much better off in the long run if you go through them one at a time. You have to sort out the emotions and deal with them before you can move on and be done with it. Otherwise it will come back to haunt you."

"So this is my center?"

"Yes, this pond and that fountain are representation of your Magic. Now you need to decide how to sort your thoughts, don't ask me for ideas because mine is so crazy that I am the only one who would understand it."

"How do I start?"

He looked around. "You need a place to sit down and watch all these memories as you sort them out. How about a gazebo?"

She turned around and looked at a spot just to the side of the pond and in a moment there was a beautiful white gazebo standing there. They walked over to it and sat down in the hammock that hung in the middle. "Now what?" She asked.

"Now you need to figure out how you want to file your memories and emotions, some people use trunks, some use books. As long as it makes sense to you."

"What about magazine articles?" She asked.

"It doesn't have to make sense to me Lav; as long as you understand it then it will work."

"Will you stay with me?"

He wanted to after the glimpses he had seen, but he knew that she needed to deal with it all herself, just as Ginny had dealt with memories of Tom in her first year, and he had dealt with his abuse at the hands of the Dursleys. "I'm sorry but you have to do this on

your own. Now that you know where your center is you should be able to find your way back and forth without much effort once you get into the right meditative state. When you are done you can come join me in bed alright?"

She nodded and he stood up before slowly disappearing from her sight.

She joined him in bed few hours later without saying anything, she kissed him softly goodnight and snuggled into his embrace without even trying to initiate anything more intimate. More than once that night he awoke to her sobbing quietly in her sleep and helped to calm her down by whispering softly and playing with her hair. They finally drifted off to sleep for good just after midnight.

## 48: Welcome to the Defense Association

The fliers were hung on the bulletin boards in every common room by Friday evening and Saturday the DA was the topic of conversation for most of the school. Lavender had been outwardly as bubbly and jealous of his attentions as usual for the past two days, but when they were alone she was simply happy to sit near him while he worked and was very quiet even when she was not meditating. He was beginning to worry a bit about her but he did not want to intrude on whatever memories had her in such a funk. He hated himself when from time to time he found himself thinking how nice the quieter Lav was. How much more he was able to connect with her when she was not babbling on about something or another, or trying to push him into being more intimate.

The only thing that made Quidditch Practice bearable was that as Seeker he did not have to run drills with the rest of the team, though that did not keep Ron from critiquing his performance from the goal. In his defense Harry supposed that none of the comments that Ron shouted were personal, just observations. The other nice thing was getting to watch Ginny fly, she was a blur of red hair racing up and down the field and getting every ounce of speed out of her comet 260. As happened after tryouts the rest of the team headed up to the castle to shower leaving them alone in the changing room once again. Ginny had apparently informed Katie of the current arrangement as they both slowly stripped for him but headed to the showers with a wave. He wanted to bang his head against the locker as even though he was the one keeping Lavender at bay, he was also noticing an ache in his crotch from over stimulation without release.

He could therefore not help himself as he followed them into the girl's showers where he found the two of them innocently cleaning themselves on opposite sides of the room and rather surprised to see him there. He held a finger to his lips and shook his head as he stepped under the nearest shower and began cleaning himself as well. The girls smiled and went back to cleaning themselves innocently. Harry however was watching them with rapt attention, as the shampoo ran from their hair down their backs, and then over their bums and down their legs. He gave up soon and took himself in hand unabashedly as they both gave him surreptitious glances but pretended not to notice. He soon came though it was a bit disappointing and quickly finished cleaning himself off before turning

off the shower head and walking back to the changing room to get dressed feeling just a bit guilty but liking the feeling at the same time.

And so a still frustrated but squeaky clean Harry found himself riding the spiral staircase up to the Headmasters office just as the sun was going down. At the top of the stairs he barely knocked before getting a, "Come in Harry." From the other side of the door.

He entered and immediately went to Fawkes who was happy to see him. "So Harry, I saw that you are holding your first DA meeting Sunday after lunch?"

He crossed the room and sat in front of the Headmaster's desk, waving away the bowl of lemon drops as they were offered. "Today was too busy and we have no idea how many people will be joining us. Do I have permission to use the Great Hall at least for the first meeting?"

"That will be acceptable I think. Have you made any progress with Horace?"

"Professor Slughorn? No, I got him talking for a moment after class but then he clammed up on me as soon as he figured out I was working for you."

Dumbledore sat back with a small sigh, "Harry you do realize how important that memory is? Without it all of the guessing and investigating we do will be for naught."

"With all due respect Headmaster, I do not appreciate you placing this burden on my shoulders alone when you have had years to come to the same result. Now can we please begin our lesson?"

"Very well, I have taken the liberty of transferring your detention with Professor Snape to another staff member; I do hope you don't mind?"

Harry looked thoughtful for a moment, "I suppose not, who would that be?"

Dumbledore pulled out his pocket watch and studied the many hands for a moment, "With the Headmaster at approximately seven pm. Are you certain you would not like a Lemon Drop?"



\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday became Sunday before Harry returned to his room, he was undressed and in bed before he realized that Lavender was already occupying the other half. She looked very cute when she was sleeping and her bad dreams had gone away suddenly of their own volition. She had not begun making advances again and seemed genuinely happy simply to share his bed and cuddle up to him in the nude. He was finding his relationship with her to be much less strained over the last day or so since she began taking her Occlumency seriously and he wondered idly if an organized mind was one of his turn-ons.

He slid beneath the covers and pulled her up against him as he settled in, she woke just enough to smile and kiss him lightly without opening her eyes before settling in for a peaceful night of sleep. When Harry awoke the next day it was already after breakfast but Lavender had not left him as the other girls had done a week earlier. And so he stayed in bed just holding her and breathing in her scent. She really was beautiful, and the longer he spent with her the more beautiful she seemed, he once again had to attribute part of that to her calming down and not babbling about things he was not interested in. Even if she did still call him by that ghastly pet name he thought it was possible that he could come to love her in time, but this was no whirlwind romance like all of his others had been.

She moved slightly in his arms and rubbed against his aching member, reminding him of his trouble in the changing rooms the day before. That part of him that wanted to slow things down was a little less insistent than it had been so he decided to try to wake her up. He began by running his fingers up and down her back, making small circles and trailing lightly causing goose bumps. She shifted again as if trying to get away from his fingers and he smiled as he leaned in and began kissing her neck and shoulder.

"Mister Harry?" She asked groggily.

"MmmHmmm." He responded without removing his lips from her skin.

"Watcha doin?"

He pulled her closer but continued to kiss her. "NnnnDnnnnNnnn"  
He said with a shrug.

She rolled over and caught his lips with hers. "Does this mean you decided we could move things along a bit?"

"I never meant to put a stop to us; I just wanted to slow down. But after you found your center and started sorting memories you changed a bit. I didn't want to intrude."

She looked at him a bit funny, "So what changed?"

In response he rocked his hips, sliding his member up her leg where it bumped into her tummy. "Oh, so it's okay to fool around when you get randy but not when I do?"

He shook his head, "That's only a small part of it; please don't take this the wrong way. But you were starting to scare me before and I wasn't ready to think about actually falling for you."

She smiled rather dumbly, "So you think you can then?"

He nodded, "You have gotten much better both with respecting my boundaries and with your general attitude. I'm sorry but I just cannot relate to you on fashion or gossip."

She pouted a bit, "That isn't all I talk about...well not completely all I talk about...is it?"

He grinned at her and kissed the tip of her nose. "Not completely all, no. Especially in the last couple of days." His hands began to wander again and she returned the favor as she leaned in to kiss him once more.

"So what are the boundaries now?" She asked quietly.

He thought about it for a moment. "It isn't that I don't want to shag you, believe me. But I just can't do it when you are still a virgin, I know how screwed up that is for a guy to say but..." He shrugged.

"I think it's sweet even if it is frustrating, thank you for keeping me honest."

"Anyways...don't take this wrong, but I guess I have sort of gotten used to two or three times a day and...Well the pressure is starting to build up. Not it that is the only reason I want to play with you!"

She wrapped her hand around his cock, "That doesn't offend me boyfriend; it just gives me an excuse to do something I have been thinking about."

"And what's that?" He asked as he pushed him onto his back.

In response she kissed her way down to his stomach before taking him into her mouth, she moved very slowly and deliberately as she took just a bit more of him in each time, pausing to breathe through her nose after backing off. She did this a few more times, and he was rather speechless at this point so no conversation took place as he watched her slowly forcing his member deeper and deeper into her mouth until he felt his crown touch the back of her throat, then she gagged and pulled off quickly.

"Are you alright?" He asked with worry evident in his tone. She pushed him back down on the pillow and held up a finger to forestall further comment until after she had taken a few breaths.

"You Mister Harry, are huge! Just give me another minute and I will get it right."

"Lav you don't have to try that, Gin and Mione still can't do it, I don't expect you to try."

She looked a bit stricken at the mention of his other girlfriends but shook it off quickly before diving back onto his tool, Soon she was bobbing up and down and he could see the bulge of his cock outlined in her throat on each down stroke. Overall it was an amazing performance and the sight along with the sensation soon put him close to the edge. "Lav...I'm..."

She pulled off of him and began stroking him rapidly with her hand while holding her mouth over his crown. Soon he came gushing into her mouth, she gagged at first before realizing the taste was more than pleasant and tried to swallow as much as possible, however most of it leaked out of her mouth and down his shaft which she began cleaning with her tongue causing all sorts of aftershocks to run through his body, finally she climbed up to straddle his lap and

sat herself carefully down on his semi-erect penis lengthwise against her slit and clit. "Have to love those fruit smoothies." She said with a grin as she leaned in to kiss him.

He returned the kiss happily, enjoying the proof on his tongue of the dirty deed she had just performed. She began rocking gently against him and he made no move to stop her for the time being. "This...is...nice isn't it?" She asked breathily as she sat up and continued her pace. He reached up and cupped a breast in each hand massaging and playing with her erect nipples.

"It is, just be careful." He responded.

She nodded and picked up her pace a bit, he could feel her warm wet lips surrounding his cock and the little jolt that went through her each time the head of his member slid across her clit. He was consciously paying attention to her pace and where he was situated just to make sure they didn't get carried away. It took much longer than he would have expected for her to reach orgasm but after a single one she collapsed onto his chest.

"Hey you." He said quietly smiling into her hair.

She turned her head up and looked up at him with a grin. "Hey Mister Harry...this is nice..."

"It is, see the fun you can have when you are a good girl?" She nodded before sighing as her stomach growled.

"We missed breakfast and that snack only made me hungrier."

"Give me a minute or two if you want seconds." He replied cheekily.

She smacked his shoulder, "Prat...well maybe..."

"No wait, I was kidding Lav...I don't think after that load I will be ready again for at least half an hour...not that I expect that from you or anything..."

She sat up again and smiled down at him with her curly blonde hair falling crazily around her face. "Do expect Mister Harry, please do. Now, I think we need a shower and we can head down to the Great Hall before lunch."

He nodded, "Good idea, we need to do some planning ahead for the DA immediately after lunch."

She groaned as she got up and off the bed. "I was thinking we could snog a bit before everyone else got there but that works too. I suppose you will want to pick up Ginny and Hermione before heading down as well?" She asked looking a bit put out.

"Well, unless you want to be caught wearing yesterdays outfit..."

She sighed. "Fine, I will gather them and meet you back here after my shower. Sound good Mister Harry?"

He got up and kissed her once more before heading for the bathroom. "Thank you LavLav." He said meaning for the awful nickname to make a point about his own. Unfortunately her eyes lit up and she jumped into his arms for another kiss before flouncing out of the room to get dressed and head out.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

As lunch drew to a close Dumbledore stood once again and the Hall went silent knowing what to expect from this announcement. "As I am certain you all know by now the first meeting of the Defense club will be immediately following today's meal. All those who wish to attend will need to stay after the food has gone. Professor Snape will be observing from time to time including today..." Harry looked up sharply at this insight but Dumbledore quickly finished his thought, "He will be observing only and will not interfere. Thank you for your time."

Once lunch wore down everyone stood but nobody left, even the Slytherins were milling about feigning casual curiosity. "If you will all exit the Hall momentarily I will set it up for more exciting festivities." Dumbledore called and they all left quickly milling about in the Hallway instead of the Great Hall. The Headmaster exited soon after with a smile at Harry and quickly made his way toward his office.

Harry walked into the hall to find it set up much the way it had been for Lockhart's demonstration three years prior. All but one of the tables had been cleared to the sides and the single remaining table was draped with the Dueling mat once more and situated in the

center of the room. Snape stood off in a corner looking as if he wanted to blend into the shadows. Harry quickly climbed up on top, waiting until everyone was looking his direction before clearing his throat.

"I did not expect this kind of turnout, I'm sorry but we have to limit the main club to Fourth year and above." There was a massive groan as the younger years headed for the doors. "I am sorry, but if any of you want to practice on your own I will be designating someone from each house, if available, as tutors. If no one from your house is available you can find me on an individual basis and we will work something out."

The kids were mollified by the announcement and peacefully left leaving the majority of the school behind. Harry was nervous, but it was slowly being replaced by calm as his teaching instincts kicked in. "Right then, first things first. This club is to teach you to defend yourselves against Death Eaters and other dark arts practitioners, I have been told I am not allowed to check your arms for the Dark Mark as it is an invasion of privacy, however I do have permission to have you sign a magical contract stating that you will not use what you have learned here against anyone except in self defense!" There was a din of voices suddenly drowning him out mostly coming from the Slytherins as expected and from the Ravenclaws who knew the fate of one Marietta Edgecombe.

One voice stood out and got his attention, everyone else went quiet. "And what if we won't sign your little contract?"

Harry looked at Pansy suspiciously for a moment before realizing that Draco and his cronies were nowhere to be seen. "You are welcome to leave, however I included a clause which states that when you leave you are free to learn whatever else you want and use it however you want. Think of it as an escape clause, however I would not test the boundaries of this document."

"And what happens if we breach?" She asked calmly.

"As I said, I would not test if I were you, but feel free to attempt it if you must, I am sure you will be missed." He left that hanging in the air for a moment. "If you wish to read through the contract you will still be allowed to sign at our next meeting but you will not be allowed to attend this one." The Slytherins being cautious took a

copy of the contract which appeared on the table and left except for Pansy, Blaise, and Daphne Greengrass. The Ravenclaws either cautious or curious did the same except for those who had been a member the year before including Cho, Luna, Padma and Terry Boot.

"Do we have to sign this one if we signed the one last year?" Cho asked from the middle of the group.

Harry thought about it for a moment. "I would prefer you did so, but if you want to read it over I will let you attend this session while I think about the question. Is there a specific reason you wouldn't want to sign again?"

Everyone turned to look at her and she blushed, "No, no reason, just Ravenclaw curiosity."

He resumed speaking. "Any other questions?"

A fourth year girl raised her hand timidly and he called on her. "Have you really faced You-Know-Who every year? Did you beat him last June?"

He sighed, "Everyone listen closely because I am only going to tell you this once. From now on anybody caught saying He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named or You-Know-Who will not be allowed to attend this club. His name is Tom Marvolo Riddle and was a student here at Hogwarts just like we are. He is a half-blood masquerading as a Pureblood because they are his powerbase."

"Lies!" Pansy called out before quickly sinking back into the crowd in embarrassment. He shook his head, "Truth!" He performed the air writing trick once again, astonishing some with his non-verbal ability before rearranging the letters. There were gasps as the unbelievers suddenly were faced with the truth. "Tom Riddle was raised in an orphanage by Muggles. He returned to that orphanage every year he attended Hogwarts, and he may or may not have been abused at that orphanage but it was certainly not a nice place to live. That explains his hatred of Muggles and why he might identify with the Pureblood Supremacy Movement." Daphne frowned but said nothing.

"He is indeed the heir of Slytherin through a very long and inbred line of Purebloods, his mother bewitched Tom Riddle Senior but let him go before giving birth. She died soon after childbirth leading to his fear of death. In fact his very pseudo name Voldemort," Gasps in the crowd made him glare angrily around. "Voldemort means Flight From Death when literally translated from Latin."

"Lord Black! A Word!" Snape called out from his shadow and Harry quickly excused himself to the corner.

"What?"

Snape tried to suppress his sneer but failed. "Milord I think you have shared enough about his past. I do not know why the Headmaster insists on investigating him so thoroughly but I would suggest that you do not reveal any more to these students. You have given them sufficient evidence to make an informed decision."

Harry thought about it for a moment and hated to admit the man was right. "Agreed...thank you..." He strangled out the words but got a nod from the man.

"Do not think I was protecting you, I simply do not wish to be punished for letting you slander the Dark Lord in my presence."

"Ah there is the Death Eater we all love." Harry said sarcastically as he turned without waiting to hear the man's rebuttal.

He jumped back up on the table. "As I was saying, I have faced him every year in some form except for third year. He somehow did not die when I was a baby but is more like a ghost. He tried to steal the Philosophers Stone in my first year and I stopped him. As a memory come to life he released Slytherins monster from the Chamber of Secrets in my second year. Fourth Year he used my blood to create himself a new body after he killed Cedric Diggory."

"Remember Cedric Diggory!" The whole hall called out and Harry had to take a moment to catch himself as a single tear ran down his cheek. "Yes, remember Cedric Diggory."

He began once again, softly but loud enough to be heard in the back. Everyone in attendance was spellbound by his oration. "Last year I and five of my closest friends went to retrieve something he was



after at the Ministry and ended up in a battle with the Death Eaters, we fought well and held our own for quite some time." He looked to the corner where Snape was just about to speak. "We were not good enough, we were arrogant and we were unprepared to face them. Yes we had the talent and the drive, but they have years of experience casting spells we have never heard of. After we were rescued I was possessed by him."

There was a sudden intake of breath by everyone in the room and Harry could have sworn his ears were about to pop as the air pressure changed. "Yes, I defeated him then as well which is why this summer was so quiet."

"But you're the Chosen One!" Someone called out from the back.

"I am just like any of you; I have not gone looking for him he keeps finding me. I am decent at Defense, maybe better than, but I will tell you why I am still alive." Everyone went silent. "Because I fought back, because he expected me to be a child and let him have his way. NO MORE! Every one of us has to stand up for ourselves. The Death Eaters are cowards; they attack with three times as many as they need because they are not organized. Nor are they unusually powerful. If five of them attacked Hogsmeade or Diagon Alley and every single magic user in sight turned and fought back they would not stand a chance no matter what spells they know. That is why we are here. To learn to defend ourselves and protect others, and consequently to improve ourselves and our grades in Defense Against the Dark Arts. Any more questions?"

Nobody said anything which he took as a negative response. "Good, then line up in two single file lines and come sign the contract or grab a copy and leave, we will get started in twenty minutes."

The lines formed slowly and they began making their way up to the table to sign. Harry crossed the room to the corner opposite Snape where Hermione, Ginny, Luna, Neville, Hannah, Susan and Lavender were waiting. The latter jumped into his arms and kissed him deeply. "Wow...you were amazing!" She cooed at him.

He smiled down at her, "I had so much more to say but Professor Snape talked me out of it."

"You actually listened to him for once?" Hermione asked lightly.

Harry nodded, "When he makes sense there is no reason to disobey just because. I'm not a troublemaker you know." Ginny and Hermione crossed their arms and raised an eyebrow in unison and they looked at him, he couldn't help but laugh at the display.

"The son of a Marauder is not a troublemaker, yeah that will be the day." Ginny said with a smile.

"Fine, so I don't make trouble just to make trouble. There has to be a purpose to it." Hermione rolled her eyes but looked across the room to see the line halfway through.

"So how is this going to work?" Neville asked quietly.

"I want the old guard, that is the older students from last year who are still here, to be Group Leaders."

He went pale, "But..but..but Harry I can't do that!"

He put an arm on the boys shoulder, "You don't have to do anything Nev but I know you can do it if you put your mind to it. You fought with me at the Ministry and people are going to respect that far more than anything Snape says. If you have trouble you can always let me know and we can fix it or get one of the others to replace you."

"I know you can do it Nev." Hannah said before kissing him on the lips quickly causing him to blush, he did stand straighter though.

"Alright Harry, I'll try."

He slapped Neville on the back, "Good on you then mate." He turned to Susan. "I'd like you to be a Leader as well Susie."

"Me?" She squeaked out. "I wasn't in that battle, nobody will listen to me!"

He placed a hand gently on her shoulder, happy to see that she relaxed a bit unconsciously. "You will do fine Susie, just like I told Neville, if you have a problem you can let me know. I wanted you to take the fourth years."

She thought about it for a moment before nodding and staring off into the crowd. "Hermione and Padma will take the Sixth and Seventh years unless Cho and Katie want to take the upper classmen. Neville will be with Gin for the fifth years, and Luna and Susan can take the Fourth years."

"What about the old guard, are we going to be learning the same stuff from last year?" Susan asked.

He shook his head, "That is why you are helping me teach and observe, I plan to get us together for more intense training during the week if that's alright with you guys."

They all nodded and he turned around to see everyone waiting patiently for them. "That's my cue." He said with a smile before walking over and getting back up on the table.

"Alright everyone, the first thing we are going to work on is the Disarming Charm." He called out.

"What good is that going to do?" Someone called out from the back causing him to smile at the memory of the same question. "I used it to defeat Voldemort my fourth year." There were no more comments so he demonstrated and asked everyone to group up by year and then pair off. Once that was done he began making rounds doing small demonstrations and appraising everyone's level. He eventually knew he would have to separate by talent and not age but this was the best way to work for now. For the next hour and a half they worked on it with only a few people needing to be revived after a particularly powerful shot.

He called a halt and thanked them all for coming and encouraged them to come again the next weekend. Everyone agreed that it had gone well if not as quickly as the DA had the year before simply due to the variance in age and the size of the group. Snape approached them as the last of the students filed out. "That was...adequate Lord Black." He looked as if he were going to say more but appeared to change his mind as he swept out of the hall.

They bid adieu to Neville, Susan and Hannah before heading to his rooms. Once there they settled into the soft seating as Dobby brought tea and biscuits. "So it looks like it's going to work." Harry commented.

"It was a very good start." Hermione agreed. "Even Ron looked like he was enjoying himself; I'm certain that had nothing to do with being proficient in the charm already as he flung that poor Hufflepuff around." Harry giggled and saw the corner of her mouth tip up just a bit.

"Well at least he showed I wasn't sure if he would." Harry commented.

Lavender was sitting on his lap nuzzling his neck and the other three girls exchanged glances before standing as one. "Well, we have homework to do in the Library. We will see you two later?"

Lavender looked up and simply said, "Bye." As they exited the room.

"Lav, what did I tell you about them?"

She pouted at him and whined, "That I have to learn to share?"

He nodded, "You know you only have tomorrow left to be alone with me, I can't stay away from them any longer Lav, its killing me."

"I can't be enough for you?" She asked quietly.

"You know it isn't that, I am already in love with them and I can't stand not being allowed to touch them or spend time with them."

She sighed and nodded, "Can you make sure I'm included then...I don't want to be left out."

He grinned that she was actually talking about sharing him realistically. "I can promise to try but things can happen when you aren't around. If you can't handle that then we should part as friends now."

She shook her head before burying her face in his shoulder. "Don't wanna."

"So you are going to be a good girl and share your toys?"

She nodded, "Have to, good girls get treats right?"

He began tickling her, enjoying her squeals of delight as she begged him to stop and ended up atop her on the sofa. "That's right, good girls get treats LavLav." She squealed again before pulling him into a kiss.

"Now?" She asked with a smile.

"I don't see why not..." He said as he leaned in for another kiss.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The couple settled into an everything-but relationship by Monday evening and despite her pleas Harry held firm to his resolve. Tuesday morning Harry woke up more than a bit giddy at the thought of getting Hermione and Ginny back once more. His giddiness bled through into his morning session with Lav once he woke her up and she enjoyed his increased attention up to the point that she passed out from exhaustion on him. She awoke to the sound of the shower turning off not long later and a semi-shagged and showered Harry walked back into the room.

"What has you in such a good mood today?" She asked from the bed.

"It's Tuesday." He answered as if that explained everything.

It took her a moment in her groggy state to realize what that meant, "Oh." She said simply.

He sat down on the bed beside her. "Lav, we have talked and talked about this. You have to share."

She frowned up at him, "But I don't wanna. My Mister Harry!"

"Didn't we talk about your baby voice?"

She continued to pout and speak in her little girl speech. "But you're mine, don't wanna share."

He stood up and began getting dressed, "Fine, but you can't complain when I put you in time-out later."

Not certain what that might mean she quickly jumped up and headed for the shower having brought her change of clothes with her. "I'll try..." She said with a sigh as she disappeared into the bathroom. The Lavender that appeared a half hour later looked and sounded nothing like the pouty little girl who had gone in.

"Do you really need to take so long in the bathroom?" He asked.

"Some of us take pride in our appearance Mister Harry." She said as she ruffled his untamed hair.

Rather than start up a real or mock argument he caved. "Your right, thank you for making yourself beautiful for me."

"Breakfast?"

He nodded and stood and they grabbed their things before heading down to the Great Hall. They headed for the Gryffindor Table and sat down before being joined quickly by two rather excited looking young women. Hermione sat down opposite Lavender on his Right side and a slightly disappointed Ginny sat down across from them at the table. However when Harry began playing footsie with her she immediately perked up.

"Hey you two, so how are things?" Harry asked casually as he laid a hand on Hermione's knee beneath the table.

Hermione went stiff for a moment before relaxing as she reminded herself that it was now okay to flirt with him again. "Things are going well as can be expected. And with you two?"

Harry looked quickly over at Lavender who smiled and replied for them. "We're doing very well thank you. Did you do something different with your hair?"

Hermione ran a hand over her tightly pulled back hair with a confused look on her face. "No I don't think so, I just threw it up after my shower. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no reason. Ginny is that a different shade of lipstick you're wearing today?"

The redhead was looking more confused than Hermione. "I don't wear makeup Lav; I thought you knew that after as many times as you tried to pull me into one of your makeover parties."

"That's right, how silly of me to forget."

Harry wasn't sure if he was picking up on the catty vibe or if it was all in his head but had to defend his girls. "I think you both look wonderful as usual."

The two blushed and Lavender looked put out before her face cleared and she was all smiles once again. Harry tried to move the conversation along. "So what's up today?"

Hermione just looked at him funny as she had the same schedule as he did; Ginny answered but seemed a bit confused as well. "Care, History, Transfiguration and Arithmancy but you knew that Harry. Are you alright?"

He nodded, "Fine, fine, never better I hope. So shall we meet in my suite later, when was the last time you did your Occlumency properly?"

Both girls blushed as he caught them out and he was surprised at Hermione. "Mione you haven't been keeping that up? I don't know what to say!"

Hermione shot a look across the table, which said the other girl was in trouble for some reason, before replying. "Between classes and...Extracurricular activities, I just let it slip Harry. I'm sorry."

"Well, that settles it then. Occlumency session in my suite after dinner, Lav might need some help as well, you know, a fresh perspective?"

Hermione nodded but Ginny still looked a bit confused. "Alright Harry, but if you couldn't teach her I don't know what you expect us to do."

"I am doing just fine thank you very much!" Lavender said taking offense.

Harry tried to salvage the situation. "Lav you know we didn't mean it like that. I just thought that maybe studying with them might be more efficient than with me. Besides," He leaned in closer and whispered in her ear. "You have to learn to play nice if you want treats...Gin or Mione might even reward you if you're good."

Lavender blushed at the sudden images that ran through her head but simply nodded to his suggestion. "Good all settled then, does anyone know if Flitwick has office hours today?"

"Actually Harry his schedule is full up, he holds hours after Dinner though. Any particular reason?" Hermione the prefect answered.

"Just a little project, speaking of which you know what would be amazing?"

The brunette looked at him quizzically. "What would that be?"

"Your electricity charm so we can watch movies in my room."

Lavender sighed beside him, "Are we really that boring?"

Ginny and Hermione were both smiling however as they knew his addiction, "No he just likes to have cartoons on in the background for some reason. Plus it gives you a reason to snuggle on the couch." Ginny answered.

Once again Lavender seemed to clam up as the reality of his relationship with these two was made clear again. "Oh...so you have a charm that will run electronics?"

Hermione shook her head, "I have a theory for an idea about a possible charm to run electronics, and it is complete conjecture at this point."

"But I promised to fund her research if she wanted to pursue it, if anybody could maintain her grades and figure out a way to single-handedly change Wizard Society as we know it that would be my Mione."

"Harry!" She admonished even as she blushed under his praise. "Despite our status in private, to all appearances we are still to remain just friend in public!"



"And I am certain that nobody at this table would think twice about me calling you 'My Mione'. So I guess I will meet you all in my suite about an hour after dinner? I really need to talk to Flitwick."

They all agreed and soon they were on their way to class. In Defense, Professor Snape was actually fair to all of the students in the class for a change and did not even take a single house point though he only rewarded them to his Slytherins. However he made up for his fair treatment of all by being particularly nasty to everyone including the aforementioned snakes. It seemed that if he was not allowed to vent his anger and frustration with James Potter at his only son, that he would direct that anger at everyone. Still, it was a marked improvement over some of his prior teaching methods.

In Charms on Monday Daphne had not said a word to him apparently still mad about his 'Pureblood Supremacy' remark. He tried again as they began practicing the days lesson. "Daphne."

She ignored him and continued to cast. "Greengrass!"

"What do you want Black." She snapped at him.

"I might have gotten a bit carried away on Sunday, I still disagree with the whole idea but comparing all Purebloods to Supremacist Extremist Bigots was a low blow and I'm sorry."

She seemed to warm somewhat but still held her scowl. "Look, I told you before I do not have a problem with them existing or succeeding. I just believe that purely magical bloodlines are better than the dirtier ones."

"Dirtier? You mean Mudblood don't you?" He asked with as little venom as he could muster.

"Stop putting words in my mouth, you make me sound like one of them!"

"I hate to tell you, but you are one of them if you actually believe that bull. Maybe blood purity is something to be proud of, even to brag about. But it should not be used as an excuse to keep us separated or to give Pureblood's special privilege."

"Isn't that what I have been saying?" Daphne asked him.

Harry shook his head. "No, you have been spouting the same stuff that the Death Eaters and Voldemort do though admittedly they twist it a bit further."

She sighed, "Look I'm sorry alright, you were right the whole time I just couldn't see that what I was saying was not what I believed. I am proud of my blood line and my heritage; I enjoy and expect some level of respect just based on that status alone. But I do not believe in any way shape or form that blood has anything to do with magical ability, nor that those of...less pure lines deserve any less opportunity or privilege. Can we drop this now."

"Maybe, is that what your family believes as well?"

"My mother leans a bit further to the Pureblood bigot side of things, but the rest of my family is much more in line with my ideals with the obvious exception of Matty. Now go away, your starting to attract attention!"

Indeed Malfoy and his goons were eyeing the two of them again and Pansy was sneering from behind them. Harry caught her eye and sent a jolt down the line causing her to quickly close her eyes to control her voice and body as she came silently. She was getting good at hiding it but it was also getting to be too easy to get her off that way. Once again he was worried but put it to the back of his mind, instead he turned back to Daphne one more time.

"Truce?"

"Better than, I thought we were becoming friends."

"Friends again then?"

She nodded slightly. "I said no Black now get away from me!" She said loud enough to be overheard by the Slytherins but not by Flitwick.

Harry walked back over to where Hermione was standing expecting to get the third degree, when she said nothing he looked at her strangely. "What?" She asked.

"Not even a bit curious?"

"About your display of passive-aggressive flirting?"

He groaned, "We were not flirting."

"Fine then, something about Pureblood Supremacy if I had to guess, and she came around to our way of thinking if the end of that fight was any indication. Honestly Harry, don't you know by now that I can read you like a book?"

He grinned, "I should shouldn't I?"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

The rest of class went by as usual but without the usual altercation with Draco. He walked Hermione up to the seventh floor and Arithmancy after pulling her into an alcove when the coast was clear for a quick kiss that took slightly longer than he had planned. After they rushed to get her to class he made his way back toward the stairs with a large grin on his face.

He was completely unaware of his surroundings and thus completely surprised when he was pulled unceremoniously into a windowless broom closet. "What..." He tried to ask but a finger went to his lips which he took as asking him to shut up. He was in a broom closet and from the feel of the person pressed against him it was with a female. He suddenly grinned into the darkness.

"You couldn't wait until later?"

In response the girl quickly undid his trousers and dropped them as well as his boxers quickly to the floor around his ankles, he had gotten hard as soon as the thought occurred to him of what she wanted to do to him in a broom closet. He heard a rustling of clothing as she hiked up her skirt or removed her knickers or both and quickly mounted him. As he slid inside her he turned them so that her back was to the wall and began plunging her depths as she seemed so eager for him to do.

He leaned in toward her trying to see her face in the scant light from beneath the doorway but she removed his glasses and dropped them to the floor before kissing him. The kiss was like nothing he

could remember, it was needy in a way that she had never kissed him before but he went with it as the entire situation was extremely erotic. She began panting against his mouth as her orgasm approached and he redoubled his efforts trying to hold off on his own until after she came. Finally with a strangled cry she came and he took that as his cue increasing his pace for a final few seconds before emptying himself inside her.

They both were panting as he held her pressed against the wall, it was not long however before she shifted and put her feet on the floor, which he read as her being ready to leave. She was going to be late for class after all so he let her down and listened in amusement as she rustled once again putting everything back in place. He tried to speak again only to be silenced by the finger. He kissed the tip and caught the brief flash of a blurry grin and leaned down to find his glasses. He was a bit disappointed when she stepped on them and he heard the crack of glass breaking.

"Crap you stepped on my glasses!" He looked up but was blinded as the door flew open and she ran. He picked up the pieces of his lenses and frames before casting a non-wandless Oculus Repairo reminding himself to thank Hermione later for that spell. He put his newly repaired glasses back on and straightened his clothing before heading out and back down to his suite whistling all the way.

"You are welcome Gin." He said to himself with a grin.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Ginny had sat down the table with Colin Creevey and some of the other Fifth years and Harry did not get a chance to speak with her but enjoyed the looks they shared every time he caught her eye and she blushed under his attention. After dinner he met with Flitwick about his project before heading back down the stairs, he was honestly curious why such a small man would have his office on the top floor but was too happy with the day's events to really care. He walked into his suit afterwards to find Mione, Gin and Lavender sitting around the desks in the middle of the room. Ginny and Hermione appeared to be working on Arithmancy and Runes respectively while Lavender was reading "Which Witch" another in a long line of fashion and girly magazines he was unfortunately becoming accustomed to. He walked quietly up behind Gin and kissed her on top of her head.

"I knew you couldn't resist me."

"This is news?" She asked without looking up from her paper.

"Well, kind of, I mean I finally broke you down."

She looked up at him and smiled, "I told you that you were evil." She kissed him before going back to her parchment.

He went and sat down on the couch and in almost no time Lavender was in his lap and had captured his lips for a full on snog session. He pulled away after a few moments. "What was that for?"

"Just reminding you that I'm here. You didn't even say hi to me Mister Harry." She said with a pout.

"Awe, I'm sorry LavLav, how can I make it up to you?" He said just as sadly.

"Kiss me." She said quietly as she leaned in once more.

Time passed quickly by and the couple was interrupted by a polite cough. When he looked up the desks had been cleared and Hermione stood over them with a smile on her face.

"Mister Harry, LavLav. I believe we have work to do this evening."

Harry groaned when he heard the nickname coming from his other girlfriend, and Lavender looked more than a little angry though whether from being interrupted or Hermione using either nickname he couldn't be sure.

"She's right Lav, we did have plans for this evening."

Lavender sighed as she stood smoothly up off his lap, he stood and began unbuttoning his shirt but she put a hand over his to stop him. "If we are going to be all business can't we at least make taking our clothes off fun?"

Ginny perked up at the idea but Harry was confused. "How would you recommend we do that?"

Hermione's eyes lit with an idea before she smiled greedily at the two of them. "Double spin the bottle, the first person names an article of clothing. The second spins the bottle to choose who will remove it, that person will then spin the bottle to see who is losing it."

Harry shook his head and rolled his eyes. "Fine, if you think this is really necessary."

"Please Mister Harry? It sounds like a great ice breaker." He relented and conjured an empty Butterbeer bottle as they sat in a circle on the floor with Hermione to his left, Ginny across from him, and Lav on his right.

"Guess I will start. Shoes." He spun the bottle which landed on Ginny.

"Shoes is so boring Harry."

"Yes but they always get in the way if you don't take them off first love."

She nodded and spun the bottle which then landed on Hermione. Ginny crawled over to her and pulled the girl into her lap, which looked rather interesting with Hermione being taller than Gin in the first place. Ginny pulled her into a kiss as she trailed a hand down her thigh and leg down to her shoe which she promptly popped off. Hermione continued the kiss as she lifted her other foot so that Ginny could repeat the gesture.

"Damn, you two don't start off slow do you?" Lavender asked.

Hermione shook her head, "Why, we are in love after all. Shoes." She said spinning the bottle which landed on Harry.

"Well I can see where this is going." He said with a smile before spinning the bottle which landed on Lavender.

"Goody!" She said as she jumped into his lap and began kissing him, she was a very good kisser and it took a polite cough to remind him of his task. He quickly pulled both of her shoes off before finishing the kiss.

"Back to your place now Lav." She pouted but complied.

"What happens if I call an article of clothing and the person it lands on already lost it?" Lavender asked.

"I suppose you just choose another article then, or maybe the closest match? So the closest to shoes would be socks or stockings if they are being worn, otherwise work your way up?" Hermione proposed.

Lavender nodded and called shoes before spinning. The bottle landed on Ginny again who shrugged and spun the bottle again which landed on Harry. "Oh lucky me, do I get to sit in your lap Gin?"

Ginny pushed him down onto his back before straddling his face with hers facing his crotch. She leaned slowly toward his feet and he buried his nose up against her skirt and wiggled it for effect. She removed his shoes quickly and rolled off. "Not fair!"

"Who said anything about fair?" He asked. "This is going to take forever; can we just completely undress from now on?"

"Oh poo, you just want to get us naked Mister Harry." Lavender said with a giggle.

"Your point being?" He spun the bottle which landed on Hermione.

"I suppose we would be here all evening, and that does remove the problem of calling an article they already lost." She spun the bottle to land on Ginny.

"Yay me!" Ginny said as Hermione crawled over to her. The two began kissing softly as Hermione undid her blouse and pulled it smoothly from her shoulders. She next unzipped the girl's skirt before bringing her hands back up to the snap of the girl's bra trailing her fingers over as much skin as possible along the way. The undergarment quickly joined the rest of her clothing in a pile behind her and Hermione slowly lowered the redhead down to the floor.

She trailed kisses down the girl's neck to her breasts which she kissed lightly before licking each nipple causing them to stand at attention and continued her way south to where she hooked her fingers in the waistband of the girl's knickers and pulled them along

with her skirt smoothly off where they joined the others atop the pile. Hermione barely breathed into Ginny's red curls before sitting back on her side of the circle.

Ginny took a minute to remember where she was and then blushed as she sat up being the only one nude in the room. "That isn't fair Mione." She pouted causing Harry to worry that Lavender's mannerisms were catching on.

"Who said anything about fair?" Hermione answered cheekily

The bottle was spun once more landing on Harry who quickly spun the bottle, wondering idly what happened if it landed on Gin one more. Instead it landed on Hermione who was grinning though she was trying to control it.

"Poo again, when do I get to play?" Lavender remarked.

"You have the same chance as any of us and we will keep playing until you are nude as well... Now Harry I believe you have a job to do?"

"Yes ma'am." He said with a smile as he crawled over to her. She sat up on her knees as she met him and he kissed her softly, moaning just a bit as he felt that electric impulse again.

He began with her blouse, which he pulled over her head rather than unbutton, made quick work of her bra hardly breaking the kiss. He couldn't help himself as he attacked first her left nipple and then her right, relishing the taste of her flesh on his tongue once more. His erection was straining against his trousers but he knew eventually he would get to play with somebody.

He continued down to her stomach as he unzipped her skirt and pulled down her knickers and skirt in a single movement just as she had done. Trailing his kisses lower until his lips were just above her clit on her shaved mound. He helped her down to the floor before he finished removing her clothing and her legs fell open before him exposing herself to him. He once again was unable to control himself as he leaned in and licked her from hole to hood before sitting back. She took almost as long as Ginny to recover but was not blushing as she sat up; she was instead looking back and forth between all three of the other occupants of the room.



She spun the bottle without looking and it landed back on her. "Lucky me tonight." She said idly before spinning once more and watching as it slowed to a stop facing Lavender.

"Uh..." Lavender said rather intelligently.

Harry smiled to let her know it was alright. "You wanted to make this more fun, and you didn't want to be left out, remember?"

The girl nodded and stood up as Hermione did the same. "I've never..." Lavender began but Hermione placed a finger over her lips.

"Neither had Gin or I, besides, it is just a game, and I'm just undressing you. We have lived together for five years and there is nothing on you I do not possess nor that I have not seen before. Anything else is your call." She whispered.

Lavender nodded again but was breathing rather quickly as Hermione brought her hands up and began undoing the buttons slowly. As she pushed the garment over the girl's shoulders she let her fingernails trail lightly against the girl's skin and the garment dropped to the floor behind her. Hermione then pulled the girl into a hug getting a surprised squeak from her before she realized that it was to gain access to her bra. Hermione then slowly pulled the straps off of her shoulders until the only thing holding the garment on was her erect nipples. It soon fell away as well exposing her to the room.

The brunette went to her knees before the girl and slid her hands up the girl's legs slowly and unfastening her stockings from the garter belt she was wearing and then picking each leg up one at a time to smoothly pull them off. She reached under again and slowly pulled her lacey knickers off, first one foot, and then the other through the holes and onto the pile. Finally she unzipped the girl's skirt and slid it slowly over her hips until it dropped to the floor exposing her dark blonde curls. Hermione caught herself just before she dove at the girl's center having flashbacks to Luna. She stood up and pulled the girl into another hug pressing her breasts against Lavender's and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Welcome Lavender, you have my approval if you and Harry decide you want to stick around after this week." She whispered before sitting back down.

Lavender sat down quickly looking anywhere but at the other girls in the room and spun the bottle. It landed on Ginny who rather than spin it once more simply pointed it at Harry.

"That's cheating you know." Harry said quietly.

"And?" Ginny asked.

"And it isn't fair." He mock complained.

Ginny couldn't help but take the bait even knowing she had been set up. "And who said anything about fair Mister?"

Her use of that particular nickname had the opposite effect as Lavenders pet name for him. The erection which had been throbbing began to ache and his heart rate increased dramatically. "Gods I love you Gin."

Ginny made no comment as she stood him up and kissed him softly. She undid his shirt and pushed it from his shoulders followed by pulling his undershirt over his head, which broke the kiss. She turned to the other two girls who were watching in awe. "I could use some help ladies."

Lavender immediately jumped up and began undoing his trousers before pulling both his trousers and his boxers down to his ankles. As he stepped out of them Hermione wrapped her hand around his manhood. "We missed you Harry."

"God I missed both of you." He said and was unable to hide the emotion in his voice as Hermione kissed him just as Ginny had, though this time his erection was pressed against her stomach.

"You said you wouldn't leave me out." Lavender said quietly.

He pulled away from the brunette and pulled Lavender into a kiss which she immediately took advantage of, reaching between them she placed the head of his cock on her clit and began making circles. He was lost in sensation as Hermione and Ginny both began kissing his shoulders and running their hands up and down both his and Lavenders back. Although it normally took a bit more stimulation to get the girl off she was apparently very worked up by the game and

soon came, the girls had to help him catch her as her knees buckled and they lowered her to the floor.

Rather than stand back up the girls pushed him to his knees and Hermione laid on the floor beside Lavender as Ginny dove between her girlfriends legs and began licking and suckling. Harry was all too quick to catch on and lined himself up with her entrance before he slowly pushed his way inside. She was warm and wet and welcoming as always and he began to drive into her in long smooth strokes.

Lavender had not passed out but was merely weak, so she was watching with rapt attention as Harry had sex with another woman in her presence. She was somewhat surprised when Hermione's hand found its way between her legs and began massaging her clit once again. Rather than remark she simply laid back and enjoyed herself, Hermione came beside her just before Ginny did. Harry was still plugging away at the redhead as Lav reached another smaller orgasm than the last. Hermione took that as a sign and moved quickly.

Almost as if it were choreographed Hermione rolled into a kneeling position just as Ginny pulled away from Harry and rolled onto her back. Ginny's hand replaced Hermione's and she was just a bit more forceful than the other girl had been, the blonde gave up once more and simply concentrated on the sensation between her legs. The rougher play was getting her off faster than the softer had.

Harry was disappointed at first when Ginny had pulled away, that is until she was quickly replaced by Hermione. He pushed his way inside her as well before he picked the rhythm back up. Ginny moved once again and Hermione groaned as her mouth became useful only for moaning in pleasure. Ginny had a devilish grin in her eyes as she pulled Lavenders leg to the other side of Hermione who was lost in passion. She quickly dove into the new girl as readily as she had her girlfriend.

"Sweet Morgana!" Lavender exclaimed as it had all happened so fast that she felt the tongue probing her hole and licking her clit before she knew what was happening. Ginny turned around so that she was face to face with Lav although she was on her knees. She raised her leg and put one foot on the other side of the girls head even as she stayed on her other knee. This had the effect of

spreading her abused sex open before the girl's eyes as she began playing with herself.

Lavender still didn't know exactly what to do but was caught up in the moment. She reached up and spread the girl's lips wide with her fingers and quickly leaned up to have her first taste of another woman. Ginny fell forward on to her hands and knees as the blonde caught on quickly to what she liked and didn't soon driving her over the edge. Hermione returned the favor not long after pushing Lavender over followed by her own orgasm.

It was all too much for Harry to take and he could hold off no longer as he plunged one last time into Hermione and emptied himself inside her. He was swaying back and forth slightly to the beat of his heart and was sweating profusely. Hermione had collapsed forward and was nuzzling the other girl's curls while Lav lightly played with her hair. Ginny had rolled off of the girl's face after her orgasm, knowing she might pass out and not wanting to suffocate the poor girl her first time trying it.

"That was...that was intense..." Lavender breathed from the floor.

Harry groaned as his knees gave out and he collapsed to the side. Hermione rolled onto her back where Ginny quickly attacked her to get at the treat that waited between her legs. "Don't you ever run out of energy?" Lavender asked.

Ginny looked up and wiped her lip with a finger before sucking on it. "I can pass out after my surprise is gone." She quickly went back to work.

"Surprise?" Lavender asked sounding more and more confused. Ginny pulled away again and stuck her fingers deep inside Hermione getting quite the moan for her trouble; she then moved over to Lavender and popped her fingers into the girl's mouth.

Lavender gagged at first before settling down into just a cough. "It tastes like Harry, which is good. But what is that other flavor? It makes me a bit ill."

Ginny and Harry were completely confused. "Kind of almond?" Harry asked.

"Yeah that's it..." Hermione was looking rather put out as she sat up and looked between her boyfriend and girlfriend in confusion.

"What?" She asked.

"I'm sorry Lav, Harry and I love that combination...I guess I just..."

"It's okay, it probably wasn't the taste or the smell or anything, it was probably the surprise."

Harry pulled Hermione to him and whispered in her ear. "You are still one of my favorite flavors, no matter what she says. Now quit pouting." He then lightly smacked her bare bottom getting a squeak out of her. She nodded and smiled as he let her go and helped Lavender to sit up.

"So, Occlumency anyone?" Harry asked out of the blue.

Ginny and Hermione both slapped him on the shoulder from opposite sides and called in unison, "Prat!"

He smiled even as he rubbed the red spots. Hermione sighed, "Yes, as much fun as this was we were supposed to be working on our Occlumency. Shouldn't Susan be..." She stopped mid sentence and looked apologetically at him.

Lavender sat up straighter and looked at him with her jaw hanging open. "Wait, you mean you and Bones really were...I mean you did this?" She said pointing at each of the girls and herself.

He blushed. "There were extenuating circumstances but yes, I am...was in love with her at the time if you must know. Don't worry about it Hermione, honestly I should ask her if she has been keeping up on it. She knows my secret after all."

"So what is this secret anyway Mister Harry? Don't I get to know yet?"

He looked at her and she met his eye, he sent a quick probe toward her and got a mind full of images of what they had just done as well as the far ranging and racing emotions that went along with it. She was scared, and angry, and jealous, and extremely turned on while

still coming down off her peak. He knew he would have to talk to her about that later.

"I'm sorry Lav but you aren't ready yet. Maybe another two weeks and you will have shield in place that can stop a Legilimens."

She was looking very pouty but rather than reply she sat up in her meditative pose and closed her eyes. Whether ignoring him, or trying to make up for lost time so she could find out his secret he did not know. They all settled in and soon the other three were deep in the meditative state, when they came out of it two hours later Lavender was gone.

"Where did she go?" Ginny asked.

Harry sighed. "I don't know if this is going to work with her. I scanned her earlier to test her shields and she was scared, angry, and jealous even if she enjoyed all of it. I guess she needed some time to herself to sort things out."

"If it's meant to be it will be Harry, I'm sorry though." Hermione said kindly.

He shook his head. "Don't be too sorry Mione; I'm not in love with her, at all. I don't know if we just aren't emotionally compatible or what but it has been getting better over the last couple of days."

"So you could love her you just don't yet?" Ginny asked.

"I don't know..." He answered truthfully.

"Does this mean we get you to ourselves tonight?" Ginny asked with a grin.

He smiled right back at her. "I wouldn't have it any other way. If she can't handle it then she doesn't belong with me. I love you both."

The three quickly took showers and went to bed, the next morning they all needed showers again.

## 49: Happy Birthday Hermione

Lavender met them at breakfast that next morning but she barely spoke, choosing only to stay near him at all times. Harry was starting to worry a bit about her but decided to wait for her to make the first move. He thought they had fun together and hoped to repeat the performance but Wednesday night when Harry returned from talking to Flitwick Lavender was nowhere to be seen.

Thursday morning Harry woke up curled around Hermione, who was in turn curled around Ginny in his bed. He began stroking her back lightly making small circles and slowly going lower toward her bum. He then began kneading her thighs and sliding his fingers into the small space just beneath her bottom where he knew her sex was waiting. She either did not wake, or was feigning sleep but he didn't care. He pulled his hand back to his mouth and wet his fingers before returning them to her slit and working his way inside her where he found her extremely wet, she was faking it. He turned his hand and found her spot and felt her jump as he began massaging it.

"Mmmmm." She moaned.

"Good morning beautiful." He removed his hand as she rolled toward him onto her back and returned it between her legs where he began slowly working the rest of her sex.

"What's the special occasion?" She asked without opening her eyes. Her breath was getting shorter as he increased his pace until finally she came silently with her back arching off the bed, he slowly let her back down and removed his hand before kissing her.

"Can't I just wake you up like this?" He said with a smile.

"Oh I'm not complaining, just wondering what brought this on."

Ginny awoke on her other side and repeated Harry's actions as she kissed the girl, Harry leaned down and captured her right nipple with his mouth and began suckling until she came once again.

"Happy Birthday Mione." Ginny said with a smile.

"Oh my! Is it really?" She asked excitedly.

Harry kissed her once more. "September 19 and you are now officially legal" He grinned at her before a thought struck. "Maybe this is why Lavender didn't show last night?"

Hermione exchanged a look with Ginny before looking back to him. "I don't think so Harry. I think we may have freaked her out a bit, you were probably right about it not working with her."

He sighed, "Well that is her decision to make, I didn't hide anything from her."

Ginny sat up and grinned evilly at him, "So you told her about wanking in the shower, in the girl's showers I might add, while Katie and I were washing our hair?"

"Harry! Why didn't I know about this?" Hermione chastised him playfully.

He blushed, "Lavender and I still aren't having sex if you didn't notice. At that point I had only gotten her off, I didn't let her return the favor and the pressure was getting to be too much."

"You had my permission to play with Katie, why didn't you take them up on it?" Hermione asked.

He growled. "Because someone told me I had to behave for the first week."

"Oh...right. But you had sex in that crazy dream thing of yours...which we so need to try by the way."

He nodded, "But that was all in our heads, no physical release."

They both nodded, "Well, sorry I haven't gotten you anything for your birthday Mione." Ginny said quietly.

The girl in question kissed her softly. "I have you two, I don't need gifts."

Harry rolled out of bed and smiled. "That's really too bad then, because I had a surprise planned for you."



She sat up after Ginny got out of bed. "Really?" She asked, sounding like the excited eleven year old she had never been.

"Really, free period before lunch in the library." He said with a smile.

"Oh bother, you're making me wait that long?"

"Come on you two, into the shower."

"It's awfully small in there." Ginny remarked after helping her girlfriend out of bed.

"Lucky we don't mind touching then isn't it?"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

A very happy-go-lucky Lavender joined them at breakfast sitting across from Harry as Gin and Mione were on either side of him. Her sudden change in attitude was jarring but she seemed happy enough to chat and flirt with both girls. The flirting threw all three of them for a loop but they had little time to ponder its meaning before heading to their first class. As usual the small group practiced for the first part of Transfiguration and helped out the rest of the class during practical.

Harry worked his way over to Lavender but Hermione had beaten him to it. From this distance he could see Hermione helping to direct the girl's wand arm and if he was not seeing things, Lav grinding her bum into the other girl as she talked over her shoulder with their lips mere inches apart. Hermione was looking both confused and aroused and by the end of class she was extremely worked up. Harry caught Lavender for a moment ten minutes before class was due to let out.

"Lav, I know what you're doing. It is the only way to explain your sudden change in attitude. I didn't teach you Occlumency so you could shut off your jealousy, anger, or fear. If you don't work those out they are going to creep up on you when you least expect it and because they were suppressed you are going to explode."

"I don't know what you are talking about Mister Harry."

"Lav please just listen to me. I suppressed all of my grief for Sirius and my Parents, and I had a major debilitating breakdown with the smallest trigger. I also suppressed all the guilt I was feeling when I was carrying on with Hermione while she was technically still with Ron and that would have hurt if I hadn't burst the bubble before Ron did. Don't do this...I won't continue to see you or teach you if you do."

She just smiled up at him, "I have done no such thing Harry, I just finally got over it alright?"

"Is that an oath?" He offered.

"Sure, now If you will excuse me my new girlfriend looks like she could use some attention." She walked back toward Hermione as he pondered her statement, not certain whether that actually counted as an oath just by saying sure in answer to a question.

The bell rang and as they walked out of class Harry watched Lavender drag Hermione into a broom closet with amusement and trepidation. He really hoped she was telling the truth, but was at least happy to see Perfect Prefect Hermione being bad. He contemplated joining them for a moment before deciding to let them have their fun. It was a free period so he headed back to his room to wait for them. It was his intention to sit everyone down in order to discuss the problem.

Charms was starting for the Fifth year Gryffindors in a few minutes so he stopped off on the fifth floor to wait for Ginny to arrive, he was walking down the Charms corridor when he was once again dragged unceremoniously into a broom closet. "So we meet again?"

In response the girl kissed him passionately as she dropped her robe to the ground and pushed his from his shoulders. "Flitwick is going to kill you if you're late. Shouldn't we leave the clothing on?"

Her response was to nearly rip his shirt off before undoing her tie and throwing it then shrugging her shirt off exposing that she was not wearing a bra in the very little bit of light under the door. He dove for her breasts and began suckling as she was undoing his trousers. He gave up and unzipped her skirt before pulling it down and off and forced her onto her back on top of the pile of clothes. He made to go south toward her sex but she pulled him back up and took his

glasses off and tossed them into the corner before pulling him into a kiss and wrapping her legs around him pulling him into her in one swift movement.

"Right, short on time." He said breathily as he began pounding into her. She came silently at least twice that he counted before he spilled himself inside her. She found her wand somehow in the dark and quickly cast a charm to clean both of them up. He got up quickly and moved to the corner. "Go ahead and get dressed first love, you're going to be late as it is."

He turned and began looking for his glasses before feeling them snap beneath his foot again. "Damn it!" He exclaimed as he picked them up. "I need to get better glasses if we keep this up." He said turning toward her. The door opened and closed quickly and he was alone in the dark. He brought out his wand and lit it with a Lumos quickly getting dressed again and finding that he had one more tie than he should. He could just make out the stripes in the magical light which sucked the color from everything.

"Great, now she is late and out of uniform. I hope she doesn't lose too many house points." He remarked before stuffing it into his pocket to give to her later.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He went to the library early to make certain that everything was ready, after Arithmancy Hermione showed up and looked around. "What are we doing in here Harry? The whole place is full of Fifth and Sixth years who have this period free today. We'll never find a table."

Indeed every table appeared to be taken; he simply took her hand and began to walk around searching for a table of their own. "There has to be one around here somewhere...There, an empty table in the corner of the room." He said pointing.

As if out of nowhere she suddenly found the completely empty table in the dark corner of the main area. They headed to the table and sat down; it was noisy no matter how Madame Pince tried to keep the volume down. "Honestly Harry, this place is as packed as I have ever seen it. Are you certain this is the best place for my surprise?"

He just pointed to the table where a very large and dusty tome lay open. She examined it before a sharp intake of breath. "Harry! This is the first edition of Hogwarts: A History!"

"It's yours, there are only three left to be found and one of them is in this library under glass. I figured you could add it to the Granger Library at Number Twelve." She jumped up and kissed him before remembering where she was and looking quickly to make sure that nobody had seen. He stood and pulled her up with him.

"Harry?" She asked.

He just smiled and removed her tie. "Harry what are you doing?"

He began unbuttoning her blouse, "What on earth are you doing! All of these people can see us!" She said grabbing her shirt and holding it closed. He slowly pulled her hands away before continuing.

"You like to be watched don't you Mione?" He whispered in her ear before kissing her deeply. She whimpered into his mouth which he took as license to continue.

Before she knew what was happening her blouse was on the chair beside them. Nobody seemed to notice though as he quickly divested her of her bra as well. "Harry! We can't! Voldemort will find out! Worse we could get expelled!"

"I don't care anymore Hermione. I have to have you right now, and I know you have always wanted it in the Library." He captured her left nipple with his mouth as he unzipped her skirt and pushed both that and her knickers down around her ankles before undoing his trousers and letting them fall.

"In the Stacks Harry! Not in the middle of the study area!"

He pushed her down on top of the nine-hundred-year-old tome and took her from behind. She finally gave up and closed her eyes since there was no way they weren't in trouble already. The feel of the ancient parchment against her breasts and cheeks as well as the smell of the dust and ink helped to drive her quickly toward climax. "Harry, Oh gods... Don't stop. I don't care if we get expelled just don't stop." She came within seconds but he continued to thrust into her as she screamed his name.

Hermione opened her eyes slightly and found Madame Pince approaching them with a stern look on her face and carrying a book from the section behind them, Hermione thought they were done for but at the last second she turned away. Harry increased his pace. "HARRY!" She screamed as she came harder than she ever had before. Soon he came inside her and she enjoyed the warm rush of goo against her insides, making her feel perfectly full. She looked up with half lidded eyes to find herself staring back.

"Harry? What may I ask are you doing?" The other Hermione queried.

"I just finished shagging you rotten in the Library...wait what?"

"You have done no such thing! You best remedy the situation right away!"

He pulled out of her and she moaned even as she was confused as she could ever remember being, it was possible that future her would use a time-turner to get here but she knew that present her would never abuse the power that way, and all of the time-turners in Britain had been destroyed in June anyway. The other Hermione quickly removed all of her clothing and walked around the table where she rolled present Hermione over onto her back and dove between her legs to clean her out. Harry plunged himself inside New Hermione and began long smooth strokes.

Present Hermione screamed once more as her second largest orgasm ever took her. Nobody else so much as glanced in their direction and soon the other Hermione came even as Harry continued to plow into her from behind. Finally he came once again after half an hour of the most glorious sex that Present Hermione had ever had and the most mind-blowing orgasms she might ever have.

Harry pulled out of new Hermione and pushed her onto the table and rolled her onto her back. "Hermione, why don't you do yourself a favor and clean yourself up?" He asked.

She was beyond the point of caring any longer how it had happened, she dove between her own/the other girls legs and began licking and sucking out every drop of cum she could even as she pleased

herself exactly how she knew would get her off the fastest and it did. Other Hermione came at least twice before Now Hermione was done. Harry had gotten dressed in the meantime. When Hermione looked up into Her/Other girls face it was no longer her but Ginny looking back at her. "Gin?"

The redhead got up and kissed her quickly before starting to get dressed. A very confused Hermione began getting dressed as well as her brain slowly began to engage once again. She had just finished putting her tie back in place when she turned to Ginny. "Wotcher Nym?"

"Happy Birthday Hermione." Ginny leaned in and kissed her and when she pulled back Tonks stood there in a school uniform. "How'd you figure it out so quickly? I thought we had you pretty much brain dead."

Hermione grinned, "Oh Merlin yes...I had no idea until I began getting dressed again." She turned and pulled Harry into another kiss. "Thank you Harry! This has to be the best and most thoughtful gift ever! Though I suppose that is not actually my copy of Hogwarts: A History." She said glumly.

"Oh no, that is yours Mione. Gin helped me track it down with the help of some of her dad's contacts at the Ministry. And besides, what else am I going to spend my money on?"

She leapt into his arms and rained kisses all over his face before turning back to her new book in awe. "Speaking of which, where is she?"

Harry turned Hermione slightly toward an empty spot in the room. "Ginny is laying naked on a table right there." Hermione blinked and found Ginny masturbating in the middle of the library on top of another table. She came just as she appeared before looking up into her girlfriend's eyes.

"Oh, uh. Hi Mione. Happy Birthday." Hermione wanted to run and kiss her but was afraid to break the charm.

"So this was your project with Flitwick the last two days? You learned how to cast the Fidelus Charm?"

He nodded and grinned, "I actually got the idea from Sirius. He told me a story once about the Marauders putting the Fidelus on all the female bathrooms at the school. They then charged money or sexual favors for admittance. Now I don't know if that ever actually happened or not but the idea was too good not to use."

Hermione walked across the small space between tables and pulled a nude Ginny into a passionate Kiss. "So was the show as good from here as it was from there?"

"Oh gods Mione you have no idea? Watching you go down on yourself? Watching you go down another woman who looked exactly like me? I came before I ever touched myself!"

They both smiled as Ginny began getting dressed and Harry joined them at the other table where they sat down. "I would also like to show you what I picked up from some light reading after talking to Flitwick. What do you see behind me?"

Hermione and Tonks looked at him a little funny but the brunette answered. "A table in the corner. Why?"

"What table?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked again and sure enough she could see no trace of the table in the corner and her eyes tried to slide away from where she knew one had existed before. "But there was just...I mean...what were we talking about?"

"The table in the corner behind me?" Harry asked and suddenly it was there again.

"You figured out how to revoke the knowledge? I thought it took most of Dumbledore's strength to do that?"

He nodded, "It did, but remember I have Super-Magic and he was injured by a curse, and this is two small tables not an entire magically enlarged house."

"This really is amazing Harry, but I suppose you should remove the charm..."

"Done." He said without moving and people seemed to look at them funny as if they had just appeared out of nowhere.

"What about the other one?" Hermione asked.

He shook his head, "No I think we will keep that one for now. It is your own reserved table in the Library. Happy Birthday Sweetheart." She kissed him again as the bell rang.

"Time for lunch, shall we ladies?" He asked as he stood up and offered an arm to both Hermione and Nym.

"I need to get back to patrol Harry; I'll catch lunch later or get Dobby to bring me a snack. Later guys!" She said as she left them.

"Gin?" He offered her his elbow, which she took readily. They strolled back downstairs to the Great Hall and sat grinning at each other before Lavender joined them.

"How did you like your surprise Mione? And what was it, Harry refused to tell me."

"A first edition copy of Hogwarts: A History!"

Lavender seemed to go blank for a moment, "Is that it?"

Hermione leaned across the table and began whispering in the girl's ear. Lavender was smiling at first but soon her face went blank. As the brunette continued her confession the girl's face broke through jealousy and contorted into anger. Hermione could not see this and so continued to describe exactly what had happened. She had finally had enough and stood up.

"You won't fuck me when I want you to, but you surprise her with the most romantic birthday present ever shagging two of them in the process? What the hell is going on Harry! I...I can't do this!" She shouted at him.

He stood up, "Lavender please?"

She turned on him, "I gave myself to you Harry, I know we were making love not just shagging. Why can't you see that I love you? Why don't you love me?"



"I told you Lav, I was not ready and you weren't either. That's why!" He whispered, trying to keep the details of the argument from prying ears.

"What are you a pouf? How could you refuse this?" She asked indicating her body. "Nobody tells me no, and then you cheat on me? I just...I can't...we're through!" She stormed out of the Great Hall with the eyes of the early arrivals watching her depart.

Harry groaned and sat down dropping his head to the table with a satisfying THWACK! "At least only a third of the school saw that." He said quietly.

"Yes but she is the biggest gossip in the school, everyone will know Harry!" Hermione said sounding scared.

Ginny shook her head as she pulled the other girl into a hug. "No Mione I don't think so. She gossips about other people, this is her problem and the only other person she might say anything to is Parvati."

"But all these people!"

Harry looked around the hall quickly. There were no Professors present yet and no Slytherins either. There were a few younger Gryffindors and Hufflepuffs and only Luna at the Ravenclaw table smiling her dreamy smile as she waved at him. He waved back before turning to the brunette. "Mione I don't think we have a problem as long as she keeps quiet. But honestly, can we just be done with this now? It didn't work out okay?"

Even through her embarrassment Hermione remained resolute. "You have to know Harry; if there is even one other girl that you can fall in love with it will strengthen you further. That might mean the difference between defeating Voldemort and..." She couldn't finish.

"And being finished by him...alright but I'm telling you right now I don't think there is anyone else at the school that I can fall for. I also somehow doubt that Parvati or Padma will have anything to do with me once Lavender spills her guts."

"Not Cho?" Ginny asked.

"Oh...uh..." Harry was caught off guard having forgotten all about the Asian bombshell.

"Or Daphne Greengrass?" Hermione asked him.

"How many times to I have to tell you we are just friends, less than really, I mean I am her protector, that's all."

Hermione exchanged a look with Ginny. "I suppose the chemistry is hard to see from the inside, but you have it bad Harry."

He shook his head still adamantly opposed to the idea. "Whatever, in any case if you wish for me to continue trying to get into everyone's knickers I guess I can do it just to make you happy."

They both smiled at him as the food appeared on the tables and the staff began trickling in. "So who was next on the list?" Ginny asked.

"I am not dating anyone else this week, I am sticking with you two until Monday with maybe a visit to Beauxbatons over the weekend." He stated firmly.

They sighed in unison but did not press the point. As they were eating Harry noticed that Pansy had joined the Slytherin table at some point and could not resist sending her the daily dose. He waited only a few seconds before catching her eye and winking at her, enjoying the way she squirmed in her seat. He then went back to eating.

"Oh by the way Gin, I broke my glasses in the broom closet again thanks to you."

"What on earth were you doing in a broom closet? And how is it my fault you broke your glasses?" Ginny asked.

"Sure, you just want to keep playing the silent game. You keep throwing my glasses off in the dark for some reason and I end up stepping on them. That has to be some of the hottest sex we ever had though." He whispered.

She turned accusing eyes on him. "Harry, I have never pulled you into a broom closet. What in the world are you talking about?"

"I have proof silly girl, you left your tie behind earlier." Ginny crossed her arms and waited patiently, Hermione looked on in amusement.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out the tie before laying it on the table before the three of them gasped in astonishment at the evidence lying in front of them.

Silver and Green Stripes.

50: Well crap...

"Gin tell me this is a prank please?" Harry begged the redhead.

"Why do you have a Slytherin tie in your pocket? I hope it's you that's pulling a prank!" Ginny said quietly.

He quickly pulled it off the table and stuffed it back in his pocket even as he began scanning the Slytherin table for leads. Pansy looked up expectantly but seemed rather put out when he didn't so much as pause on seeing her. "Harry? Harry!" Ginny called, finally snapping his attention back to the Gryffindor Table.

"What?" He asked a bit harshly.

"How could you mistake me for another girl?" She asked looking just a bit hurt.

He suddenly came to the exact same realization and grabbed her hand. "My room, now!"

"But lunch?" Hermione asked, for some reason she was smiling through all of it.

"We can have Dobby bring us lunch, now come on I am not discussing this in gossip central!"

They quickly left the hall and headed upstairs, Bernie took one look at his face and opened right up for them. Once they were inside Harry slammed the portrait shut getting a cry from the Satyr for his actions.

"Are you going to explain to me how you mistook a Slytherin for me?" Ginny asked.

"I'm sorry Gin; honestly I assumed it was you since I was in the charms corridor and after the first time you kept blushing when you looked at me."

She blushed to prove his point, "It was the first day we were allowed to play...I was randy!"

"Wait, so you did pull him into a broom closet?" Hermione asked giddily.

Ginny nodded, "Once, on that first day, I was just trying to pull a prank earlier when I said I hadn't. Sorry about your glasses Harry but I was late for class already."

"It happened so fast, I was dragged into the broom closet, my glasses were taken off, and we shagged and she disappeared all in the space of a few minutes. I didn't take the time to catalog her features."

He noted the look of amusement on Hermione's face.

"What may I ask is so amusing?"

She shook her head, "Sorry but honestly Harry, I think you can narrow it down to two suspects. Either Daphne had enough of the flirting or Pansy isn't satisfied with just a look any longer. Either way I am not certain I see the problem."

The redhead looked upset with her girlfriend for all of about ten seconds while she formulated a response. Suddenly her face changed from hurt to horny. "Gin I don't like that look." Harry stated.

"I'm still upset that you could mistake one of them for me...but the thought of one of them dragging you into a broom closet, never seeing her face... Well don't you find it just the teeniest bit erotic?"

He made as if to argue when the memory of saying exactly that to the mystery girl made him blush. "That isn't the point at all. I was violated!"

Hermione hugged him, "I am so sorry Harry, I hadn't thought of it that way. Do you want to take this to McGonagall or Dumbledore?"

He shook his head, "No...you were right that I brought this on myself, and I never said I was violated in a bad way. I just don't know how to handle this."

"Look Harry, for the umpteenth time you have to realize that not only are we okay with you seeing other girls we like it. If you enjoyed yourself then let the mystery woman stay a mystery if you want to.

Just tell me about it afterward while you are shagging my brains out!" Ginny said.

Hermione held up a finger, "Actually, first you need to go see Madame Pomfrey. While it is true that magic seems to protect us from Muggle illness, I do not know if that applies to sexually transmitted diseases."

Harry went white at the thought of what she was asking him to do. "You want me to discuss my sex life with Pomfrey?"

"We Harry, we have been intimate since this interlude happened. All three of us need to talk to her."

It was Ginny's turn to blanch, "Mione..." She whined. But the older witch held her ground.

"Fine, now is as good a time as any I suppose. I didn't see her at lunch yet but if she isn't there we can always catch her later. You know I am going to die of embarrassment right?"

Hermione giggled at the puppy dog face he was making, "I can do the talking if you wish Harry, but then, didn't Nym say something about asking her for independent study?"

He sighed as he remembered, "Alright fine. I guess that is as good a cover story as any to speak with her in private. Let's head back to lunch and then I can stop in on her. If I did not pick up a bug then you know you two are safe, might as well spare you both the humiliation if I can."

Ginny leapt into his arms and kissed him soundly. "My Hero!"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry entered the Hospital wing after Herbology hoping that the matron was not to be found. Alas luck was not with him as she came out of her office upon hearing the doors open. "Lord Black, don't tell me you are here voluntarily?"

Before entering he had shut down most of his emotional responses to lessen the embarrassment factor as much as possible. Therefore he surprised even himself with his cool demeanor. "Madame

Pomfrey, you have seen me in the altogether, I think you are allowed to call me Harry or Mr. Potter as you see fit."

"Oh!" She exclaimed. "Very well Harry, then you must call me Poppy. You are of age and I am not technically a professor."

He smiled. "Actually that's why I'm here, well one of two reasons actually. I wanted to see if you would be willing to give battlefield and more advanced medical instruction to me this year? I can pay of course."

She was momentarily stunned but soon recovered. "I have not had anyone interested in the medical field in years; however I am willing to wager you do not intend to become a healer?" He shook his head. "I see, I must say I am not entirely surprised Mr. Potter as many times as you have ended up in one of my beds."

"I need to be able to take care of myself yes, but I also need to be able to take care of my friends if something happens..."

"Something like last June you mean? I have not seen Miss Granger lately, how is her scar healing?"

He didn't think before he answered. "Oh it is almost entirely invisible except upon close inspection. I had almost forgotten it was there, I just accept it as a part of her now..." She was wearing a large smile as he realized what he had revealed.

"As I thought; you two hide it well but I always expected you to end up with either Hermione or Ginevra."

"Don't let her hear you call her that." He said with amusement.

"Both then?" She asked with surprise. He promptly blushed despite his emotional blocks. "My but you are a lively one Harry."

He sighed, "That was the other reason I was here...I need to know if...um..."

"You need to know about Infertility Charms? I'm certain I can still remember how to perform them."

"No! I mean thank you but I already took care of that..."

She nodded, "I expect you would have, you have always been a fine young man. So what exactly is your problem?"

He looked around even though he knew they were alone for the time being. "I need to know if there are diseases that are transmitted...uh..."

"Sexually?" He blushed again and was rather ticked off at himself for letting his control slip. She simply smiled. "Yes Mr. Potter, there are some magical maladies that can be transmitted through sexual contact, however I doubt that you have any of them as they are rather painful and rather obvious, such as Elephantitis Testiculos he winced as that part of his brain which interpreted Latin automatically gave him the possible English translation.

"Is there a spell or something for detection?"

She shook her head, "No Harry, it is just a potion, and you can take it as a preventative rather than a cure if you wish. Shall I get you a vial?"

"Um...may I have three?" He asked quietly.

She closed her eyes and took a breath through her nose as if she was trying to remain calm. "You may have three if you have reason to believe that all three of you have been exposed...However I must caution you," She stopped herself short and took another breath.

"I know you do not have any reliable parental figures to talk to you about such things, but honestly Harry isn't two girls enough? Have you been dipping into another honey pot? What with your celebrity status I suppose I should have foreseen this and that old coot would not have seen fit to speak with you about it that is if he even knows how to use his willy any longer..."

She suddenly looked up from her tirade to find a stunned but smiling Harry looking back at her. "Um, forgive me Lord Black, I did not mean to suggest, that is I did not even ask if it might have been one of the girls..."

"That is quite enough Madame; I can assure you it was not one of them that strayed... I was...assaulted for lack of a better term."



"Oh my! I am so sorry milord to have implied that you might...I mean..."

"What is this milord stuff, I thought we already established that I was just Mr. Potter or Harry to you Madame."

She recovered her equilibrium somewhat and composed herself. "What is this Madame stuff? I thought I told you to call me Poppy. I do not know what you are going through Harry but I think I should remind you that I am under a Healer's Oath not to reveal anything related to my patients care. Are you certain you do not wish to discuss your assault?"

He closed his eyes and took a few breaths as he sorted things out in his head, "I am currently in love with three women, although one of them is in France at the moment. However certain...things...have come to light which lead me to believe that the more love I am able to find the more likely I am to survive this war."

"That thrice-be-blasted prophecy I take it?" She asked.

He looked back at her rather surprised, "Yes actually...may I ask how you know about that?"

"Patient confidentiality Harry, but I think you can surmise who told me and what his conclusions might have been. I do not think I understand fully though."

He took another breath to steady himself. "I am dating Hermione and Ginny as well as Gabrielle Delacour. However those three believe I should carry on relationships with a list of potentials that may or may not become another love. So far it hasn't worked out all that great."

"And one of these girls assaulted you?" Poppy asked in confusion.

He shook his head, "Not quite, I was pulled into a broom closet on two occasions, most likely by the same girl though I cannot be certain. I mistook her for Ginny and proceeded to...er...well..."

She nodded having finally seen the light. "Very well Harry," She walked into her office and opened a cabinet before removing three

vials of a blue liquid. "Three doses of the preventative just in case. I would ask that you send the girls to me for a check-up as Miss Weasley seems only barely of age to be sexually active and I do not know the status of Miss Granger. There are female things that should be looked after in any case and far too few of the girls in this castle seek my services. As for the private lessons we can meet on Tuesday and Wednesday between Lunch and Dinner. Please let anyone else know they are welcome to attend as well and I am not worried about any compensation,"

He just stared at her for a moment before she answered his unasked question. "Why do the young always believe they invented sex? I assure you Harry that although there are those in our society who would not approve, I refuse to judge you as long as you are safe and responsible."

"Um...thank you...for everything I mean,"

"I am overjoyed to share my craft with willing young people Harry; we need as many healers as possible even if they don't have the proper Potions training. Please remember if you need an adult to talk to that my oath will keep me from revealing your secrets without your permission. Now off with you unless you fancy a bed? I believe your usual accommodations are still available." His eyes went wide and he shook his head, wanting to avoid being a patient for as long as possible.

She shooed him out of the Hospital Wing and down the hallway before closing the doors, leaving a bewildered Harry standing there with his mouth hanging open. That had been nowhere near as painful as he thought it would be and he had somehow gotten her to allow anyone he could convince admittance to the classes without tuition. He had nothing else to do until Dinner and so headed back to his room to think, Bernie was busy as always, and as always seemed to recognize his approach and open the door without pausing in his current activity. He noticed more than two sets of legs sticking out from behind the bush and silently applauded the little man.

Once in his common room however he was lost as for what to do. "Dobby?" He called.

Dobby popped in and bowed low, "I can helps you Mr. Harry?"

"Can you bring me something random from the Library at Number Twelve?" The elf popped away and was gone a few minutes, when he popped back Harry reached out and caught his hand before he could pop away again.

"You is wanting something else Mr. Harry sir?" He asked.

Harry shook his head and sat down on the floor so that he was at eye level. "No Dobby, you just pop in and out of here so quickly lately I hardly get to see you. How is everything?"

Dobby looked around in confusion as he too sat cross legged on the floor, though nervously. "Well me and Winky is keeping the house all clean for you's sir. We is also taking turns in Hogwarts kitchens though other elfs is not liking us all that much. But serving the great Harry Potter is the bestest Dobby ever hoped for!"

"Why don't the other house elves like you?"

"They is saying we is bad elfs because we is not telling you's..." His eyes bugged out and he closed his mouth quickly, "I mean they is not liking us because we is not properly bonded elfs sir. That's all, if you has nothing else Dobby will be going now.." He stood as if to leave but once again Harry caught his arm.

"Dobby, what aren't you two telling me?"

He began wringing his hands and looking at the nearest wall longingly. "Well...that is to say it is not easy to tell."

"You will not be punished, and you are not to punish yourself Dobby, but you have to stop hiding things from me."

Dobby took a deep breath, "We's not be working for you, we is bonded to you!" He burst out, he held up his hands as if expecting a smack on the backs. When Harry said nothing Dobby looked around his hands nervously. "Do you want Dobby to sit on the hot stove?"

Harry shook his head, "I had suspected this for a while now, can you please tell me why you bound yourselves to me against my will?"

Now that the threat of punishment seemed well and truly past Dobby sat back down. "We is needing the bond to survive Master Harry sir. Winky is being wasting away at Hogwarts since she loses her family, only you's taking her on and allowing her to bond herself to a new family is keeping her from dying."

That did surprise him but rather than think more on it he continued the line of questioning. "Why didn't you waste away then?"

"Oh I is feeling very ill for a few minutes after Bad Master is giving me clothes. But when I see Harry Potter is in trouble I am having to protect him! I binded myself to you's to protect you."

Harry sighed as it all fell into place; Hermione was going to kill him. "Dobby, no more secrets okay? And what have I told you about calling me Master?"

The elf stood quickly and nodded his head over and over, "Thanks you Mister Harry Sir, I'll be going now." With that he popped away.

Harry sighed and got back up onto the couch where he picked up the book Dobby had brought him. *Magik Most Dark* "Interesting choice Dobby..." He mused aloud before setting it back on the couch. There was a polite cough from the other side of the room and he looked up in confusion.

"Pardon me Harry, but I couldn't help but notice your reading choice."

He stood and approached the painting, "Ah hello again Wenny, I apologize for not being a better host."

"Not at all Harry, I have quite enjoyed the show as have Bernie and his partners."

Harry blushed, "Yes, well apparently we taught them a thing or two, which must be nice after doing the same thing over and over for a century or so."

"Indeed, back to the subject may I offer you some advice?"

He looked surprised for a moment but nodded. "In the early days of this school they taught not only the light arts but also the dark. The

main reason a spell is Dark is because of its potential for evil not necessarily its everyday use. Salazar was quite the Dark Arts Professor in his day as well as Potions, it is no wonder that he and Godric got at each other on occasion as he was the Defense Professor as well as Charms, but I digress. My advice is to study the Dark Arts Harry; you must know what your opponents are capable of if you are to defeat them. You may also find that some of the Darker Arts are very useful."

He was stunned to say the least. "Just how long have you been in that frame milady?"

"Nine hundred years give or take I suppose. Honestly one loses count after a few centuries, but you are avoiding the topic."

He nodded, "I have to say I'm surprised to hear of Hogwarts teaching Dark Arts, let alone that Slytherin was the Professor. I wonder if it's possible that part of the decline of the Dark Arts teachings is due to his legacy."

"Entirely possible milord, now have you thought upon my suggestion?"

He held up the book he had carried over with him and examined it for a moment. "I suppose it can't hurt to know more about what they know. Thank you Wenny."

"Any time milord, might I ask what has become of Miss Lovegood? We held quite the conversations even if they were hard to follow at points."

"She should be around again soon, my social life is a bit topsy-turvy at the moment and she took a step back."

She nodded and went still which he took as his cue to return to the couch and crack open the book.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

"Honestly Harry I cannot believe I found you reading that...that..Abomination!"

Dinner was going well except for the fact that Hermione was still going on about his light reading. "For the third time, you do realize that the abomination you speak of came from your library?"

As happened each time he brought that up it distracted her for a few moments that she owned an entire library, and though he did not know it, reminded her of her birthday surprise. "That is beside the point. If you had a genuine need to research something I could understand but you said you were bored!"

He sighed, and sat back from his plate for a moment to look around. Down the table Lavender was flirting obnoxiously with Ron and Seamus making certain to catch his eye at intervals so he would know what he was missing or some other nonsense. He found it liberating and a bit sad that he felt nothing at all except sadness at how abruptly it had ended. He was genuinely coming to like her romantically but she simply could not handle his lifestyle choice. He turned his attention back to an expectant looking Hermione.

"Look Mione, how do Fire Fighters learn to do their job?"

She looked a bit puzzled. "I don't understand."

"By setting fires. They have to study how fire spreads, what is most combustible, know how to find hot spots after they put the fire out to keep from having it start up again or injure one of their people."

He looked at her with that same expectant face she used and waited. After a few long moments she nodded her head. "So you are studying Dark Arts so you are better prepared to fight them, I can understand that. But when I found you, well you just look so enraptured by that book!"

"It is very interesting reading Hermione, its not so dry as our text books or even Occlumency for the Occluded, the way it describes magic is like a living breathing thing with its own back story. Even without using the spells and rituals in the book I am already thinking of magic in completely new ways."

"Great, more new ways to think about magic. Now we will never catch him." Ginny pouted playfully.

"This is serious Gin; I do not want any more excuses for the Prophet or the Ministry to be proven correct." The brunette chastised.

Harry perked up somewhat at that. "Proven correct about what?"

Ginny sighed, "Same old drivel by Skeeter about you going dark along with Dumbledore. The things that woman has been writing lately are just outrageous enough that they might be true. Especially after what Luna said."

He looked confused for a moment as he scanned his Luna memories for Dumbledore references. "About Dumbledore and Grindelwald?"

Ginny nodded, "Apparently they might have been childhood friends or some such drivel. Now don't you start giving the Prophet or Skeeter any credit Harry. We read it so you don't have to, not because it actually tells the truth."

Hermione chimed in, "If you ask me she is trying to drum up interest for a book, other journalists have done the same thing in the past. Writing teaser articles and then releasing the same information in book form. Tacky if you ask me."

They had gotten totally off topic but he decided to let the topic die if possible. The truth was that the teachings in Magic Most Dark fell more in line with the way his magic worked than the textbooks at school did and he could not get enough of reading them. He was actually nearly finished with this volume and discovered that it was part of a set which Dobby informed him existed in its entirety in the Granger-Black library. He decided that he would just have to keep his new hobby from his girlfriends for the time being rather than cause pointless arguments. It actually offered him a chance to share his other news finally.

"I spoke with Poppy earlier."

"Poppy?" Ginny asked with an arched eyebrow.

He smiled, "Yes Gin, Poppy is not a Professor and I am an adult. In any case there are magical maladies that are transmitted by 'Er' but they are extremely noticeable and we would know if we had picked

something up. That being said, she gave me these." He handed two of the vials across the table, which the girls took.

"If we don't have anything wrong with us why do we have to take a potion?" Ginny asked with a sour look.

"She said it can be taken as a preventative instead of as a cure. I imagine it's like a vaccine." The redhead looked at him in confusion before turning puppy dog eyes on her girlfriend.

"Honestly Gin," Hermione was always exasperated by Wizards disdain for science. "Vaccinations are dead samples of Muggle illnesses that are given as a shot. The idea is to give the body a chance to fight the weaker version so that if you get the real thing later it already knows how to fight it."

"Why would you want to inject yourself with something that was dead?" Ginny asked in disgust.

Harry had to interject at this point. "Why would you want to drink something like boomslang skin?" The girl scrunched up her nose at the idea but nodded as she understood his point.

He uncorked his vial and held it up in salute; the other two did the same though with much less enthusiasm. "Bottoms up." He said just before downing the contents.

The other two followed suit and got matching surprised looks on their faces. Harry was staring at his empty vial. "Peppermint?"

Hermione nodded, "Tastes like...why...I mean I know why but...making potions taste awful just so people will not get addicted is madness if they can taste like that!"

He smiled, "I think that may have been a peace offering, she told me you two needed to go see her for female things"

Hermione paled but Ginny just looked confused, once again she turned puppy eyes on her girlfriend. The brunette took a breath. "In the Muggle world there are doctors, that is the equivalent of a healer, who specialize in female anatomy. Specifically Obstetrics and Gynecology, I am guessing that there is a magical version."



Harry nodded though he was trying hard not to think about it. "She said most of the girls in the castle do not see her for regular appointments but that you two should. She also mentioned that Tuesdays and Wednesdays between lunch and dinner would be perfect for extracurricular classes."

That caught Hermione's attention. "All of the sixth years should be able to take that course then, The Seventh years should be able to take most of the classes and if she were willing all of the First and Second years!"

"And what about us measly little Fifth Years?" Ginny asked with a pout.

"First of all it is your OWL year are you sure you want another class? Second, I am certain we can arrange for private tutelage." He wiggled his eyebrows at her getting a smile.

"Right, because we all know how well that turns out...for the studying I mean." Hermione quickly added as the other two were just about to make a crude comment.

He shrugged, "In any case, she did say anyone, but for now I think we should stick to Sixth and Seventh years. Though it might be handy to have thirty or so mini-medics running around in a battle...

"Harry! Don't even talk about having those children running around during a fight!"

"What would we have done in first year if the school were attacked Mione?" That made her go quiet as she thought back to actually being that age.

"So are you heading to France this weekend Harry?" Ginny asked him with a sly smile.

"Absolutely, I plan to head up there for Dinner once again on Sunday after the DA meeting." He said with an equally sly smile.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday had been especially brutal at Quidditch Practice as Ron had the beaters concentrate all of their attention on the Seeker. He

had called it a Drill but Harry had to wonder if it was personal; he was not knocked off of his broom but had been hit enough times that he had to beg off of shower time with Gin and Katie afterward. He was still sore by the time his session with Dumbledore came around.

"So Harry have you gotten that memory from Professor Slughorn yet?"

Harry resisted the urge to growl, "Have you thought about how to defeat him if you are unable to find all of his Horcruxes? Honestly that plan doesn't sit right with me."

The old man sighed and sat back in his chair as he sucked on a lemon drop. "My boy I have tried to think of ways to defeat him for twenty years now. This new evidence makes that seem more a dream than ever, however I hold firm that this is our best chance at removing him from this world."

"Seven then."

"I'm sorry?" Dumbledore asked quietly.

"Seven is the most magically powerful number correct? That just seems to mesh well with Tom's modus operandi; he would be vain enough to try it as well."

Dumbledore looked stunned, "That does make some sense, which leaves us with at least three unknown Horcruxes. The diary, Gaunt's Ring, Hufflepuffs cup, Slytherin's locket and three others..."

"Two others."

Dumbledore looked rather alarmed at the knowledge Harry seemed to possess. "Just what led you to that conclusion?" He asked suspiciously.

"Pure logic this time, if he split his soul seven times, that would mean there are six Horcruxes with the seventh piece residing within that body."

Dumbledore had the look of someone thinking quickly, his eyes were darting back and forth as things fell into place. "That makes sense, from a certain point of view, however he may well have

created seven meaning his soul now resides in seven pieces, but surely he knows by now that his Diary has been destroyed...he couldn't have though...no soul could stand to be split so many..."

"Sir?" Harry asked politely.

Dumbledore's eyes locked onto Harry's as if he were about to use Legilimency, however Harry just smiled and the old man backed off quickly. "Harry, what have you been researching that would lead you to these conclusions? This is most certainly not how I would expect you to think."

Harry sat back in his chair in a relaxed pose. "I have been reading from the Granger-Black Library Headmaster."

"Harry I must insist that you cease exploring the Dark Arts, they are too tempting."

Harry stood up and begun pacing around the room. "Tom has fifty plus years of Dark Arts knowledge on top of his Hogwarts Education, I need to know what he knows in order to anticipate him. You have said almost the same thing in the past weeks. Know thy enemy and all that. How am I expected to live past an altercation with him if I do not know how what counter spells I need, what types of strategy he might employ?"

Dumbledore's face fell just slightly and Harry caught his breath. "You knew didn't you? All along you guessed that the best I would be able to do is to take him with me! Gave me a childhood that mimicked his own; pushing me in the right direction to figure out your little puzzles. All so you could mold me into the perfect weapon, willing to sacrifice myself for the greater good?"

"Harry please, I never..."

"You never what, checked up on me at the Dursleys to make certain I was being cared for? You never checked into Sirius' trial, or lack thereof to see if he might be innocent? There are many things you never did Headmaster."

"Harry I care too much for you to do that..."

He shook his head as he continued to pace, "You said the same thing last year. That you cared for me too much to tell me of my destiny! That might be true since I destroyed that Basilisk but before then you did not care for Harry Potter the person. You cared only for Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, and your weapon in the event that Voldemort should return. Do not lecture me about darkness old man; your soul is stained darker than mine."

Dumbledore was shocked into submission, merely sitting stiffly behind his desk. From the corner of the room came a cry of Phoenix song that calmed the atmosphere in the room down enough for Harry to think straight. He walked over to the perch rather than face the man he had just dressed down.

"Sorry Fawkes, I really didn't mean to hurt him but the truth had to come out." He said as he reached out and scratched the back of the bird's neck.

I am sorry he has done you wrong young speaker.

"How can you stay with him if you're a creature of the light?"

Fawkes seemed to sag a bit in an avian version of a sigh, He was great once, and though the darkness that you spoke of does exist, his spirit still remains in the light. I do fear that he is doing more harm than good even with the best of intentions.

"I'll say..." Harry took a deep breath and turned back toward the man in question who had recovered and was listening to his conversation in awe and anticipation.

"I am going to continue studying the Dark Arts Headmaster. If you really want to keep me on the proper path perhaps you should teach me what you know, and show me how to use the Dark for good purpose. I know it can be done."

Dumbledore sighed in defeat, "Very well Harry as you wish...However despite your revelations from earlier I would still prefer you get the corroborating evidence from our Potions Professor."

"Of course you would."

And so they began Harry's true education in the Dark Arts, A thoroughly tired and beat down Harry returned to his Suite at midnight to find Mione and Gin waiting in his bed. They cuddled close and held him softly as the three of them drifted once more off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Sunday he walked into the Great Hall to find all of the students assembled once more. He reviewed the list of names from the contract they had signed the week before and quickly compared it to the faces he could see in the crowd. He called them to attention and called off the roll before having each of them head to one side of the room. "Anyone who I did not call has not yet signed the contract, this is your chance to do so now, we are going to get started in twenty minutes, you have until then to decide to sign. I hope that none of you came today hoping I had changed my mind because I haven't."

That said he got down off the table and went to his Leaders group to chat. "Do you have any questions?" He asked.

They all shook their heads except for Padma who pulled him aside. "Listen Harry, I do not know what you did to Lavender, or if I care. But she is spreading things about you that are hard to believe. Parv doesn't know what to think, I mean, it is her best friend."

He sighed and glanced toward the group that contained Lavender and Ron who appeared to be flirting even if Ron had a fourth year Hufflepuff hanging from his arm. Parvati was standing next to the girl giggling at the conversation but he could read the slight bit of confusion in her face. "Look Padma... I am in love with Hermione and Ginny as well as another. I explained to Lavender that I would not be leaving them for her no matter what and she assured me that she could handle that. She was still a virgin when she left me even if we did get creative, and I refused her many times because I was afraid she was becoming too emotionally involved too quickly. She proved me right when she found out I had given Hermione a birthday gift. You can do what you want with the information but you can also spread that I will not be leaving these three women so the rest of the girls in line including yourself, need to think long and hard about dating me." He had gotten himself a bit worked up and could see the slight fear in the girls eyes, to make up for scaring her he

sent her a tiny bit of joy-juice and watched her eyes roll back in her head just a bit.

"What was that?" She asked just a bit out of breath.

"Happy thoughts, I thought I should make up for scaring you. I didn't mean to get so over excited."

She sighed, "Harry if what you say is true then she is spreading lies, gossip is one thing but she is being venomous!"

She shrugged. "Honestly? I have spent the better part of every year at this school being shunned by the student body for one reason or another. I'm not worried about it."

The girl nodded and walked away toward her sisters group. Harry took a moment to scan the room and everything seemed in order, however out of the corner of his eye he noticed Snape grasp his left forearm in pain though it was very quick before he schooled his features. Harry walked over to the corner. "Professor?"

"Lord Black." Snape said through his teeth.

"Would you like to tell me something? I noticed that shooting pain in your arm; you know that is a sign of a heart attack right?"

"I have nothing to tell you boy, now get back to your little club." Snape spat at him.

Harry wandered away but it kept bugging him, obviously Voldemort had called him, and obviously he was not running to greet his other master. That could mean one of two things; either he was called specifically and the Cruciatus was preferable to leaving Harry alone to teach his club, or there was a gathering happening and he was not required to attend either by exception or by excuse of having to remain at the school. He brought his attention back to the parchment and counted the names quickly before counting the heads in the room for comparison.

"Everything seems to be in order so we can begin. Today we will be working alternately on the stunning spell Stupefy and the shield spell Protego; partner off and one shield while the other casts. If by unfortunate accident your partner is stunned you can seek help from

your group leader to wake them up. The Leaders will demonstrate the wand movements and incantations. Begin!"

He jumped down off the table and weaved between the spell fire making comments and helping to correct deficiencies. All the while making notes about which of the students appeared to be advanced compared to their age group. He made his way toward Snape once more to try and draw whatever it was out of the man. "You know Snivellus, if you really are on the side of light, I would think you would want to share what is going on with the Dark Tosser."

Snape nearly met his eye but controlled himself. "You would do well not to speak so lightly of the Dark Lord, and that will be twenty-five points from Gryffindor for disrespecting a teacher."

"The Dork Lard can come get me if it bothers him that much. I am done taking his crap as well as yours; you know if you won't tell me what is going on now, then why don't you tell me about that unbreakable vow?" Snape looked up sharply in surprise and met his eye for a fraction of a second, long enough for Harry to pull his surface thoughts...

Bellatrix Lestrangle weaving the spell over his hand clasped with Narcissa Black.

A three story manor house with two wings, which looked like a small castle, young people in light blue uniforms bustling back and forth across the courtyard.

He sucked in a sudden breath as he recognized the place. "Snape what is going on at Beauxbatons?"

Again Snape was surprised and met his eye but Harry pushed away the urge to read him once more as he already felt dirty. Instead he pinned him with his gaze and released just a bit of pain. "I...the Dark Lord calls, there is to be an attack at Beauxbatons immediately." Harry made to turn away but the man seized his arm. "There is nothing we can do Potter..."

"LIKE HELL THERE ISN'T!" Harry shouted as he pushed the man into the corner, catching the attention of most of the others in the room. He had released both wands and was running for the doors before he decided that he was just too slow, instead he quickly

brought to mind the image of the gates of Beauxbatons. Forgetting that there were anti-Apparation wards in place he stepped and was gone without a sound. An entire room of students was left staring at the empty space and muttering amongst themselves, except for Luna who had a tear running down her cheek.

"Harry?" Ginny asked the empty air.

Authors Note:

Many were probably thinking the same thing last chapter, 'I'm disappointed that Harry could mistake any girl for another, especially Ginny.' Well I hope I answered your questions this time around. Harry was in a hurry and the girl in question wasn't giving him many chances or clues. She got hers and got out quickly and he thought it was Gin so he didn't question it. He does have perfect memory recall so rest assured, if he ever comes across the girl intimately again in the light he will be able to put 2 and 2 together.

Also...Thank you all for the reviews I appreciate them very much, plus they remind me to upload the next chapter especially when you ask a question that is answered (see above).



## Chapter 51: Beauxbatons

Harry appeared silently outside the gates at Beauxbatons in the middle of a firefight and quickly assessed the situation even as he brought up a shield in front and behind. From where he stood he could see at least a hundred people in Death Eater garb fighting what appeared to be French law enforcement. They appeared to be handling the situation well which was a surprise after seeing the British Aurors in battle, however he caught a chill in the air and felt for the magic, following it to its source. Above the trees and heading in his direction were nearly two hundred Dementors, easily as many as he had driven off to save Sirius his third year. With a thought he released every happy memory he had been storing in his special file and pointed both wands, not wanting to hold back he called the incantation aloud "Expecto Patronum!"

The French Aurors looked his direction momentarily, just long enough to see two enormous stags and at least two dozen smaller shapes they couldn't identify erupt from the lone figure and race off toward the woods where they went to battle against the swarm. Harry then turned and ran in the direction of the school, the Aurors allowing him passage once they saw that he was on their side, throwing open the doors he ran to the Ballroom where he found a Professor he thought must be the Assistant Headmaster taking a headcount. It took him almost no time at all to see that she was not among them.

"Where is Gabrielle Delacour?" Harry shouted.

The Professor turned toward him, "Monsieur Potter? I do not know but I must finish my count."

"Anyone?" He shouted over top of him.

One of the girls he recognized from the dinner table fired off something in rapid French, he only understood two words. Stroll and Woods.

Quickly he ran out of the room and exited the building heading toward the woods where the Dementors were fighting or rather fleeing from the silver shapes that darted around them. The Aurors had been forced onto the grounds and no matter how much he needed to find Gabrielle he had to do something to help them. He

began casting rapid fire bludgeoning hexes at every Death Eater in sight, not every one of them connected but it was enough of a distraction for the Aurors to gain the upper hand once more. That is until a sharp crack in the air let them know that the Anti-Apparation wards had just fallen, quickly followed by the remaining Death Eater forces popping in to surround them.

Harry switched tactics and began dodging the incoming spells, blocking only those he could not dodge. At the same time he was sending precision strikes back at them so as not to hit the Aurors. Slowly he was able to fight his way out of the mob and toward the woods where he spotted her running into the trees apparently unaware of the battle above. He began running after her as fast as he could.

"Gabrielle!" He called as she continued to run. As she heard his voice she turned quickly and ran into his arms.

"Master! There are so many of them, I did not know what to do!"

"It's okay Pet; I'm getting you out of..." He stopped mid sentence as his head began to throb in pain driving him to his knees. Occlumency or no he knew what the pain meant.

"Master?" Asked the alarmed girl.

"He's here, Voldemort is here." Harry whispered.

"Harry, Harry. I was hoping to find you here." A cold voice hissed from behind him.

He turned and pushed Gabrielle behind him. Voldemort stood in a small clearing looking just as pasty and snakelike as Harry remembered. "Tom, I am so glad to see you have recovered from our last encounter." Harry said as he slowly shut down his pain centers to block out the headache.

Voldemort began strutting around even as two of his Death Eaters joined him at the edge of the woods. "That was most unfortunate, but I assure you I am indeed fully recovered. How nice of you to supply the entertainment, Veela do have their uses, do they not?"

"Leave her out of this!" Harry shouted.

His serpentine lips pulled back into a smile as he looked on unfazed. "After today she will either be dead or one of my followers, I suggest you teach her how to address me properly if you wish for her to live."

He slowly began edging backward, hoping to grasp the girls hand and get them both far away; unfortunately she was backing up right along with him, misreading his intentions. She had to be really shaken up not to read him like a book. He noticed one of the Death Eaters circling to get a clean shot and with a thought sent a cutting curse that severed the man's wand arm just below the shoulder, Harry recognized the scream. "Lucius, glad to see Azkaban agreed with you."

"You'll pay for that Potter!" Although clearly in pain and bleeding profusely he produced another wand and sent a blasting curse in Harry's direction. Harry raised a shield just in time to stop it but the battle had begun in earnest.

The other Death Eater circled in the opposite direction even as Voldemort looked on unmoving from his position. Above them the Dementors began to flee from the silver defenders, twin jets of green light headed in his direction and he threw both himself and Gabrielle to the ground before grabbing her and rolling them both away behind a tree, before he could even think about Apparating out a cutting curse clipped his shoulder. Even through the pain blocks he could tell it was bad and began to return fire. Quickly he cast Disillusionment on both of them. "Run to the Ballroom Pet and defend yourself. I'll keep them busy!"

Taking that as a direct order she took off at a dead run. She was shielding with her wand and in her other hand she was producing what looked like living blue flame which she hurled at anyone that was close enough to try attacking her. An ugly baby voice began to taunt him, making his blood boil. "Come out, come out wittle baby Potty. Did it send its wittle girlfriend off to safety? That's all the better, she will be much more fun to play with if she's still alive."

He stood and quickly sent twin cutting curses at full strength in the direction of the voice but she was fast, turning and ducking just in time to lose part of her robes but remain otherwise unscathed. "What? No Unforgivables this time Potty?" She called.

He quickly dove and rolled to a new position which was closer to Voldemort. He didn't care at the point that all of his Horcruxes had not been destroyed, even a few years without Snakeface around sounded good at the moment. However another jet of green light flew over his head from Malfoy Senior who had taken the time to stop the blood flow; he wished he had approached Poppy sooner so he could do the same with his own wound. Harry didn't even debate as he sent a low powered bludgeoning hex followed by another cutting curse. The first hit the man's shield which he lowered once it was hit. "You will have to do better than that Pott..." He never finished the statement as his head was removed from his body.

"Potter! You just cost me one of my most faithful followers!" Voldemort cried from nearby. "I will make sure to kill you slowly for that."

Harry used a spell to throw his voice ten feet to the things left side. "You have to catch me first Tommy boy, you've been trying for sixteen years and I'm still here!" Voldemort turned and cast the killing curse in that direction, darkening the foliage as it passed before killing a tree that was unfortunate enough to be where the voice came from.

Harry slowly began making his way through the woods back toward the school but Voldemort seemed to sense where he was and turned quickly forcing Harry to dive once more as green light headed toward him. "You know Tommy, that spell is getting old. Don't you know anything better?"

The last of the Dementors were gone and without direction his Patroni began making their way back toward him. Quickly sensing his peril he redirected them toward the Dark Tosser for a distraction, as they converged on him Harry heard an inhuman scream from the man just before he Disapparated.

Harry quickly thought of his girlfriend and stepped silently into another firefight outside the doors to the school raising two shields as he appeared, the Aurors were still doing their jobs well but clearly they were going to be overwhelmed, Gabrielle had not made it inside yet and he could see her outline trying to run along the side of the building. One of the Death Eaters saw the same thing and sent a dark purple flame in the direction of the blur.

Time seemed to slow to a crawl once more as he watched the curse connect with her, one part of him was horrified while the other recognized it as the flame cutter curse that had left Hermione scarred. Harry had just learned that curse from Dumbledore so that he would know how to defend against it, instead he sent dual flames right back at Dolohov, followed by another set, and another. He continued until the man stopped screaming and laid a charred corpse engulfed in purple fire. He turned and ran toward Gabrielle who was now clearly visible lying on the ground, she was not moving and checking her quickly he couldn't find a pulse. The rational part of his mind shut down. Rather than do the logical thing and get her to a hospital his rage took over.

The part of him that would normally control his actions was in shock, the entire world was suddenly eerily quiet as the dark emotions consumed him. Harry's eyes turned from green to completely black, and the very air around him darkened until he became almost a living shadow. He began his dance with death spinning and weaving through the assembled Death Eater ranks, The Aurors were not sure if this was damnation or salvation, and instead of getting in the way they backed up against the building. The Death Eaters were not stupid; knowing this was not good for them they began sending wave after wave of Killing Curses in his direction only to have the curses redirected at another member of their raiding party. The shadow danced between them with cutting curses, bludgeoning hexes and flame cutters flying out at random intervals but never in random directions. It only took minutes for the Death Eaters to begin evacuating the area, but the shadow was hot on their heels taking them one at a time as he got closer.

None that the shadow touched died immediately, they lay either disemboweled, in pieces just large enough to survive with treatment, or knocked unconscious. Eventually all of those who were able had left and the shadow died down once more to reveal the bloodied form of Harry Potter-Black. Without a word he marched back up to the school and nobody made a move to stop him as he picked up the body of his girlfriend. Dumbledore and the Order Apparated to the spot in two's and three's and began taking in the scene around them, Tonks immediately headed for Harry but thunder seemed to split the air as he disappeared with Gabrielle. Tonks was the only one who was not left staring in shock at the place he had stood.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He appeared an instant later in the Hospital Wing at Hogwarts and lay her down in the bed he normally occupied. Poppy was startled when she ran out of her office to investigate the noise and found a bloody Harry standing over the body of a girl. "Harry what have you done to yourself now?" She asked.

"Not me, she was hit with the same curse Hermione received at the Ministry last year. I...I couldn't find a pulse..." It all caught up to him and he collapsed onto the nearest bed as the adrenaline wore off and his pain centers came back on line.

"Your shoulder Harry, you've lost a lot of blood."

"DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! Her...I need to know..." He said drifting back and forth toward unconsciousness.

Poppy knew when to argue and when to follow orders, he was clearly not too far gone, instead she turned quickly to the girl on the other bed. She cast several diagnostic spells and ran to her office to gather potions before coming back and beginning to pour them down the girl's throat, using magic to force her to swallow. "Is she?" He asked weakly.

"Barely... I need to at least close that wound Harry before you bleed to death!" He nodded.

"Make it quick; don't spend more time on me than you have to Poppy..." She pointed her wand at his wound and it knit very suddenly causing him to gasp in pain and pass out. She cast a diagnostic on him before nodding to herself and turning back to the other patient.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hermione and Ginny had arrived the moment they heard that he had returned and were sitting on chairs between the two beds. Madame Pomfrey had him on potions to keep him mostly asleep while the rest of his wounds healed naturally and the blood replenishing potion did its work. It was nearly three hours later that he finally woke up to the smiling faces of his girlfriends. "Hey." He said as if it hurt just to speak.

"Hey yourself Mister." Ginny said with tears in her eyes. Hermione was crying unabashedly but was grinning at him as his eyelids fluttered.

"You gave us quite a scare Harry, what is the big idea of running out without telling us where you were going, or taking us with you!"

It took him a few moments to remember exactly where he was and why he was there. "Gabrielle!" He cried and tried to get up but a hand on each shoulder kept him in bed.

Hermione composed herself as best she could. "Harry it isn't good."

"Where is she?" He asked quietly.

Hermione handed him his glasses as Ginny moved enough for him to see Gabrielle lying across from him.

"She is in a coma Harry, the curse I was hit with was cast nonverbally by someone who was not skilled in that form of casting. As it is she is lucky you got her here as quickly as you did, but there is a lot of..." She caught her breath as she tried not to sob. "There is a lot of damage to her organs Harry and you know that Curse Scars like mine cannot be healed by magic. Madame Pomfrey was able to stop the curse from burning all the way through but..."

Ginny spoke up when she saw that her girlfriend would break down if she continued. "But we can't know if she will wake up or if she will survive even if she does wake up..."

The tears were burning into the small wounds that remained on Harry's face. He lay back in complete defeat and just cried his heart out, seeing him in such pain both Hermione and Ginny lost it and joined him on the bed as they released pent up emotion. A million thoughts were running through his head, the charms on her necklace should have stopped most of the damage from that curse even at full strength; suddenly Harry began flipping through memories in his head. In each of them he could clearly see her wearing the necklace, he looked across the aisle and saw that she was still wearing it, but as he continued to run through his memories he reached a devastating conclusion.

"I never put the protections on her necklace." He said out loud though quietly.

A bleary eyed Ginny looked up at him even as her hand went over her heart where her necklace lay. "What?"

"I gave her the first necklace, before I learned how to charm them..."

Hermione gasped but quickly pulled his face up to look her in the eye. "Do not blame yourself for this Harry!"

"How can I not!" He shouted at her. "Your necklace, Gin's, even Susan's has those protections on them, I even specifically researched something that could dampen the Flame Cutter curse and yet Gabrielle is dead because I was too busy shagging her to protect her!" He broke down into sobs once more but no tears fell from his eyes. These were dry sobs, sobs of grief, almost shouts of anguish to any higher power that might be listening. "It would have taken two minutes! I killed her!"

"Harry? Harry!" Hermione called out to him but he was nearly hysterical. "Harry she is not dead! Stop saying that, we are going to find a way to help her!"

Ginny wrapped herself around him as tightly as she could but he kept forcing her away. "NO! Get away from me, everyone I love dies..."

Poppy exploded from her office and rushed toward them, "What happened?" She shouted over his anguished cries.

"He's gone hysterical; he is blaming himself for her death when she isn't even dead!" Hermione shouted back. "We need to do something!"

Poppy nodded and placed her wand against his temple, there was a flash of red and Harry went limp in the girls' arms. "What did you do?" Ginny said looking as if she were ready to attack the woman.

"I knocked him out with a medical grade version of a Stunning Spell. I have not seen his true magical potential but I have my suspicions, tell me what he might have done if we let him continue spiraling into that depression?"



Hermione gasped once more, "He wouldn't hurt either of us or himself! How could you suggest such a thing?"

The healer shook her head, "Emotional stress does funny things to the mind and magic Miss Granger. He might have unconsciously destroyed himself from the inside out with accidental magic. I need you two to leave now."

"No." Ginny said quietly but firmly.

"Miss Weasley, while I appreciate your dedication to your boyfriend your presence here is doing him no good at the moment."

"No!" Hermione said just as firmly but in a louder tone. "You are wrong about that Madame; Harry needs us near to him...just like we need him. None of us is complete without the other two."

"Three..." Ginny said quietly as she turned and wrapped her hand around Gabrielle's.

Hermione nodded, "It has been hurting him for over a month that she was taken away from him but he was able to deal with it because he knew she was safe. You do realize what it meant to her as well, being a bonded Veela?"

"Bonded!" Poppy's outburst was more statement than question.

"The Second Task...long story, but she belongs to him. He is responsible for her, and now she might..." Hermione couldn't continue as her steam ran out and she collapsed into the chair behind her, the tears falling once more.

"She is not gone yet, and will not be going anywhere while I have a say in the matter!" The Matron said forcefully.

"Then we can stay?" Ginny asked hopefully.

"You can stay but I am requiring you to attend your classes, you may come here during any free periods. Miss Granger I believe he has told you about our arrangement for extra tutelage?"

Hermione nodded in slight confusion. "You are allowed to stay during your free periods as well, but I am going to need your help in class. Congratulations you have just become my apprentice until Harry has recovered."

The brunette nodded, "How long until he recovers?"

"Physically? He should be right as rain in another hour or so, emotionally? I doubt he will recover fully until Ms. Delacour's fate is decided one way or another. He will be too busy fighting for her and against himself while she still lives, until she wakes at least. I do not doubt he could handle her death better than not knowing, but I do not intend to find out!"

Gin and Mione looked at each other and silently vowed to do whatever it took to get him through this; one way or another.

## Chapter 52: Visitors

"Master?"

Harry awoke to find Gabrielle standing over his bed with the sun streaming through her hair like a halo, he sat up quickly and pulled her into an embrace even as the tears began running down his cheeks. "Master it is okay. It was not your fault."

He continued to sob into her shoulder. "Protection charms...should have...instead I..."

She smiled into his hair. "Instead you were making love to me; I would have it no other way."

He pulled back and looked into her perfectly clear blue eyes. "But I protected everyone else except for you; all you have is a useless piece of jade hanging around your neck."

Her hand went to the hollow of her throat where the lightning bolt hung from her collar. "I love my necklace very much Harry, it shows everyone who I belong to."

"But it could have done more; it could have saved you from that curse..." He noticed how eerily silent the room was and looked around, Hermione and Ginny were nowhere to be seen and Pomfrey should have rushed from her office the moment the charms told her Gabrielle was out of bed. "Something isn't right." He stated.

She simply smiled back at him. "Everything is right my Master." She leaned in and kissed him and he closed his eyes as he drank in her taste and the feeling of her soft lips against his. His world spun dizzily and began to fade away as she pulled back from him. "Everything is right my Master, now that I am with you."

Harry awoke with a start and found Hermione snuggled up against his side, it was dark in the room and he quickly looked at the bed to his right side where Gabrielle still lay sleeping. Hermione felt his movement and woke up. "Harry? Harry, thank goodness!" She said sitting up on her elbow.

"What is it Mione? Is Gabrielle still..."

"She's as good as can be expected Harry, the scar is healing but... it's been a difficult week."

"Wait, a week?"

Hermione nodded as she snuggled back into him. "You've been out for a week; Pomfrey had to stun you before you hurt yourself or anyone else accidentally. I don't need to wake her do I?"

Her voice was full of real concern and Harry took a moment to compose his thoughts. "I...don't think so. Mione I talked to her..."

"To Madame Pomfrey? When was this, Gin or I have been with you nearly non-stop for the past six days."

He shook his head and looked once more at the girl in the bed next door. "Gabrielle, I think...I think she came to me in a dream. That can't be a good sign can it?"

She wondered if he was speaking to his sanity or to the girl's condition but mentioned neither. "What do you think it means?"

He smiled sadly as he turned back toward her. "I think someone is deflecting...I also... Mione what if she's gone already and we are keeping her body alive for nothing?"

Hermione went quiet for a moment, "There have been cases in the Muggle world just like that Harry...but surely a Healer could tell if she were..." She couldn't finish the statement as a single tear ran down her cheek. Harry ended up pulling her against him and comforting her, which felt strange to him through his own pain.

"She said everything was right, now that she was with me..."

"That is good then isn't it? She doesn't blame you just like none of us do."

Harry's eyes went dark, she couldn't see very well in the darkness but it appeared almost as if his pupils had taken over the whole of his irises. "I blame Snape; this could not have been a last minute call."

Hermione shook her head, "He may have been kept in the dark Harry, if he was not expected to be there."

"Then what use is he!" Harry half shouted. "If he can't pass pertinent information then he should stop serving the Dark Wanker. Maybe his mood would improve."

A light came on in the office near the doors and Madame Pomfrey came bustling toward them even as Hermione was trying to shush him. "Miss Granger, what have I told you?"

Hermione smiled sheepishly as she got out of bed and back into her chair, meanwhile Poppy began casting diagnostic spells. "You have no physical trauma Harry, how do you feel about what has happened?"

His eyes went dark again and his tone was cold. "I think that those responsible need to pay, and keep paying."

Both women shivered but thought it was just from his tone of voice, Poppy asked another question. "Are you one of those who need to pay?"

He looked up at her slightly confused before remembering what Hermione had told him. "No, not any more...I have a list but I am not on it."

The healer nodded, "Then you may return to your room if you wish, you may also stay here for the night but no longer and you will be expected in classes tomorrow."

He got up slowly, his legs didn't want to work right after laying in bed for a week, and slowly made his way over to Gabrielle's bedside. "Hey you...you can't leave me you know that right? I forbid it. So you just have to get better and come back to me..."

"Are we staying here Harry?" Hermione asked softly.

He shook his head but placed his hand around the pendant that lay against Gabrielle's throat. "I couldn't remove that Harry, I don't know what spells are on that chain but it would have done more harm than good to try and break them."

He nodded once and closed his eyes, his hand began to glow a few different colors before he let go a minute later and collapsed back onto his own bedside. Poppy coughed politely, "I would have recommended no magic..." She cast her diagnostics once again but shrugged at the results. "However I see that no harm was done, you are free to leave, and free to visit at any time."

He stood once more and Hermione rushed to his side where he put his arm across her shoulders. "Thank you Poppy...you will take care of her for me?"

She nodded once and he and Hermione made their way up to his rooms. "Milord! You had us all worried; I trust that everything is alright once more?" Bernard asked as he stopped his pacing.

Harry shook his head, "I'm fine Bernie but my love is in the hospital wing. Thank you for your concern."

"Of course Harry, you have made my existence more than bearable again, it is the least I can do."

The portrait clicked open and they quickly made their way into his room where Ginny lay curled up in the middle of the bed. Rather than wake her Hermione helped him under the covers behind the girl before doing the same on her other side. The redhead sighed contentedly as they snuggled close together for the night.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

"Harry!"

He was awoken to an excited girl practically bouncing on the mattress beside him and despite the situation he couldn't help but smile up at her. "Hey Gin."

She leaned down and kissed him even as a groggy Hermione rolled to face both of them. "We were so worried when you collapsed, are you okay?"

He nodded, "I think Gabrielle came to me in a dream...I don't know if that is a good thing or not."

Ginny was looking at him with a mixture of expectation and pity so he sighed and sat up. "I guess all we can do for now is spend time

with her and hope she continues to heal. But I'm worried that we are keeping her here when she is ready to move on..."

She hugged him close, which was rather nice as she was on her knees forcing her bosoms in his face. He felt the slightest bit guilty to be enjoying himself while Gabrielle might be dying in the hospital wing. "Enough of that, I want to go see her before classes."

The girls understood his mood and hopped out of bed, even if Hermione did not look like she was fully awake just yet. After quick showers they made their way to the hospital wing where they found Pomfrey in her office eating breakfast. "Oh, good morning dears. Will you be eating with Miss Delacour?"

"No change overnight then?" Harry asked quietly.

"I'm sorry Harry but it is going to be very slow going. You are welcome to take meals with her unless the beds start to get crowded as well as visits between classes."

Harry loved the idea and soon Dobby had brought them all their favorite breakfasts and they sat down to talk about the day's schedule. The bell rang too soon letting them know they needed to depart for first period, Harry was none too enthused about leaving but was thankful it was not Tuesday. He could face Snape tomorrow; he didn't know how he might react to the man today.

He was welcomed back warmly to Charms as the Hero of Beauxbatons which annoyed him but some of the tales he heard about himself bordered on fantasy as far as he was concerned. If anything like that had actually happened he assumed that Gin or Mione would have grilled him about it by now. He was able to pass the Genetics book to Daphne in shrunken form without much fuss and a good number of Slytherins seemed happy to accept his help on the practical portion of class.

Harry had been expecting Draco to say something, anything about the death of his father, but the blonde boy was absent. He wondered if he was grieving his father or attempting to claim his adult status as the Malfoy Head of House.

He spent the free periods before Herbology with Gabrielle, he began by reading to her but the more time he spent with her silent form the

darker his mood became. He nearly skipped the class but Hermione had dragged him along with Poppy pushing behind him refusing to let his studies suffer when there was nothing more he could do. On a logical level he completely agreed but there was a large part of him that wanted to do nothing but sit with her.

They ate lunch at her bedside once again and tried to include her in the conversation as much as possible. Madame Pomfrey was not optimistic that it would help but Hermione assured her that Muggles had studied the phenomenon and that many times people in a Coma were completely aware of their surroundings and the conversations were the only thing that kept them sane. The healer began keeping a journal as a result and planned to publish the theory for the magical community if it worked.

Hermione had to leave for Arithmancy and Ginny for Potions leaving him alone with her for an entire double period. He called Dobby to bring him the next book in the series Magic Most Dark and read silently as he sat holding her hand. He would remark every now and then about how most of what was discussed did not even seem to pertain to evil or dark magics but to Wandless magic. It seemed that most of the spells could be performed with a wand but would be a weakened form. It also made little sense to him why many of the ceremonies and rituals were even needed.

He discussed one such ritual with her at length using her as a sounding board, he thought through the process for the power boosting ceremony outlined and could not find any logical reason to sacrifice a virgin. It was implied that the power gained was from the person being sacrificed but as he worked through it in his mind he could find no evidence that the magic did anything but open up access to power reserves you already had. If he read correctly it meant that you could be twice as powerful for half as long but it didn't seem to actually increase the reserve available. He wondered exactly which of the rituals Voldemort had used and if they actually weakened him in a drawn out fight.

All too soon he had finished the reading and the bell had rung, he called Dobby to take the volume back to Grimmauld just before the girls showed up. They were sitting discussing the improvements in Potions since they had anonymously circulated the PITT and how Slughorn kept commenting that Severus must have been teaching a



different set of students. As they sat talking a visitor walked nervously in and stopped halfway to them.

"Um...How is she?" Susan asked quietly.

Harry stood quickly, not knowing why he felt nervous at her appearance when he had no trouble talking to her in class; he guessed it must have something to do with the girl in the bed behind him. When he didn't speak up immediately; Hermione answered for him.

"She is as well as can be expected, the spell damage is deep and she seems to be having some difficulties but she is still with us."

Susan nodded and approached slowly, "I...I mean I just wanted to..."

"It's okay Susie; I know you care about her too..." Harry said as he moved aside.

Susan stepped up to the bedside and grasped the girls hand in hers. "Hey you, I missed you so much and then this happens...it isn't fair..." She turned around with just the beginning of tears in her eyes. "Can I...I mean..." She couldn't find the words but Ginny understood and nodded pulling both of her Lovers away from the bed and pushing the curtains closed.

"What?" Harry asked.

"She had something to say that she didn't want us to hear. I think it is important that she get some privacy."

"Who Susan? I mean of course...but..."

"No Gabrielle, Harry. If we are trying to make things normal for her then we should let other people see her if they want to..."

It suddenly hit Harry, "Has anyone told her Parents? What about Fleur?"

Hermione put a hand on his arm to calm him, "They were here while you were in a coma, and her father was all for moving her but her mother and Fleur explained your bond and he consented for her to

stay here as long as you are here. They believe the bond should help strengthen her. They should actually be visiting this evening."

Susan peeked her head out from the curtains and smiled shyly at Ginny. "Um, thank you. Is it okay if I come see her later?"

Ginny nodded and they watched as Susan quickly slipped out. "That was interesting..." Harry commented as they walked back to her bedside and sat down.

"It's good though, I knew they had gotten close while staying with you, I'm glad she felt comfortable enough to visit." Hermione said.

Harry nodded and picked up Gabrielle's hand and placed it in his own before he began stroking it lightly. Hermione and Ginny shared a look as he seemed to fade into his own little world. "Why don't we go for a walk around the lake Harry? Spending all of our time here isn't good for us and I am sure she wouldn't want you to put your life on hold."

He shook his head, "You two can go ahead, maybe tomorrow we can do something...right now I just...I just need to be here." He said quietly.

They shared another look, communicating without words before Hermione shrugged a bit sadly. "Alright Harry, we are going to go for that walk and then back to your room."

He nodded without saying anything and they left throwing slightly worried glances over their

shoulders. Harry sighed and sat down beside her still holding her hand. He closed his eyes and dipped into his center to begin analyzing all his emotions from the last few days.

It took almost no time however before he was overwhelmed with sadness and hatred and had to put emotional dampeners in place. He knew he had just chastised Lavender for doing something similar but if he was expected to function with some semblance of normalcy through this he could not deal with those emotions just yet. He was able to sort his memories with the dampeners in place, though the fuzzy blackness that permeated his memory of the battle at Beauxbatons troubled him somewhat. When he tried to remove

some of his barriers to examine the memory as a whole he was nearly knocked unconscious by the sheer power contained within. He began to give some credence to the stories he was told about himself that day.

The girls showed up just before dinner; soon after came Fleur and Bill followed by a couple who could only be Gabrielle's parents. He stood quickly feeling suddenly very nervous.

"Monsieur and Madame Delacour." He said as formally as he could.

"Ah you must be the Harry we have heard so much about, I am Apoline and this silent imposing figure is my husband Jacques. You of course know Bill Weasley and our daughter Fleur?"

Harry nodded to the two still barely breathing so as not to appear scared before the imposing figure of their father. The man extended a hand and he took it quickly, but not too quickly before shaking firmly. "I am sorry we could not meet under better circumstances, your daughter means the world to me."

The man seemed to size him up for a moment before making some internal decision. "This is indeed a sad circumstance but from what your friends and her sister have told me you have treated my Gabrielle with respect. If she must inherit the Veela I am thankful that she bonded with such an upstanding young man."

Harry breathed a very small sigh of relief before turning back to the girl in question and going quiet for a moment he then turned and walked to the other side of the room so that her parents could visit with her, Gin and Mione following quickly along with Bill.

"That could have been worse." Bill commented as he was hugging his sister.

Harry nodded, "How is Fleur taking it?"

Bill was quiet for a moment, no matter what his answer Harry knew she was not taking the news well. "She is dealing with it; mostly she is glad that her sister is so happy with you. Many Veela never find true love and many more who die young...Sorry I..."

Harry was very glad for his emotional blocks at the moment. "No you're right, I am thankful every day that she found me. She is my first real love you know?"

Bill nodded and sat down beside Harry on the bed. In a surprising move he wrapped an arm around Harry's shoulders and hugged him for a moment. "For what it's worth, I'm glad you and Ginny are together no matter what the circumstances, and I am glad you made Gabrielle so happy."

Even with the blocks in place a single tear ran down Harry's cheek. "Thank you...but please try to talk about her in the present tense. She isn't gone yet." Hermione placed a comforting hand on his shoulder and he smiled up at her before returning his attention to the conversation.

Bill realized immediately what he had said and looked as if he were about to apologize but Harry held him up a hand. "No, I made the same mistake after I brought her back, but she isn't gone yet and I intend to see her back to full health. We had a discussion and I told her she simply has to get better and come back to me. She isn't allowed to leave me."

The redhead's eyes went wide for just a fraction of a second before he nodded, "Then I know she will wake up when she is ready, she won't be leaving any time soon." Ginny traded places and hugged her brother as Harry stood and walked over the group by his girlfriend's bed.

"We were just about to have dinner, would you care to join us?"

They agreed and soon Harry had transfigured a table large enough for them to sit at comfortably with Gabrielle in range of the conversation. They sat and visited, learning more about each other and the events that led to her injury before Madame Pomfrey came out and called an end to Visitors Hours. She chased them all away with the promise to notify them of any changes, Harry and his girls made their way back to his room for the night.

Once they were settled in bed Harry decided he needed to know what story was currently being circulated about him in the school. "So, what is the current lie that is being perpetrated upon my person?"

Ginny spoke up from his left side. "They say you went crazy and murdered over a hundred Death Eaters in a fit of Dark Magic after driving off a thousand Dementors."

"I heard you took at least four killing curses though the number varies depending on who tells it. What really happened Harry?" Hermione asked.

He sighed, "I don't really remember, after Gabrielle was hit my memory gets sort of fuzzy."

"Fuzzy?" Hermione asked quietly.

He nodded into the dark, "I only ever saw a hundred Death Eaters and the Dementors couldn't have been more than two or three hundred..."

Hermione gasped and sat up, "Three hundred? That would have to be every Dementor in Britain!"

He shrugged, "I didn't stop to count, but it looked like a swarm about the size of the one after Sirius."

She nodded and lay back down on his shoulder, "What happened next?"

"I helped the French Aurors gain the upper hand and then I went to find Gabrielle; she was headed right for the swarm until I caught her in the woods. Then Voldemort showed up."

It was Ginny's turn to gasp, "What did you do?"

"I killed Lucius Malfoy..."

"Harry!" Hermione said pulling him closer. "Nobody knows that! Are you okay?"

He was silent for a moment, "It was self defense Mione...they were throwing AK's at us until I sent Gabby back to the school...you should have seen her, Shielding with her wand and throwing fireballs with her free hand."

"Fireballs?" Ginny asked.

Hermione spoke up, "Full Veela have the ability to conjure passion fire in defense of themselves and their mates. However I don't know of any documented case of part Veela having the ability; that is rather amazing."

He nodded, "She was great...then Bellatrix said she would be more fun to play with if she was still alive...I almost managed to get her as well but she was too quick for me. Voldemort was rather upset when Lucius died so I had to duck and cover, then I managed to Apparate to Gabrielle...just in time to see her..." His voice hitched and even through his blocks the sadness threatened to consume him. "I killed Dolohov Hermione; he'll never hurt someone I love with that spell again..."

"You killed two Death Eaters? Harry you need to talk to someone about this."

"Not now Mione...I just can't talk about...in any case that is where my memory goes fuzzy, I remember finding Gabrielle and not finding a pulse and then waking up in the Hospital Wing." The brunette was staring at him as if waiting for a sign of impending breakdown and confused that there was no reaction.

Ginny asked the next question. "How did you disappear from the Great Hall like that?"

Once again he shrugged, "I have no idea, I just knew it would take too long to reach the edge of the wards so I left."

Hermione was shaking her head, "It is impossible to Apparate onto or within Hogwarts Grounds, I don't understand how you could have done it."

"Elves can Apparate in the school so it is possible, just not the way that most Wizards do it...when I was training with Nym we thought I might be doing something different, I hadn't given it much thought until now."

"Different?" Ever inquisitive Hermione asked.

He scratched his head as he tried to remember it all but a headache was forming from overuse of his Occlumency blocks, "I think it is more like teleportation than normal Apparation but I don't know enough about either to tell you. I just needed to be there so I was...can we go to sleep now, my brain hurts."

"Alright Harry." Hermione said as she cuddled into him, Ginny did the same on his other side.

He fell asleep hoping against hope that Gabrielle would visit him again and tell him what to do.

## Chapter 53: October

September passed into October with no change in Gabrielle. Harry kept hoping for another dream visit but none ever came, he silently hoped that meant she was using her energy to get better rather than reach out to him.

The plan was put on hold as Harry spent his time only with Hermione, Ginny, and Gabrielle. Word had spread throughout the female population of just what had happened and no one, not even Lavender, was self centered enough to think that they could be the one to pull him away from the Veela in the hospital wing.

Fleur had stopped visiting after the first few days and Bill soon after. Her parents both visited at least twice a week but knew that being with her every hour of every day would not make a difference to her recovery. Harry had not yet accepted this as a fact and still spent all of his free time at her bedside unless he was sleeping. For the first three weeks he had not even been intimate with Gin or Mione, simply enjoying being close to them at night.

His depression and self loathing were growing by the day but he masked it well using Occlumency. No Legilimens at Hogwarts was good enough to see through his charade but he did vent to the one person who could understand and was unable to judge him. Gabrielle listened when they were alone; to how much he hurt seeing her like this, and how guilty he still felt even though he was no longer feeling self destructive.

Dumbledore had stopped their lessons until Harry could provide him with a Pensieve memory of the events at Beauxbatons. He feared that Harry had used unnatural and Dark Magic and refused to teach him any further until the matter was settled. Harry was honestly thankful for more time to spend with his love, and in any case was far beyond what the Headmaster was trying to teach him about Dark Arts.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He had avoided everyone as much as possible unless they were visiting Gabrielle. He was sitting reading to her when he caught the scent of sunshine in the air and looked up to find Luna standing at the end of Gabrielle's bed.



"Uh...hi Luna." He said for lack of anything better.

"Harry," She said tearing up. "I'm so sorry..."

The sight of her tears drove any thoughts of anger from his mind and he opened his arms in a gesture his girls knew all too well. She quickly dove into his shoulder and curled up to be held by him. He whispered soothing words into her hair even as he tried to sort his thoughts on the matter. She pulled back still with tears in her huge eyes. Those eyes were dancing between his as she tried to pull herself together.

"I promise I didn't know Harry...I wish I could have given you more warning..."

He pulled her back into a hug, "Shhh, its okay Lu. I was angry with you at first but you being here shows me how stupid I was being."

She shook her head, "What good does it do for me to See if I can't help the ones I love?"

"You told me your sight doesn't work that way, and you couldn't have known if something might have changed right?"

She nodded tentatively, "This isn't your fault either Harry, or Susan or anybody else..."

"What isn't my fault?" Susan asked quietly as she walked around the screen.

"Susie can you give us a minute please?" Harry asked.

"What isn't my fault Luna?" Susan demanded though still quietly.

Harry answered again, "Susie the point is that it isn't anyone's fault but Voldemort. Please drop it." Harry said defensively.

"And you believe that right? It isn't your fault either?" She asked him pointedly.

He couldn't respond for a few seconds. "That's what I thought." She stated though she didn't look happy at being right. "Luna what is not my fault?"

Luna turned her watery eyes on the redhead and answered as clearly as she could. "Harry's power is based on Love, the reason he can now keep Voldemort out is because of Love. He doesn't want you to know that losing you may have broken his shields long enough for Voldemort to recover."

Susan gasped, "That's not fair! Of course that isn't my fault! I mean...Harry I..." She was beginning to tear up at the thought.

Sensing his need, Luna raised herself up off his lap enough for him to get off the chair and her to sit down in his place as he walked over to Susan. "I never blamed you Susie, none of us do." He tried to collect her in a hug but she pulled violently away from him.

"But Harry if it's true then it is my fault!"

He shook his head and held his hands up in a classic look I'm unarmed and harmless gesture. "No Susie, it's my fault. I should be able to keep him out; I still have Hermione, Ginny, and Gabrielle. I think it should be enough but I still took a few weeks to get myself back together."

She was crying silently now as she looked into his eyes and found the truth. "It's not your fault either Harry...the only one to blame is Voldemort right?"

He still couldn't answer that question with a straight face, "I'm fine now Susie, Gabrielle is going to get better."

She looked to the girl in the bed and her tears flowed once more. He tried once more to pull her into a hug but she tore herself away from him and fled the room. He sighed as he turned back around to find Luna studying him.

"It isn't your fault Harry."

"I know that." He replied.

"You know but you do not understand..." She stood and wrapped her arms around him in a gentle hug, from one friend to another. "You will though."

He smiled even through the pain that was threatening. "Eventually?"

She nodded and turned to go. "Luna wait!" Harry called out.

She turned and looked at him inquisitively. "Dobby?" He called out.

"You calls Harry Sir?" Dobby asked as he popped in.

Harry leaned down and whispered something to the elf who nodded and popped away, a double pop later and Harry was holding a familiar jewelry case. "Luna, I give these to the women who mean the most to me." He paused to take a deep breath before continuing.

"I should have placed the protections on the one Gabrielle wore, then maybe she would be standing here instead of lying there." He removed the chain and pendant from the box and wrapped his hand around it. His fist glowed a few different colors as he closed his eyes. Once he was done he looked up and found Luna with tears in her eyes once more.

"Thank you Harry...I love you." She said without a hint of dreaminess.

She turned and allowed him to fasten it as she lifted her hair, it rested between her breasts just over her heart and as she turned back around she kissed him chastely on the lips.

His smile was small but real, "Eventually?" He asked.

"Of course, haven't you learned anything yet?" She said going dreamy again and this time his smile was true. "You love me as well." She said with a smile before wiping her eyes and looking back up at him.

"Eventually?" He asked again, remembering how much fun this game could be.

She just smiled and turned to walk away; as she neared the door she looked over her shoulder at him. "Something like that."

A rare smile twitched his lips as he watched her walk out.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

He had worked through all thirteen volumes of Magic Most Dark and for a change was reading the 'Lord of the Rings' trilogy aloud to Gabrielle. In the absence of television he found that his passion for reading turned into a love of reading at least when it came to fiction. He hoped that the girl lying quietly in the bed next to him was enjoying his clumsy reading as much as he was.

There were also times when Harry would disappear both from the Hospital Wing and from the student population in general. Gin and Mione suspected he was in the Room of Requirement working on his magic much like he had done at Grimmauld Place. They were correct of course, but what they did not know was that he was working on a new project.

Having gone far and beyond the usual standard with single and dual wand use as well as his non-Wandless casting. His studies of the Dark Arts had led him full circle back to actual Wandless magic. If one were to look in on him in the Room they would see him meditating with objects spread in a circle around him on the floor. What they could not see was him attempting to guide his magic to levitate said objects. He was having no luck of course but he simply knew that it was possible and only had to unlock that part of himself to access the skills.

Eventually he went back to basics, to the very first Wandless exercise he learned. He sat on the floor staring at his upturned palm trying to conjure living fire. When he was completely calm from his Occlumency he couldn't even feel the magic attempting to form above his hand. So he began trying other things, emotions as triggers. Eventually he thought of his favorite movie and began gathering his emotions.

He tried first to use his happy stash, his Patronus memories. He allowed his magic free reign as he simply let the emotions out, much the way he tried to force those memories into his "joy juice" look. Opening his eyes he slowly opened his hand and was rather surprised to find a tiny golden stag standing on his palm. The

moment he let his surprise through the stag vanished but he was ecstatic at his sudden leap in progress.

Not knowing how a tiny Wandless Patronus would be helpful in battle he decided to try a different tactic, he began gathering his darkest emotions. He pulled on his worst memories to fuel what he hoped was coming. The look on his face got darker and darker as he let all the pain and self loathing, all the hatred of Tom and his followers, memories of abuse at the hands of the Dursleys; all of it came to the surface and though he could not see it his eyes darkened to black. He closed his eyes to concentrate that hatred into a ball of magic floating above his hand and closed his fist as tightly as he could with a sneer on his face that would curdle water.

He opened his eyes and stared straight ahead at the far wall, letting his magic flow he slowly opened his hand and could feel the crackling purple electricity flowing and arcing from finger to finger. As he slowly watched in his peripheral vision he imagined dark scenarios. Next time Voldemort tied him to a grave marker he would see what true power was all about.

As his thoughts turned to violence the pulsing increased in his palm and quite suddenly he had to duck and redirect his hand away from his face before the lightning jumped to the nearest wall and blackened the stonework. He quickly closed his fist as the surprise took him and lost the darkness he needed to conjure the Force Lightning.

Having thoroughly scared himself he stood and apologized to Hogwarts just in case she was sentient. A new pair of trousers and boxers appeared on a chair next to him and he was extremely grateful in any case as he noticed he had soiled himself.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Weekdays were a blur to him; he attended his usual classes but made no move to do more than the requirement. In classes where he was in the advanced group he would only comment enough to guide and help the other students. Thoughts of the mystery Slytherin had completely skipped his mind but still, he hadn't spoken more than three words at a time to Daphne in weeks and had not even thought about shooting Pansy a look.

He had been accosted and forced into a closet on only a single occasion a week after the battle of Beauxbatons. However he had been entirely unresponsive, to the point that whoever the girl was had taken his member into her mouth trying to get him hard and was unable to succeed. He had actually even tried to imagine it was Ginny again to make it work for him. To feel something besides love and guilt once more but it had been to no avail. The girl, whoever it was had run out of the broom closet crying too fast for him to see her face or hair color. He was crying silently as he did his trousers back up and dried his face and locked that event away with many others that were too painful to face at the moment before walking out of the closet and to the Hospital Wing where he now sat.

"Come on Harry, it's time for Defense." Hermione told him quietly. He stood and kissed Gabrielle on the cheek before closing 'The Two Towers' and lying on the table by her head.

He and Hermione walked arm-in-arm down to the Defense classroom and sat down. As they handed their homework forward Harry noticed Draco staring him down from across the room. Harry tried to conjure up feelings of hatred but instead only felt bitter and a little bit of pity for the new Head of the Malfoy family. Malfoy looked confused for a moment before going back to a sneer and a steely gaze that would at least hurt a little if looks could kill.

"What's up with Draco?" Harry asked Hermione quietly.

She looked across the room quickly before returning her attention to her lover. "I don't know, he came back after a week wearing the Malfoy Signet and seeming more scared than anything. He looks like he wants to inflict great bodily harm on you now."

"Do you think he knows I killed his father?"

She paused, that was the first time he had mentioned the incident since the conversation that night he met Gabrielle's parents. "I don't know Harry, how could he know?"

"He's marked, that means he probably had to meet with his Master after assuming control of his Families assets."

"You think Voldemort told him?" She asked.

He shrugged to show that he could care less either way. "It doesn't matter; Malfoy is not an ancient house so the only thing that has changed between us is that I can take all of his fortune if he attacks me or mine rather than half, or I can challenge him to a Wizards Duel. One of these days we really should look into fixing that nepotistic law don't you think?" He whispered with a mock smile.

She nodded having missed the sarcasm. "It is troubling that our legal system works on how old your family name is followed by how pure your blood status. Something to add to our list of things to do I suppose."

Snape began the lesson and as usual avoided all contact with Harry. Apparently the fact that Harry could send a Cruciatus curse through a look had not been lost on the man after the taste he had been given. Snape as usual took out his frustration on every other student in the class, but unfortunately for Harry he was technically keeping his promise to be fair to everyone by maintaining the same level of snark and unpleasantness all around.

Across from them Harry could see that Lavender was sitting very close to Ron, nearly in his lap. It only barely registered in his mind that the two were now dating and he chuckled slightly as he saw that the earring was missing.

"What's so funny?" Hermione asked him.

"Ron's earring is gone."

"This amuses you why?" She asked

"He got it as a gift from Romilda Vane."

"The Fourth year?" She asked scandalized.

He nodded, "In any case, rumor has it that the earring was spelled to whisper nasty things to any female that got too close, and charmed so that Ron couldn't hear it."

"Just where did you get this information?" She asked quietly as they began working on the spell for the day.

"Lavender told me."

She looked across the room once more and saw how close the two were and it clicked. "Oh."

He nodded again with a small smile. "Oh indeed. I hope she is dating him because she likes him, not in some attempt to get back at us."

"Me as well; though the Prat deserves it if she is...are you ready Harry?" He thanked her silently for not saying 'En Guard' as she raised her wand and he returned her salute.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

"Potter!" Ron called out as they exited the defense classroom.

Harry turned and tried to remove the slightly annoyed look from his face, despite everything he still considered Ron a friend. "Yes Weasley?" He asked with sarcasm.

Unfortunately Ron seemed to completely miss the sarcasm. "Look, you've missed three Quidditch Practices now, if you don't make it this weekend I am going to have to think about replacing you!"

"You're not serious?"

"Look, the first match is coming up in November versus Slytherin. We need to work together as a team!"

Harry shook his head in disbelief. "You can't be serious Ron, I missed the first two because I was in the hospital wing, and I missed the last one because I was in the hospital wing with Gabrielle. Don't make me choose."

"Between your French tart and something important?" Ron spat at him.

Harry reached the end of his patience and with a thought Ron was pinned against the wall. "Ron, I really want to recover our friendship but you are pushing me beyond my limits. I am in love with that French Tart and she is more important to me than any silly game!"



Ron was furious but unable to move except to speak, "She told me what you did Harry; I promised Luna I would be happy for you no matter who you dated, but I can also be pissed as hell at you for using someone like that!"

Harry leaned in close as a crowd was forming, blocking those left inside the classroom. "Just what has Lavender been telling you then?"

Ron was looking at the crowd but decided slandering the Lord Black would not bode well he kept his voice down. "You used her, told her you loved her so she would sleep with you, and then cheated on her after stealing her virginity!"

Harry controlled his emotions as best he could but Ron was suddenly forced even harder against the wall getting a gasp from the redhead, "You are the one being used Ron, if she means something to you I hope you can forgive her for lying to you. For now; until you're ready to apologize to me you can just not say anything to me."

"Won-Won!" Lavender called as she rushed to Ron's side. "Let him down you brute!" She said turning angry eyes on him.

He slowly let Ron down until he was sitting on his feet, partly because Ron was still his friend on some level and partly for Lavenders sake. Ron was rubbing his sore shoulders as she stood to his full height. "You're off the team."

Surprisingly it didn't hurt nearly as much as it had the year before, he just nodded. "Good luck then."

That was all he could bring himself to say to his former friend, he turned and walked down the hall with Hermione quickly catching up to him. "What was that about?"

He sighed but said nothing else until they reached the hospital wing and sat down beside Gabrielle. "Hello Pet, did you miss me? I know I missed you." He said with a smile.

"So?" Hermione asked.

He sighed again and spoke to the girl in the bed. "Ron kicked me off the team for missing practices. I'm sure pinning him to the wall has something to do with it as well."

"Harry I'm so sorry, I know how much you love to fly!"

He turned toward her and smiled. "Honestly? It doesn't bother me anymore; there are bigger things in my life than Quidditch." He went back to stroking Gabrielle's hair as he spoke.

Hermione placed a hand on his shoulder. "Harry, this really isn't healthy. I love Gabrielle too but she would not want you to waste away at her bedside."

He turned on her suddenly letting his control slip. "What would she want Mione? For me to shag all the girls in the school while she lays here? For me to go along with this stupid plan that just ends up hurting people or hurting me?"

She was taken aback by his tone and was speechless for a moment until she saw a tear make its way down his cheek. He quickly dashed it away and looked back up at her with the apology in his eyes. "I'm sorry Mione...I just..."

She pulled him into a hug as she stood and simply held him, "None of it is your fault Harry." He shook his head and tried to pull away from her without hurting her but she wouldn't let him go.

"It's not your fault." She repeated.

"Stop it! Let me go!" He tried again to pull away but refused to use force against her.

She sat down in his lap and pulled her wand out, closing the curtains and casting a silencing charm before wrapping herself around him again. "It's okay Harry, it isn't your fault."

The tears had returned but he was still holding tightly to his control. "You don't understand Mione...I can't do this right now..." He sobbed quietly.

"It's not your fault and we still love you." His sobs increased in volume but he refused to let go, it scared him.

"Mione I just can't...I want to but I can't do this, not yet." He sniffed as he tried to get control of his leaking body. "It's too much; I don't know what would happen if I let it all go right now."

"Why don't we find out?" She asked him quietly as she smoothed his hair and kissed his cheeks.

He shook his head. "You don't understand, I might tear down half the castle, I might destroy myself and both of you...It's dark Hermione and the only thing keeping me from going over the edge is my blocks...I promise we will work through this eventually but I can't do this right now."

She sighed as her own tears began to fall at his explanation. "Soon then Harry, you know what will happen if you keep bottling it up."

"I'm done with the Plan." He said suddenly changing the subject.

"Harry you have to know, if even one more..."

"No Hermione!" He said forcefully. "I love you, I love Ginny, I love Gabrielle. Luna says I love her eventually which can mean anything with her. I have enough Mione, Lavender is nothing but trouble, Susan couldn't take it. I. Am. Done!"

She was taken aback by his tone and searched his eyes finding the truth there. "Okay Harry that Plan was definitely getting tiresome in any case..." Her eyes lit up. "Does this mean we can actually Date now?"

He grinned as she finally relented and pulled her into a bear hug. "I Love Hermione Granger!" He shouted even as tears of relief fell from his eyes.

She was getting a bit giddy from lack of air by the time he stopped spinning her around. "Um, Harry?" She asked quietly.

He turned on her quickly; a bit scared at her 'I have a plan' tone of voice. "Yes Hermione?"

She began playing with her fingers and biting her bottom lip as she worried over what she was about to ask, looking everywhere but at

him. "Not that I am not amazingly happy...not that Gin and I can't be happy with just you! That isn't it at all..."

He couldn't help but smile to see her so flustered. "What is it Hermione."

She took a deep breath and soldiered on. "Can we still play with other girls? I mean Luna and Tonks of course...but if any other girls can agree to share you there is no reason not to right?"

The absurdity of the statement hit him and he started laughing. She was looking at him in shock and outrage. "Honestly Harry you just had to say no, you don't need to mock me!"

He shook his head as he tried to regain control of his breathing, he quickly pulled her in to a kiss that curled her toes and solved his laughing problem. He pulled back and looked into her eyes. "Honestly Mione, I am a sixteen year old boy, who also happens to be 100% male. Just how stupid would I be to say 'No' to that?"

It took her a moment to pick apart his cryptic answer. "So that's a yes then?"

He nodded, "While making love is better than shagging any day, there is definitely something to be said for shagging. If you can find a girl who just wants to have fun with no strings attached then I am not going to be all noble and tell her no. What kind of boyfriend would I be if I made my witches unhappy?"

She jumped back into his arms and kissed him thoroughly, for the first time in a long while he was feeling rather amorous but she pulled away with a worried look on her face. "What now?" He asked.

"I have to inform the rest of the list of the change of plans... If they can agree to no strings, can you agree that you aren't opposed to love developing naturally?"

He looked confused as he stumbled over the idea, "Look, Lav was a disaster because she wanted too much too quickly, if you can promise me that whoever you bring to our bed is going to be okay with this arrangement then I can agree that love is not out of the question. Just take it slow yeah? I'm not starting anything while Gabrielle is in this bed."

She nodded as she pulled away from him. "I have to tell Ginny!" She said excitedly.

Before she could dash out he caught her hand. "Healing?"

"Oh, right." She leaned over and kissed Gabrielle on the cheek before heading out to get the learning area ready at the far end of the hospital wing. Harry wrapped his pet's hand in his own and sat quietly with her as he thought.

They had begun lessons with Pomfrey soon after he woke the second time. So far only Harry, Hermione, Padma, Parvati and Cho had taken up the offer. He found it mildly amusing that none of the male students seemed to hang out with him any longer; even the Creeveys had stopped following him around. He figured they were avoiding any animosity that might arise being in a group of girls who were likely vying for his attention.

Padma and Parvati had actually been taking the class load required for Healer anyway so it was a head start for them. When asked, Padma had said that the same skill set would be useful for any of the research jobs with St. Mungo's or the Ministry, which made sense to him knowing her personality. Parvati was the big surprise, he had expected her to be much more like Lavender in her ambitions but she explained to him somewhat coldly that just because she was not a bookworm did not mean she was not intelligent enough to pursue an actual career. Cho had actually been taking the same classes as a backup for Quidditch which she still hoped to play professionally. Her Ravenclaw side wouldn't allow her to put all her eggs in one basket.

He was pulled from his thoughts by Hermione who let him know they were about to begin. He kissed Gabrielle chastely and headed out to join the group.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Over the next month Harry could hardly be found away from Gabrielle's bedside. He took his meals with Poppy in her office and sat and read to his perpetually asleep girlfriend. Her scar was slowly fading on the outside but Poppy told him there was no change on the inside, that it was likely her Veela magic making her beautiful

once again. He said not a word in classes except when directly called upon, and in the DA he only made the announcement of the day's topic and helped the leaders out as needed or when he spotted someone who needed help.

The new plan was placed on hiatus, none of the girls wanted to intrude on his time with a possibly dying lover. He still spent his nights with Ginny and Hermione, and had even ended up with Luna or Tonks in his bed once or twice where they all had fun. But when things were quiet or when Harry was by himself, he was slipping deeper and deeper into the Dark Arts.

Fleur took to spending her free time with Harry and Gabrielle in the Hospital Wing with occasional visits from Luna, Hermione and Ginny. At one point Harry was found alone with Fleur and Gabrielle as Poppy was at a staff meeting in the Headmasters office.

"Arry...she loves you so much."

He simply nodded beside her, "You make her very happy 'Arry, I weesh..."

He turned to her, "What's the matter Fleur?"

She sighed, "William is a wonderful man but he has been asking me about ze bond. I do not know what else to tell him, I do not possess enough of ze Veela to knowingly do so but he seems to take it personally."

He sighed as the tears began to fall down her face and ended up pulling the older girl into his lap, he had no other experience in how to comfort a crying woman. He whispered into her hair feeling the pangs in his heart as her perfectly soft hair tickled his cheek; and the super smooth texture as he ran his fingers lightly through it. Just the way Gabrielle's felt. "Fleur, you just have to tell him that."

"But I have. He does no believe me." She cried quietly. She seemed to accept the embrace and the situation as completely natural.

"Would you like me to speak with him? Is there anything else I can do?"

She nodded into his shoulder, "What can I do?"

She pulled away and looked into his face, beautiful even with tears running down her cheeks. She seemed to reach some decision and quickly captured his lips in a kiss.

His immediate reaction was to pull her closer and deepen the kiss. She tasted nearly as perfect to him as Gabrielle did, her lips were the same perfect soft rose petals and her skin was the same silky smooth texture. He lost himself in her for a good five minutes before he realized what was happening. He pulled away quickly, "Fleur wait!"

She looked up at him puzzled, "You do not want me?"

He sighed, "Of course I want you, but you belong with Bill and I am with your sister."

She began crying once more into his shoulder and he let her for a moment. "William and I have ze open relationship 'Arry, many times we have brought mine best friend to share... How am I tasting to you?"

That caught him up short, indeed she had tasted almost perfect when he kissed her which should not happen if she were being unfaithful depending on how much of the Veela she actually had in her, then again she said she hadn't bonded with Bill. "That isn't the point though Fleur. I think you want to feel closer to your sister through me...and I was doing the same thing. But this isn't right."

"Gabrielle would share you with me, you know this."

He shook his head, "But I wouldn't ask her to, she is not my slave, she is my Lover. I can't do this to Bill either, or Ginny. Please Fleur, I can talk to him about the bond but you have to understand. I belong to Gabrielle; I can't do this with you..."

She nodded again and wiped her cheeks, he noted that although it took a little longer than his pet, soon she was perfect once again thanks to her magic. She looked into his eyes, "If things were different, you would want me?"

He smiled back at her, "In a heartbeat."

She stood and kissed him chastely on the cheek. "Thank you 'Arry, my seester is very lucky to 'ave you."

She left him alone with Gabrielle and he simply sat and joked with her quiet form about a threesome until it was time leave.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

It had been a surprise in Mid-October when he had walked in to find Susan gossiping to Gabrielle, he stood and listened to her voice for a full ten minutes before gathering the courage to approach her. However the girl had spooked and run off when she saw him, apologizing the entire time for being there. Unfortunately his emotions were so raw that he couldn't muster the strength to tell her he thought it was wonderful that she was spending time Gabrielle.

The Headmaster had visited to check on her with Legilimency but could only conclude that she was indeed still with them. Harry wished he had thought to do so, but having confirmation that they weren't keeping her alive in the same way that those who had been kissed were cared for did help all of their moods for a while.

However he soon started to slip back toward depression, even with Mione and Gin there to help him out the darker emotions had crept back up on him. He finally had to shut most of them down after a week; the only person he shared these feelings with was Gabrielle and the only outlet he gave himself was practicing Wandless magic. When he was in the rest of the world he appeared indifferent, and when he was with his lovers he appeared optimistic. But inside he knew his emotions were burning a hole toward his soul and that he would pay for it someday. Thus the reason he vented only to Gabrielle, he continued to hope for more visits in his dreams but none came.

Three days before Halloween he decided to try his Legilimency trick, he sat down on the floor at the foot of her bed and dropped into his center before slowly raising himself back to the appropriate level of awareness and reaching out for her. He reached the point where he expected to find her consciousness but she had never practiced Occlumency and was not prepared to receive him like Lavender had been. So he slowly made his way past her brittle barriers and into her mind.



It was so dark; he couldn't find anything that resembled the usual mindscape. Her mind seemed to be organized but it was an illusion, he could feel her confusion but she had no current memories rushing through her head so it appeared to be calm. He continued in the direction that pulled him and it began to get a bit lighter, he found what he thought was her center badly damaged and her laying on a hospital bed much like the one in the waking world. He latched onto her consciousness and pulled her with him back toward his meadow, slowly at first but with increasing speed he pulled her along until they were laying in the grass under a blue sky. He stroked a hand across her cheek even as tears fell at the contact.

"Pet?"

Her eyelids fluttered slightly before opening, "My Master?"

He began crying full out once more as he heard her voice after nearly two months and pulled her into his arms where she hugged him back though the confusion still rolled off of her. "Master what is this place?"

"I don't know Pet, it is something I came up with, a way to commune with another person's mind... do you know what happened?"

She looked around and he allowed her some time to organize her thoughts. "I was hit with ze curse...sorry my English..."

"It's okay Pet, just keep talking." He could care less what she said as long as he could listen to her.

"I dreamed of you my Harry; it feels like so long ago...zis is not your fault."

He broke down again, knowing it was selfish to pour his anguish on the barely awakened girl. But she pillowed his head in her lap and stroked his hair as he cried. As he told her of his failings and how he blamed himself, finally the tears stopped and he looked up into her face. "I'm so sorry Gabby..."

"Shhh my Master, you kill ze one who does this to me correct?" He nodded, "Then I am avenged."

"It isn't enough..." He began but she shushed him once more.

"Master, I cannot talk to you, but I can hear you. I know you read me stories; I know your grief and your pain. I am trapped in my body and I am of no use to you. Zis is unacceptable."

"Unacceptable? I guess you just have to get better then." He said only barely joking.

She was quiet for a full minute before nodding, "I will just have to wake up then Master. I live to serve."

She pushed him down onto the ground and began undoing his clothing, "Wait! Gabrielle what are you doing?"

"I have wanted you for a long time Master...please let me pleasure you?" She continued to undress him even as she spoke. With a thought from him they were both naked. "Oh!" She exclaimed. "This is very much the time saver; you must learn this trick in the waking world, non?"

He nodded and rolled her over onto her back. "I love you Gabrielle, I knew I loved you first, and I will love you always."

She smiled up at him even as she repositioned his hips with her knees before wrapping her ankles behind his back and pulling him into her. "I love you my Master, my Harry. I will love you always, I will never leave you."

He felt the magic wash through them as they were encased in a golden glow; he was confused as to how they could have made a magically binding contract but he didn't care. "I think you may have just become my wife."

"Mrs. Gabrielle Delacour-Potter-Black...Eet is a mouthful, non?"

"Non my pet, Lady Gabrielle Delacour-Potter-Black...maybe just Potter for now?"

"As you wish my husband." She said in a sultry voice.

He leaned down and kissed her as he began to move inside her, he took his time and as soon as he realized that he had control of

himself in this place he followed Lavenders example. He experienced his first true multiple orgasms as they lie together, and with no need to stop do to exhaustion or friction they continued that way for so long neither knew how long they had been together. They rolled apart breathlessly once more and laid back to look up at the puffy clouds passing over head.

"This is one hell of a honeymoon." He said with a smile.

She smiled sadly at him but nodded, "It is, but I think it is time that we wake up Master."

"Hey! That's husband Mrs. Potter."

She grinned at him before attacking him once more for a quick session then stood. "Time to wake up, everything is right now that I am with you."

"Wait, you mean you are going to wake up too?" He asked with a smile.

She nodded, "I have been given my order from Master, I am to wake up, and I am never to leave you. I am ready."

He grinned as he stood and hugged her to him; he pushed them back to her mindscape and waited with her as she woke up before pulling back to his own mind and coming back to consciousness. He opened his eyes to find a very worried looking Hermione and Ginny looking down on him once again. "MADAME POMFREY!" Ginny screamed.

The woman came running and casting her charms once more. "Harry, what have you done this time? We came in here three days ago to find you unconscious at the foot of Miss Delacour's bed."

He grinned at all of them as she slowly sat up. "Mrs. Potter you mean."

Both girls gasped but Poppy began casting a spell which caused both Harry and Gabrielle to glow with a golden light, interestingly Mione and Gin both glowed a light yellow. "What does that mean?" Ginny asked cautiously.

"I do not know how you managed it Harry, but it appears you are correct. According to your magic at least, you and Mrs. Potter are married now. I swear you seem to break all the rules..."

Hermione pulled him into a hug even as the tears began to fall. "I'm so happy for you but how?"

He hugged her back for a moment before making his way to Gabrielle's bed. "She should be waking up any moment."

Indeed her eyelids fluttered and she smiled up at them weakly, "Hello Mine, Ginevra...husband."

He couldn't help but grin at her even as he kissed her, Poppy was waving her wand once again but her face did not look promising. "I don't understand..." She muttered.

"What day is today?" Gabrielle asked quietly.

"Halloween, the feast should be starting in an hour or so. Will she be able to go..." Hermione turned as she asked the question but the healer did not look happy.

"I simply do not understand how..."

Harry was suddenly alarmed. "What is it?"

"Nothing has changed... there is no reason she should be awake..."

Gabrielle smiled as she pulled Harry to sit down on the bed beside her and wrapped her arms around him. "I am following orders...my Master asks me to wake up so I do."

The blond threw a look at the Matron begging her not to continue, and Pomfrey turned away. "Yes, I believe she can go to the feast with you Harry, but you should make it quick and get her into bed soon after."

He grinned at the group as he hugged her close. "I don't think that will be a problem, we have some time to make up for."

Pomfrey nodded without turning around and walked into her office, Harry helped Gabrielle out of bed and left the girls to help her get

dressed as he did the same. Apparently they had put him into a hospital gown when he wouldn't wake up. When the curtains were pulled back Gabrielle looked as though she had never been in a coma. "Can we skip the feast my husband? I wish to finish our honeymoon."

He just grinned and nodded and the three of them helped her up the stairs to his room. He went to place her on the couch but she shook her head with a smile that would make other men melt and walked into his room. "I am still weak...but I wish to..."

Hermione placed a finger against the girl's lips and smiled at her. "We will make you the center of attention."

Ginny nodded, "This is your honeymoon, your evening. You get to be our plaything tonight."

Gabrielle grinned at her three lovers and held her hands out to the sides. "Master says he has learned a new trick?"

He smiled and waved his hands vanishing and reappearing all of their clothing on the dresser. The cold air hit the girls causing all of their nipples to go instantly erect. "Wow, it is a nice trick! Now come to me..."

The girls lay her back on his bed before they began kissing her neck and making their way down her body, each took a nipple in their mouths and Gabrielle bunched their hair in each hand as she moaned aloud.

Harry went to his knees and began worshiping at her alter; he brought her to orgasm quickly before backing off and just pleasuring her softly. Enjoying the taste of her on his lips once again. "Master please? I want you inside me."

He was happy to oblige and made his way up onto the bed to kneel between her legs. Mione and Gin moved off to one side and began having fun by themselves as Harry lowered his hips and slipped inside her. He caught them staring at him as he moved back and forth and the girl moaned and screamed beneath him and they grinned back at him enjoying the show almost as much as he was enjoying the performance. However this was not the dream world, and despite Gabrielle's impressive muscle control she had not

studied or practiced Tantra as Luna had. Harry had no choice as his body gave out and he spilled inside her collapsing almost immediately on top of her.

Gabrielle was still panting and singing their praises in French but he heard a polite cough from the side and looked up to see Ginny and Hermione waiting patiently to clean up his mess. He grinned and rolled to the side laying his head on a pillow and running his free hand in circles over her taught stomach and breasts. Ginny and Hermione knelt at the same time and took turns cleaning the girls abused sex. She came three more times before the three of them curled up with her in Harry's king sized bed, it was a tight fit but they were all comfortable.

They lay together just enjoying the closeness, Harry would on a whim, find and play with one of them at random and bring them to orgasm just to enjoy the sight and sound of them enjoying themselves, but it usually ended up being Gabrielle who was basking in the attention. As midnight neared Gabrielle turned to him, "I love you husband, my Master, my Harry."

He smiled back at her thinking that this had to be the happiest night of his life, "I love you wife, my Pet, my Gabrielle."

She did not smile in return, tears began to run down her cheeks as she looked into his eyes and he was suddenly very scared. "I will always be with you."

He sat up suddenly. "What are you talking about? Of course we will be together, you're better now and I am not letting you go back to Beauxbatons no matter what Dumbledore says."

Hermione got up and moved around to his other side as Ginny sat up and helped Gabrielle into a similar position, the brunette wrapped her arms around his shoulders and he saw that both she and Ginny were crying as well. "What's going on?" He asked with his voice shaking in fear.

"I...I came back to you, like you asked...but I can feel it Harry. I am not long for this world..."

"No!" He shouted at her.

"Master please I..."

"NO! I just got you back, you promised you wouldn't leave me as well, or did you forget that part of your vows?"

She shook her head. "I do not forget what I said Harry. My soul is bound to yours."

He got up quickly and got dressed tossing her one of Ginny's night gowns. "We're going back to the hospital wing."

Gabrielle simply nodded as she stood and got dressed, Hermione tried to join the conversation. "Harry we shouldn't spend the last time in the hospital wing..."

"No! We are going to fix this; Poppy wouldn't have let her leave if she knew she was going to die!"

"Harry please?" Ginny asked as she got dressed as well, Hermione followed suit knowing from his tone that there would be no arguing. Once they were dressed Harry scooped the girl back into his arms and carried her all the way back downstairs and lay her in one of the hospital beds, Poppy came out of her office immediately telling him that she had not been to sleep.

"Harry, why are you back?"

"Fix this Poppy; you said she was okay to leave." He noticed the tear tracks on her cheeks and suddenly lost his resolve. "You knew?"

She did not cry in front of him but simply nodded, he turned on the other two. "You all knew?"

Gabrielle wrapped her hand around his wrist and tugged slightly to get his attention. "I did not wish to spend my last night here. I asked Mine and Ginevra not to say anything; I just wished to be with you..."

Poppy began casting her diagnostics but he knew what they would tell her. She had to explain if only to keep herself from crying. "It appears that her magic has allowed her to come back to you for one more evening Harry...I should have told you but she didn't want me to. My oath..."

He sighed as he looked up, "Thank you Poppy." He said with no emotion in his voice before turning back to the girl in his arms.

"You have a few more minutes... I'll be in my office."

"How can you say we will be together always..."

She placed her hand on his chest and grasped his placing it on her breast. "We are bound in this life and ze next my Harry. I love you..." She began coughing and his resolve finally broke completely as he began sobbing. She pulled him down onto the bed with her and let him cry into her shoulder. "I am yours forever Harry...when I am gone..." Her breath caught and his sobs became deeper, gut wrenching as if his toes were trying to express their sorrow through his mouth.

"You can't leave me..."

"When I am gone, I want you to wear my necklace..." He nodded without saying another word and simply pulled her against him. It was not right that she should be holding him in her time of need. He sat up and pulled her into his lap, hugging her against his chest.

"What can I do?" He asked in defeat.

"Live my husband; make your foes fear to speak your name just as others fear to speak his. Be the man I love...and love well and often..." Her voice was getting quieter as she struggled for each breath.

He began weeping into her hair, rocked by unheard sobs as he tried to contain his emotions. The other two were not trying to hold back their misery however and even the portraits that were visible felt his pain and were weeping. "I love you... always." She whispered.

"I love you Gabrielle Delacour Potter..." He whispered back. Just as the clock in Madame Pomfrey's office chimed the first stroke of midnight he felt her go limp in his arms, and by the last chime she had breathed her last. He screamed his fury and his sadness as loud as he could, the rest of the furniture in the room was vibrating violently as for one second his magic completely slipped from his control and tore through the school. In the towers and dungeons the



students awoke and wept at the sudden sadness that overwhelmed them, the prefects and professors on patrol were suddenly sent to their knees as they sobbed uncontrollably for Harry's loss, not knowing why. In the Headmasters Chambers Dumbledore felt the sadness wash through him and knew even as the tears hit his cheeks what had happened.

Fawkes appeared above Harry in a flash of fire but the song he sang was not one of beauty and joy, but a funeral dirge so beautiful that even the sorrow felt good. It slowly changed to a song of acceptance which helped to dry his tears and alleviate some of his guilt. He lay the girl down on the bed and gazed upon her beauty one last time taking it all in, and when the song failed to keep his emotions at bay he simply shut down that part of himself which loved Gabrielle, it was too painful. He continued to cry due to the residual emotions already running through his body, and he was sad to see such a beautiful creature gone from the world, but he was back in control of himself once again.

He stood and leaned over her to kiss her still warm lips one last time before turning and walking away. "Harry where are you going?" Hermione asked.

"I need to tell her family...I expect we will have a funeral tomorrow morning."

Ginny looked up at him a bit confused, "But Harry..."

He shook his head. "I am sad that she was taken from us, I am sad that she had such a short life, I am not sad that she has gone on however. You should have seen what the inside of her mind looked like laying here...she was lost until I went and got her. It's better this way..." He remembered her request and walked back to her body, he reached down and unclasped the suddenly disenchanted chain and quickly transfigured it into a longer one before putting it over his head and tucking it down his shirt.

"You should go to bed...mourning over her body won't do her any good now..." That said he walked out of the room leaving behind two astonished young women who were still weeping for their lost friend and lover.

## 54: Funeral for a Lady

Harry thought the weather was perfect for a funeral, it was a windy and overcast day and threatening to rain which reflected his mood perfectly. In attendance were the Delacour's including Fleur; Bill, Arthur and Molly Weasley. Luna, Ginny, Hermione, Susan, Hannah, and Neville who was there to support his girlfriend as well as Harry.

Madame Maxime had come as soon as she was notified to officiate and brought along some of Gabrielle's friends from school. Also attending were the Remus and Tonks, the Headmaster and Professor McGonagall; Ron was there with Lavender though Harry figured it was because his parents were attending and not due to any attachment to the girl. Everyone was silent as they slowly made a procession down to the lake.

The Headmistress spoke at length about what a wonderful girl she had been and how unfair it was to have her life cut short. Each of them were invited to speak and one of her friends went into detail about everyday life at Beauxbatons and how it would be lacking in color without the girl there to share it with them. Harry suspected from the amount of emotion the girl was showing, that she was one of Gabrielle's former lovers.

Finally it was his turn to speak and he made his way to her side where he simply stared into her veil covered face for a few moments, memorizing every detail. He turned to the crowd.

"This is my first love and my wife..." There was a gasp from the crowd and he waited a few moments for the chatter to die down before he continued. "I rescued her from the lake during the Triwizard Tournament two years ago not knowing how she would change my life forever. She bonded herself to me that day unbeknownst to me, and when she found me again this past summer I was shocked to say the least when she declared her intentions."

He paused for breath before continuing. "Over the next few weeks of the summer we grew closer and before I knew what was happening I had fallen in love with her. We had every intention of her coming to Hogwarts this year but some sort of bureaucratic bull kept us apart. What nobody seemed to realize was that with our Bond she was suffering every moment she was not with me."

His last statement was directed at Dumbledore who was looking more and more ashamed as the truth was revealed to him. "I visited her almost every weekend, and then came the Battle at Beauxbatons. I showed up in the middle of a firefight and immediately sought her out. I did everything I could to help the defenders and when I found her we were besieged by Voldemort himself."

This was news to all but Mione and Gin and the rest of the crowd stood in shock and awe of the young man in their presence. "Yes, I got her away while I fought with him and his two top Death Eater scum. By the time I got away from that fight she had nearly reached the doors of the school. Then she was cut down before my eyes by the same Death Eater who tried to take my Mione from me last June."

Once again there was shock to some of those present as he used the phrase that claimed her as his own, he did not pause this time. "I killed that man with his own curse. Gabrielle Delacour was at that time, under the protection of House Black and I was within my rights to avenge the attack with prejudice. However when I returned to her I could not find a pulse, my memory fails me here but I am sure many of you have heard tales that I cannot verify of the rest of the events that day.

"What I can tell you is that she joined me in a dream four nights ago, a dream that was as real to us as this gathering is to you. For three days we stayed inside that dream and somehow we were joined in Marriage by our magic. This has been verified by Madame Pomfrey shortly before Gabrielle's death."

The Healer nodded as people turned to look at her before turning their attention back to Harry. "My wife came back to the waking world with me, because I asked her to. When I found her she was trapped inside her own mind and the magic and potions we were using on her were keeping her in this world when she should have been gone. She joined me in the waking world to share one more evening before she had to go."

He ignored the tears that were running down his face, even through the blocks and locks he had placed on these memories the pain was leaking through. Everyone else present was affected by his magic

and the scene before them and were crying along with him. "She died at the stroke of Midnight this morning. She died happy to be with me, and I am happy to have known her, to have loved her, and to have been with her when she left this plane. The world is a darker place without her, but I know she would not want us to be sad for her passing. She would want us all to live and love the way she did when she was with us."

He turned and cast multiple flame charms at the wooden pyre beneath her body. Normally it took at least seven Witches or Wizards to light but Harry felt it was only right that he be the one to send her remains back to the elements.

Soon the fire was burning high and Fawkes burst in to the sky above them with a song of remembrance, uplifting all of their spirits. Remus came up to him as Tonks waited for him by the path.

"I know how much she meant to you Harry, I'm very sorry for your loss."

Harry smiled weakly, "Thanks Moony... so how are things at the Ministry?"

"Wonderful actually, you have no idea how surprised I was when I received that Firecall. Then again maybe you do." The older man asked with just a hint of a smirk. "Now is not the time Harry but you and I need to have a discussion one of these days about meddling in my life."

Harry couldn't help but smile at the old wolf, "I learned from Dumbledore what can I say."

Harry was pulled into a hug before he realized what was happening even as Remus wept a bit into his shoulder. "Thank you Harry, the real Marauders would be proud of the man you have become."

He quickly let Harry go and made his way back to the path where he took Nym's hand shyly before escorting her back up to the school. Slowly the others began to trickle off until only Harry, Ginny, and Hermione were left in an embrace by the water's edge with the flames burning down to the ground. As the flames died down a white pillar replaced the ashes in a flash of light bearing her name and dates of birth and death.

Gabrielle Apoline Delacour-Potter-Black  
December 28, 1981 - October 31, 1996

Loved in this life and the next.

He reached into his shirt and wrapped his hand around the lightning bolt pendant and thought of her as he stared at the monument. For a moment he could feel her wrapping her arms around him and he smiled sadly at his overactive imagination. Suddenly things snapped into place in his head and his eyes went wide. Both Hermione and Ginny noticed the change in his posture immediately.

"What is it Harry?" Hermione asked quietly.

"The Ring." He whispered back.

"Ring?" Ginny couldn't help but ask.

"Gaunt's ring, the ring in Dumbledore's office. The stone with the strange symbol that I couldn't place. I remember where I saw it before."

Hermione looked at him in confusion. "The Gaunt Signet?"

He shook his head. "Godric's Hollow. That same symbol was on a grave there that Remus said I was related to. The Peverall's..."

"So that ring belongs to you? Wait, does that mean you are related to Slytherin after all?"

He shrugged, "Who knows, but that isn't what's important here. The cloak has been handed down in my family from Father to Son. The wand might have been if it weren't stolen. I think the Hallows belonged to the Peverall brothers..."

It only took a moment for Hermione to catch his meaning. "Harry what are the chances that the stone in that ring is the Resurrection Stone?"

He shook his head, "Only one way to find out, that ring belongs to me by Birthright. Dumbledore has been keeping more from me than we thought."

He stood and stared at the alabaster pillar for a moment before turning back toward the school with both girls hurrying to follow him. "Harry wait!" Ginny called out.

He slowed down enough for them to catch up and then picked his pace back up. Hermione had to inject some logic into the situation. "Say that this is the third Hallow, Harry you heard the story, bringing Gabrielle back would make her sad."

He shook his head, "She said she would stay with me, I think she is sad not being here." They said nothing else as they walked back up to the school and toward the Headmasters Office.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry produced his wand and pointed it at the Gargoyle guarding the Headmasters Office. "Move."

It rolled its granite eyes and grunted; Harry produced his second wand and pointed it directly between the Gargoyles eyes. "Move."

Those eyes went wide as he recognized the Elder Wand. "What do you want?" It asked.

"You talk?" Hermione asked totally belying the situation.

"Only to people that matter, until now you didn't matter." It responded cheekily.

"Look, I can stand here naming off every type of sweet both Magical and Muggle for the next five minutes, I can blow you open, or you can announce that I am coming and give the old man a minute to get ready for us. Your choice."

"Whatever..." The gargoyle said before moving and revealing the staircase which began spinning upward as they stepped on.

Once at the top Harry did take the courtesy of knocking. After only a moment the Headmaster was heard through the door asking them in by name.

"Harry, what may I do for you? I do hope you haven't harmed Irving."

He couldn't help but ask the stupid question, "Irving?"

"My guardian downstairs, the Gargoyle?"

Harry nodded, "Ah, no Irving is fine, he just saw reason."

"May I once again offer all of you my condolences for the loss of young Lady Potter?"

"Respectfully sir, you can shove your condolences."

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed.

"I'm sorry Hermione, but he had to have known this attack was coming. Snape had to have known, if Snape didn't know then he is of no use to us as a Spy and should get the hell out of Dodge."

"Harry, there was nothing we could do in the face of so many..."

"Damn you!" Harry cried as he struck one of the tables that held shiny puffing instruments. It cracked in half as his magic amplified his strength.

"You knew, and you didn't even warn them?"

"Harry if they had forewarning Voldemort would have known Severus was not working for them."

"What good is a spy if you cannot act on information you get from him? What good is the Order of the Phoenix if all you do is show up after the fact to count bodies?"

The old man had nothing to say to that and simply sat quietly. "I'm here for my ring." Harry said in disgust.

"Ring?"

Harry walked over to the case that contained Gaunt's Ring and removed it before placing it on his left index finger. "Harry please, you don't understand."

"Understand what Headmaster? That I am now the Master of Death? That my ancestors were the original owners of the Deathly Hallows? That you need this ring to speak with your dead sister?"

"Now see here!" Dumbledore shouted at him, his magic slipped from his control for a second producing a visible aura around the mage. Ginny and Hermione were shaken by the sight but Harry just smiled.

"Nice trick, I'll see yours." He released his power and produced an aura about the same size but much brighter. "And I will raise you." The room was suddenly filled with color and all but Harry trembled as wave after wave of power washed through them, Dumbledore returned to his chair clutching his chest which caused Harry to reign in his power and rush to the old man's side.

"Headmaster?"

"Harry?"

"Headmaster, I'm sorry..."

The old man sighed, "No Harry, it is I who must apologize. You are right...on all counts. I have kept from you that which was yours by birthright. I have made decisions at every turn which imperiled your well being, and I have mismanaged the Order to the point that we are nothing but body counters and cleanup crew...Harry please..." The man reached out for him with his blackened hand but had to bring it back to his chest as another pain shot through him.

"Fawkes, take him to the hospital wing, NOW!"

As you say young speaker The phoenix replied before quickly flying over and flashing the man away.

"Harry?" Ginny asked still in shock at the quick turn of events.

"Come on, we need to go make sure Poppy knows he's there."

They made their way out of the office and down to the Hospital wing as quickly as they could; when they arrived they found the Healer standing over Dumbledore with Fawkes singing on the headboard. Harry rushed to his other side and grasped the old man's hand even as tears ran down his face.



"Harry, please. I'm fine." Harry looked up at Pomfrey who shrugged. He didn't know what to make of that.

"I'm so sorry..."

"No Harry, you have nothing to apologize for. I commend you for taking so long to lash out at me...Harry I don't have long left in this world."

Hermione and Ginny gasped but Harry simply nodded, "I figured as much after speaking with Fawkes. It's the curse on your hand isn't it?"

The old man nodded even as he sighed. "I have a few months left, possibly until the middle of next term, not much longer...if it weren't for Poppy and Severus I would not have survived recovering that ring." He said motioning to Harry's hand.

"Despite everything you put me through...for some reason I still love you old man. You can't die on me too..." Harry was reduced to tears as the females looked on.

Dumbledore patted him on the shoulder as he wept openly, a few tears fell down his own wrinkled cheeks as the two bonded too little too late. "You're free to go Albus." Poppy said quietly. "Just don't strain yourself too much. At your age that curse may be the least of your worries."

He sighed and Harry quickly helped him out of the bed and escorted him back up to the Headmasters Office. Dumbledore pressed on a bookshelf and it opened to reveal a spiral staircase that led upward to a loft apartment with a full view of the castle and grounds through its many windows. After helping him into bed the teens sat back and looked around at over a hundred years worth of knick knacks and books spread throughout the tower room.

"Harry, I will be fine but you must get that memory from Horace if we are to proceed."

Harry shook his head. "I will get it but it doesn't do us much good. I have been doing some reading and seven may not be the limit."

"What leads you to think that he has more than seven?" The Headmaster asked. The girls looked a bit confused so he quickly filled them in on his hypothesis.

"The Lord of the Rings." Was his only response.

"I'm sorry Harry, I don't follow..." Dumbledore began.

"Sauron assisted in the creation of all but three of the Rings of Power. Those three were never under his control but he somehow had control of all the others on top of the curses he placed on them. Then there is the One Ring which seems to bear an uncanny likeness to a Horcrux."

The three others simply stared at him for a moment. Ginny had never read the books and Hermione thought they were a Muggle Fiction. Dumbledore however was slowly processing the information. "You think it is possible that the Dark Wizard Sauron may have split his soul seventeen times?"

"Wait! Sauron was real?" Hermione had to ask.

Dumbledore nodded, "The tale is older than Merlin but Tolkien was a squib historian for the Ministry of Magic who took the story to the Muggle World. Much of the story is of course the result of time and legend, and much was possibly embellished for Muggle consumption. But the main facts remain true. The elves did indeed leave this world for their own long ago, but the Dwarves remain as do men; however Hobbits or Halflings have not been seen for many centuries, long before Hogwarts was built."

Harry continued. "At the very least, the One Ring displayed the traits you mentioned of a Horcrux. It sapped energy from the one who carried it. It was eerily sentient and able to affect the world around it to find its way back to its master; and the only way to destroy it was in a Volcano. I hope you didn't plan for me to throw them into a Volcano because I don't have one handy."

The old man shook his head. "What did you use to defeat the Diary Harry?"

He thought for a moment, "A basilisk fang?"

"Correct, more specifically basilisk venom."

"Of course!" Hermione caught on.

"Even if we go back to the chamber I doubt there is anything left of that corpse by now."

Dumbledore nodded, "I have already had Fawkes flash me back and though the skeleton remains, the venom ate through the fangs within a year of its death. However there is another object in the office below which has the properties of the venom imbued within."

"Gryffindors Sword?" Ginny asked quietly. She did not like this conversation but the answer had come to her immediately. "Goblin steel absorbs anything which makes it stronger and makes it a part of itself."

Harry kissed her quickly before pulling back with a smile. "That sword is yours by right of conquest Harry. I think it might be a good idea to keep it on you at all times from here on out." Dumbledore told them.

"Conquest? I pulled it from a hat!"

Dumbledore smiled, "Only a true Gryffindor could have pulled that sword from the sorting hat. It had been lost for many years and only one who showed true courage in the face of impending doom would have been able to retrieve it. It is yours; I have selfishly kept it from you, just as many other things..."

"It's in the past...as long as you stop from now on. This is my fight now; I need you working with me not on my behalf using your own judgment." Harry said quietly.

"Very well then...a word of caution before you go... Remember what I told you about the Mirror of Erised?"

"It does not do well to dwell on dreams and forget to live?"

He nodded, "Exactly Harry...the stone works, you simply turn it three times while thinking of whom you wish to speak...but I warn you. Beware the lesson of the story of the Three Brothers. Do not spend your life wishing to be with the dead."

Harry nodded but did not comment on the advice. "You need to give us everything you have on Horcruxes and let us research another way to stop him in case we cannot destroy them all."

It took the old man a long moment before he nodded, "Very well Harry, this battle now belongs to you... I shall have the materials delivered to your room tomorrow. Please do try to get that memory from Horace so we can be certain."

Harry nodded and after seeing that Dumbledore was well enough to get up and make himself ready for bed on his own they left quietly. Heading back up to his suite in silence. Once inside Harry sat down and stared at the ring. The girls joined him in silence on the couch.

After half an hour Ginny spoke up. "Do we need to go to classes today? It's almost lunchtime."

Hermione spoke softly. "I only have Ancient Runes left today, I think the Professors all understand however..."

"You two can go if you want to; Gabrielle would understand..."

Hermione snuggled into his shoulder, "Would you like us to stay? Are you going to try using the Ring?"

"I don't know... I'm still thinking..."

The girls recognized that he needed time to himself and excused themselves with a kiss on each of his cheeks. "Don't forget to eat Harry... we will stay in the Tower tonight and you can find us if you need us alright?"

He nodded and watched silently as they walked out of the portrait leaving him alone with his thoughts.

## Chapter 55: The Ring

...The girls recognized that he needed time to himself and excused themselves with a kiss on each of his cheeks. "Don't forget to eat Harry... we will stay in the Tower tonight and you can find us if you need us alright?"

He nodded and watched silently as they walked out of the portrait leaving him alone with his thoughts.

He went back to staring at the ring as he gathered his thoughts. When he had first heard the story this had been his first answer as to which Hallow he wanted, now that he had it he was afraid to use it. He didn't want people on the other side to hate him for bringing them back, but he needed to know that Gabby was okay. Dobby brought him lunch without being called and Harry grazed without really thinking as he continued to stare at the ring.

The lunch plate was replaced by a dinner plate before Harry made a decision. Finally he screwed up his courage and turned the ring as he thought of Gabrielle. He turned it again as he remembered his last day with his wife. One more turn and he looked up expectantly only to be met with an empty room.

"Pet?" he called only to be met with silence.

He tried again, turning the ring faster this time and looking up to find the room still empty. He was suddenly overwrought with fear that the crack in the ring had broken the spell, but Dumbledore seemed to be speaking from experience when he gave that warning.

Deciding to try something different he pulled up the memory of Cedric Diggory and turned the ring, he was both disappointed and surprised when a wraith appeared before him.

"Cedric?"

The wraith looked around before gaining form and looking at him. "Harry?"

Harry had to restrain himself from jumping up and hugging the boy in front of him. He knew he wouldn't be able to hug a ghost. "Cedric!"

"What am I doing here?" The ghost asked him.

Harry hadn't realized that the bit of emotion stored in his memory of this boy was so powerful as tears began running down his face. He was honestly getting a bit tired of crying. "Cedric... I'm so sorry..."

"Why am I here?" The ghost asked again.

Taking a deep breath Harry calmed himself enough to answer. "I called you using the resurrection stone."

"You mean that was real? Mum used to tell me stories about the Three Brothers but I never believed her... That explains the how but not the why."

"I'm sorry Cedric, I know it is impolite at the very least to drag you back here for such a stupid conversation... Are you happy where you are?"

Cedric smiled for the first time since returning, "It's wonderful Harry, I can play Quidditch all day if I want, the sun is always shining unless you want it to rain... Why am I here?" He repeated.

"I was trying to call my wife, Gabrielle Potter... she died yesterday." He caught himself before a sob escaped him. "She didn't show up, you were the next person I thought of... do you know why she wouldn't come?"

Cedric shook his head, "I can see my family and friends; living or dead if I want to, but I don't know everyone in the other realm; especially if they just arrived... Harry I remember asking you to return my body, thank you for doing that. It made what my parents had to go through much easier being able to lay me to rest properly."

"You shouldn't have been there in the first place; if I hadn't been so stubborn and made you take the cup with me..."

"You were being noble Harry, I appreciate it still that you wanted to share the win with me. This is all well and good but if you don't need me here can you please let me go?"

"Do you think my parents... I mean..."

Cedric sighed, "I'm sure they would love for you to see them, but as I have told you, they can watch over you. I'm certain they are proud of the man you have become. May I please go?" The boy was looking off into the distance longingly and finally Harry nodded and turned the ring in reverse three times to release his spirit. As he began to fade away Harry thanked him.

Once again Harry was alone with his thoughts, staring at the Ring. He finally gave up and got up off the couch heading for his room. He showered and went to bed alone for the first time in a long while. He calmed himself using Occlumency before lying down and drifting off to sleep.

Harry met his girls at breakfast the next morning, they remained quiet but he could tell they were itching to ask him. "I talked to Cedric."

Their eyes lit up but Hermione as usual jumped straight into the conversation. "Really? Harry do you realize what this means? What did he say?"

Not to be outdone, Ginny asked the questions that were bothering Harry the most. "Why not Gabrielle, or your Parents? Or Sirius?"

He looked at Hermione, "Yes, I understand what this means, mostly he asked why he was here, if I could let him go back yet..."

Turning he answered Ginny as best he could. "I tried to call her, she didn't or couldn't come for some reason...Then I called Cedric, I don't know why." He felt the emotion welling up in his chest and trying to leak out through his eyes but was able to contain himself.

"I'm sorry Harry." Ginny whispered with concern. "You can take all the time you need, or never call them if you decide not to." She hugged him from the side without seeming too forward, he was thankful for the gesture.

"That's the thing, I wanted to talk to Gabrielle but she didn't come. Why didn't she come?"

Hermione was shaking her head, "I don't know but if it could call Cedric we know it works. Harry I realize you may have found a way to keep her with us. But you haven't really grieved for her, you need to."

He shook his head, "Not yet Mione...just, not yet okay?"

She sighed but said nothing else besides a slight nod. Being Saturday they retired to his suite after breakfast. When they arrived they were surprised to find an entire bookshelf full of books had joined the one that resided in the common room when Harry left that morning. The Sword of Gryffindor lay on the desk with a note flapping above it which Harry took down to read.

Harry,

A great many truths were brought out last night and you have opened my eyes to my mistakes. I hope that we can use what time remains to repair our relationship and to enable you to live past the coming darkness.

On this bookshelf is my entire library of Dark Arts materials which include references to Horcruxes. I am donating these to the Granger-Black Library as I do not know of anyone I would trust more to keep this knowledge safe.

I must forgo our usual session this evening but I hope to get back on a schedule next weekend.

Respectfully,

Albus

He handed the note to Hermione who read it quickly and let out a squeal of delight as she jumped into his arms. Shortly after she began perusing her new additions.

Ginny picked up the note and walked over the couch; sitting down as she finished it. "Congratulations Mione, this really is an honor coming from him."

Mione nodded absentmindedly as she continued to scan titles. Harry smiled and sat down beside the redhead. "Hey you."



Ginny tried hard not to look hopeful at the tone of his voice. In the past month Harry had only been intimate with them a few times, and Luna had joined them on one of those occasions. "Hey yourself Mister." The smile broke through even though she tried to contain it.

"Look Gin, I know I've been distant...to both of you. I'm sorry."

She shook her head as she scooted into his lap and wrapped her arms around him. "I understand Harry, we were all worried about her, and we all missed her. There were times when I would have felt wrong having fun with you while she lay in that bed..."

He hugged her close. "No more of that though, remember one of the last things she told me. Live, Love..."

"Make your enemies tremble at the sound of your name..."

He smiled down at her and tentatively pulled her into a kiss, she tried to resist the temptation but her body soon overruled her mind as she deepened the kiss and moaned into his mouth. Hermione sat down beside them and ran her fingernails up and down Ginny's back.

The redhead pulled back and quickly looked into Harry's eyes to make sure she hadn't gone too far, but he was just smiling back. He turned his attention to the brunette. "Hey you."

She grinned at her two favorite people in the world. "Hey yourself Mister. You know we were worried about you. I'm still worried about you."

"It's time to move on and live life Mione... If nothing else losing her shows us all that we can't waste any time."

Hermione looked into his eyes and seemed to be searching them for the truth, when she couldn't find any traces of deception and sighed, "If you're sure."

He nodded, "Gabrielle summed it up; she doesn't want me to mourn her life and forget to live." He leaned in and captured Hermione's lips and quickly wrapped an arm around her pulling her closer as he deepened the kiss as Ginny had moments earlier.

They paused for breath and he smiled at her. "I started with Gin because I didn't know how long it would take you to catalog your new additions. But if you are doing nothing better at the moment why don't we retire to the bedroom?"

Ginny jumped off his lap and practically sprinted into the bedroom, Hermione smiled in amusement at her girlfriends antics before standing and pulling Harry along by the hand into his room.

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Hours later a very satisfied trio was found in the common room each studying a separate book, each hoping for some information that would help defeat Voldemort once and for all.

Thus they were rather surprised when Bernie announced a visitor. "Harry, there is a Slytherin female by the name of Parkinson waiting outside your door. Shall I let her in?"

Harry smiled up at the Satyr, "Did you make any rude comments about her?"

"Well she is a rather attractive blonde though her nose is...unique. I think it is cute and adds character rather than detracting..." His attention had drifted and he suddenly snapped back to Harry. "Was I wrong to do so?"

Harry got up from the couch after marking his place in his current tome. "Nope, I said you were only to make those kinds of remarks to Slytherins. Don't let her in, I will answer the door."

He crossed the room and opened the portrait to find a slightly flushed and nervous looking Pansy Parkinson looking expectantly back up at him.

"What can I do for you Miss Parkinson?" Harry asked formally.

She began very shakily, "Lord Black...my family has gone into hiding as was discussed. The Dark Lord is not happy and has accelerated whatever plans he had which involved Draco."

She took a deep breath before continuing though her voice still betrayed her raw emotional state. "Blaise and Daphne are currently

in no danger, but Draco has made a move to regain control of the House. He is targeting me because of my family and if I refuse to be engaged to him as the Dark Lord demands I..\" She took a shaking breath and seemed to be fighting with herself. \"Lord Black I am here to formally request the protection of House Black as per the agreement you made with my father.\"

\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*

Harry led Pansy into his common room with confusion and determination on his face. The girls looked up at their entrance and had matching curious looks on their faces. \"What is she doing here Harry?\" Ginny asked coldly.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair as he tried to form thought to word. \"Voldemort ordered her and Malfoy be engaged, she is here to seek asylum.\"

Hermione got up and approached the girl stopping short of hugging her. \"That's simply dreadful, I don't know what I would do if someone tried to set me up in an arranged marriage.\"

Pansy controlled her sneer but only barely. \"Thank you Granger...While arranged marriages are still commonplace amongst Purebloods, my clan believes in love or at the very least mutual respect. Your concern is noted.\" She turned to Harry, \"So what are you going to do to protect me?\"

Gone was her nervousness from the hallway, apparently being in the presence of a Mudblood and a Blood Traitor was enough for her to get a handle on her emotions. He looked at both girls and darted his eyes to the spare room quickly. He saw the contemplation in their eyes before Ginny nodded. He turned back to the blonde. \"Pansy, for the time being you are welcome to stay here.\"

\"Right, do I have to sleep with you?\" She asked curtly.

\"No,\" He began slowly, as if speaking to a three year old. \"There is a guest bedroom just over there...\" he pointed and watched as she turned and saw the other door.

\"Oh.\" Was all she said for a moment. \"Well what shall I do about my things? My uniforms at the least?\"

Before Harry could call him Dobby popped into the room with her trunk packed neatly and popped away again. "How did he?" She trailed off as she opened her trunk to find it contained all of her belongings.

Ginny spoke up, "That's just Dobby, he really is a remarkable House Elf."

Harry nodded, "But you girls were keeping some clothing in that room, and there is only the one shower in my room...how shall we go about this?"

Dobby popped back in beside him startling Pansy who was still crouching by her trunk, she fell over unceremoniously onto her backside. "Dobby is putting another Wardrobe into Mr. Harry Potter Sir's rooms for his Grangey and his Weazy. I is putting you's clothes in there already." He finished with a bow before popping back out.

"See, remarkable!" Ginny said with a grin.

"Yes, remarkable..." Pansy grumbled as she got up off the floor as gracefully as she could. Harry cast a levitation charm on her trunk and floated it into the spare room, Pansy following closely behind.

"I suppose this will do, it is much better than sharing a Dorm with the others in any case. Unless of course this is where the Harem is going to end up sleeping? I expect to get the top bunk if that is the case." She said turning on him.

He sighed, "There is no Harem Pansy, and we need some ground rules. You are no longer to use the terms Mudblood or Blood Traitor; those terms no longer matter to you being a Blood Traitor yourself and those to whom these terms still have meaning don't matter. Do you understand?"

She nodded silently, "What about the shower? Must I work out a schedule?"

He shrugged, "Honestly, you say your family is rather liberal when it comes to sex, I expect a little nudity won't bother you much?"

She looked at him rather nervously but stood up straight and looked him the eye as she answered. "Of course not!"

He smiled, "Good, because we are nude in my suite more often than not, and many times we may end up shagging on the couches in the common room. If you have issue with that we can look into getting you your own accommodations. I think it could be swung if need be but if I am to be your protector I don't like the idea of you being down the hall from me."

She appeared slightly taken aback but quickly composed herself. "That works for me, just don't let me catch you staring on my way to or from the shower."

"As if." He said quietly. "In any event there are plenty of things going on in my suite which you are not allowed to speak of...I'm sorry but I am going to need a vow."

She nodded as she pulled her wand out. "I would expect nothing less of anyone worth respecting. I swear on my life that I shall not reveal anything happening in this suite to anyone without your permission. So mote it be!"

He nodded after going over the terms in his head. "So mote it be." The magic flared quickly sealing the contract. "That will do for now, we are working on ways to bring Voldemort down which includes studying the Dark Arts. Why don't you get settled in and I can fill you in on some of the details. If you want this whole protector thing over with as much as I do then you can pitch in."

"Fine." She spat.

"Fine." He said back coldly.

"Well...Fine!" She exclaimed as she closed the door in his face seeming at a loss for words when arguing with him.

He turned and walked back to the couch picking up his book and beginning to read. He could feel the eyes of both other girls burning into him. "I don't know what her problem is; if I didn't know better I'd think she was expecting to share my bed. She gave me a vow not to reveal anything that happens in this suite. I explained that nudity was common place and that we might just be shagging on the couch,

she didn't seem to mind so much but warned me against staring at her on her way to or from the bathroom. Can we please continue researching please? I want to find a way to kill him for good even if we can't locate and destroy all of his Horcruxes. The sooner we do that the sooner I can get rid of her."

The girls nodded and sat down on the couch picking up their books and leaning against his shoulders for support. They had actually heard everything the two had said and the tone of voice that had been used. They were both thinking the same thing at that moment; "What if Pansy is the Closet Girl?"

## Chapter 56: Dealing?

Sunday morning Harry awoke to a knock on his door and not wanting to disturb the two witches he was curled around he quickly got out of bed and answered the door, not even taking the time to find his glasses.

"Wha?" He asked blearily as he answered the door.

Pansy stood there silently for what felt like a full minute before answering. "Uh...I used my half-bath for necessities but I would like to take a shower if you don't mind?"

His brain was finally unfogging and he rather suddenly realized he was completely nude, and this realization combined with other morning functions caused his member to quite suddenly become erect. Despite what he had told her the night before he blushed very slightly in the dim room as he was embarrassed. "Right then...uh...be quiet please, the girls are still sleeping."

He backed away from the door and she quickly slipped past him and into the bathroom closing the door behind her. A still flushed Harry crawled back into the bed behind Ginny who had won the honor of being in the middle the night before. When he tried to spoon against her however she rolled to face him and wrapped her hand around his stiff pole. "Good morning to you too Harry." She said with a grin.

He leaned in and kissed her quickly but reached down and removed her hand, no matter how nice it felt. She looked at him slightly hurt but he answered the unasked question quickly, "Pansy is taking a shower, no matter what I said last night I don't plan on giving her a show when she comes out."

Ginny nodded but wrapped her hand around him again anyway. "Gin..." He growled but she just smiled back.

"What, just because I can't play with it right now doesn't mean I can't hold it."

"Right, we'll see how well that turns out." He replied. "Go back to sleep silly girl."

They snuggled back down and he was soon drifting halfway between awake and asleep when he heard the bathroom door open. "Enjoy yourself?" He asked quietly without opening his eyes. "You only took an hour."

She turned from where she was trying to sneak out of the bedroom door and put her hands on her hips. "Listen milord, some of us prefer to take our time to look our best. Besides I always have a luxury shower on Sunday's."

He nodded before remembering that she likely could not see him. He opened his eyes and saw her outline in the dim candlelight, blurry but most definitely half naked, and quickly closed his eyes again. "Well we will probably be up in an hour or so depending on showers and other things...uh..." He struggled to find a topic that would put the fuzzy nude outline from his mind. "Don't worry about missing breakfast hours; we usually eat at our own time with Gab..." He went silent.

Pansy caught the hint of what he was about to say before he silenced himself and decided not to make a snide remark for once. "Then we can eat in the common room in an hour."

"Yeah, that sounds like a plan." He whispered back.

She opened and closed the door leaving him alone with his thoughts. His routine for the past month and a half had revolved around Gabrielle and here only two days after her death he was completely lost. Before he could venture too far into the darkness he felt a hand snake its way down his chest to wrap around his semi-erect member.

"Glad she's gone, now I can wake up properly." Ginny said with a grin as her sparkling brown eyes opened slightly. "Then again, maybe you aren't glad she's gone?" She asked as she squeezed him and felt a jerk in response.

"It's just morning time Gin, you should know by now I can't control that. Pansy doesn't do it for me."

She was pumping him lightly bringing him toward fully erect. "Whatever you say Harry, if there was ever a candidate for girl who would shag with no strings I think it's her."



He smiled as she moved to reposition herself on top of him and sank him inside her. "For the record that was your idea not mine and I actually have to agree. No danger of Pansy Parkinson falling in love with Harry Potter."

She leaned down and kissed him as she began rocking herself toward her first orgasm of the day. The movement woke Hermione up who rolled over and smiled at the sight. She scooted closer so that when Ginny leaned down she could kiss either one of them and began running her fingers up and down the girls back. "Morning you two, I see you started without me?"

"Not...a contest though...is it love?" Ginny asked as her pace began to increase slightly.

"Not at all." She leaned up and captured Harry's lips in a kiss before pulling back. "Honestly Harry, what took you so long to just quit that stupid plan so we could be together full time?" She asked with a smile.

"Me?" He grunted out as his orgasm was approaching along with Ginny's. "You're...the one who kept telling...me no!"

Ginny increased her pace until she was riding him for all she was worth, she arched her back presenting her breasts to the couple laying down who each grasped one and began to play. In almost no time that pushed her over the edge and the contractions around his prick caused Harry to follow soon after. The redhead collapsed on top of him and kissed her girlfriend before closing her eyes.

"You need a shower love." Hermione said with a smile to the girl whose red hair was matted and sticking to her forehead.

"Don't wanna move..." She mock complained from atop Mount Harry.

"That will be awkward, walking to lunch with you still in this position, but I suppose..." Harry teased, she huffed as she rolled off of him and Hermione moved quickly to clean her out. Harry sat up and reached between the brunettes legs to play with her clearly aroused sex and brought her to a quick orgasm as well after which she fell on top of Ginny panting.

"Come on loves, shower time."

Hermione smiled up at him, "Don't wanna move."

He smacked her bottom a bit harder than playfully and she quickly got up out of the bed and headed for the bathroom. "Do you need the same motivation Gin?" He asked.

She actually thought about it for a moment before shaking her head and rolling out of bed herself. "Maybe later?" She asked playfully.

"My command is your wish milady. Now go make sure Mione gets nice and clean. I'm right behind you."

She mock saluted and frog marched toward the bathroom. He gave her a playful smack on the bum for good measure despite her wishes, just for being cheeky.

They entered the common room fully clothed half an hour later and sat down on the couches. "So Harry, what exactly are you going to do with the Slytherin Princess?"

"I don't know, I honestly thought Daphne was going to be the first one that needed protection...I haven't given any thought at all to Pansy."

Of course just as he said this Pansy entered the room, "Nice to know you took our agreement seriously, my clan has held up their end of the bargain now I expect you to hold to yours."

"I have every intention of putting you under my protection Miss Parkinson; but you will have to forgive me for being surprised. I thought you were with Draco all the way."

"Please." She said as she sat down on the love seat. "Draco and I have had some fun together its true, but that was last year before he went all dark and moody."

"Dark and moody?" Ginny asked quietly.

She nodded but did not look at the girl, keeping her eyes firmly locked to Harry. "Apparently it started with threatening not only his life but that of his parents. No matter what he says to the contrary he is at least somewhat thankful to you for keeping Narcissa safe. In

fact I think he might even kill you quickly if he had the chance rather than torture you."

"How nice of him. Narcissa?" He asked at the use of a first name.

"Narcissa Malfoy is one of the best known women in social circles, half of the influence that Lucius thinks...thought he wielded was as a result of her connections. I have been tutoring with her for as long as I can remember to take her place some day, of course at the time I am sure she was grooming me as a daughter-in-law. In any case, when I turned thirteen she insisted I begin calling her Narcissa instead of Mrs. Malfoy."

"So you are some kind of social secretary now?" Hermione asked.

She sneered at the comment. "Please, I am far more than that. I have been introduced to all of her contacts as her protege, I have access to the back channels of power within Wizarding Britain and even a bit of Muggle Aristocracy."

"Muggles?" Harry asked incredulously.

"They have their uses." Was all she would reply.

Harry nodded for lack of anything to say before his stomach growled. "Dobby?"

The elf popped in and counted the people in the room quickly. "You's will be standing please miss?" He asked Pansy who looked as if she were about to lay into the little guy before she caught Harry's look and stood slowly. Dobby then clapped his hands and set up the desks in the middle of the room before popping away.

"You let your elves speak to your guests like that?" She asked Harry in confusion.

Harry stood and went to sit at one of the desks with the girls following quickly, however Pansy made sure to grab the chair on his side of the table so as not to sit with one of the others. "Dobby and Winky are not slaves Miss Parkinson. They are in my employ in addition to being my friends."

"Are you really that naive?" She asked him. "No elf can survive without being bonded to a family after they reach maturity. At least none on record."

"What are you talking about?" Hermione asked heatedly. "I never found any records about the relationship between Wizards and Elves."

Pansy still did not look at the girl. "You don't have access to the records of Pureblood families."

Harry reached his limit. "Listen, when you are in polite company you will address those who have spoken to you or you will be limited to your room unless escorted by me. I won't have you being rude to my girlfriends."

Ginny was beaming at him but Hermione was lost in thought as Pansy turned and looked at her. "Elves need to be bound to Family Magic or they go crazy and die. In extreme cases elves even suffer along with their masters over great distances. No matter what they are telling you it's a lie, he is bonded to you." She finished looking back at Harry.

Hermione turned her look on him and found no surprise on his face. "You knew! How could you Harry?"

He shot Pansy a look that said thank you very much before turning to the brunette. "Mione I didn't know until a few weeks ago. Dobby bound himself to me right after Malfoy freed him so he could protect me. You saw how bad Winky was doing last term; she would have died this term if I hadn't hired her. I didn't know they were binding themselves to me at the time."

The girl still looked slightly mutinous but only slightly as she nodded silently. Dobby popped back in with four covered trays setting them in front of the group before snapping his fingers and vanishing the lids to reveal bacon, eggs, toast. He then popped away, quickly returning to set drinks in front of each of them before disappearing again.

"Well, I must say if you had to have a rude little elf, he does seem to know his job." Pansy said as she inspected her food. "What's this?" She said taking a sip of the smoothie Dobby had provided.

Ginny giggled until Hermione elbowed her even though she had a small smile on her face. Harry brought his palm to his face and wiped away the expression that was threatening to show his embarrassment. "It is a combination of fruit juices that helps to sweeten certain bodily fluids alright? It happens to taste good as well so drink up."

Pansy looked confused for a few moments before a look of understanding crossed her face followed quickly by a look of horror as she pushed the glass away. Harry couldn't help but smile a bit as he toasted her silently before drinking more of his. Pansy was silent throughout the rest of the meal.

Dobby returned just as they finished up and Vanished all traces of leftovers and dishes. "Will Harry Potter be requiring me to put the desks back now?" He asked.

Harry thought for a quick moment before shaking his head. "No Dobby, we have research to do and this actually works well, thank you." The elf nodded and popped away once again.

"We aren't only doing research Harry; you still have two week's worth of overdue homework for Potions and DADA. Gin and I both have Runes and Arithmancy that is due tomorrow or Tuesday."

He sighed, "Honestly, don't you think taking out the Dork Lord is more important than homework Mione?" She looked absolutely appalled and Pansy couldn't help but laugh.

"What? Homework is important as well! We need an education for after Voldemort is gone!"

Pansy continued to laugh as she walked into her room and grabbed her books as well. They all sat down to study for the next couple of hours. There was a tension in the air he couldn't quite place but he knew it centered on the Slytherin being there. No matter how he, or his girls for that matter might play it off she made them uncomfortable. Harry was the first one to put down his quill and begin shaking the writer's cramp out of his hand. Pansy looked up in confusion.

"You can't be done with two week's backlog of homework for two subjects!"

"Why not?" He asked in confusion.

She just looked at him for a moment, "I only have two papers to do and I am only halfway through the second one!"

He shrugged before standing and walking over to the new bookshelf and picking out a book at random he hadn't gone over yet. He walked over to the couch and got comfortable before cracking it open. Pansy huffed before going back to her paper and writing at a noticeably increased speed, only pausing to read something from the text. She was dismayed once again when Hermione and Ginny both got up and grabbed books before joining Harry on the couch.

"This is ridiculous! How can you three be done already?" Pansy nearly shouted at them.

Hermione looked to Harry who shook his head slightly; he didn't want her to know about the side benefit of an organized mind, even if he was above the usual standard. "I guess blood purity isn't everything Pansy." She remarked a bit snidely.

Pansy pointed at Ginny, "She is a Pureblood!"

"I resemble that remark!" Ginny said playfully.

Pansy stood and picked up her things before walking toward her room. "Fine, if you want to be that way I will just study on my own! I don't want to hang out with Gryffindor Losers any more than I have to in any case. It might be catching." She slammed the door behind her.

"That wasn't very nice of us Harry; would it really have been that hard to tell her?" Hermione asked him.

He raised an eyebrow, a trick he had mastered in the mirror after getting that look from his witches once too often. "At best she is neutral for the time being, at worst she is spying on us even if I did get a magical oath from her. Besides, didn't you enjoy that just the teeniest bit?"

She blushed but was quick to comment, "That's completely beside the point..."

"Come on Mione, you know you liked seeing her put in her place after all those blood purity comments."

Hermione didn't answer; she simply harrumphed before going back to her book. They spent the next hour researching before Harry closed his book. "Nothing useful in there?" Ginny asked.

"Not really, but that isn't why I closed it. I'm done with this one." He said with a shrug.

Hermione turned on him, "Stop it right now, this is totally unfair. Not only do you only need to read a book once but now you can read five-hundred-plus pages in under an hour? Go away before I hex you!"

He took that literally and got up off the couch, replacing the book. "I was halfway kidding Harry; you don't have to go anywhere." She apologized from the couch.

He shook his head, "It's nearly lunchtime anyway. Why don't you find a stopping point?"

She sighed and went back to her tome, Ginny following her example. Harry walked over and knocked lightly on Pansy's door. "What?" She called in annoyance.

He opened the door a bit, "Lunchtime, we are going to head down to the Great Hall and I don't want you walking by yourself. Your father wouldn't forgive me if something happened to you on your way to a meal."

She stood and crossed the room pulling the door all the way open. "Honestly, I am thinking of taking my chances in the Slytherin Dungeons. You expect me to hang out with you and your misfits?"

He was getting a bit tired of her attitude; "Listen Miss Parkinson, you have placed yourself under my protection and I intend to see you protected. Yes, that means you are going to stick by my side or with a couple of people I trust."

"What about my social life? This is going to ruin me!" She whined, annoying him a bit like Lavender did.

"Your choice, Life or Social Death? Marriage to Malfoy and a shiny new tattoo?"

"This is so not fair!" She cried as she closed the door in his face.

"Ten minutes Miss Parkinson!"

"Whatever!" She called back through the door.

He groaned as he plopped down on the loveseat and looked to his two lady loves as they placed book marks and closed the tomes they were currently reading. "Anything useful?" He asked hopefully.

Hermione shook her head but Ginny nodded, "I found some stuff about trapping a soul but it looks like it relates to Dementors. Some of it is written in very old Latin and some of it in Runes I haven't studied yet."

He thought for a moment, "Well you and Mione can get together later to get a better translation. For now it's lunch time."

They all got up and walked over to the portrait hole, after a minute Harry called out. "Any day now Miss Parkinson!"

Her door opened and she stomped out and performed a little curtsy for him. "As you command My Lord." She said rather sarcastically.

Moving quickly he pushed her up against the wall and pinned her with a hand lightly on her neck before speaking in hushed tones so only she could hear. "I am as unhappy with this arrangement as you are but let's get something straight. You have been placed under the protection of House Black, without your family to back you up I am currently your Lord. For all intents and purposes you might as well be Pansy Black for the time being. I am taking this seriously and I expect you to do so as well. Are we clear?"

The shock in her face turned to submission before his eyes, rather surprising them. He let her away from the wall and she went to her knees in front of him. "As my Lord commands."



He couldn't tell if she was being serious or playing an elaborate joke so he didn't comment. "Good then lets head for lunch. I expect you to remain with someone I designate for your protection."

"Yes Milord." She said with her eyes still downturned even as she stood and followed the other girls out of the room.

Not knowing what else to do for the moment Harry followed along as well.

When they got the Great Hall he asked the girls to wait a moment, we went in alone and looked down the Slytherin table until he caught the eye of Blaise Zabini. With a jerk of his head he motioned for a meeting in the hall and got a small nod. He then returned to the girls to wait.

"Can I help you Black?"

"Blaise, how are you and Daphne doing? I hear there are changes, and not favorable ones."

The dark skinned boy nodded before looking around, "Daphne and I are safe for the time being, but we may end up asking you to take Astoria into your protection."

"Astoria?"

Ginny piped up, "She's in my year Harry, Daphne's little sister."

He nodded, "That makes sense, look I don't expect that Pansy eating at the Gryffindor Table would go over very well. I need you to keep an eye out for her."

Blaise looked over Harry's shoulder and was a bit surprised to find Pansy looking meek. "Alright I'll look out for her, but just in case things go south in a hurry you may want to speak to the Headmaster about expanding your accommodations."

"I'll do that, and Blaise?"

He half turned back toward Harry, "Thanks."

Blaise simply nodded and walked back in, Harry turned to his girls. "You understand Miss Black?" He hissed at her, once again stressing to her that for the time being she was a member of his family.

She nodded and quickly followed the other boy to the Slytherin table. Harry and the girls made their way to the Gryffindor Table and sat in their usual spots, one on each side of him. Padma got up from her place further down at the Ravenclaw table and sat down across from them. "Harry have you heard what Lav is saying?"

He nodded, "I got it out of Ron, just before he kicked me off the Quidditch team."

"Is any of it true?" She asked, she appeared to be pleading with her eyes.

He leaned across the table. "I did not take her virginity; she was intact when she left me. I never told her I loved her, only that I was finally warming to the idea that I might be able to. She is the one who said those three little words less than three days into it. Honestly? I don't care if she tells everyone though. The ones who would listen to her don't matter to me."

She frowned, "What about my sister?"

He shook his head, "It doesn't matter anyway, you know that the Plan is done with anyway. There is no list any longer. I am not dating anyone else."

She looked at Hermione who gave the slightest nod of her head. "I already talked to Hermione...I want to help with whatever it is you have been working on. I know you are forming some plan to defeat You-Kn..." He stopped her with a look.

"Voldemort..." She whispered, "I want to help...and well, I don't expect anything to happen but I would not be opposed to see what happens between us."

He thought about it for a moment before sighing. "I thought I made it clear though, if you are studying or playing with us there are no strings attached, and I just lost Gabrielle..." For a moment he

completely lost focus as he closed his eyes and took a deep breath through his nose.

"You also said you weren't opposed to more if it developed naturally." Padma answered him trying to move away from that subject.

He turned to Hermione, "Did you send out a newsletter or something?" She blushed as she looked away.

He rolled his eyes and kissed her on her temple. "Of course you did. That's why I love you."

She blushed deeper without looking back at him as she went back to her food. He turned back to Padma, "Listen, I am in no shape to have another relationship at the moment despite outward appearances... " He said shaking his head. "But after the DA this evening we are going to do more research and we can fill you in on the situation, as much as you need to know in any case."

She nodded and went back to her spot at the Ravenclaw table. I wonder if she tastes spicy...

"What?" He asked in surprise turning to Ginny.

"What, what?" Ginny asked in response.

"Huh?" He asked in confusion.

"Are you okay Harry?" Ginny asked in concern immediately feeling his forehead as her upbringing by Molly shone through.

"Fine, never mind." He said still thoroughly confused but not wanting to bring attention to the fact that he was hearing voices.

"Are you sure?" Hermione asked, having regained her composure.

"I'm fine...actually I need to work on some stuff in the Room of Requirement. Can you two escort Pansy back to our Suite? I'll be back before Dinner."

They both nodded as he stood though both looked concerned, he looked toward the Slytherin table and waited to catch Pansy's eye.

Right on time she looked up and found him, he turned from her and looked at the girls then back and jerked his head toward them. She nodded and lowered her eyes once more.

Harry headed for the seventh floor.

"Gabrielle?" Harry called as he sat in his training room ala the Room of Requirement. She still eluded him for some reason, the ring most definitely still worked as shown by Cedric's appearance yet he could not find his lost love. Each time he tried he reopened his memories of her, along with the love and heartache that drove him nearly mad. Each time it felt like another little piece of him died.

He used that disappointment along with the anger it spurred in him to call the Force Lightning. He began his exercise by staring at his fist, slowly opening his hand enough to get the power crackling almost to the point of escaping before quickly shutting it down again. After repeating this exercise and brooding on his emotions for a few minutes he stood and began hurling bolts of purple electricity at training dummies set up around the room. He had asked the room for lifelike reactions from the creations and as he hit each one with the power it fell screaming to the ground. If he had to put words to it, this is what the Cruciatus was meant to be but paled in comparison when cast by a wand. He held the lightning, pouring his rage and hatred into it until the lifelike mannequin stopped screaming and simply twitched on the floor even as it began to smolder.

Although he could not see his appearance his eyes were completely blacked out once again. He turned his attention to the next and worked his way through six of them before his concentration began to slip. He fell to his knees trembling as the power left him shaken. It felt extremely good in a way to have an outlet for all of the dark emotions he kept bottled up from day to day, and after a while he found that he had expended his stash of dark memories leaving it easier to sort through them with Occlumency, the power was addicting however. He understood now how easy it was to fall to the Dark,

As soon as the trembling stopped he stood and decided that useless or not he should balance out his practice by working with his Positive emotions. These were harder to come by, in his attempts he had found that it was much easier to fall into the darkness than to strive toward the light. Luckily he still had his stash of memories to

work off of; closing his eyes he concentrated on his 'honeymoon' with Gabrielle and how amazing he felt once he realized she was his wife. A small smile spread across his face as he worked his way into the mood needed and began feeding everything into his magic. Opening his eyes he slowly opened his hand to find the miniature Prongs looking at him expectantly. Even though he knew it was not exactly real the euphoria he got while riding these positive emotions was almost as much of a High as the rush of power he got from the darker ones.

He sent Prongs around the room and tried to conjure another Patronus to play with him, however the magic just wasn't cooperating. He closed his eyes once more and concentrated on the form of his wife in his mind. He pulled the pendant from his shirt and wrapped his other hand around it while staring into her eyes. He opened his fist quickly followed by his eyes and found a Doe to his Stag resting in the palm of his hand. It was so perfect that he began crying before sending her out to dance with her mate.

They are beautiful, non?

Both Patroni disappeared as he stood quickly; turning he began searching the room frantically. "Gabrielle?" He called only to be met with silence.

He concentrated on her and turned the ring, Come on Pet, I know you're here He looked around. "Pet? Where are you?"

Still nothing, he was beginning to think he might be losing it but before he could think much further on the subject a gong sounded throughout the room telling him his time was up. He sighed as he searched the room one more time, one of the training dummies was beginning to stand back up as he walked toward the door and he quickly turned on it and sent a jolt of lightning straight through its chest sending it to the floor once more. He walked out of the room with a smirk on his face. Crazy maybe, crazy like a fox? He thought to himself as the door faded back into the wall behind him.

Poppy pulled him aside as his group reached the bottom of the staircase on their way to dinner that evening. He motioned for the others to go ahead without him and waited until they were alone to speak.

"What did you need Poppy?"

She looked at him sadly, "I'm worried about you Harry, I know how you bottle your emotions up and I have yet to see any indication that you are dealing with... with your loss."

He sighed having known someone was going to confront him sooner or later. "Honestly Poppy, I found an outlet for my darker emotions and I am slowly working through the pain. I still mi...miss her but at the same time I almost feel like she is still here."

The woman nodded, "I know you had time to adjust to the idea...and I understand that you may have found a constructive way to deal with your loss. But please do not bottle this up Harry, you are a powerful young man and we cannot know the consequences of you having a breakdown."

Harry took a few deep breaths to keep from getting angry, he understood that she was only doing her job, and was only concerned for him. However he was getting tired of feeling guilty for not feeling depressed, he wasn't certain if it was too fresh to be real or if he had indeed prepared himself for this eventuality or if he was simply repressing the emotions subconsciously. The last was a very real possibility.

"Thank you Poppy, for the time being it is getting a little easier every day to deal with. I promise I won't let it get too bad before I talk to someone alright?"

Realizing she really had no choice she simply nodded and headed toward the great hall, Harry followed not long after.

Dinner went as usual with the addition of Pansy being escorted to the Slytherin table by Blaise. Once the meal was finished and the younger years had filed out Harry rearranged the hall and stood on the "stage" at the front of the room. "Alright everyone listen up!"

They looked as one to the figure on top of the table and waited patiently. "We are going to be mixing things up from now on," he began pacing, "Rather than separate you by class year you will be moved into groups based on skill level. Please do not take this as an offense if you are moved into a lower bracket or placed with younger

students. It is simply more effective to teach those of you with the same skill set so that we can bring everyone up to the same level or close to it. If you improve you will be moved up, if for some reason you can't keep up you will drop a rank temporarily until you can show that you have mastered whatever it is that got you demoted."

There were murmurs but nobody spoke against him, he began calling out the new groups starting with the lowest group which still consisted mainly of fourth years. There were two fifth years that belonged in this group including, he noted, Astoria Greengrass. He informed them that their group leader would point out what they needed to improve specifically to advance.

The next group consisted mainly of fifth years with three promising younger students joining them. Ron's spell work had been getting increasingly worse for some reason and Harry left it to Ginny to explain exactly what the problem was. He was not too happy but was a little less loud about it when Lavender was made to join him. However one of the fourth years that had advanced to his group was Romilda Vane which made for interesting looks thrown between the two girls.

In the third group was nearly everyone else, a few of the Seventh Years were left behind in a small group who Harry approached separately as the rest of them got to work on the day's lesson.

"Alright you six, you have shown remarkable skill in the last few weeks and I would like you to consider joining a new or rather, an old group. The Old Guard from last year will begin meeting during the week, you will still be required to attend these meetings but you will become proctors for lack of a better term. Helping out the group leaders as you see people struggling."

This group consisted of Blaise, Daphne, and Pansy from Slytherin; Su Li, one of the Seventh Years, and Mandy Brocklehurst from Ravenclaw; Jimmy Stebbins and Scott Summerby the other Seventh Year from Hufflepuff. All of them nodded and were quietly stunned at their inclusion in the legendary Old Guard. Mandy however stepped up close to him and spoke quietly.

"Are you sure I'm supposed to be here?" She asked.

He smiled at her and nodded, "Definitely, what you lack in raw power you make up for in creativity and talent. This group was never based on who is the most powerful or most popular."

She nodded but looked like she wanted to say something else; taking a guess Harry spoke again. "Look, I know you were on the list but I just couldn't do it anymore. I can't use women like that and it wasn't working the way it was intended. That doesn't mean you aren't attractive to me."

She looked up into his eyes, "How did you..."

"Just a guess, in any case I'm sorry we didn't know each other better before but my heart..." He had to catch himself as his chest tightened at the thought of Gabrielle. "My heart already belongs to others. I hope we can still be friends though."

She seemed to debate with herself for a moment before nodding, "I'd like that Harry." She managed to stumble out before walking away.

He got their attention once more. "Alright, for today just walk through the rest of the club and help out where you can, if you need help just find the section leader."

As everyone began working he found Tonks walking the perimeter and quickly made his way over to her. "Hey you."

She grinned at him but looked a bit nervous as well. "Wotcher Harry, long time no...uh...see." She said with a smile as her eyes drifted below his waist and back up to his face.

"So I noticed you and Moony were a bit friendlier at the funeral..."

"You saw that huh..."

He nodded, "So..."

She sighed, "I don't know Harry... He told me he could see now that you were the leader you claimed to be and that Dumbledore is not infallible. He apologized for all the things he said in anger when we fought... I don't know Harry; it was what I asked for but it might be too late..."



"I know you still love him." Harry said catching her by surprise.

"But I... Harry I lo..."

"Don't say it Nym, not unless you know it's the truth. If Gabrielle passing taught me one thing it is that you should not waste time with the one you truly love. If its Remus you should give it another try."

"You really mean that? I mean we..."

"We have barely seen each other for days at a time and played together even less than that. It was fun, and I'm not necessarily opposed to more eventually. But if you want to take another shot with Moony don't let me stand in the way."

She jumped and wrapped her arms around him before quickly regaining a bit of decorum and blushing, Harry added to his tally with a smile. "Now get back to work, I'm your boss after all."

She winked at him before walking away saucily shaking her hips at him. He went back to his table and began watching everyone work once more. Snape had decided to forgo the meetings after Beauxbatons for which Harry was thankful. He still hadn't decided how much blame to lay on the greasy git; it was Dumbledore who received the reports and decided that it was too risky to warn anybody but Snape should have at least shown some remorse at this fact.

Sighing he looked around the room and watched as the new members of the Old Guard helped some of the other students. He was glad for this change of pace because his mind was not really on the task at hand. He kept thinking back to the training room and Gabrielle's voice; he knew that was what he had heard but there hadn't been anybody in the room with him. He kept running through the entire scene in his head and couldn't figure out what had happened or changed to bring her to him. Before he knew it time had gotten away from him and he called a halt.

"Good work everyone; I hope you can all see that you're working at the same level as your group now and that there will be no animosity. If however you wish to challenge me I would welcome a little dueling

practice. If you win you can join the Old Guard and forgo the ranking system altogether."

When nobody spoke up to challenge him he dismissed them, Blaise and Daphne nodded on their way out, he noticed they were hand-in-hand. Pansy came to stand with the impromptu group. "So are we going to start researching now?" Padma asked.

He nodded, "You don't have to join us Padma but I have to warn you, I'm gonna need an oath from you once we get to my rooms before I can fill you in on part of the research plan."

She nodded but spoke up with another question, "What about the rest of the plan?"

Hermione couldn't help but smile before she answered the question. "You can't know all the details until you have become at least proficient in Occlumency if not mastered it."

Harry could see where this was going and growled at his bushy haired girlfriend. "Mione..."

She turned, "What? It isn't like the reason you fell in love with me is because of the intimacy from Occlumency lessons and it didn't work at all for Lavender. I am not trying to force anything on you but you really are a great teacher and if she wants to know the truth she has to be able to protect the secret."

He sighed and ran a hand over his face, "Fine...whatever...How did it go with Ron?" He asked turning to Ginny.

She shrugged, "He isn't too happy about it but there is something off about his magic. I think I could probably take him down without much of a struggle and that's without my bat-bogey."

"Well he isn't keeping to his oath and these are the warning signs..."

"Wait oath? What did you do Luna?" Hermione asked turning on the girl.

Luna sighed as she slowly brought herself under control before turning piercing silvery-blue eyes on Hermione. "That is why he suddenly stopped being such a silly billy this summer. I got him to

give me an oath that he would support Harry no matter who he was dating."

"Luna that's cruel!" Ginny cried.

"Actually that makes sense to me." All eyes turned on Pansy. "What?" She asked incredulously.

"What do you know about the situation that could possibly lead you to that conclusion?" Hermione fumed.

Pansy shrugged, "Weasley's, present company included, have always been hot headed. With a Prewitt for a mother I imagine he would find your whole Harem to be immoral, not to mention that whether he was in love with Granger or not he thought of her as his. The only way to shut him up would be to get an oath from him."

Ginny wanted to hex the girl but had to admit that she was at least partly correct, as evidenced by her need to hex. "My mother is a sweet woman with more heart than all of Slytherin put together."

"Now now Red, don't get your knickers in a twist. I wasn't saying it was a bad thing necessarily, just that the Prewitt's have always been a very prudish bunch. They were known for being equally generous and compassionate but they had a very strict moral compass bred into them. Looks like the Weasley genes overrode the Prewitt in you though."

Ginny's wand was unsheathed and in her hand in an instant and stuck directly up the girl's nostril, "And what do you know about the Weasley genes?"

Pansy held her hands up in supplication even as she stared down the length of the girl's wand. "Weasleys have always been about large families and many generations ago my clan would have welcomed them with open arms. They are rumored to be quite the lovers when properly motivated."

"You can say that again." Mione and Harry both said quietly, they locked eyes over the petite girl's head and couldn't help but laugh. Ginny removed her wand from the Slytherin's nose and turned on her boyfriend.

"Oh you think this is funny do you?"

Harry began backing up with his hand held out to the sides, "Now Gin... She wasn't trying to be mean as far as I could tell..."

"But funny right?"

He shook his head quickly even as he continued to backpedal. "No, we were laughing because both Mione and I said the same thing... you really are something else in bed..." Ginny stopped and thought about it for a moment before her wand disappeared and she quickly surprised him with a kiss.

"This isn't over by a long shot Potter..." She said with a grin that promised either pain or pleasure...or both later on. She turned and walked back to the group and got back on topic. "Now Luna, how on earth did you convince my Prat of a brother to promise something like that?"

The blonde shrugged as her eyes returned to normal, "Oh just a little encouragement, the point is he was doing well until I joined you officially the first week. I may have led him to believe that I would be dating him but I never expressly told him so, I even made sure that he included me in the list of girls he would be happy to see you date. I'm sorry if I've upset you."

Harry shook his head and sighed, "No Lu, I'm not really upset with you, I'm more worried about Ron. Lavender has his head full of tripe about me using her and if he keeps this up I don't want to know what could happen."

"I'll talk to him Harry...I might have to let him out of his oath though if he can't see reason."

Harry sighed again, "That's fine Luna, I don't want him forced into being my friend. If he can't handle my life choices then he should have the free will to stay away from me."

Luna nodded and drifted off out the door ostensibly to find Ron and release him from his oath.

Once back in his rooms Gin and Hermione went and picked up the books they were working with and headed for the couch. Pansy

went and stood by her bedroom door with her head down and Padma was simply smiling as she looked around the room, especially when she recognized the age of the books in his collection.

"So what do you need from me?" Padma asked pulling her wand out.

"You're certain you want to help us?" Harry had to clarify. She nodded so he thought for a moment, "You know what we are researching already, I would like an oath that you won't reveal anything about it unless you have the permission of myself, Hermione, or Ginny. It will not be spoken of outside this room unless I am present even to the Headmaster."

"Harry?" Hermione asked from the couch.

He turned to her, "Look Mione, we have gone a long way to resolving our differences, and I honestly do care for him like a grandfather, but the minute he gets wind of a plan I can just see him twisting it somehow for the greater good. Dumbledore is only to know what I let him know."

She nodded hesitantly before she went back to the book with Ginny; turning back to Padma he found her deep in thought. "I swear on my life and magic to reveal nothing of the research done with Harry Potter or pertaining to the downfall of..." She took a deep breath, "...Voldemort. I will not speak to anyone without permission of Harry Potter, Hermione Granger, or Ginevra Weasley not outside of these rooms without one of them present. So mote it be."

Harry was a bit stunned at the length and the specificity of the oath but found that it covered everything he has asked for. "So mote it be." The magic flared and the contract was sealed. "So how are you with Runes?" He asked with a smile.

Ginny was holding her face in her hand hiding a blush, "Does everyone know my full name?"

He left it to the girls to explain what was going on to Padma before he turned his attention to the silent girl by the guestroom door. He walked over to her and she raised her head enough for him to know she had noticed his presence. "Yes My Lord?"

"Pansy, what is going on?"

"My Lord reminded me of my place and I am simply awaiting instruction... Does this displease you?"

Harry was more confused every second. "Pansy I did not mean you had to become some sort of slave I just wanted you to respect the situation and me for taking responsibility for your safety. Feel free to be yourself just keeping that in mind..."

She finally met his eyes and studied him for a moment... "Of course milord..." Her sneer returned, "Did you enjoy yourself? Having that kind of power over somebody? Did you enjoy my little performance?"

He was once again confused, "Performance?"

"Yeah right, like you actually held any power over me... Milord..." He didn't know what to make of her at the moment so completely disregarded the events from earlier.

"Whatever Miss Black, would you please join the other girls in researching?"

Pansy nodded and headed to the bookshelf to grab a random book from the top shelf, they had begun moving tomes they already searched to the bottom and rotating the rest up to make sure they weren't repeating each others work, at least until they made it through the first round of research. The other girls got up off the couch and joined her at the work area where Pansy surprisingly didn't sneer or make a single Mudblood, Blood Traitor, or Wop remark. Harry was sitting on the couch simply reading through the latest in the long line of books he was committing to memory.

His memory had already come in handy during a quick discussion at dinner, the girls had been arguing over some point or another and he was able to recite the passage in question word-for-word. He got thanks from the girls as well as incredulous looks at having a walking library for a boyfriend. Overall he knew he was not the greatest at research so this was one of the best ways he could be a help. By knowing as much as possible from the books he could at least contribute, the main point being that in the end it would have to be him that delivered the killing blow.

Padma excused herself from the group and came to sit down beside him. He watched from the corner of his eye as she stood and removed her robes before draping them over her chair, being the weekend none of the students were required to wear robes but most did simply do to habit which was not discouraged by the teaching staff. Underneath however she was wearing a pair of blue jeans that must have been painted on to her very shapely legs and a sleeveless pink shirt with beading around a deep V-neck which placed her cleavage on display, as well as the fact that she was not wearing a bra.

Despite himself Harry was stunned by her beauty just as he had been at his birthday party, thoughts of his birthday party reminded him of the best few months of his life and he was in a very good mood by the time she sat down on the couch next to him. "What's that smile for?" She asked him.

He turned to her but kept the smile in place, "I was just remembering this summer; you know this had to have been the best summer of my life?"

She nodded and did not mention the fall they were currently enjoying. "It's nice to see you in a good mood; we were all so worried about you the last few months."

"Even Parvati?" He asked.

"Even my sister, she still doesn't know what to think but is siding with Lavender for now, that doesn't mean she wasn't worried for your well being. Just because the rest of the school are not your best friends does not mean we don't worry for you."

He was beginning to relax a little more at a time around her as he put his book down, "Really, even when half the school thought I was nutters for claiming Voldemort was back? Even when I was entered against my will into the Triwizard and most of the school was wearing Potter Stinks badges?"

"Well most of us believed you no matter what the Prophet or the Ministry said; and I didn't wear one of those badges even though Malfoy didn't tell anybody they were anything but Cedric Diggory badges until after they had them on."

"Wait what?" He asked in surprise.

"That's right Harry, they wore the Cedric badges and after an hour they activated. Many people didn't even notice; those who did couldn't remove them for another two hours due to a sticking charm. The school as a whole has never been against you."

His surprise was clearly evident on his face, "But I thought..."

"Parv and I were surprised to be asked to the ball because you always stayed in your bubble. It was the Golden Trio versus everyone, including the school and Voldemort. You couldn't have known the truth because you are always on a mission of some sort and not paying attention to the rest of us, except for Malfoy. It's no wonder you felt alone."

The revelations were too much for Harry so he shook his head trying to clear it even as he felt a bubble of pride and happiness building in his throat and threatening to make him cry. Everyone loves my Master, you should kiss her.

Harry suddenly jumped from the couch as if electrocuted and had both wands drawn as he scanned the room. "Harry?" Padma called in shock getting the attention of the others.

Hermione and Ginny were immediately by his side with wands drawn looking for trouble. "What is it Harry?" Ginny asked quietly even as she scanned the room.

He blushed very deeply as his wands disappeared but he continued to scan the room. "I...I thought I heard something, sorry to scare you."

They both looked at him strangely but he didn't elucidate, instead he simply returned to the couch looking a bit paranoid but turning concerned eyes on Padma. "Sorry, honestly I'm just a bit jumpy is all."

Ginny and Hermione returned to their studies but both were casting glances in his direction from time to time; Pansy had taken the whole thing in stride so it was left to Harry to help Padma out. "Uh... so where were we?"



She stared at him for a moment, "I think you were about to cry."

"Was not!" He argued.

"Were too, nothing wrong with that either. You are loveable Lord Potter-Black, ever since your first year."

He shook his head and smiled, "In any case... why don't we get down to business?" She nodded so he continued. "Alright, you probably deduced by now just what we are looking for."

"Somewhat, it appears you are trying to find a way to either bind a soul somehow, or somehow destroy one that is in pieces... What is a Horcrux?" She looked at him expectantly.

Over the next hour or so he explained as much as he could about Tom Riddle's past and how he had made himself nearly immortal. Padma listened in awe until he was done. He then asked her about her family life and specifically what life was like having a twin. They chatted amicably for another hour until someone cleared their throat catching his attention. Hermione was smiling down at them. "Padma, you are a prefect but I assume you do not wish to be caught out after curfew?"

Padma started as she realized how late it was getting and without thinking she leaned in and kissed Harry on the cheek before getting up. "Same time tomorrow then?" She asked as she put her robes back on.

"I suppose that is as good a plan as any for now..." Harry said trying to think of anything else to say to the girl. After a long silence she shrugged and waved before walking out of the portrait hole.

Ginny and Hermione plopped down on either side of him as Pansy was putting the books back on the shelf. "You two seemed cozy." The redhead commented.

"Just getting reacquainted a bit is all, if she wants to know my secrets I would rather know her better before even thinking about teaching her Occlumency."

"Occlumency?" Pansy asked as she sat down on the love seat. "Is that how you got your homework done so quickly? You don't even need notes do you?"

Harry was not happy about being caught out but decided there really wasn't anything to be gained by lying to her; she was under an oath already. "It is." Was his only answer.

"Do I get to know this big bad secret?" She asked with a smirk.

He shook his head, "Only my friends and those I trust will get to know that. Plus you need to be able to protect my secrets."

"I'm already under a secrecy oath..."

He nodded, "But I would like you to be able to protect the information anyway, even a secrecy oath wouldn't keep you from revealing something under torture, it would just kill you to do it. Trust me when I say that is an option you would consider while under one of Voldemort's curses."

"Harry!" Hermione cried as she brought her hands to her mouth. He turned and pulled her into him and whispered that he was okay and it was just a distant memory, continuing for a few more seconds until she had calmed down. Turning back to Pansy he saw a bit of respect mixed with a bit of fear in her eyes.

"And you can teach Occlumency?"

He groaned inwardly and tried very hard not to roll his eyes. Getting up off the couch he went and grabbed the Occlumency text from the book shelf and brought it back to her. "I taught myself, I want you to advance as far as you can, and read the entire text before I help you."

Pansy nodded and took the book from him as she got off the couch. "If you could teach yourself I doubt I will have any problem with it."

As he watched her close the door to her room behind her Harry was still disconcerted by her sudden change in demeanor. "What did you do to her Harry?"

He turned to Ginny who had asked the question and shrugged in response. "This morning we had a little discussion about her attitude. I told her that since her family is missing in action and I am responsible for her being under my protection. That she might as well consider herself a Black and me her Lord." Both Ginny and Hermione gasped and stared at him.

He did not like it when they did that, this time he did groan audibly and rolled his eyes. "What did I do now?"

Ginny seemed to be suppressing a giggle but Hermione looked genuinely upset, hoping that whatever Ginny had to say would help calm Hermione down he turned to her first. "Gin?"

After Ginny realized her girlfriend's reaction she calmed herself and grasped Hermione's hand before addressing him. "Pansy Parkinson is a Pureblood through and through Harry, granted, so are the Weasley's but that is mostly luck rather than breeding. That doesn't mean I don't understand what it means to be female and pure blooded."

He made a circular motion with his hand nonverbally asking her to continue. She took a deep breath, "If you said that exactly the way you told us, you basically just adopted her Harry; and being that you are currently unmarried it could be taken as a marriage proposal."

"What!" He screamed before quickly lowering his volume so as not to alert the girl in the other room. "What?" He asked more calmly.

Hermione was ready to speak by now, "You proposed marriage to her Harry... That wouldn't have been the case except that her father specifically asked you to place her under your protection..."

Harry was shaking his head, "You don't think he planned this do you?"

Both girls shook their heads, "I'm sure he knew the possibility existed, and I don't doubt that he would like to officially bring you into the clan... but I doubt this is part of some master plan." Hermione answered him.

"How do I get out of this?" Was his only question.

Ginny shook her head, "Unless you want to kill your relationship with the Parkinson's and by extension the Greengrass and Zabini families you don't... but maybe we can speak to her?"

Harry sat down hard on the love seat, "Please?" He begged.

They got up off the couch and kissed him on the cheek he barely noticed them knocking on Pansy's door and entering her room. He understood on a logical level that it would make sense to marry into the clan rather than simply announcing that he had joined them. But on a base level he could not imagine being married to Pansy bloody Parkinson. She was annoying and snotty and bigoted even while on her best behavior, or she was virtually a robot, more so than Gabrielle had ever been to him.

As usual thoughts of Gabrielle brought echoes of pain from the place inside where she was supposed to be. He took a few moments and let the pain wash over him a little at a time just to feel closer to her. Reaching into his shirt he wrapped his hand around her pendant and wished she would come visit him in a dream again, just so he could talk to her one more time. He could almost hear her voice whispering in his head. Telling him that she loved him, that she would always be with him, that she already was with him.

Sighing he removed his hand from the bauble and opened his eyes to find Gin and Hermione sitting on either side of him just watching him. "Are you okay Harry?" Ginny whispered as she saw his eyes open.

"Fine... why?" He asked.

Hermione reached up and wiped his cheeks before showing him the wetness on her fingers. "Because you're crying Harry, this isn't bad it was just a shock. We can leave you alone if you need to...well if you need some time to yourself."

He shook his head and indicated that they should continue. "Pansy understands that it was not meant as a marriage proposal, especially after you rebuked her this evening."

He sighed as that one less worry melted away. "I was just thinking about Gabrielle, sorry."

Hermione shook her head and pulled him into a hug. "Don't be sorry Harry, you are allowed to be sad that she's gone, angry that she was taken. If you need to let it out a little at a time to make it easier then do it. Neither of us will think less of you for it." He hugged her back before turning and pulling Ginny into a similar embrace noticing that she was crying as well.

For the first time in two days Harry let himself cry, just a bit, just enough to take the edge off. Not nearly enough to remove the buildup of emotions he was suppressing but enough that he felt better, at least temporarily. He was completely drained before too long and decided it was time to call it a night and they quickly headed off to bed.

## Chapter 57: Spinners End: Revisited

Harry had just finished making love to Gabrielle for the fourth time and they lay in the meadow staring up at the clouds. She was lying against him with her head on his shoulder and holding his hand in both of hers tracing small circles and following the lines on his palm. Over all it was a perfect dream but as he realized that he was dreaming it began to slip away.

"Pet! No!"

She smiled as he began to drift away, "I'm only a thought away Master..."

He awoke with tears running down his cheeks and into Hermione's hair. Ginny was curled up behind him as he ended up in the coveted middle position the night before. He lay there and remembered every second of that dream that had been so real, he could not bring himself to hope that it had been though. He had tried summoning her at least five times now and she still wouldn't come. He sighed as he summoned his glasses and put them on so he could see the clock, today was Monday and in a couple of hours they would need to be in class. He lit the candles with a thought and lay back to simply enjoy the last few moments of the morning with his girls.

There was a light knock on his door but he couldn't seem to extricate himself so he called out softly as he waved his hand to pull the door open with a light summoning charm. "Come in Pansy, but be quiet please."

Pansy walked in wearing only a sheer nightgown, no matter how many times he denied it he couldn't help but notice just how attractive she was. She was just a bit taller than Ginny and her hair now fell just below her shoulders. Her eyes were a very interesting color of grey and if he had to admit it only to himself, she had a perfect figure which was outlined by the light of the doorway through the sheer material. He felt himself stiffening and suppressed a groan that Ginny was at least partially right as usual. "Good morning." Was all he could think to say.

"Good morning milord, do you mind if I go ahead and take my shower?"

"Keep it short please; there are three more of us who need it before breakfast."

She nodded and headed into the bathroom not bothering to close the door behind her. No matter what his body was telling him he refused to try sneaking glances at her. With a wave he closed both the bathroom and the bedroom doors before trying to sink back into his dream. A short fifteen minutes later she walked out of the bathroom with her hair still wet wearing only a towel, he quickly averted his eyes so as not to be seen staring at her. After she exited the room however his condition became apparent to the brunette in front of him.

"Mmmm, my turn this morning?" Hermione asked sleepily as she pressed her bum back against his hard on.

He reached down and lifted her leg enough to slide his hand up toward her sex and he began playing lightly until the moisture reached an appropriate level with her moaning quietly the entire time. Once he judged her ready he lifted her leg again and placed himself at her entrance before quickly sliding inside her.

They lay together on their side as he slowly thrust inside her, not trying to rush the way Ginny had the morning before. He was trying to be careful not wake Ginny up but it was no use. The smell of sex and the slight movement was enough to wake her up with a smile.

"You know a girl could get used to waking up like this every morning." She commented as she sat up and began stroking both of them lightly.

"Definitely..." Hermione breathed out.

"Good thing you two aren't going anywhere isn't it?" Harry asked as he picked up his pace and the gentle slapping of skin could be heard. It wasn't much longer after that when they came together having had much practice with the timing, and as had become the ritual Ginny was between her legs like a flash for her morning treat as Harry stroked her with his fingers until she was moaning her own orgasm into the others wet folds.

Once again he had to spank them to get out of bed, especially since he was stuck under both of them at the moment. He was beginning to wonder if they enjoyed it as much as he did.

Harry had noticed Remus eating breakfast with Nym that morning and smiled sadly, it looked like he might soon have one less female to worry about. As he thought about it however she had been so busy with her security duties, and he with The Plan that they hadn't had much occasion to get together in any case. He let his mind drift through the rest of the morning...

Ron had been strangely quiet in Charms but Harry didn't try to figure out what the problem might be, he was too busy debating the genetics of magic with Daphne while they practiced. He did notice however that Lavender was no longer sending him venomous or amorous looks depending on her mood. He took that as a sign that she might actually be interested in Ron and silently hoped it would work out for the two of them.

Draco had finally made a move, trying to sneak a shot at Harry or Pansy in the back. As far as he was concerned it didn't matter who the target was, the blonde ponce had ended up pinned to the ceiling once again and Harry had a very thankful Pansy and Padma on his arms as he escorted them to class. Pansy was almost bearable which was starting to scare Harry a bit, he really didn't want to start something with anybody, especially her. No matter that he was not opposed to falling in love again he was actively trying to stay away from another relationship.

He now sat in the Room of Requirement; Pansy was in the Library with Blaise during this free period so that Harry could work on his projects. Gabrielle remained out of reach except in fleeting moments where he could swear that he felt her touch or heard her voice. It was like seeing something out of the corner of your eye, but when you turned there was nothing to see. He channeled his frustration into his Wandless magic practice quickly taking down a half-dozen training dummies. As usual he felt drained afterward but it was getting easier to sort through the memories after burning off some of the extreme emotion associated with them. He thought he was almost to a point where he could actually open himself back up to her fully.



He sighed as the gong sounded telling him that Herbology would begin in fifteen minutes. He got up and thanked the room as he left and turned down the corridor only to run smack into the last person he needed to deal with.

"Ah Lord Black, How is the Hero of Beauxbatons today?"

"Respectfully Professor, go away. Now." Harry growled.

Snape almost smiled before it turned into a sneer. "Listen to me boy; just because you put on a little magic show and managed to assist the French forces do not think that you have what it takes to speak to me that way. It didn't do your little Veela much good did it?"

Harry didn't know if the man was going barmy or simply had a death wish but he tried to control his initial reaction of tossing a bit of Force Lightning at him. It might be fun to try it on a real target. "Snivellus, if you do not get out of my way I am afraid of what I might do to you. I haven't forgiven you for withholding information that lead to my wife's death."

The man smiled a greasy smile, "Ah yes, the little Veela was somehow tricked into bonding with you. Such a waste."

The pupils of Harry's eyes began to take over the irises as he struggled to control his breathing and remain calm. "Do you have a point in being here sir?"

"It is none of your business milord, however I think I shall have 10 points for your cheek, 10 for being late for class..." The bell rang letting Harry know that indeed he had been delayed past the point where he could make it to Herbology on time. "And another 25 for disrespect, you know how much I hate that name." He said this last with as much venom as he could muster. The entire time he had avoided Harry's gaze and the younger man kept wishing for just a glance. He knew if he wanted to force himself onto the man he could do it without eye contact but it was so much more rewarding when Snape knew he had caught himself out.

"May I go to class now sir?" Harry asked as politely as he could. At Snape's nod Harry sprinted away toward the stairs fuming at the sudden reemergence of the hated personality.

"That will be another 10 points for running in the Halls Black!" Snape called after him and Harry could swear he heard laughter. Harry decided that next time the man pressed him he would get everything that was coming to him.

As soon as Dinner was over Harry escorted the girls back to his suite before telling them he needed to take care of something. His disappearance for an hour at a time had become commonplace so they simply waved as they got down to homework. His original thought was to head for the Room of Requirement, however when he got close he found that same Slytherin Firsty standing guard, thinking quickly he pulled his invisibility cloak from a magically enlarged pouch on his belt, glad that he had taken to carrying it everywhere with him. After donning it he snuck past the presumed guard and toward the area where the door would appear, after pacing a few times without it appearing he knew something was up. Just then he heard a quiet curse from behind him as someone tripped over a speck of dust.

He walked silently over to the area of the wall that the sound had come from. "Wotcher." He whispered with a smile.

"Aberforth Bugging a Goat!" She exclaimed as her own invisibility cloak slipped a bit revealing her feat. "Merlin Harry, are you trying to kill me?"

He couldn't help but chuckle at her colorful language, "Sorry I couldn't resist. I take it your cousin is using the room again?"

She nodded before realizing he couldn't see her, "Yeah, at least this time he seemed a bit panicked. I caught him saying something about hiding a Fanged Frisbee before the door opened, but I still can't get the door to open for me."

Harry pondered that for a moment before sighing, "Well I guess I won't be doing any training tonight." A sudden thought occurred to him. "You've been following him right?"

"Yeah why?"

"Have you got any clue what this great plan is? Pansy said Voldemort has accelerated whatever plan Draco is involved in and I don't want to be blindsided."

Again she shook her head before berating herself mentally, "No clue Harry. You have any leads?"

He quickly ran through his memories, the easy ones anyway, before his eyes lit with comprehension. "I might have one after all... Stay safe alright? Wouldn't want Moony coming after me."

"Harry I still don't know what's going on with Moony so don't think you're getting away from me that easily." When she was met with silence she tentatively reached out for where his voice had been coming from only to be met with air. "Harry? ...Fine! Walk away, not like I wanted to talk to you anyway!" She called out, when she heard the scales drop at the end of the corridor she remembered she was supposed to be on stakeout and quickly shut up.

Harry made his way quickly downstairs toward the front doors. "Just where do you think you're going? Students need to be locked up tight in their common rooms or there'll be trouble."

Harry turned on the voice to find Filch and Mrs. Norris giving him the evil eye. Harry smiled as he took two steps toward the man. "Ah Mr. Filch, I guess you didn't get the notice. I am an adult now and as such I have the right to leave school grounds whenever I wish and I am not subject to any curfew. Was there anything else?"

The man looked him over once again before turning and walking the way he came mumbling about putting students in chains or some other nonsense. Mrs. Norris however remained to stare at him, he quickly flashed her with the look which drove her into a heat. Having never tested his power on an animal Harry was rather sick at the sight that greeted him next.

Mrs. Norris rolled over and began growling at him but it wasn't the usual growl of hatred. This was eerily similar to how Gabrielle used to greet him in bed and it sent shivers down his back. "Go on, get out of here." He said trying to shoo her away.

When all she did was get up and turn her tail toward him raised high and growl at him again he nearly lost his dinner. Thinking quickly he tried kicking her gently away from him. She slid about ten feet across the stone before she turned her eyes on him and let out a...well it was the cat version of a moan. Harry did throw up just a bit

in his mouth then; as she made her way saucily back toward him he was scrambling for a way to get her to stop. She had him backed up against the door before he knew what was happening and was rubbing her head and backside against his legs.

Harry panicked and picked her up holding her far away from his body, but the look in her eyes was absolutely disturbing. He met her eyes and pushed the image of Filch petting her into the cat's mind. She began struggling and he let her go, watching in relief as she darted into the darkness chasing her master.

Feeling extremely queasy he locked that memory away three levels deep with warning labels on each and a large note on the top level noting the humor of the situation but never to use the look on any animal...ever.

Now much calmer he made his way out of the school before pulling his shrunken broom from his pocket and hopping on. The Firebolt responded to his touch the same way it always did, like it was welcoming a part of itself home. He climbed aboard quickly and streaked toward the gate, the moment he reached the edge of the wards he Apparated himself to a small island in the Caribbean about 200 feet up in the air where he settled into a lazy pattern around the roof of a small villa.

After a quick scan and check of the wards he landed at the front door where he knocked three times, a female elf answered the door.

Her eyes went wide as she recognized him, "Master Harry! You has come to Potter Villa!"

He was momentarily taken aback, "Do I know you?"

She nodded causing her ears to flap humorously, "Master James and Mistress Lily is bringing you here as a baby...we is all very sad when they is passing, but the bonds do not break so we is rejoicing that Master Harry is safe!"

He quickly smacked a hand over his face as he realized that his family owned house elves that he had never taken the time to meet. If Hermione had been upset about Dobby and Winky what would she think about this? "How many elves are in the employ of the Potters...uh..."

"Jinxy Master Harry, I is Jinxy...There is only ten of us Master, Jinxy, Tripsy, Minxy, Jolly..." He cut her off with a groan.

"Thank you Jinxy, I will meet them all eventually I'm sure. Does that include the Black House elves?"

She nodded again, "We is all meeting when we feel the family magic merging. We is taking good care of all the Potter and Black Properties like good elves Master."

He nodded, "We will have to talk about this more sometime, is the mistress of this house in at the moment?"

She nodded again, "Mistress Cissy is not very nice, but the Black elves is saying she is much better than old lady Black, and she does not mistreats us, just not as nice as Mistress Lily."

Harry was happy to know that his mum had been kind to the elves hoping that perhaps it would go a long way toward convincing Hermione. He sighed and stepped inside. "Will you let Cissy know I'm here?"

Jinxy nodded and popped away, it wasn't very much longer before Narcissa walked in with her wand drawn. "Lord Black?"

He nodded, "Things are getting out of hand at Hogwarts, apparently whatever plan Draco is involved in has been accelerated and I have information that leads me to believe you know what that plan is.

She went pale. "What information? What is my son doing, is he in danger?"

He held up his hands, "Draco Malfoy is marked Cissy, I understand that you love him as a mother should but right now I am worried about this plan. I have been distracted lately and I need to know what's going on."

"Why would you think I know anything about this plan?" She asked guardedly.

"Because I know you made an unbreakable vow with Snape. I just don't know what it was about."

She turned and walked into the sitting room before slumping down onto a chaise as tears began falling down her face; Harry followed and stood in front of her. "I'm sorry milord, I only know there is a plan I do not know what it involves except that it is supposed to be nearly impossible. The Dark Lord wanted to punish Lucius for getting himself captured."

Harry sat down on the couch and took her hand in his. "What was the exact wording of your unbreakable vow then?"

She sighed and went quiet for a moment as she remembered. "Watch over Draco, protect him from harm, and carry out the deed that the Dark Lord has ordered Draco to perform if it looks as if he should fail." Her tears continued to fall.

"Cissy, did you know that Snape is a spy working against Voldemort?"

She looked up at him stunned. "No, Snape is a spy working against the Order for the Dark Lord..." She seemed uncertain. "How can he make a vow to do this if he is working for the Light?"

Harry mused over that for a moment before shaking his head. "I don't know... I think Snape might be trying to be put out of commission. He has actually been a decent teacher for the past two months, being equally evil to everyone instead of just me and Gryffindors in general. Then today he approaches me and tries to pick a fight..."

"What can you do about Draco? If he fails the Dark Lord will kill him!"

"If he succeeds I might have to kill him Cissy. I'm sorry but you knew this when you renounced your vows and I annulled your marriage to Malfoy..." Harry trailed off before sighing. "I am also sorry to tell you Lucius is dead; I killed him."

She stared at him in horror for a split second before she began chuckling even through her tears for Draco. "He can't come for me!" She lunged at him and wrapped him in a hug as she cried into his shoulder. "Thank you Milord!" Harry was getting more and more uncomfortable by the minute but he simply patted her with his free

hand. She finally sat back and regained some decorum. "Draco is too much like his father..."

Harry nodded, "I will make the offer once again, and I suggest you write to him. But if he does not turn away from his current path I'm afraid that the best he can hope for is Azkaban."

She stood and went over to the little writing desk in the corner before scratching out a quick note and sealing it with wax. "Please try milord?" She begged him as she handed over the note.

He thought it through for a moment before replying. It was strange to be sitting here talking to Draco's mother as if she had always been on his side. But the contract that Sirius had drawn up was very explicit and she was on pain of death to uphold it. Plus she knew things he needed to know.

He nodded as he stood up. "I will make the offer again but I can't promise anything. He has complicated things further by trying to force Pansy Parkinson into a betrothal. She is now under my protection."

Cissy sat back down and looked up at him a bit shocked. "Her father can renounce any sort of betrothal unless he set it up."

Harry shook his head, "Wood and the rest of his clan are in hiding, which is part of why Draco was ordered to do this; in retaliation of the Parkinson's betrayal. She is under the protection of House Black now as per my agreement with Wood."

She stared out the window for a moment before looking up at him. "Milord, without her biological father to dispute it forged documents could be filed with the Ministry."

"How can I stop it then? I am taking my vow to protect her seriously."

"The only way for certain would be to announce your own betrothal to her. Wood Parkinson asked you to place her under your protection correct?" Harry nodded knowing where this was going. "Then by claiming her for House Black the papers will magically be on file at the Ministry, however you would have to declare it publicly

for it to take effect. Do you have any compunctions about marriage?"

He sat back down with a groan. "I know it would make much more sense politically to join that clan through marriage but I am already in love with two others who I plan to live the rest of my life with."

"You know how that clan operates of course," He nodded at her raised eyebrow, "At worst she could be your third wife..."

He got up quickly not wanting to think about the possibility any longer. "Thank you Cissy."

She stood and curtsied with her head bowed, "Milord?"

He turned back toward her, "Cissy?"

"I understand your dislike for arranged marriage, my own is a fine example." She took a breath and wiped away the last of her tears. "But Pansy Parkinson would be a valuable addition to the Black family. She has all of my contacts and is actually quite a bit better at playing her role than I was... She would have been perfect for Draco..."

He sighed, "Thank you Cissy." She nodded and bowed her head once more.

"Lord Black." she replied with a simple curtsey.

He headed back outside and hopped onto his Firebolt quickly reaching 200 feet once more before Apparating back to Hogsmeade and flying down to the school gates. He arrived just as Filch was walking down the path jingling his keys with Mrs. Norris trying to trip him apparently. "You!" The man shouted.

"What?" Harry asked as he walked through the gates.

"You bewitched my cat! What have you done to her?"

Harry controlled the urge to laugh, but only barely. "I don't know what you're talking about; it looks to me like she just loves her master."



The man began a long string of curses as Harry mounted his broom and shot off toward the school.

## Chapter 58: Answering the Call

He awoke on Tuesday morning after Gabrielle had visited his dreams once again but knew he was only wishing. He smiled to himself as they ate breakfast at his plans for Snape. The man had been warned and Harry was praying silently that the preview from Monday meant he would have an excuse to test out his newly thought of punishment today.

So it was they found themselves in the DADA classroom; Pansy had forgone the illusion and sat with his group in classes they shared. Snape entered looking nastier than normal and after throwing a glance at Malfoy who looked more smug than usual he turned on the class.

"Homework, my desk, now." He ordered. Many students jumped up and crowded to place their homework on his desk, except for Harry's group who placed them in a pile before he casually floated them toward the desk using magic. He turned, "I did not authorize you to use your wand Milord, 5 points from Gryffindor."

Oh yeah, he was asking for it, Harry just wished he knew why. As much fun as it would be to rip the professor apart he couldn't bring himself to do so knowing that the man might actually be making some sort of masochistic plea for help. However Snape then turned on the Ravenclaw section and singled Padma out. "You as well Miss Patil, there will be no more unauthorized magic in this classroom, is that understood?"

A chorus of "Yes Professor." Was heard around the room earning a nod and a sneer from the man. "Very well, today we will be having a practical demonstration once more to determine if your feeble minds have been able to properly absorb the information I have presented. We will be having a tournament of sorts and those who are found lacking will be asked to leave my class."

This was news, how dare he threaten to kick people out of a class that would be the only way to teach these people to defend themselves if it weren't for the DA. Harry's temper was beginning to tip towards dangerous as Snape continued to berate students in any house excepting Slytherin. Snape waved his wand and the chalkboard flipped over to reveal a tournament bracket with names listed.

There were 30 people in the Sixth Year Defense class so there were fifteen brackets to begin with. Snape ordered them to stand before Vanishing the desks and creating five dueling rings with proper protections around them on the floor. A very nervous looking group of students quickly found their assigned opponents and awaited further instructions.

"Anything you know which is not illegal or lethal is allowed, if you feel that your life is in danger you may yield though cowardice shall not be rewarded. If you die it is your own fault as we do not have time to train idiots either; now group A please take your places." When nobody moved he shouted at them. "NOW!" Quickly spurring the students into action.

Once the students were barely ready he fired sparks signaling the beginning of the duel. It took the first group nearly a minute for a winner to be declared. "Losers please move to the back of the class room, Winners take your places next to the standings!"

The first round continued with Harry defeating Crabbe in group C. The chalk board reflected the changes and placed the names of the winners from the three groups into the next bracket:

Abbott, Hannah  
Bones, Susan  
Brocklehurst, Mandy  
Brown, Lavender  
Davies, Tracey  
Finnegan, Seamus  
Granger, Hermione  
Greengrass, Daphne  
Malfoy, Draco  
Patil, Padma  
Patil, Parvati  
Potter, Harry  
Thomas, Dean  
Weasley, Ronald  
Zabini, Blaise

Before they could let it sink in Snape quickly had them set up for the next round and forcing Harry to fight twice in order to keep the groups even. Although the whole thing was grating on Harry's

nerves he couldn't help but be proud that most of the winners from the first round had been from the Old Guard. Even more surprising had been Ron winning his match after all the trouble he had been having over the last several weeks; Harry assumed that Luna must have let him out of his oath resulting in the damage to his magic being repaired. The Chalkboard updated the standings once more as they looked on.

Bones, Susan  
Granger, Hermione  
Greengrass, Daphne  
Patil, Padma  
Patil, Parvati  
Potter, Harry  
Malfoy, Draco

The second round had not been entirely fair; Malfoy had been placed against Mandy who was not yet comfortable with the idea of dueling despite her impressive spell repertoire and reflexes. Blaise had been placed against Daphne and if Harry hadn't known better he would have thought Blaise bowed out rather than curse her. There was something going on between them but Harry couldn't quite put his finger on it.

Harry was looking forward to the third round and possibly getting a chance to magically pound on Draco with permission when Snape called a halt. "Lord Black you look entirely too confident."

Harry was completely caught off guard. "Excuse me Professor?"

"I said you look entirely too overconfident, the last time you got overconfident your wife died, before that you killed your godfather. What right do you have to stand there looking so smug."

Harry was getting extremely upset by this point, no matter what the reasons Snape was in an all out offensive and it was all Harry could do to keep from letting the lightning that was sparking at his fingertips free to do its job. "Respectfully Professor, stick it up your..."

"Harry!" Hermione chastised him.

"I should have known you would be just like your father, he was stubborn and overconfident as well and got your mother killed in the process..." Snape trailed off.

"Leave my mother out of this Snape!" The man met Harry's black eyes and Harry fell into his mind quickly reading his surface thoughts, all thoughts of this being a charade lost in that moment. He began reading the flashes as he passed them.

A greasy boy and a beautiful redhead girl on a playground talking...

That same redhead; whom Harry recognized suddenly as being his mum sitting beside the greasy haired boy who could only be Snape in potions speaking in low tones in their first year...

The feelings from the next several memories hit him like toxic gas and made him want to hurl. Harry knew it wasn't love, this was lust, possessiveness, jealousy...but Snape had never known real love. As far as he was concerned he was in love with Lilly Evans...

The same memory from the Pensieve of Snape calling her a Mudblood...

Snape listening outside a keyhole as the prophecy was revealed to Dumbledore and running with glee to report what he had heard to Voldemort after being ejected by the innkeeper...

Harry pulled out of the man's head more than a bit sick to his stomach, less than ready to hear that voice again. "Did you enjoy your trip through my memories milord? I think it only fair that I return the favor...Legilimens!"

Harry let the man through into his mindscape the moment he felt him against the shields, Snape found himself in the jail cell again with Harry pacing outside the bars. "Why..." Harry tried to ask calmly.

Snape was still getting his bearings as he turned confused eyes on Harry, "Because I loved her..."

Harry knew better, "That isn't love! You betrayed my parents to Voldemort so you could take my mother for your sex slave? You

could care less for my life or my fathers. It is your fault my parents are dead!"

Harry continued pacing all reason having left him after what had just been revealed to him. "Snivellus you have been weighed, measured, and found lacking. Enjoy your stay." Harry stepped out after releasing naked Dumbledore into the cell. He awoke a heartbeat later to watch Snape crumple to the ground.

"Harry no!" Hermione said pointing her wand at the form on the floor. The class erupted into chaos in the next heartbeat. "Harry what did you do?" She asked turning to him.

"I did nothing to him; he attacked me and couldn't handle my defenses. We should get him to the hospital wing." Harry said emotionlessly.

Several Slytherins quickly levitated the man and headed out the door; Harry turned for the door as well but was interrupted. "Potty!"

He turned disgusted eyes on the voice. "Not now Malfoy."

"You think you can get away with killing a Professor? You have some explaining to do Potter."

Harry growled and the lighting still wanted to leap from his hands but he controlled the urge, only just. "Malfoy, I have asked you repeatedly to use my title or at the very least refer to me as Lord or Milord. Must I remind you of the consequences?"

"Shove it Potter, we've had enough of you." Draco shouted. Harry looked around and found that even Crabbe and Goyle were backing away from the Ponce.

"Lord Malfoy, to answer your first question I killed Quirrell first year so yes, I can get away with killing a Professor." There were gasps all around the room before he continued. "Through inaction I saw Umbridge carried off into the Forbidden Forest by a heard of angry Centaurs and I was present when Lockhart wiped his own memory. I'm still here, so you can shove your empty threats, when the Professor deserves the punishment I am legally within rights to be a part of it as precedent shows." Harry took a deep breath still fighting the darkness that was waiting to claim him.

"Second, Lord Malfoy; You have nobody to back you up at the moment, so unless you wish to call me to duel?" As Harry said this he allowed the lightning to begin charging in his hands getting gasps from the few who could see it.

Malfoy was looking around the room suddenly realizing his predicament. "N...No..." He couldn't bring himself to say the words however.

Harry remembered the note in his pocket and sighed as he pulled it out. "You're mum sent you this note Draco, I am begging you to see reason and accept the deal Sirius left you in his will." Draco took the letter and looked at the seal on the back; he seemed to debate with himself for a few seconds before putting his wand to the parchment and setting it ablaze.

"Narcissa Black is no relation of mine and neither are you. The Black family is no longer associated with the Malfoys."

Harry nodded sadly but had expected no better. "As you wish Lord Malfoy, please leave before I make an example of you."

"This isn't over Potty!"

"Third!" Harry called as Malfoy went to exit the room; he stopped dead in his tracks at the sound of his voice. "You have insulted me and the Ancient and Most Noble House of Black for the last time. I will be bringing you before the Wizengamot."

Malfoy stormed out of the room and Harry went to follow out the door once more before Hermione and Padma placed restraining arms on him. "Harry where are you going?"

He took a deep breath before smiling down at Hermione. "I think it is safe to say that class is dismissed; and I had best make my way to the Headmasters Office to explain my actions."

"Just what were your actions?" Padma asked trying to suppress a grin; the man had been evil to her just like everyone else for the past five years.

"He attacked me using Legilimency; I am authorized by law to take whatever measures I felt necessary to protect myself."

"What did you see Harry?" Hermione asked knowing that Harry must have caught at least something to make him defenestrate Snape so harshly.

"Later Mione." Harry said before kissing her cheek and making his way to Dumbledore's office."

"Harry I must insist you release Professor Snape from whatever hold you have over him!" Dumbledore pleaded.

The conversation had gone as Harry expected but Harry was still riding high on dark emotions and was only able to respond in two or three word sentences for most of the conversation. The old man made the mistake of probing Harry's shield and Harry snapped.

"No more!" The force of his words caused the old man to collapse into his chair as Harry seemed to grow larger in front of him. The whites of his eyes were still present but the black was taking hold of the center.

"Harry I..."

"You let a Murderer teach students? The man who killed my parents!"

The headmaster's eyes widened at the implications that Harry now knew that tidbit of information. "Harry I..."

"Why? What could he possibly have said that would make you trust him?"

"He loves Lily so much; he showed so much remorse..."

"That wasn't remorse that was anger at losing his prize! He wanted my mother for himself, he asked Voldemort to spare her, that's why when I hear her voice as the Dementors close in I can hear Voldemort tell her to move out of the way! You let a monster teach students and you wonder why the Slytherins are half evil and the other half is so misinformed as to think Grey is as Light as it gets!"



Dumbledore couldn't think of any way to salvage this conversation, "We need our Defense Professor back, who shall teach them?"

"Tonks." Harry replied having thought of this line of questioning on his way here.

"I'm sorry?"

"Tonks is a Hit Witch as well as an Auror First Class and she is already on loan to me and the school. I will allow you to sign her on as long as it is understood she still works for me."

"Conflict of interest Harry..."

"Lord Black." Harry stated.

Dumbledore sighed as he lost even more footing with his favorite student, they had just managed to bond and it was being tested to its limits at the moment. "Of course milord, but if she is in your employ then grading you is a conflict of interest..."

"She never signed a contract with me, I suggest you draw up the contract that states that I am paying her salary but she is not allowed to show me favoritism based on that fact just as if she were to give me private tuition. Is there anything else?"

The old man slumped defeated into his seat. "I must apologize again Harr...milord for the mistakes I have made in the past... and plead with you to reverse whatever you have done to Severus."

"When that man learns humility. When he can apologize to me for everything he has done, and when he realizes he never loved my mother and apologizes to her and my Father... or when I decide he is needed as more than a vegetable. I am completely within my rights here. You should be thanking me for allowing you to hire Tonks.

After almost a minute Dumbledore sighed in defeat. "Thank you Milord for allowing your bodyguard to step into this position and for allowing her to act as Hogwarts Security up til this point... you may go."

Harry nodded and walked out of the room, headed for the Room of Requirement, he really needed to blow off some steam.

Charms went normally except for the fact that everyone kept staring at him the whole time, even Ron and Lavender were looking at him with a bit of respect. Malfoy had completely shut up but he appeared to be stewing in his own juices at being bested once again by Potty, this time without a single spell being fired. Harry kept an eye on him but made no attempt to evoke another showdown no matter how much it would please him to do so.

His session in the Room of Requirement never happened, apparently someone, most likely Draco had been inside during the period between DADA and Charms. So Harry had gone out to the grounds and begun blasting trees on the edge of the forbidden forest. Fang had come along at the sound of the noise and Harry made a hasty retreat before Hagrid came to investigate. Harry was feeling a bit ashamed of himself all of sudden and did not want to explain his Dark Side powers to anyone he respected.

Finally it was lunch time and Harry, Hermione and Pansy met Ginny just as they were entering the Great Hall. As had become custom Blaise met them at the door to escort Pansy to the Slytherin table. Once everyone was sat down Dumbledore stood and motioned for attention.

"As many of you know, including those of you in the last two periods in which I taught you Defense Against the Dark Arts; Professor Snape has taken ill and is unable to continue teaching for the time being." Those who did not know immediately began discussing the possibilities but Dumbledore raised his good hand again to get their attention.

"I have asked our Head of Security, Hit Wizard Nympha..." There was a growl from Snape's place at the end of the staff table where Harry suddenly realized Tonks sat. "That is to say, Hit Wizard Tonks, I am pleased to say she has agreed to take on the role of Defense Professor. So please join me in a round of applause to welcome her to her new position."

Everyone was so ecstatic that Snape was out of the picture that she received a standing ovation and quite a few cat calls. Harry enjoyed watching her hair as it began to cycle in her attempt to control her

blush. However when she pinned him with a glare he was quite suddenly rather afraid. "Oh crap..." Hermione and Ginny turned to look at him but before they could ask Dumbledore spoke again.

"Now that it is out of the way, let us eat." The food appeared and Harry sat down trying to hide from the Metamorph's gaze.

"What's the matter Harry?" Ginny asked from his left side.

"I don't think Nym appreciates my offering her to Dumbledore as a replacement for Snape."

"But she seemed honored..." Hermione began before she glanced up at the Head Table and saw the glare. "Never mind."

"What did you do to Snape?" Ginny asked to change the subject, however when Harry caught most of the ears turn his direction at the Gryffindor table he shook his head. "Later." He whispered.

The girls watched on as Harry devoured the food on his plate with a passion, he looked across the hall and found Malfoy brooding over a very small helping of food at the Slytherin table and knew he had to hurry if he wanted to make it to the Room of Requirement first. He turned and kissed Hermione on the cheek before repeating the action with Ginny on his left. "I'll see you two later, I have to go."

Before the girls could say anything he was up and out of the Hall feeling a two pair of eyes trying to burn holes in the back of his head.

After taking down several training dummies Harry was feeling much better however the Gong sounded letting him know that Healing would start in the Hospital Wing in a few minutes. He sighed as he made for the door rather unhappy that he hadn't worked through all the dark energy coursing through his system; but at least he had finally blown off some steam. If he was going to keep competing with Malfoy for the Room he would have to find a better place or an easier way to work through his emotions.

Healing went well as usual except for the longing looks he kept getting from Cho, on any other day he would have just shrugged it off but today was not a good day. Once they had finished Harry whispered to Hermione that he would see her later and waited until the room had cleared to fall into step with the girl.

"Uh...Hi Harry..." She began.

"I noticed you looking at me." He said.

"What? I mean, well maybe..." She began.

He stopped them in the middle of the hall and pushed her up against the wall, he noted for the first time the fact that he was now taller than her and enjoyed the fact that he was looking down into her eyes rather than feeling like he was an inch shorter than she was. "Look Cho, I am in love with Hermione and Ginny, I just lost my wife..." At this she gasped but he soldiered on. "Yes, we were bound by magic just before she died. That is beside the point however. If you want me it would be just for fun, you have to understand that. Otherwise you need to stop staring."

She was completely taken aback by his sudden change in demeanor, what had happened to the shy hero? Harry was hoping that she would decide to leave him alone but with his hands on the wall on either side of her head it placed his face mere inches from his. Cho looked back and forth between his eyes for a few seconds before dipping down to his lips and diving in.

As surprised as Harry was he had to admit it felt really good to hold this kind of power over the girl he lusted after for two years. He slid an arm down the wall and behind her back pulling her closer even as he deepened the kiss. Her hands moved one to his face and the other behind his back even as one of her legs left the floor and wrapped halfway around his body. He pulled back as his erection stirred and looked into her eyes before glancing down the corridor in either direction.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" He asked. She only took a few seconds before she nodded. He grabbed her hand and pulled her with him toward the stairs and quickly up to his suite. Once inside he noted that Hermione was not in the room and felt a twinge of guilt but the energy coursing through his veins as well as the hormones basically forced his hand. He opened the door into his room and pulled her with him before closing it behind.

"Harry?" She asked but he turned and kissed her once again.

"Cho, I know I want you even if I am not ready for a relationship with anyone else. If you want me then why should we fight it?"

"I never..." That caught him off guard.

"With Cedric?" She shook her head but luckily she didn't cry.

"We didn't get a chance..." She took a deep breath and blew it out to keep her emotions at bay.

"Then we just can't do that. I refuse to take something like that, it should be a gift to someone you love." He said quietly as his demeanor changed once again and he ran a hand down the side of her face. "I would still like play with you."

She couldn't help but laugh at that. "Play? Is that what the kids are calling it these days?"

He nodded, "If we aren't making love, then were just fooling around, or playing. I know studying for your NEWTs must be stressful and I have a bit too much energy at the moment. Why don't we just have fun and see what happens?" He was rather surprised at this smooth talking playboy he had turned into, but the throbbing member in his boxers was driving him on and the nubile little Asian girl before him was its target.

She debated with herself for only a moment before undoing her robes and letting them fall to the ground, taking that as a signal Harry did the same before kissing her again. It was almost a mad dash to see who could get whom naked faster as they took each other's clothing off. Once Harry got her naked he turned and tossed her down on the bed pausing long enough to drink in the sight of her.

Her skin was just the slightest bit tan yellow but her hair was like raven colored silk, including the well kempt curls between her legs. She was as he noticed before just an inch or two shorter than he was now and her breasts were just slightly larger than Ginny's though they seem to sit higher up on her chest and her nipples were almost the same color as the surrounding skin. He slowly lowered himself down beside her and began trailing his fingers over her breasts and stomach as he kissed her. He could feel just how nervous she was under his touch but he could also tell by the way

she was kissing him back and arching up toward his fingers that she was not regretting her decision.

His hands continued to reach lower before running circles back up to her breasts; around one nipple and then the other making them stand up like little pebbles. He left her lips for a moment and trailed kissed down her jaw and neck before taking a breast in his hand and lowering his lips to suck her nipple into his mouth causing her to gasp at the warmth that suddenly surrounded her and she brought her hand up to the back of his head as she moaned his name.

He moved his mouth to her other Nipple and began trailing his fingers down toward her center once again but this time he let his fingers brush through the soft silk and felt her tense beneath him once more before her hands pulled his face back up to hers so she could kiss him. He took that as an acknowledgement and continued further south until he felt the moisture and heat at the edges of her slit.

He kissed her deeply as his fingers found their way into her slick folds and he began massaging her lips trailing ever further down to her wet hole where he dipped his fingers in slightly earning him a moan of appreciation. He brought his now wet fingers back up to her hood covered bud and began making small circles. She immediately arched up off the bed into his fingers trying to add pressure to the contact and he was happy to oblige. He began getting slightly rougher with her until she was panting beneath him and she came quietly as her whole body arched off the bed before collapsing back down in exhaustion. She wasn't going to get away that easily though.

He trailed his lips down her body even as he got to his knees and made his way slowly down to her waiting sex and without waiting for permission he attacked her clit with his mouth getting his first taste of her. She was more musky than any of his other girls but not in a bad way, it was easy to tell she took care of her hygiene as there were no stray hairs to get in the way and she tasted clean above all else. She was panting once again and the muscles in her legs had locked on either side of his head, he continued to torture her to another orgasm leaving her gasping for breath on the bed.

He pushed himself to his knees once more and slid up between her legs until he was eye level with her once more and his manhood

was pressed ever so slightly against her eager entrance. "You're welcome." He whispered with a smile.

"Oh gods Harry..." She panted out, he had no doubt that right then he could have taken her virginity and she would have been happy for it but that nagging little voice in the back of his head still held him back. Even though there was another voice in his that was urging him on. Funny enough that voice belonged to Gabrielle and it was panting along with Cho.

He reached between them and ran his member along the length of her slit so that the head of his cock was resting against her clit; he then grabbed her legs and pulled them up to lock her knees behind his elbows raising her bum off of the mattress and neatly folding her in half. She didn't contest the position so he squeezed her thighs around his throbbing pole and began to thrust lightly against the wetness of her slit and against her clit. Unlike the last few times he had brought her off this time she did scream.

He continued to increase the pace of his thrusts concentrating on the warmth that surrounded the lower half of his member and the juices he could feel flowing out of her and down onto his testicles. The overall effect was rather amazing even if shagging her properly might have been better. She was writhing beneath him and exclaiming every time the head of his cock bounced over her clit. She came again and continued to scream his name as he kept the pace. Before long he felt his own orgasm building and tingling and pressed her thighs even tighter against him so that her wet folds now wrapped around three quarters of his girth. Finally with a cry he let loose his orgasm and came all over her stomach, breasts, and face. There was even some in her hair, and the look was definitely a turn on for him. Her skin was darker than any of the other women he had been with and the black hair with his white spunk was proof of his dirty deed.

He collapsed to the side and she used her remaining energy to cuddle into his shoulder paying no heed to the sticky mess between them. "Merlin Harry, why didn't we do this before?"

He chuckled, "Because I was a scared fourth year trying to ask an older girl out, because before I knew what love was I never would have done anything like this. Lots of reasons."

"Can we do this again?" She panted.

"Guess we will just have to see won't we? I have to tell the girls though." She tensed as she remembered that he had at least two other girlfriends who he claimed to be in love with.

"Do you...I mean do you think we could have a chance?"

He thought about it for a moment, "This was fun Cho, but I am not ready to get into another real relationship... your welcome to come play with the three of us though."

She sat up and looked down at her body and reached up to feel the cum in her hair. "Is it always this messy?" She asked.

He grinned at the sight before him, he just couldn't get over the look of his seed spread all over her, it was almost like marking his territory. "Only when its good, but Gin and Mione usually fight to see who gets to clean the other girl up."

Her eyes went wide at the thought before she got a slightly disgusted face. "I don't know about that Harry... Uh...Can I use your shower?"

He looked down and noted that he too was covered in it, "Why don't we both take a shower, then I can walk you to your next class?"

She was suddenly rather nervous but nodded as she got out of the bed on shaky legs and made her way to the bathroom, he watched her go enjoying the view of her bum and the sway of her hips before rolling out of bed and joining her for a shower. After a quick rinse and a drying charm for their hair he escorted a now clothed and extremely nervous looking Cho to Ancient Runes kissing her on the cheek before running down the stairs to Transfiguration to pick up Ginny and escort her back up to the Arithmancy Classroom.

He grabbed her and pulled her into a nook behind a suit of armor and surprised her with a deep kiss. She melted against him but when they separated she had a strange look on her face and was running her tongue over her lips. "Harry, were you dragged into the closet again?" She asked with a grin.



He hadn't brushed his teeth and blushed suddenly at the thought she could taste the fact on his breath. "Uh...not exactly."

He pushed him up against the wall with a smile, "So what exactly, or rather whom exactly did you do?"

He was rather nervous, this was the first time he had initiated anything without the girl's knowledge and he was struggling with a tiny bit of guilt. "Uh...Cho..."

She gasped, "Cho! You shagged Cho Chang?" He couldn't tell if the tone of her voice was annoyance or excitement.

"Not proper shagged...more played..." He was cut off as she jumped into him and began kissing him deeply again, her tongue was probing as much of his mouth as she could reach and her hand had gone between his legs to his already hard member. She pulled away and tasted her lips again before looking over her shoulder and adjusting them slightly so they were hidden behind the display but only if you weren't actively looking and she reached down and unzipped his pants.

"Gin?"

"Don't you Gin me, gods I am so hot right now..." She pulled him through the flap in his boxers and out of his trousers before hiking her robes and skirt and pushing her cotton knickers aside before impaling herself on him and kissing him once again.

He was extremely nervous as he lifted her by the hips and held her against him while she rode his cock, he had his back to the wall and his eyes peeled on the now large mass of student bodies passing only a few feet away in full view. She moaned quietly into his ear and his nerves combined with the smell of her sex and the feeling of being wrapped completely inside her was pushing him toward an orgasm faster than he had in quite awhile.

"Cum inside me Harry, please?" She begged him and he let go and matched her rhythm for a few seconds before exploding inside her, nearly collapsing at the overload of sensations, shagging was definitely one up on playing, even if the end results of marking Cho as his territory had been extremely pleasant. She came soon after him before she slid off of him and reached between them to taste

her treat. She then waved her wand which slid neatly out of its holster into her hand and cleaned them both up. She collapsed panting against him. "Gods Harry...what took you so long?"

"I thought that was rather quick myself..." He commented lightly and she smacked his shoulder.

"I meant what took you so long to bag Cho? I've been looking forward to that forever!"

He smiled into her hair and hugged her close. "I needed to burn off some energy, she needed to relieve some stress, and what do you mean you've been looking forward to it?"

She blushed hard enough he could feel the heat from the top of her head. "Why Gin, I thought Hermione was your only girl-crush."

She shook her head. "It started partly with Mione because I thought she would end up with you for sure...then you started lusting after Cho Chang and she joined my fantasies... I guess I've liked girls longer than I like to admit."

He hugged her again and kissed the top of her head. "There is nothing wrong with that Gin, it's just who you are. Now I think we better hurry if you're going to make it to class on time."

She sighed as she pulled away from him and they glanced back and forth down the corridor before dashing out of the nook and heading for the stairs. "This is definitely worth being tardy." She called as he ran beside her.

Dinner was a rather uncomfortable affair for Harry, Gin had filled Mione in on the days happening and they were both sending him appraising glances, across the way Cho blushed every time she met his eye and down the table when he caught her looking Lavender looked extremely jealous. Ron kept looking in his direction as well and when Harry caught a look it appeared to be a war between shame and jealousy. Harry took that as a good sign since it was not anger any longer.

It had been too long since he had done it, and even though he saw her every day now, almost too much for his liking, when his look at the Slytherin table accidentally passed across Pansy he let just a bit

of joy juice hit her. The girl's eyes widened before they closed and she smiled ever so slightly. He was quite suddenly nervous at what he had done. He didn't want to start anything with her and he had just given her another orgasm. All in all, extremely uncomfortable.

The one bright moment had been with Padma moved to the Gryffindor table across from him and simply started a conversation that had nothing to do with sex or marriage. It was refreshing to just hold a conversation with a girl who was not either involved emotionally with him or actively trying to get into his pants. They retired to his room afterward and Pansy acted like nothing out of the ordinary had happened but he was extremely nervous at his actions. They did their homework and then worked on research for the Project as it was now being called by the members involved.

As the night closed Padma kissed him on his cheek again seemingly without thinking and he found it refreshing to be able to have a relationship that close without strings attached. Then he was dragged into his room by a pair of witches who wanted details, once they found out he had actually brought her back to his room and had her naked on the bed they were currently occupying they went completely out of control and Harry passed out somewhere around midnight much to the consternation of the girls who continued without him for another hour.

## Chapter 59: Sweet Revenge

Harry awoke to a knock on the door early on Wednesday as he had unfortunately become accustomed to. He waved a hand to open the door without even opening his eyes. "Come on in Pansy, same drill as usual. Oh and you don't have to knock any more, I enjoy my last bit of sleep..."

"If you say so..." She said as she walked into the bathroom.

He began to drift back to sleep but was awoken by a kiss, "Hmmm, what are you doing up early?" He asked as he opened his eyes to reveal Hermione.

"You distracted us last night, what did you see in Snape's head that would cause him to collapse when you were done with him?"

Ginny nodded letting him know she was awake as well. "Not that I minded the distraction...I think I can still smell her..."

Harry wondered if she was still half-asleep to have muttered something that dirty and that revealing out loud. Luckily Hermione just smiled down at her girlfriend. "In any case Harry, you have some explaining to do."

He sighed as he tried not to get upset at the memories, "That thing lusted after my mother, he is the one who heard the prophecy and he is the reason my parents are dead."

Ginny was instantly awake and by his side. "Oh my gosh Harry! Are you okay?"

He nodded, "Actually I think I feel better now than I have in months."

"Why is that?" Hermione asked curiously.

"Well, Snape's consciousness is currently stuck inside my head being chased around a six-by-six cell by a naked Dumbledore who wants nothing more than to give him a big hug."

"Harry!" Hermione and Ginny chastised him at the same time, even though Ginny was visibly trying to hold back her laughter and

Hermione had a very small smile on her face. The older girl still smacked his shoulder.

"You have to let him go Harry."

"No I don't, I am perfectly within my legal rights to use whatever force and punishment I feel necessary on someone attempting to illegally use Legilimency on me. He's an evil greasy git who should be in Azkaban, I think this is more humane and besides, I think he was asking for this on purpose."

"What do you mean?" Ginny asked.

Harry sat up and both girls sat up with him, he put his glasses on and raised the lights halfway before beginning to explain. "I paid a visit to Narcissa Black the other day to find out what that Unbreakable Vow was all about. Apparently Snape was forced to agree on assisting Draco in whatever task Voldemort set for him, and to complete the task if it looks like Draco is going to fail. Snape's attitude changed too drastically, I think he is trying to find a way out of the oath without dying."

"As a side bonus you just happen to be the jailer for him. The person responsible for the attack on your parents?" Harry nodded and smiled.

"Maybe that's why you feel better Harry, you definitely seem to be happier." Ginny said.

"I don't like it, but I agree he must have been asking for help...and you do seem to be in a better mood..." He hugged her and rolled over on top of her before starting a tickle fight and knocking all the sheets and blankets off the bed. Pansy walked out of the bathroom completely nude and drying her hair with a towel and obviously expecting them to still be asleep; to be greeted by that sight just as all three of them noticed her presence.

She stood there in shock for a full minute and the occupants of the bed said nothing either. Her hair was dripping down her shoulders and back making her sparkle just a bit in the candle light. She had a very nice figure with nicely sized B-cups to match. No matter how hard Harry tried his eyes raked down her body to find the tuft of dark brown hair between the V of her legs.

Finally she seemed to snap out of it and sneered at them, "I thought I told you not to stare at me on my way to or from the shower."

Harry hastily averted his eyes though his raging hard on did nothing to hide his reaction to her. "Sorry, just caught us by surprise. Uh...thanks for being quick in the shower..."

Pansy shrugged and dropped the towel before heading out of the room; he could swear she was swaying her hips more than normal as he watched her out of the corner of his eye. Once the door closed he turned his attention back to his witches. "Well...that was uncomfortable."

Ginny wrapped her hand around him and smiled. "Yes, that definitely looks uncomfortable. Let me help you with that..."

After Potions Harry told the girls to go ahead while he hung back to talk to Slughorn. It had been over a month since Harry had approached him about the memory. Harry slowly made his way to the front of the room. "Professor?"

The man looked up sharply, "Yes Milord?"

"I had a proposition for you." His eyes lit up at the thought of making a bit of extra money.

"Go on..."

"I still have my vial of Felix Felicis from the first lesson and it occurred to me, I think with the attacks on Durmstrang and Beauxbatons we could all use a little instant luck."

Slughorn appeared to be deep in thought for a moment. "I was very sorry to hear about your loss milord, indeed a bit of Felix might have made a difference in those battles... But you are a brilliant Potions maker much like your mother was; why would you need me to help you with this?"

"My time is taken up lately and only getting busier, I was hoping that I could pay you for the supplies as well as your time to make enough for say, forty people to have two hours of luck?"

Again Harry watched as the man's eyes lit up once he had done the math in his head. "That could get quite costly milord, time consuming..."

"And I am willing to pay whatever it costs to keep my friends safe. That is if you are willing to do this for me, it would mean so much to me." That sealed the deal for the man, making money was all well and good, but having someone like Harry Potter in his debt was worth the time spent all on its own.

"Very well milord I shall get started right away, I will need a small stipend for the supplies of course, I can't be using the school stock for personal ventures. I'm certain you understand."

Harry nodded and brought out his money pouch before counting out and depositing fifty Galleons onto the desk. "Just let me know how much more you need, and what you think is fair for your time." Slughorn was practically drooling at this point. "Just one other thing Professor?"

"Anything my boy!" The professor said snapping his attention back to Harry as he pulled the coins off the counter and deposited them into his pockets.

"I really need that memory..."

He suddenly went white and froze. "...I don't know what you are talking about, I already gave everything I know to Albus."

Having his plan fall flat on its face was pissing Harry off quickly. "Professor, do you want Voldemort to win? Do you want to see people like Hermione Granger, the smartest Witch in and of a generation and others like my mother die?"

"Lily...no I..."

Harry reached his limit, "Professor?" Slughorn met his eye and Harry dove into the man's mind, searching for the memory in question. He found the one he had seen in the Pensieve and began stripping away the layers of self delusion until he reached the truth. He watched it in its entirety before backing out of the man's mind within two heartbeats. "Never mind, you're correct as usual. I

apologize for wasting your time with that request. When can I expect the first batch to be ready...say fifteen vials?"

The man was thoroughly confused at this point and nursing a headache. "What? Oh! It takes a month beginning on the full moon to brew. I'm afraid they would not be ready until Christmas Eve..."

"That's fine, actually that works great I can give them as Christmas Presents. Thank you Professor."

Harry turned and walked out leaving a still confused Professor behind even as the Fifth Years from Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff drifted into the room. He paused at the door long enough to get a kiss on the cheek from Luna before heading off to the Library to find Hermione. When he arrived he was surprised to see her deep in conversation with Pansy of all people. The Pureblood Princess even speaking politely to his girlfriend was surprise enough, but the amazing thing as far as he was concerned was that Hermione seemed to be actively engaged.

Shaking his head he made his way over to their table and sat down. "You two look cozy."

They jumped at the sound of his voice and Hermione blushed. Pansy simply looked at him, "We were going over some of the customs from the old families and the possibility of me getting to read about the House Elves history from the Parkinson archives." Hermione stated.

"Why aren't you sitting at your table?"

Hermione turned to look at her table before blushing again. "Uh..." She began before swallowing to wet her suddenly dry throat. "Pansy didn't know and I am not the secret keeper."

"What secret? What Table?" Pansy asked as she looked at the empty corner of the room.

Harry smiled. "The table in the corner of the room"

The girls eyes widened in surprise as the table appeared out of nowhere she turned back to him and whispered. "A Fidelus? You can cast a Fidelus Charm?"



He shrugged, "It was just a table, not even that hard really."

"Don't sell yourself short Harry, maybe a simple Fidelus wouldn't be a problem for a Seventh Year, but a modified Fidelus is far beyond NEWT level and you're a Sixth Year." Hermione said quietly.

"Modified?" Pansy asked looking confused.

Harry nodded, "What do you see in that corner?" The girl turned and got a very confused look on her face.

"I...I don't see anything, why? Should I be able to see something...I mean there was something..." She was getting more and more frustrated as she tried to recall what she knew to be true.

"The table in the corner of the room?" Harry asked and Pansy's eyes lit.

"I didn't even know that was possible! You can revoke a Fidelus?"

He nodded, "If you cast it correctly, Dumbledore did it to my place this summer and I learned the basics from Flitwick. The add-ons I had to research myself." He said with a shrug.

Pansy looked at him with a new appreciation. "Well done Lord Black, well done indeed."

Her look was making him a bit nervous so he turned back to Hermione. "Shall we head for DADA early? As afraid as I am of Nym, I am excited to see her teach."

"She is teaching already? But what about lesson plans, grading histories..."

"I imagine she is using Snape's paperwork and just following along. Even still, she has to be a better teacher than Snape was."

The girls agreed and accompanied him to the DADA classroom. They had to wait a few minutes before the Fifth years were dismissed. Upon seeing them Ginny immediately leapt into his arms and kissed him thoroughly, more surprising however was when she

did the same to Hermione only kissing her on the cheek. This earned a few raised eyebrows but nobody said anything.

"To what do I owe this pleasure?" She asked with a smile.

"We have DADA next, you know that silly goose." Hermione said playfully.

She nodded, "It's still a pleasure isn't it? Well, I'm off to Arithmancy, enjoy the class. Nym...er...Professor Tonks is really really good." She skipped off toward the stairs and Harry took a deep breath before entering the classroom.

The Professor in question was not in sight which meant she was either in her office up the short staircase, or she was hiding behind her invisibility cloak waiting to scare the class. Harry and the girls sat down in their usual places before he closed his eyes and reached out with his Legilimency. This was a side effect he had learned after reaching clear across his suite to find Lavender. If he expanded his consciousness he was able to find all the intelligent minds in a room. He had tested it in the Great Hall at first but after the splitting headache he decided it was not something he could attempt to leave on at all times.

He found Hermione and Pansy easily and stretched soon finding five other presences in the room aside from himself. Opening his eyes he found the girls behind him had been joined by Padma but that the rest of the room was still empty for the time being. That meant that there were two unknowns in the room. He smiled and closed his eyes once more reaching out and touching the first unknown presence and recognizing Nym immediately, opening his eyes he saw the empty corner of the room and quickly wiped the expression off his face.

The room filled up quickly after that before the bell rung. All of the other students were looking around in confusion waiting for Professor Tonks to walk in or show up, Harry smirked and waited for the show to begin. Not long after a spell flew across the room and bound Malfoy in ropes but Harry heard Tonks move before she could be spotted from her current position, the other students took out their wands and began searching the classroom for the unknown culprit.

Harry stayed seated in his chair as one by one the students who were looking for her were bound and gagged until eventually it was just Harry and those DA members who had noted his relaxed posture still in their seats. When Harry caught the flash of her feet beneath the Invisibility Cloak he quickly cast a summoning charm followed by an Incarcerous and tried not to laugh as she fell to the floor with a thump.

He stood and walked over to her before canceling the charms and helping her up. She glared at him before turning to the bodies still littering the floor. "I'm sure most of you remember Barty Crouch Junior who was pretending to be Alastor Moody. From what I hear he was a very good actor, Mad-Eye Moody was my instructor at the Auror academy, this is your first lesson class. **CONSTANT VIGILANCE!**"

She quickly released all the students from their bindings and waited for them to reach their seats before she rounded on Harry. "Where do you think you're going Harry?"

"Hey Potter, why does she get to call you by name?" Draco whined.

"Because she has earned my respect Lord Malfoy, you would do well to remember your place." He turned back to her with an innocent look on her face.

"Would you like to explain to the class why you were the only one to find me?"

Harry shrugged, "I was expecting an attack the moment I noticed you were not in the room, I knew you had an invisibility cloak, but then, anyone in here should have guessed that or a Disillusionment charm. After the first spell I heard you take off in another direction so I kept watching for the spell fire; you finally made a mistake when your cloak lifted off your feet."

She smiled at him before turning around. "Logic, most Wizards' don't have any. If you can learn to think logically you can get the drop on just about anyone with a wand. Unless they are Muggleborn or Muggle raised, magic breeds the sense out of people I swear, you get lazy and you stop thinking and doing things for yourself because it's so much simpler to just wave your wand. Ten points to Gryffindor Harry."

He nodded and took his seat; over the next half hour she double-checked everything that had been in the Syllabus and notes that Snape left behind to see where the class was. As the halfway point approached she called them back to attention. "Alright, I disagree with the method Snape was using and nobody will be kicked out for losing; but I would like to see the completion of your dueling competition. The following people please step to the center of the room:

Bones, Susan  
Granger, Hermione  
Greengrass, Daphne  
Patil, Padma  
Patil, Parvati  
Potter, Harry  
Malfoy, Draco."

She waved her wand at the chalk board and the new brackets appeared along with three dueling rings on the floor. Hermione made quick work of Parvati simply because she could cast three spells in the time it took the other girl to finish her first. Unfortunately Malfoy was able to best Daphne with a barely legal hex which Tonks quickly reversed. Susan and Padma came to almost a draw before Susan was able to summon the other girl's wand ending the duel. That left Harry as the odd man out but Professor Tonks noted that since he had defeated two opponents in the last round she would let him slide this time. So it came down to Hermione against Susan and Harry versus Malfoy. He wondered briefly if Tonks has planned it this way just to let Harry and Draco go at it but didn't really care. He couldn't wait to wipe that smug smile off the ponce's face.

The Sparks were fired and both rings were off like a shot. Hermione was casting a wide variety of curses and jinxes at a high rate of speed but Susan was more nimble and able to block what she couldn't dodge. Harry didn't have a lot of time to pay attention however because Malfoy came out swinging, almost literally. Harry felt the blast of air that struck him across the cheek like a punch before he grinned, casting the same back as an uppercut knocking Malfoy off his feet.

"So that's how you want to play it Malfoy?" Harry asked as the boy got back to his feet.

"Shove it Potter!" He called just before summoning a Cobra much like he had in second year, somehow he must have forgotten the aftermath as Harry quickly asked the snake to attack the one who summoned it forcing Malfoy to reverse the spell just before being struck by its fangs.

Harry simply waited for the next round of spells and recognized the wand movement before allowing another air-punch to his cheek. Malfoy never knew what hit him; before he could cast another spell Harry had hit him four times with air punches, twice to the face and twice to the gut. With a final upward slashing motion Harry sent an uppercut at the blond and suppressed a laugh as he comically flipped and landing on his back before summoning his wand to end the match. He then reached up and felt his cheek where the bruise was beginning to form and pulled his hand away with just a bit of blood on it. Apparently Malfoy had not been using blunt force, but Harry didn't really care; he turned to watch the rest of the girls' duel while using healing his cheek.

Susan's plan seemed to be working, Hermione had been casting so furiously she was starting to tire out her magical reserves. As her casting slowed down Susan went on the offensive and Hermione had to switch to defending herself. He was rather proud of his ex-girlfriend's use of strategy but knew that his Mione wouldn't be giving up the fight that easily.

Just as Susan appeared be going in for the win Hermione fell flat on her back underneath the disarming charm and quickly shot one of her own at Susan which she was not expecting. Hermione caught the wand in her outstretched hand before dropping both arms to the floor and panting in exhaustion. Harry rushed to her side along with Susan.

"That was amazing Hermione, congratulations." He told her as she rolled her eyes in his direction, she smiled weakly.

"Susan was amazing, I threw everything I had at her and she just kept jumping out of the way..."

"But you still got me in the end, good job." Susan said with a smile as she and Harry helped the girl up off the floor and unsteadily to her feet. Tonks quickly examined the girl and turned to the redhead.

"Susan would you mind escorting her to the Hospital Wing for a Pepper-Up potion and a checkup?" Susan nodded and collected her opponent before heading out of the classroom. "Well Harry, looks like you are out of opponents. Guess you just have to face me."

"What?" Harry asked in surprise.

She leaned in closer. "I signed a nice magical contract that says I'm allowed to do whatever I want to you despite the fact that you're my boss."

He gulped. "That isn't exactly what I meant..."

"Come on Lord Black," She called as she spun and went to her side of the now large single ring in the middle of the floor. "We don't got all day."

He released his wand and got into a battle stance wondering what on earth she was up to, and hoping she wasn't about to wipe the floor with him.

"Professor, we don't have to do this..." The rest of the class laughed at his apparently trying to get out of the fight. Even a bloodied and enervated Malfoy was enjoying the show.

"Yes," She said as she raised her wand in salute. "We do. Single Wands only, Ready?"

Before he had a chance to return the salute she was on him, she had helped train him so she knew many of his defensive moves and used all that knowledge to her advantage. It was all he could do to fire off a curse using only his Holly wand; they circled around the room and she humiliated him by driving him one direction only to hit him with a stinger when he got there. He couldn't find any time to center himself and he refused to get angry with her so he had zero focus.

Harry dodged her latest curse and chose the only strategy he could think of to regain some footing. He waited for the next shot and shielded immediately followed by a disarming charm. Tonks recognized the drill and grinned as she began doing the same

alternating with him even as she continued to take small steps in his direction.

The students were dazzled by the display of quick-casting, spells appeared to be flying between the two without pause and the gong of spell against shield charm was getting to a deafening level. Nym took one more step toward him and cast a disarming charm at exactly the same time he did having timed him. The result was each of them grabbing their wands with all of their might as they were drawn toward each other until they ended up nose to nose. Harry caught the glint of lust in her eye and felt it building right along with her due to their exertions.

She leaned in close and whispered in his ear. "Do you yield lover-boy?"

He whispered right back to her with a smile. "Never!"

"Then I guess I'm just going to have to teach you a lesson." She said louder before canceling the charm and jumping backward a good four feet landing with a shield charm over her body.

He grinned and went on the offensive; using her own tactics against her he would drive her in one direction only to hit her with a cushioned air smack to her bottom which everyone else took to be a stinging hex. She continued to shoot at him with disarming and stunning spells but he could tell by the hits on his shield that she was getting weaker. He grinned as he knew like Susan it was simply a matter of time now.

They battled that way for the next ten minutes before she dodged under his latest pat to her backside and cast a full strength binding spell catching him off guard. He found himself with his arms above his head lashed to her desk.

"Do you yield?" She asked panting just after she summoned his wand.

His adrenaline was still pumping and he knew that he could easily get out of the situation if he wanted to let out the secret of his second wand or Wandless abilities. But seeing her all sweaty and panting like that was starting to get to him. She's with Moony now, She's with Moony now... he kept repeating to himself. "I yield."

"Alright class dismissed, I'm sticking to the homework plan so I expect your papers at the beginning of the class next week." Everyone gathered their things and left grumbling; they trickled out until only Nym and Harry were left.

"Uh...Nym? Can you let me up now?"

She shook her head before pointing her wand at the door and sealing it shut. "Nym?" He said looking down his chest toward her from his unfortunate position on top of the desk.

"You and me need to have a little chat Boss. Seems you volunteered me for this gig without even askin. I think that deserves some punishment."

His eyes widened and he completely forgot about his other wand as he tried to figure out what she was going to do to him. "Nym, I'm your boss remember, you need to let me up."

She laughed a bit too maniacally for his taste, "Oh no, I wasn't kidding before. My contract reads something like Shall treat the student no differently despite where the funding for your position comes from. I think that means I get to punish you like any other student." She waved her wand and his clothing disappeared only to reappear next to him on her chair.

"Nym? Wait! You're a Professor now! I'm a Student!"

"Hogwarts Faculty Handbook section 5 paragraph 14, Relationships between Faculty and Students are prohibited unless the relationship was pre-existing before the hiring of the staff member.." She waved her wand again and she was nude.

He struggled against his bonds again as she stalked closer to him and up onto the desk to straddle him. "Uh, but Remus! You're with Remus now!"

She shook her head and leaned down to kiss him which he returned despite himself. "Me and Wolfy are talking but I haven't decided nothing yet. You aren't getting rid of me that easy." She rocked forward and back in a perfectly timed move to slide his pole inside her in one smooth motion.



He groaned despite himself, she sat up and concentrated for a moment before he felt her muscles start to knead his cock inside of her. She began rocking in rhythm with the milking and all Harry could do was whine pitifully. "Can I at least use my hands?" He asked.

She shook her head as she rocked away, her own hands coming up to tease her suddenly F-cup breasts. "Ah ah ah, punishment remember..."

He just groaned.

She continued to ride him and when he got close to cumming she stopped and slid him all the way inside before sitting up. Suddenly he could feel her nether lips lengthening to wrap themselves around his family jewels and began sucking; meanwhile she reached between them and began playing with her clit, which she had engorged to nearly double its normal size. "Nym...please?" He begged as the pressure built.

Finally she came with a cry and as she lost her concentration her body returned to normal releasing him and allowing the normal motions to carry him over the edge as well. He thought he should have blasted her into the ceiling with the force of his orgasm but she simply collapsed panting on top of him. "Extra...credit...for that one I think..." She panted out causing him to laugh.

He was still stuck with his hands above his head or he would have run his fingers through her hair. Instead he tried speaking, "Seriously Nym...so what's up with Moony?"

She shook her head not wanting to get up or unable to talk properly yet and they remained quiet for another minute before she sat up causing him to groan as their juices sloshed around the head of his softening member and began to dribble down the rest of him. "There's nothing with Remus yet Harry...He apologized but I am still working toward forgiving him. Even then we might never get close again. Even if we could I don't know if I could give this up..." She blushed at her last words.

"Why Nymphadora, I didn't know you cared." He teased her. Suddenly he could have sworn he felt teeth threaten to bite into his manhood. "Sorry! Sorry! Kidding!"

She nodded as she got off of him with a wet slurp and he suddenly remembered he had another wand hidden on his left arm. He released his bonds and sat up with a groan. "Note to self, cushioning charm next time I use a desk..." He stretched and felt a long series of satisfying pops.

"You need to get dressed and get out of here, I don't think the fourth years would appreciate...okay yes they would but I don't want to get canned on my first day, pre-existing relationship or not." She tossed his clothes at him and he hastily began to get dressed.

"Uh Nym?"

"What?" She asked.

He raked his eyes down her body and smiled causing her to blush. "Oh, right..." She began getting dressed as well.

When Harry had reached the Hospital Wing he found Hermione sitting up in bed and arguing with Poppy about being well enough to participate in Healing class that day. She ended up being the subject rather than a participant though she still took notes of course.

Cho had barely been able to meet his eye which was perfectly fine with him because when she did he felt the stirring in his pants as well as the blush trying to make its way onto his face. When Cho met Hermione's eye however and she simply smiled knowingly the girl did blush. Parvati was busy trying to ignore them and learn but Padma was intrigued by the whole situation. As had become usual Pansy simply sat in the back of the group and absorbed what she could without drawing attention to the fact that she was there. Hermione was allowed out of bed after class adjourned and Harry, Hermione and Pansy made their way back toward his rooms. Once there he flopped down with arms stretched across the back of the furniture, and let out a well earned sigh as he dropped his head onto the back of the couch.

"What was that for?" Hermione asked as she began gathering different books.

"Long day." Was all he replied.

"Well it's about to get longer Harry, I'm helping Ginny lead a study group for the Gryffindors starting tonight, we will most likely be up until late and end up in our dorms rather than heading back down here. I hope you don't mind."

Harry lifted his head and looked at her in confusion. "Study group?"

"It is still her OWL year Harry, or had you forgotten her original plan?"

He shook his head, "No, but it's not fair that I lose you too. Whatever will I get up to all by myself?"

"You will hardly be by yourself, Padma and Pansy will be here to help you with the project and you could always go find Cho if you need a night cap." She smiled at this last.

He blushed and hated her for making him blush, "Yes...well considering we can barely make eye contact now I doubt that will be happening."

"Wait, Cho Chang? Forgive me milord but you Slut!" Pansy said with a grin.

He looked at her in extreme confusion and once she noticed his look she seemed to come back to herself. "Well, right. You really get around don't you. Next thing we know there will be a hundred little Potter-Blacks running around this castle." She sneered but her heart didn't seem to be in it.

"I'm on a charm for your information so there is no worry about that; and since when do you give a damn about my social life?" He asked and waited as she went quiet for a few seconds.

"Whatever, it's not like I'm standing in line or anything; don't get your hopes up!" She stood and stormed out of the room leaving a very confused couple on the couch.

Severus Snape suddenly found himself standing in a very strange surrounding made completely of blue metal. Beneath him he could

see some sort of circle on the floor and looking up from his feet found he was wearing a strange red outfit of some sort. "What is Potter up to?" He asked nobody in particular.

A strange voice seemed to drift out of nowhere. Captains Log, Stardate 2712.4. A signal from planet Exo III, Doctor Roger Korby has been located. He and part of his expedition remaining alive due to the discovery of underground ruins left by the former inhabitants of this world.

"What on Earth?" He asked just as a large group of people entered the room dressed in the same strange costumes but in different colors.

"Ah good to see you thinking ahead Mr. Mathews, your with me." The one in the gold said before stepping onto the platform beside him. Suddenly his world stopped and when it restarted he was standing in a desert looking at the ruin of an old city.

Not knowing what else to do he felt compelled to follow the rest of the party toward the city. The others were holding a strange looking device in their hands which he found on his hip and brought out. Not knowing how to use it, but feeling much better that he had a weapon. Suddenly a large man wearing a cape appeared out of nowhere. "I am Ruk, what is your purpose here?"

The one in gold spoke up in that odd cadence, "We... received a signal from one of our people...we... mean you no harm."

Quite suddenly and for no reason whatsoever he could discern, Snape watched the man rush at him in a blur and pick him up off the ground before throwing him into a cave that was apparently quite deep. He barely had time to think to himself. "Oh bugger." Before he splattered at the bottom in the darkness.

He awoke screaming from the pain of his injuries which slowly faded away until he could see clearly again. He was in the room once more surrounded by the strange blue metal. "Potter! What do you think you're doing? I demand you release me at once!" He called out to the ceiling.

Captain's Log, stardate 2712.4. A signal from planet Exo III, Doctor Roger Korby has been located. He and part of his expedition

remaining alive due to the discovery of underground ruins left by the former inhabitants of this world...

## Chapter 60: Fun With Seeing

"I had to go to bed all by myself." Harry pouted at the girl in his arms.

"You could have brought this Pansy to your bed; you know she would have you."

He shook his head. "That's dangerous territory, I don't want another relationship. I don't even know how I feel about playing with Cho..."

"You know you enjoy yourself very much, so did I."

He smiled and kissed her on top of her head as she snuggled into his shoulder. "I suppose I did, but things are...well uncomfortable now. I doubt she wants to share so I don't think there is any reason for a repeat performance."

Gabrielle turned and smiled up at him, "Non, Master. There is plenty of reason, it was fun and you have wanted her for a long time. I think you should take her though."

"I will not be taking anyone else's maidenhood."

She kissed him softly before sitting up. "My noble Master, she would want you to have it I think. But then, most of the women in this school would want to remember losing their virginity to you if I am not mistaken."

"You know how I know this is just a dream?" She shook her head but smiled knowingly. "Because you have almost completely lost your accent."

"I am part of you now Master, why would I still have the silly accent?"

He pulled her toward him and rolled over on top of her so that he could slide himself into her warm core. "Because I always thought it was sexy?" He asked.

"Oh, okay zen. I can always exaggerate ze accent as does mine seester."

He made a face. "Okay that is a bit much, is it that hard to fake it?"

"Non Master, it is just hard to remember what it is like to speak your language so poorly." She pouted up at him.

"So Fleur really exaggerates her accent then?" The girl beneath him nodded as he moved inside her though her cheeks were getting flushed with the effort to continue conversation rather than simply moan and shout his name. "She sinks eet eez sexy!"

He grinned and doubled his pace not asking anymore questions as he could sense her needs. Finally she came with a scream and nearly picked him up off the ground as her back arched before she collapsed back into the grass. She grinned up at him with bright blue eyes and flushed cheeks. He couldn't help but to lean down and kiss her. He pulled back after a while. "You know, I already realized this was a dream, shouldn't I be waking up soon then?"

She shrugged even as her image started to fade away, "Stay away from ze Darkness Master and maybe you will dream more often of me?"

Before he could ask her what she meant his world faded to black before he woke up to a knock on the door. He had fallen asleep in his glasses and apparently he had kicked off his sheets in the night. Before he could call out for Pansy to come in she entered on her own to find him drenched in his own cum in tangled up sheets. As had happened before she stopped and stared for a second.

She seemed to have forgone the nightgown since he had already seen her in the buff so two naked teens were left staring at each other in the low candle light. "You know Pansy, if you don't want me to stare, maybe you could return the favor?"

That brought her back to her senses but she couldn't stop looking at him, she gestured to the puddle on his chest and stomach and he looked down before blushing quickly and heading for the bathroom ahead of her to shower off. He rinsed as quickly as he could before turning around to find her sitting against the bathroom counter with her arms folded across her breasts.

"What the Hell!" He exclaimed.

She shrugged, "You didn't close the door when you rushed in here so I'm just waiting my turn. So do you want to explain why you...well how you woke up?"

"Not really?" He answered in slight distress but knew she wasn't going to leave him alone about it. She arched her eyebrow and he sighed, "Interesting dream alright?"

She shrugged and brushed past him leaving a tingling trail across his arm where her nipples slid against his skin; and into the glass enclosed shower before turning on the water. He couldn't help but glance in the mirror as he brushed his teeth and watched the water run down her hair and onto her back or over her breasts when she began to shampoo her hair. He wondered where the shampoo came from and quickly realized she was keeping her toiletries in his bathroom.

Before that line of thought could get any further he quickly rinsed and cleaned the sink before getting out of the bathroom and getting dressed. She joined him with a towel in her hair as he was putting on his t-shirt. "Look, I don't know why you are so uptight about all this. You are the one who told me you might be shagging in the common room and that I would just have to be comfortable with nudity."

"I meant ours! I didn't expect you to start running around starkers..." He lost his train of thought momentarily as his eyes glued themselves to her breasts, circling her nipples before they began to drift down her stomach... He snapped himself out of it. "Anyway, it's just a bit uncomfortable being so...open with you when we aren't intimately involved."

She walked saucily over to him and placed a hand on his chest before leaning close to his ear, cheek to cheek he could feel the heat from her body and the spot on his chest felt as though it was burning a hole. "I like you uncomfortable," She whispered, "And you can keep dreaming of me milord, that's the closest you're gonna come." She punctuated the last word causing him to shiver before she turned and headed back for her room after dropping her wet towel on his floor again.



Just as she walked into her room he realized what she had said. "Hey I wasn't dreaming of you!" Unfortunately her door closed as he finished leaving him to wonder if she had heard him or not.

-SFTP-

Nothing more was said about the incident that morning on their way down to breakfast. Harry sat down at the Gryffindor table where his Witches quickly sat down beside him looking like they hadn't slept.

"Good morning sunbeams." He said with a grin getting growls from each side for his trouble. "What's the matter; isn't it a lovely Thursday?"

"The slave driver here had us up until two studying..."

"Excuse me I am just trying to help and you were all a bit further behind than you should have been. I do not appreciate being compared to someone who condones slavery!" Hermione retorted.

"Ladies please...I know how much you love each other so how about some tea to help wake you before we try this again?" He got two more growls but they quickly conceded the point.

A few minutes later they both seemed a bit more themselves so he tried again, "So, you didn't get much sleep?"

They both shook their heads, "Too used to cuddling..."

"And we ended up in our own beds to keep up appearances..."

"I didn't sleep at all that I remember." Ginny finished.

"Who did you take to your bed that you are so chipper this morning?" Hermione asked him.

"What?" He exclaimed in surprise, Hermione read it as guilt.

"Did you finally give in to Pansy's machinations?"

"Or did Padma stay behind?" Ginny asked. They were getting too good at sounding like the twins and his head was starting to spin.

"For your information I went to bed alone and stayed that way...well sorta..."

"Sort of what?" Hermione asked suddenly quite interested.

"Well, I dreamed of Gabrielle again last night."

"Oh I'm sorry Harry!" Ginny tried to soothe him but he turned and smiled at her.

"Actually it was quite nice; I could swear it was real..."

Hermione perked up at that, "How do you mean?"

He shrugged, "I don't know, we held an actual conversation and I don't think I could have come up with some of the things she told me. I also don't usually remember dreams unless they were real..."

"Oh, like a Tom dream?" Ginny asked.

He nodded, "That's the only time a dream sticks with me for more than a few minutes...you don't think he is trying to use her memory against me do you?"

"You said she told you things you couldn't have known or thought of, like what?" The brunette asked.

He closed his eyes and tilted his head back as he recalled the conversation. "Like the fact that Fleur fakes her bad accent because she thinks it's sexy and so does Bill."

"Phlegm...I could see her doing that." Ginny said a bit venomously.

He turned to her, "You know she really isn't all that bad, I spent some time with her in the hospital wing with Gabrielle there." He waited a moment for the pain to accompany the memory but it didn't come, he smiled. "She reminded me a lot of Gabby in any case, like how she might have looked and sounded in another year or two."

Ginny was quiet for a moment before shrugging, "Well, Bill likes her so I guess I should stop hating her..."

"You were just jealous of the attention and you know it dear." Hermione said and ducked behind Harry's shoulder as the redhead sent a light swat at her behind his back.

"Hey I am not to be used as a Human Shield without permission!" He called trying to calm the two of them again.

"So Harry," Hermione began to change the subject, or rather to come back to the subject, "Was there anything else that would lead you to believe that this was no ordinary dream?"

He blushed before he could catch himself and knew it was no use trying to hide it from his girlfriends. "It was a very...uh...vivid dream...I made a bit of a mess of myself this morning."

"Oh!" Was all the reaction he got before they went back to their meal in silence.

Before the bell rung Harry remembered what he had told the new members of the Old Guard and took out six galleons which he placed on the table in front of Hermione. "Would you mind joining these to the protean charm from last year? We need to get the Old Guard organized again."

She nodded and flicked her wrist before catching her wand and muttering an incantation a few times which each coin glowing red for a moment.

"There you are Harry." He smiled and picked them up as he stood before heading directly for the Slytherin table.

"Potter." Draco sneered as he passed but he completely ignored the boy as he walked over to Blaise, Daphne and Pansy and placed the coins in front of each.

"You know what these are?" He asked. They each nodded and he nodded back. "Good, then you can consider this payment on the new deal. If you have questions you can find me later."

After another nod he made his way to the Hufflepuffs repeating the line and getting nods in return, as he walked behind Susan and Hannah he couldn't help the impulse to run his fingers across their backs as he passed enjoying the delicious shivers he caused

without even looking back. Neville seemed not to have noticed from the other side of the table.

At the Ravenclaw table he stopped at the close end and handed a coin surreptitiously to Su Li as he whispered instructions to ask Cho about it in her ear once again enjoying the shiver from his attentions. He then walked down to Mandy who was looking around nervously as he approached. He sat down beside her getting odd looks from a few of those around her but they were soon left alone.

"Hey Mandy."

"Uh...Hey?" She said looking around like she couldn't believe he was sitting with her.

He reached under the table and placed the coin in her hand and she blushed at the contact but soon realized it was mostly a ploy. "You know what that is?" He asked.

She shook her head so he leaned in and whispered in her ear. "There is a charm that will change the date on these and warm them up in your pocket to alert you of a meeting of the Old Guard. When it goes off you should make your way up to the Seventh Floor."

She was panting a bit at this point and the voice of Gabrielle seemed to whisper in his ear that he should have a little fun with her. He leaned in closer as he sat his hand on her knee and brushed his lips very lightly against her earlobe. "Do you know where the Tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy is?"

She whimpered a bit but nodded her head. "There will be a door in the wall across from that tapestry which is the Room of Requirement. Also, you are doing a very good job of acting right now." He said with a grin knowing her reactions were completely involuntary.

"Right!" She squeaked out, "Acting, yes...okay, um, thank you Harry. See you later?"

He nodded but was caught off guard as she quickly kissed him on the cheek causing him to blush and making her feel much better. "You're not such a bad actor yourself."

-SFTP-

The time he was allowed to spend with Ginny and Hermione was cut shorter and shorter over the rest of the week as they crammed information into the Fifth year study group before Christmas break. So Harry arrived alone outside the Headmasters door at the appointed time on Saturday. Irving jumped aside as he approached to avoid a confrontation.

As he reached the top of the stairs Dumbledore called him in before he could knock so he entered and sat down across the desk from the man.

"So Harry, do you have the memory from Horace?"

Harry nodded as he picked up a lemon drop and popped it in his mouth. Dumbledore grinned at the action. Nobody ever took a lemon drop. "Ah I knew you would be able to charm it out of him."

"I tried that, and when it didn't work I simply plucked the memory from him." Harry said with a shrug.

"But Horace has amazingly strong Occlumency shields! I was not able to get anything from him but that which he allowed me to see!"

Harry shrugged again, "Honestly I was getting a bit fed up with everything that day, I tried schmoozing him and when that didn't produce results I went in and got what I was looking for. It's for the greater good right?" Harry challenged.

Dumbledore was quiet for a full minute before he nodded though he looked a bit defeated. "As you say...so does the memory contain the information we needed?"

"It looks like seven was his original plan though I still say that might not be the limit and we shouldn't focus on the number, but rather a way to take him out no matter what."

"You already have my materials and my permission to seek further down that path, however I must continue along mine. I believe I have located the cup."

Harry perked up at that, "Really?"

The old man nodded, "Sources tell me it is in the Lestrangle Vault at Gringotts; however the Goblins will not allow us access to their High Security vaults even with a Ministry Order."

Harry had the beginnings of a plan forming but didn't voice the idea. "I guess we will have to think on that one. Have you had any thoughts as to the others?"

"A few, but that can wait for another time. Did you have any other questions?"

Harry ran through his mental checklist and remembered Blaise's words. "You know that I have already placed Pansy Parkinson under the protection of House Black?" The old man nodded, "In the near future it may come to pass that the Greengrass girls as well as Blaise Zabini may need to move out of Slytherin as well."

"So you are asking about larger accommodations?" Harry nodded, "Unfortunately there really are not larger quarters at the moment, however as magical as this castle is I believe that the elves would be able to place permanent expansion charms on your current suite. Thus they could create spare rooms if need be."

Harry nodded and ran through his list again, "What about plumbing? Would it be possible to install a shower in each of the rooms?"

The old man smiled sadly, "We are very lucky to have plumbing at all Harry; it was almost unheard of in its current form even in Rome. I am afraid that the same magic that makes the stone pliable, also means we would need to use Muggle means in order to expand the current plumbing as the Magic would simply be absorbed. Your guests will simply have to share your shower or perhaps the Prefects bath if you know of a Prefect or two who would share the password?" His eyes were twinkling a bit at this last statement but Harry was too upset that Pansy would still be traipsing naked through his room to notice.

"Very well, if there is nothing else?" Harry shook his head and the old man continued, "Tonight I thought we could go over the properties of Fiendfyre."

"Fiendfyre?"

"You remember my duel with Tom at the Ministry when he cast that Cobra of flame?" Harry nodded, "That was Fiendfyre, it is an extremely volatile substance that consumes absolutely anything it touches and continues to burn uncontrolled until the magic is spent. If there is magic present in an area it will add fuel to the length of the spell before burning through that as well as any material objects nearby."

Harry blanched a bit remembering that snake striking at the two of them. "So if it were to touch a wizard or other magical being?"

"Even a small amount could completely consume a human being with magic in a matter of very painful seconds. The fact that it is so destructive and nearly uncontrollable is why it is classified as dark. However if you have enough power and enough focus it is possible to control it."

Harry sat up liking this idea more and more. "So if all else fails Fiendfyre should be able to destroy a Horcrux?"

The Headmaster's eyes went wide at that, "Why yes, I suppose it just might!"

Harry nodded; his reading of the books on dark magic was definitely paying off by letting him think in different directions. "So will you be demonstrating?"

Dumbledore shook his head sadly, "I'm afraid not Harry, I was barely able to control it while I was in possession of the Elder Wand, I doubt I would be able to control it any longer."

Harry mulled that over for a moment, if true then Dumbledore may have been the only wizard alive that could face Voldemort, only because he had the Wand of Destiny at his command. Without it he was no longer a match; which of course left defeating him entirely up to Harry. It was one thing to know about the prophecy; it was another to hear the proof.

"So how will we be testing this? I have no idea what I'm doing."

The old man conjured a ball of bluebell flames which gave off heat without burning anything and held them in the palm of his hand. He then began waving his wand around the flames making them slightly

larger and changing their shape until a small cobra sat in the palm of his hand. "The idea is the same, controlling fire to this degree is almost completely an act of sheer will. The only difference is the power needed to back up your intent which increases exponentially as the destructive properties of the flame increase."

Harry stared for awhile into the fire before reaching out his hand and allowing Dumbledore to place the creature in his palm, however the moment it lay in his hand it reverted to a flickering blue flame.

"Concentrate Harry, you must be able to feel the magic at work and manipulate it to do your bidding."

He stared into the flame and imagined the first animal that came to mind, a Stag. He then felt for the magic but was only barely able to detect the traces of it. "I can't feel it very well." He said through gritted teeth.

"That is because it is foreign magic; you are trying to manipulate something I created. However I still believe this exercise is necessary as you will likely be faced with controlling a creation summoned by Tom."

Harry nodded and concentrated again; He closed his eyes and quickly found his center and reached for the magic from his core quickly finding the similar threads. Soon he began weaving them in his mind's eye into the shape of a Stag before sending it out to run once around the room just like his Patronus would. Opening his eyes he watched it dance around the room with a smile before his eyes found Dumbledore's startled face.

"What? Didn't I do it right?"

The old man nodded, "That was remarkable; you didn't even need to use your wand..."

"Oh is that all?" Harry said flicking his wrists to produce both wands. "I have found that I can cast with my wands without actually holding them. Hermione calls it Non-Wandless casting."

"How long have you known how to do this?"



Harry shrugged again, "Since this summer but I have gotten better, forgive me for not sharing with you but up until a few nights ago I was not of a mind to trust you completely. I'm sure you understand."

He sighed and seemed to grow older before Harry's eyes. "I'm afraid I do Harry, I have so much to make up for and so little time remaining."

"Is there nothing that can be done to help you?" Harry asked quietly.

"Alas my boy I have lived a great number of years, possibly more than I should have. It is simply time for me to move on and I am grateful for the life I have lived thus far."

Harry really didn't want to think about losing Dumbledore any longer so he changed the subject. "Do I have any more homework? That is besides researching a way to destroy Tom without destroying all of his Horcruxes first?"

Dumbledore seemed to sense his mood and nodded, "I would suggest you attempt to control the bluebell flames for a while longer and then perhaps a normal Incendio charm. I would prefer you not attempt to control actual Fiendfyre inside this school or anywhere else for that matter. If you are able to control a sufficiently large amount of normal magical flame I think it is safe to say you will be able to stop the darker version."

Harry nodded as he stood up and headed for the door. "You aren't leaving any time soon right?" He asked again quietly.

"Not if I can at all help it Harry, it is my dear wish to see you graduate."

Harry nodded and exited the room.

-SFTP-

Saturday morning a week later Harry enjoyed his lie in with both Gin and Mione, despite everything he was not being intimate with anyone else and he sincerely missed them during their study group during the week. He had never really been a morning person, but with a Slytherin knocking on the door and waking you up every morning he couldn't help but wake up early now. This morning

though he was thankful for waking up early so he could watch and listen to his girls sleep beside him. Hermione had her back turned to him but he could hear the soft whistle of air through her nose and see her breathing slowly. It did his heart good to simply watch her at peace; on her other side he could see Ginny with a mischievous smile on her face even as she slept. He hoped that meant she was having a pleasant dream. Most likely she was stealing her brother brooms to fly when she was young or she was playing pranks on Gred and Forge.

Pansy casually walked into the room without knocking and completely in the nude ignoring the occupants of the bed on her way to the bathroom. Harry tried not to stare at her fuzzy figure but couldn't help himself; he had been debating with himself over the last few days just what it was he was feeling for her. Protective obviously but he thought it was more of a big brother or father figure type of protectiveness. But that was before she had taken to walking about in the buff, much like with Ginny there was no way he could ever see her as a little sister no matter how much he hated her.

That was another thought though; he couldn't muster those hateful feelings any longer. Over the last week he had seen the change in her from Pureblood snob to someone almost likeable; she even got along with Hermione which amazed him. His main problem was what to do if Draco tried to file a fraudulent marriage contract with the Ministry. He had finally sat down over the last week and read up on all the old family laws at the Ministry. He had done plenty of legal reading before the Werewolf Legislation but most of that was on procedure and studying the other members of the Wizengamot. The idiotic laws that could still be enforced concerning family customs especially amongst Pureblood families made him a bit ill. For the time being he ignored the girl and closed his eyes simply enjoying the quiet, the sound of the shower running told him Pansy had decided not to close the door but he once again pushed that train of thought aside.

Padma had somehow taken Hermione's place at his side when neither of his girlfriends was around; he was remarkably not uncomfortable with her presence and simply accepted the fact that she wanted to be near him. Not much had happened with her in the last week though there were times when she acted strangely. She was always her intelligent and seductively calm self when they were working on the project, but during some meal and class times he

could sometimes catch her looking at him strangely as if she were trying to figure something out. They had wide ranging conversations about things from Quidditch to Arithmancy though he barely understood anything she said about the math. He found that if required he could work his way through arithmantic problems if given an explanation of the equation; but he would never be a fan of it like Gin, Mione and Padma seemed to be.

Harry completely ignored the snarky bastard that was running around inside his head; his mood had improved greatly once that man was no longer a teacher and no longer able to insult he or his friends. Hermione and Gin had been right about the one thing though, being the jailer for the man that had caused the death of his parents just as much as Wormtail was a very good outlet for his darker emotions. On Friday afternoon he had found himself down at the lakeside sitting beside the marker for Gabrielle and staring out across the water. He was finally able to let some of the bottled up emotion go without destroying anything, with every tear and every sob he felt closer to Gabrielle which quickly helped him replace the depression and anger in his memories with love.

He had seen the strange looks from others at the school; Harry Potter from the year before would not have been able to accept the death of the woman he loved, he would have remained moody and dark for months on end afterward. Lord Potter-Black however had learned a bit about dealing with his emotions, even if she would not answer his call with the stone he hoped she had moved on to that paradise that Cedric described. He loved that he could imagine her with her arms around his neck in a hug and almost feel her pressed against him. He might be delusional but he almost didn't feel like she was gone,

He heard the water turn off and decided it was safest to do as normal and pretend to be asleep to avoid seeing her leave the room. Once he heard his door close behind her he got out of bed and headed to the bathroom to take care of necessities and grab his shower. He was soon joined in the small glass enclosure by his witches and they had an enjoyable time of getting each other clean before getting ready for the rest of the day.

-SFTP-

There was much surprise later that evening when Dumbledore stood in the Great Hall to make an announcement. "Due to circumstances in the wider world it has come to my attention that many of you will be staying at the school over the upcoming holiday. I also understand that you may still wish to exchange gifts to celebrate the occasion; that being said I would like to announce a Hogsmeade visit next weekend."

Immediately the atmosphere of the room brightened as students began holding whispered conversations, "The gates will open immediately following the Quidditch match or at two in the afternoon on Saturday, whichever comes first. Now let us eat."

The tables filled and people began making plans, Harry was of two minds about the whole thing, for one he had no idea who would be the correct girl to ask. As it stood Ginny or Hermione should technically get top billing, but they could also go together instead just to leave him open. A quick glance at them told him that was exactly their plan so he sighed. As he ate he thought through the candidates for a date. He could ask Susan but the revelations of their conversation a few weeks ago still give him pause. He didn't want to give Cho the wrong idea about their relationship so that left him with three choices: Padma, Pansy or Luna.

He excused himself and headed over to the Ravenclaw table getting the barest of glances from the birds before they went back to their own conversations. "Hello Harry."

"Hey Lu, so Hogsmeade next weekend."

"Yes it is." She looked on with a smile and he couldn't tell if she was being her dreamy self or if she was trying to contain her laughter.

"So would you like to go?" He asked, realizing his mistake almost immediately.

"I would very much like to go, though I did not know that I needed your approval?"

He growled at himself for falling into that. "Sorry I meant to say, would you like to accompany me to Hogsmeade Miss Lovegood?"

She thought about it for a moment before shaking her head, "I'm afraid I am not going to be able to do that Harry, there is supposedly a gathering of Woolly Giebus at the edge of the Forbidden Forest on Saturday after the Quidditch Match. In any case you are going to be busy."

He looked at her a bit confused, "Busy?"

She nodded and looked over his shoulder where Ron was standing. "May I help you Mister Weasley?"

The boy was looking extremely nervous but stood his ground. "Uh, can I speak to you Lord Potter-Black?"

That threw Harry for a loop; he didn't think Ron would ever be able to say that respectfully. "Uh sure... Luna I..."

"It's alright Harry, thank you for the invite though, perhaps something later that day?" She asked with a wink.

He grinned as he stood and followed Ron out of the room and down the hall a ways. "What can I do for you Mister Weasley?" Harry asked as they stopped.

Ron closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "I love her."

"Huh?"

"I love her Har...milord."

"Luna?" Ron looked offended before shaking his head. "Lavender?" He nodded. "Congratulations I guess, why did you feel the need to tell me that?"

He took another deep breath. "Because I know you were right and I was a git, I know she was completely out of line and lied to me. But I love her."

"Is there a point here; and just how do you know?"

Ron gulped and blushed deeply reminding Harry of his sister so he decided to cut him a little slack. "Uh...because she was still a virgin..."

Harry's eyes went wide with surprise. "Wait you and Lav? Really? What about that fourth year?"

"Despite whatever rumors she started we never got that far...and yes, me and Lav. I'm really sorry mate; do you think you can ever forgive me?"

"Do you think you can get Lavender to apologize and rescind the rumors that I used and tossed her?"

Ron shook his head sadly but was able to look Harry in the eye, "But I love her, and I'm sorry."

Sighing Harry leaned back against the wall and thought about it. "Look Ron, I can't accept what she tried to do when I tried to be a gentleman. She knew what she was getting into, so did you. You apologized, I can accept that but we can't be best mates anymore, not until your girlfriend apologizes. I'm not telling you that you have to choose between us, just that I can't be around her and that is going to affect our relationship."

Ron sighed and leaned against the wall next to him, "So where does that leave us?"

"You can stop with the looks and you can sit closer at meals if you want, you need to apologize to your Sister and Hermione as well."

"Are they...you know?" Harry nods. After a shiver he continues, "With you too?" Harry nods again. "That's going to take some getting used to I guess...is Ginny happy?"

"Why don't you ask her? Or just look at her? Right now they are cramming for OWL's so I don't get to see them much but I can honestly say your sister is the happiest I have ever known her. Don't take that away from her."

After a long pause Ron lets out the breath he was holding, "I guess I'll have to get used to it; so uh...the Gryffindor/Slytherin match is next weekend...I don't suppose..."

"Ron if you are apologizing just to get me back on the team..."

"What? No! I mean yeah but no that was completely an afterthought I swear!"

Harry thought about it for a whole half a second but he can't kid himself. "Fine, but only because I need an excuse to run Malfoy into the ground!"

Ron grinned like a mad man before sobering up a bit, "Uh right, we'll see you at practice Thursday?"

"Yeah alright."

The two parted rather nervously but overall it felt better to have his first male friend back; as he walked down the hallways lost in thought an unwelcome voice pulled him from his revelry. "Still you live yet the Grim stalks you, however I also see a new aura about you. You have mastered death."

"What?" Harry asks in surprise.

"You seem troubled, how can I help you?"

Apparently her brush with unemployment the year before convinced Trelawney to lay off the Cooking Sherry a bit, because she was suddenly very lucid and making way too much sense. "I'm sorry?" He asked still confused.

"My boy, it seems clear to me now. The reason you always carried the specter of death in your aura is because you had mastered it not because you were succumbing to it. However that does not seem to be what is troubling you?"

"Uh, no..."

"Ah, girl trouble. So even he who need not fear death is still a teenager. But this is no ordinary girl... interesting..."

Harry was still too stunned to speak properly but decided this was not a conversation he wanted to have with one of his least favorite Professors. He turned to go but she stopped him with a hand to his shoulder. "She is not gone from this world lad, your aura has changed, you are more than you were but less than you will become."

"Can you see her? Can you speak to her?" Harry latched on to the idea despite his misgivings.

She shook her head and he was getting a bit dizzy watching her magnified eyes swing back and forth. "I cannot, only you can."

"What about the other girls? I feel like I am betraying her?" He couldn't stop the questions that had been bothering him for three weeks from spilling out of his mouth. She may still be a fraud of a teacher but the woman was way too accurate to be guessing.

"She is at peace with you and your actions, your aura shows much love and no hint of jealousy...So why can she not move on?" The woman suddenly looked upon him with more interest than he was willing to endure.

"Uh, thank you Professor... I need to go..." He cowardly turned and ran toward his suite with her calling after him.

"Wait Mister Potter! She is bound to you, do not be ashamed!" He didn't hear anything else she called after him as he reached the stairs and took them two at a time, skipping over the vanishing stair. He didn't stop running until he was in his suite and collapsed on the couch panting.

Bound to me? But happy to be here and happy with my actions... Since when is the Crazy Divination Lady suddenly the real deal? And what did she mean only I could contact you... "Gabrielle?" He called out to the empty room; naturally he still got no response even though he turned the ring furiously.

"Gabrielle?" he broke down and begins to cry, tears of frustration, tears of happiness. He had been afraid that he was losing his grip on sanity, but if Trelawney was to be believed then Gabrielle was still here. Maybe he wasn't seeing or feeling things that weren't there when he thought she was with him... He curled up into a ball on the couch and cried the last of his repressed guilt and grief. He cried for what he had lost and what he might still have. Soon he cried himself to sleep hoping to see her in his dreams whether it was real or not.

-SFTP-



When he awoke much later that evening he was on the couch which had been transfigured to be more comfortable and covered by a blanket. He got up and made his way unsteadily into his room before disrobing and climbing into bed behind Hermione. They didn't wake up and soon he was back to sleep.

A few hours later he awoke to a kiss from the brunette in his arms. "You look much better than you did last night." She said quietly.

"Was that you that transfigured the couch?" She shook her head, "Gin?"

"Pansy," He shut his mouth before he caught any flying insects, "Huh?"

Hermione continued on in hushed tones, "We were going to levitate you in here but she convinced us you probably needed to sleep...you still had tear tracks on your cheeks...Harry what happened?"

He sighed, "Hold on...Gin?"

"I'm awake Harry, you two should know by now I'm a light sleeper after dawn. Mum always made me get up and help her with breakfast for the boys even on the weekends."

"That is completely unfair!" Hermione said scandalized, "Why didn't she do that when I was staying in your room?"

Ginny rolled over to face them though her face still looked a bit groggy as she snuggled into her girlfriends shoulder. "She was going to make us both help but I let her know in no uncertain terms that it wasn't going to happen. She didn't take it so well but I helped out with Dinner most nights to make up for it."

Hermione leaned down and kissed her quickly in gratitude. "So what happened Harry?" She asked turning her attention back to him.

"Trelawney caught me in the hall... She said Gabby is still with me, like actually part of my Aura or some nonsense..."

"Just because she is an incompetent teacher doesn't mean she doesn't see things though...was she..." Hermione couldn't bring herself to ask.

"Drunk? No actually, she was the most lucid I've ever seen her, even when she was giving the rat prophecy she didn't seem so intense."

"So maybe she does actually have the sight...Luna does and you see what it does to her, maybe drinking was how she kept herself sane?"

"Hey Luna is perfectly sane!" Harry defended.

"Well of course she is Harry, that isn't what I meant at all, just that having visions and seeing things others can't simply has to drive you a bit batty." Hermione said quietly back.

The door opened and Pansy walked into the room in all her glory headed for the bathroom, both girls stared at her in shock but Harry just waved, "Morning Pansy."

"Morning milord." With that she disappeared into the bathroom.

"When did you two get so cozy?" Ginny asked with a grin.

He shook his head, "Mistakes were made on both parts, a bit of embarrassment at least on my part. Some extreme discomfort during the week especially without you two here in the mornings as a buffer. But eventually you get used to it."

Hermione ran a hand down his chest to his erect member. "Hmmm, if you say so Harry."

-SFTP-

He explained everything that Trelawney had told him over breakfast in the common room, as well as all the little things he had been hiding from them when he thought he was going nutters. They simply looked back at him once he was done; "It makes a bit of sense, but I have no idea how you would try to get in touch with her, maybe your dreams have been real, maybe she really is hanging over your shoulder and whispering in your ear. But there is no

precedent for how this situation should be handled short of exorcising you."

"No!" He exclaimed jumping up from the desk.

"Of course not Harry, I was just thinking aloud. Are you okay?"

Sitting back down he looked up at Pansy who was politely trying to ignore the conversation as she read her magazine and ate her eggs. "Yeah, sorry. It's that I just found out she might not be gone and you mentioned getting rid of her... anyway that was why you found me on the couch like that last night... Thank you for that Pansy."

She looked up, "Oh, no problem..." Their eyes locked for a second before she looked back down at her periodical.

"I have felt like utter crap for the last two weeks because I wasn't sad, I felt guilty that I was living my life almost like normal when Gabrielle was dead!" A tear ran down his cheek unnoticed by him at the moment. "Then I find out that she never left, that she kept her promise not to leave me. I know that makes me a selfish prat but it explains why I don't feel like she is really gone. She isn't!"

Hermione put a hand on his from the other side of the desk. "We were worried about you, but after all you went through while she was in the hospital we thought you must have just dealt with most of your grief before she was actually gone. Even still we never thought you were being selfish. If anything we were."

"What?"

The two looked at each other for a moment, "Harry we have been going on like nothing happened, I know it's wrong but you took it so well we felt like it wouldn't be fair to you if we were still grieving where you could see..." Ginny said quietly.

He got up and walked around to pull her to her feet and hug her to his chest. "Maybe you knew on some level she was still here as well, plus you have been busy with OWLs. I never blamed you two."

Hermione stood and joined the hug, basking in Harry's love she sighed in contentment. "So you don't think we are heartless shrews who just wanted to continue having our wicked way with you?"

He smiled down at them, "Heartless? No. Wicked Way? Yes please."

He was greeted with a smack to both shoulder blades and stereo comments of "Prat!"

-SFTP-

"Potter! Lord Potter-Black! Milord? Please?"

Severus Snape found himself wishing the worst he had to look forward to was a naked old man and a hug. The days had blurred and he no longer had any idea how long he had been stuck in the insufferable brats head; dying over and over again in seemingly contrived situations, and always wearing that dreadful red uniform.

When he was not stuck in death-or-death situations he found that he was stuck in complete darkness, the boy had skill; he had to grudgingly admit at least that much. At the moment he was back in the never ending darkness once more and glad of it; the only thing it seemed he could look forward to was that awful ethereal voice which he had finally identified as that of the ringleader of this little drama.

"Captain's Log, Stardate 4372.5. On a top secret diplomatic mission, the Enterprise has entered the Tellun star system. Maintaining communications blackout, we have taken aboard Petri, Ambassador from Troyius, the outer planet and are now approaching the inner planet, Elan."

Suddenly he was standing in a passageway made of that same strange blue metal with carpeting of all things on the floor. He looked down and found he was wearing the dreaded red shirt once more. He sighed, "Fine Potter, let's see what uncreative way you have chosen for my demise this time?"

Turning a corner he read the plaque on the wall that said Engineering Deck and reached down unhappily to find that his weapon was missing. With another sigh he continued on into that section of the ship and toward the anti-matter pods; he didn't even stop to consider why he knew that. Turning a corner he found a man

in a strange red and gold outfit bent over one of the pods and messing with the controls.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" He asked detachedly.

The man turned suddenly and the world seemed to move in slow motion as the hands came up to his head; before he could do anything to defend himself he felt the torturously slow and painful cracking and popping as his neck was snapped and he fell to the floor before everything faded to black.

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Authors Note:

So...I have another 16 chapters to post...but I'm having real difficulty with the final two chapters. My muse has once again abandoned me and reviews would really really help me out (not to mention reminding me to post another chapter). It would really really suck to read 550k words and 76 chapters only to get to the end and...

## Chapter 61: In Practice

The past few nights had not brought him any dreams of Gabrielle that he could remember but his whole being seemed filled with happiness at the thought that she was here with him even if he couldn't contact her directly. More and more he found himself flirting with any female in sight much to the amusement of Hermione and Ginny. He had even had to keep himself from flirting with Minnie a few times.

Tonks was unable to resist assigning him extra credit on Tuesday due to his not so subtle flirting during class and on a return trip from the Room of Requirement he had run into Professor Sinistra on her patrol after curfew resulting in a very uncomfortable conversation on both parts when he suggested they find a more comfortable place to discuss his punishment. Despite this he had still not decided upon Padma or Pansy as a date to Hogsmeade the next weekend. Padma intrigued him and was very open about the fact she wanted to try getting closer to him but he felt his duty to protect Pansy and unwillingness to leave her safely locked away in his suite while the rest of the school enjoyed themselves. He hadn't found the courage to ask either one of them out.

It was now Wednesday evening and he stood with Hermione and Ginny in the Room of Requirement waiting to see who responded to the summons of the Old Guard after dinner. Slowly they began trickling in much like the year before when they had been trying to hide their clandestine organization from She-Who-Eats-Flies. Within ten minutes however it seemed that everyone was there.

The Old Guard this year consisted of Hannah, Neville and Susan; Ron and Lavender; Katie, Parvati, Dean, Seamus and the Creevey brothers. Terry Boot, Anthony Goldstein, Mandy, Padma, Cho, Luna and Su Li from Ravenclaw. Justin Finch-Fletchley, Ernie Macmillan, and Zacharias Smith rounded out Hufflepuff; and the Slytherins: Blaise, Daphne and Pansy.

As the door closed and disappeared into the wall Harry looked around at the group. "Thank you all for coming, why don't we hold questions until I get through with my introduction?" At the nods he took a deep breath and went into his carefully prepared speech.

"Alright, even though we are no longer a clandestine organization I would like us to take on a more active role than simply a school club. Last year we called ourselves Dumbledore's Army mostly to piss off the Ministry. The official name has been changed to Defense Association; however those of you in this room are part of what I have been calling the Old Guard, yes even you new folks." He said with a smile at the four newcomers.

"Here is how I see it, Voldemort..." He paused and grinned when none of them shuddered, "has attacked both Durmstrang and Beauxbatons, there is no reason to believe he is not coming here next. In fact I have good intelligence to suggest that Draco Malfoy is leading an effort to attack this school from the inside." There were gasps from some and looks of disbelief from some but none of them interrupted him.

"That said, we need to become the army in deed that we were in name last year. I want us to train harder and together to become a militia in case of attack. The prefects not in the room should be assisting the staff in keeping the students safe rather than repelling an invasion; and with Hogsmeade this weekend we all need to be on alert. Are there questions before I explain more in depth what I expect?"

Zach spoke up from the back of the group. "Not that we don't believe you but why should we risk our lives?"

Harry stood straighter and addressed the room though his eyes never left the Hufflepuff who had spoken out. "Because the people of the wizarding world are sheep. There are over two-hundred witches and wizards in Hogsmeade right now, each of them with a wand. But a group of five or so Death Eaters could easily hold the entire town hostage because the sheep don't know how to stand up for themselves. We need to be Sheppard's and protect the flock from the wolves. Those of you in this room have the skill and the courage necessary to protect others who cannot or will not protect themselves."

Su Li spoke next, "But if they choose not to protect themselves then what use are they?"

Harry nodded, "There was a time I thought the same thing, still are times. But if we stop caring about those around us we aren't any

better than the Death Eaters. I think the Ministry is corrupt beyond repair at the moment, but to let it fall would spell disaster for too many people. If I let that happen when I could have fought against it I wouldn't be able to live with myself. Would you?"

The room went silent for a full minute while he let them think about their answers. Cho spoke up next, "You lost your girlfriend on Halloween, why haven't you...I mean..."

"Why haven't I been my normal angsty self?" Cho blushed but nodded. "For one because before she died she promised to stay with me, bound her soul to mine in marriage." At the gasps he nodded, "Yes, we were bound together in magic just before she died, I don't know how but I don't care. I love her, and I guess I feel like she is still with me and that she wouldn't want me to sit around crying and brooding when there is life to live and things to do so nobody else loses a loved one. Any other questions?"

The room stayed quiet so Harry nodded and walked a few yards into the room and closed his eyes for a moment. "Training Program One-Alpha!"

A training Dummy sprang to life in front of them and began firing green tinted spells his way which Harry dodged. After a minute he brought his wand to bear and fired a Reducto into its chest ending the simulation. "One-Alpha is level one scenario alpha. A single opponent firing curses at random intervals. You can use this program to practice dodging or you can practice your casting while under pressure. If you get hit with that spell it will leave a green line where it hit you and give you a less-than-mild sting but nothing that is permanent damage."

He closed his eyes and called out. "One-Bravo!"

The Muggleborn in the room recognized the scene as a grassy field appeared where the back wall used to be. From the left two clay pigeons came flying from the grass and Harry quickly tracked and fired two reducto curses exploding both of them, hanging from the ceiling they saw a counter displaying his score which remained perfect at the end of the round. Turning from the field back to the spectators he spoke.



"The Muggleborn or raised will probably recognize Duck Hunt. Those of you who don't, don't worry, this One-Bravo is to test and hone your accuracy and speed."

He turned one more and called out "One-Charlie!"

The room went back to normal momentarily before looking like a shooting range with a target at the far end. Harry brought his wand up and concentrated for a moment before screaming the incantation as he fired a Reducto at the target dummy at the far end. The dummy simply disintegrated upon impact and a number appeared on the panel beside him with an asterisk next to it.

"Charlie is designed to help you figure out and hone the power you put behind your spells. For this demonstration I overpowered it just a bit, 250 is the highest the room will register, 100 is the optimum level for whatever spell you are casting meaning you get the most efficiency out of the spell. Over 100 will increase the power and effect of the spells but by the time you approach 200 you are likely bleeding magic that would be best conserved for another spell before you exhaust yourself."

"What does the Asterisk mean?" Padma had to ask as her Ravenclaw curiosity got the better of her.

Harry blushed slightly but smiled, "Consider it way off the charts, again I say anything above 200 and you might put yourself into a coma while your magic recovers. 200 is not simply twice as powerful as 100 it is several orders of magnitude above it. My Arithmancy leaves a bit to be desired but you can try working it out if you really want to."

Dennis Creevey walked up to the line and Harry stepped aside so he could try it. He concentrated for a second and cast his own Reducto at the dummy. "78 isn't bad at all Dennis, now you know you have to work on that but anything above 75% efficiency is respectable." Harry said loud enough for the others to hear.

Dennis turned back around and closed his eyes; Harry could see his fist tightening on his wand and the tendons in his neck getting tight. "Dennis wait!"

He was too late as Dennis screamed the incantation and was promptly blown off his feet as the spell left his wand and left panting on the floor as his score registered. "How does it feel to cast a 110 Reducto Dennis?" Harry asked with a grin.

The boy groaned as he was helped to his unsteady feet and thankfully a chair formed as he fell back onto his bottom. "Great until the kick-back..." he said groggily.

Harry smiled, "Right then, Dennis you can sit out tonight's training session, I really don't want to explain to Poppy why a fourth year ended up with Magical Exhaustion on my watch." The boy nodded as everyone else simply stared at him in awe.

He was getting a bit uncomfortable so he moved on quickly, "Uh...Right then, everyone pick an area and the room will ward it off from the others so you don't have to worry about stray spells. Let's start with One-Alpha and work our way through all three for the next hour alright? Nobody better knock themselves out on the last one though, and remember the first two exercises are not about power."

The group found their places for the first exercise and soon they were all dodging and weaving away from the opponents as Harry looked on with a smile. A few of them were hit with his Abara Kedabra curse but they continued on just the same. The second task went better than he had hoped for the first session with everybody being above 50%. Granted when he started sneaking into Dudley's room to play Duck Hunt he had never handled anything resembling a gun before, and it was on a thirteen inch television not life sized. These were using their wands which over the past 4-7 years had become like an extension of themselves.

Exercise One-Charlie was rather interesting as he stood back and watched the scores. All of them were above 75 and many of them approached 100 including Susan, Hermione, Ginny, Ron, Luna, Neville, Pansy and Blaise. He called a halt when he saw the numbers begin to spike to 101 or higher indicating people were beginning to push themselves.

"Alright I think it went well tonight, what do you think?" Harry asked. All around sweaty people nodded in agreement. "Good, now this weekend I am not necessarily going to ask you to patrol in Hogsmeade but I want you all to keep your eyes open and keep

your coins on you. If you see something tap the coin with your wand and the rest of them will vibrate and warm up to let you know. If that happens I want everyone to head to the main street to see what is happening. If I cannot see what the situation is after you summon me I will put the current time on the coins and we all meet up outside the Three Broomsticks to figure it out. Sound like a plan?"

They all nodded, "Good, one more thing, can you all cast a Corporeal Patronus still? When was the last time you tried?"

Many people looked chagrined at being called out but soon Patroni were flying around the room. Harry went over to help Mandy out but the most she was able to manage was a mist. "Don't worry about it; it took most of these a few months to get it. Me too though I was facing my Bogart on every try..."

"Your Bogart is a Dementor?" She asked quietly, reveling in the close contact as he stood behind her to help her with her wand work and whispering in her ear.

"Yeah, guess my greatest fear is fear or some other rubbish, it was dead useful in making sure I was able to do it when the real world situation presented itself."

She focused on the feeling of being in his arms and cast the spell once again, surprising herself when what looked like half a Dachshund came flying out. Harry hugged her and whispered congratulations in her ear before walking off to observe the rest of them leaving her breathless.

"Alright, times up. I think we should meet up every Wednesday evening and eventually we can move to level two and so on. Eventually these scenarios will require us to work in a team which is my goal. One of the main reasons our Auror forces get beaten is because they don't coordinate their attacks. They all go in like lone cowboys and pick targets at random. We are going to specialize in coordinated defense at first, I sincerely hope we do not reach the point where we need to work on coordinated attack but we will cross the bridge if we get there. Thanks and goodnight!"

The group left the room all smiles and he received handshakes and kisses on the cheek from most of them before they left. Soon it was

just Hermione, Ginny, Padma and the Slytherins. Harry had an idea and approached Daphne.

"So Miss Greengrass, I know I ask in every class period but would you uh...like to go to Hogsmeade this weekend?"

She smiled at him, "I'm sorry what was that?"

He took a breath and looked to make sure no one was listening in. "Will you accompany me to Hogsmeade this weekend?"

She was still smiling before she sighed, "Sorry, I'm already going with Blaise..."

He remembered them walking hand in hand a lot lately and they always sat together for meals. "Oh." Was all he could manage, funny when he didn't think he was interested in her before this moment.

"Mostly for protection Blaise and I are announcing our betrothal soon..."

That hit him out of nowhere. "Wait what?"

"My father spoke to Blaise before Pansy's talked to you, I'm really sorry Harry but I can't exactly date you when I'm supposed to be marrying Blaise..."

Harry hid the hurt well and simply smiled at her, "Fine, not like I wanted to go to Hogsmeade with you anyway Ice Princess!"

She took his needling as well as usual and walked over to the door where she linked her arm with Blaise, she whispered something to the dark skinned boy who met Harry's eye and smiled slightly before nodding and leaving the room.

Harry was thoroughly confused at that point and turned to find the others looking at him expectantly. "Uh..." He managed intelligently.

"You don't need to keep up appearances with us Harry, but it's still fun to watch you two flirt." Hermione said with a smile.

"We were not flirting! I just wondered...you know you could have told me about the betrothal Pansy."

The girl in question looked just as surprised by the situation as he was. "What?"

"To protect Daphne from Malfoy I imagine, she and Blaise are announcing their betrothal."

"Oh..." Was the only response he got from the girl. He sighed and looked between her and Padma.

"Gin and Mione here are going to Hogsmeade together to make my life more difficult, I could just go as a third wheel or by myself...but I thought maybe you would like to go with me Padma?"

The girls eyes lit up, "I'd love to Harry...but what about Pansy?"

He turned to the girl in question, her face was unreadable. "Pansy I don't want you stuck in the castle, so if you would like, that is if it is alright with you Padma, you can come with us." Padma nodded but Pansy had something to say about that.

"I think I can take care of myself for one bloody day milord, I refuse to be a third wheel to anybody!" She stormed out of the room without a look back.

"That went well." Harry commented before turning back to his date.

Hermione and Ginny smiled as they left hand in hand, "Don't wait up for us Harry, it's a weeknight so you know where we will be." Hermione said before they headed off for the OWL study group in Gryffindor Tower. Turning back to the last girl in the room he smiled shyly.

"So..."

She grinned at him, "So I was last choice Potter?"

"That isn't even fair, you have no idea what it is like to be me right now..." He grumbled. "Sorry for making it seem like that though..."

"So I wasn't your last desperate choice this time?" Her tone and face looked playful but he still took the comment like a slap.

He offered her his arm as they walked out of the room and back down the stairs toward his suite. "Yeah well...I have more history with Luna but she was unavailable and I won't touch Cho...again, at least not right now. Hannah is with Neville now and I have no idea what's going on with Susan. Daphne didn't occur to me until on the spot just a moment ago, I didn't realize how it would look to you but Daph and I have been joking about a Hogsmeade date since term started. I am sorry."

She smiled at him as Bernie opened up and they headed to the couch. Despite his recent thoughts he was suddenly quite nervous being alone with Padma even though he was almost certain Pansy was in the next room. Actually he was more nervous with Pansy in the next room since he had somehow offended her as well and she had no sense of boundaries any longer when it came to his privacy.

"So..." He began hoping she would have a topic for discussion.

"Do you want to kiss me Harry?" Padma asked him out of the blue. He turned to look her in the eye as his mind fought for control with his body. As he fell into those inky black pools he felt a mental nudge which he had begun to think of as Gabrielle push him into action. Rather than reply he simply leaned in and caught her lips for a short but promising kiss.

He pulled away and waited to see her reaction; when she finally opened her eyes he could see a bit of lust reflected back at him and a smile on her lips. "That is how the Yule ball should have ended Harry; when we were fourteen! Now how about a real kiss?"

She took the initiative and leaned forward to capture his lips and soon she deepened the kiss as her hands went behind his neck. His hands went to the small of her back where he began alternating between making small circles with his fingers and running them up to her shoulder blades and back. When they finally broke the kiss he found that she had ended up straddling his lap and his arousal was rather plain. She blushed and quickly moved back to the couch.

"Uh...so..." She said still blushing.

He smiled at the tables having turned but decided this might be the most normal relationship he had yet and no matter what Gabrielle might be nudging him to do he was going to go slowly. "That was wonderful...I wouldn't mind exploring a bit more of that eventually but I want to take it slow. Is that okay?"

The girl was immediately less tense and she picked his arm up before snuggling into his shoulder as they leaned back on the couch. "Thank you Harry...there is just something about you that makes me lose myself...when I ended up...well in your lap I was sure you would think I was a hussy."

He smiled down at her, "Never crossed my mind...not that I wouldn't want to...just... This has been really nice, getting to know you without some stupid compulsion charm or just wanting a quick shag or something and I was a bit afraid you were going to push... Not that I wouldn't want to..."

She grinned up at him and leaned in to whisper in his ear. "Once I realized I was in your lap I was ready to but for some of the same reasons I took a step back when you didn't push... thanks for that by the way."

He nodded and relaxed a bit more, "So...where does that leave us?"

She smiled, "Well, I hear you haven't been sleeping well without someone to cuddle with. Would you mind too terribly if I stayed the night?"

He was getting nervous again, not because he didn't want to shag her, but because he knew what could happen if they shared a bed. "Uh, that would be nice...but I kind of can't sleep in clothes anymore..."

She giggled; it made him blush and made him a bit angry at the same time. "I can always wear my nightgown, it might be... interesting to sleep with you like that."

Deciding to call her bluff he made a snap-decision. "Winky?"

The elf popped in, "You is calling me Ma...Mister Harry?"

"Could you please go pick out one of Miss Patil here's nightgowns from the Ravenclaw Sixth year dorm?"

"Right away Ma..ister Harry." She popped away and Padma was beginning to look a bit panicked but was fighting it. He grinned at her and leaned in close feeling bold.

"You could always go without you know...I think I can behave myself though I can't promise my hands won't wander while I sleep..."

Winky popped back in with a set of dark blue silk pajamas and with an 'Eep!' the girl grabbed them and ran into his room to change. Still nervous but smiling he turned back to Winky. "Thank you." With a nod she popped away.

He gave the girl a few more minutes to get changed before he headed into his room. He heard the water running and realized that while he had simply watched the exercises earlier she had participated and was taking a shower. He quickly disrobed and climbed into bed and under the sheet where he tried to calm his suddenly high blood pressure and rapid pulse. He hadn't felt this nervous about a girl in his bed since waking up to Ginny the morning they officially became a couple.

The water stopped and he waited impatiently for the girl to finish and enter the room. When she did he caught his breath and wished he could sleep comfortably in boxers as his nether regions stood to attention under the sheet.

Her hair was hanging straight and unhindered down her shoulders and back stopping just above her waist. Her dark blue silk pajama top and bottoms looked like they would be too constricting for sleep as they left almost nothing to the imagination when it came to her figure. She shyly approached the bed and thankfully said nothing about the apparent tent over his lap. She slipped under the sheet without looking and laid nervously about eight inches away from him.

He reached his hand down and wrapped his fingers through hers as they both lay looking up at the ceiling. "So..."

She nodded, "So..."



"You sure you want to stay in here with me? I don't sleep all that badly without company..."

"Yeah... whatever you may think I noticed the difference in you after the girls started staying in Gryffindor again during the week. Plus, I just want to be close to you... Uh..."

He smiled as a bit of his recently acquired smoothness kicked in. He turned on his side to face her and began playing with the fingers of the hand he was holding. "Well over there isn't really close to me is it?"

She gulped almost audibly but shook her head and scooted over a few inches. He smiled and scooted another couple before his nerves got to him and he chickened out. "Uh...yeah, that's better."

She nodded and they lay quietly for a while before she began to fidget. "Problem?" He asked quietly.

"I uh... can't sleep on my back or stomach; have to lie on my side..."

He nodded and sighed in relief. "I can fall asleep on my back but I always end up stiff as a board in the morning...so you want to uh...spoon?" He asked quietly.

She giggled just a bit at the situation but nodded into the darkness... "You want front or back?"

He was still hard and throbbing and figured she would not appreciate being stabbed in the back. "I guess I'll take front...probably safer that way..." This being said he rolled away from her and scooted back a bit until his bum brushed her hand and she quickly recoiled before rolling onto her side as well and scooting just a big closer. She then hesitantly placed her hand on his hip.

They lay that way for a few minutes uncomfortably before the smooth part of him took over again. He reached up and grabbed her hand before tucking her elbow beneath his and wrapping her arm around his stomach where he continued to hold her hand. He then scooted back just a bit more until he felt the cool silk of her impossibly soft pajamas against his back. He then sighed as he was finally able to get comfortable.

Padma tensed up at the contact at first but eventually she began to relax and was soon hugging him like a giant teddy bear. She sighed in contentment as her body finally started to relax and she felt herself drifting off. "G'night Harry." She mumbled.

"Night Pad..." He said with a sleepy smile.

Harry leaned over his broom to coax out the last bit of speed as he pushed toward the ground at an underwear ruining speed. The grin on his face was manic as he barreled to certain doom in the lush green grass of the Quidditch pitch. 100 Meters he tightens his grip and squeezes his thighs around the shaft; 50 meters his eyes begin to water as his cheeks begin to flap in the wind and his robes stream out behind him; 25 meters, any sane person would have pulled out of the dive by now going over 200 miles per hour straight at the hard unyielding earth was not for the faint of heart he barely registers a scream from Ginny as he passes her on his way to his death. At ten 10 meters he shifted his feet and his weight so that the bristles of his broom were pointing almost straight down and the lurch in his gut as the braking charms kick in but it isn't enough he is still headed at the ground at terminal velocity. 5 meters he reengages forward momentum and is nearly forced off his broom as he goes from 125 miles per hour straight down to 200 miles per hour in an almost horizontal trajectory toward the far end of the pitch; he still didn't time it quite right as he is almost flipped head first into the grass when his toes dig in and create two long divots in the field below him. He barely rights himself but he can't stop laughing. It's good to be back on his broom.

He slows down to a lazy pace only a few feet off the ground hoping to take a victory lap around the pitch but his plans are ruined as both female chasers tackle him to the field, one kissing him and the other scolding him.

"What the hell was that you idiot! You won't do any good to me or Gryffindor dead!" Katie berates him.

"Harry that was amazing but if you die on that broom I am going to kill you!" Ginny says between kisses.

He can't help but smile up at both of them, "Sorry ladies but I'm a Seeker and that was a perfect...okay almost perfect Wronksi Feint; I did skim the grass there at the end..."

"I don't care what you call it! I don't fancy scraping you off the pitch during practice!" Ginny scolded him before grinning. "That was amazing though!"

He smiled back at her as both girls helped him to his feet, "It was something else wasn't it? I can't wait to draw Draco in and watch him faceplant!"

"That's the spirit Harry, but you have three practices to make up for and I expect you to be in shape to take a proper shower later!" Katie chastised him before winking and taking back to the air.

"Oi! Make out on your own time!" Ron called from the rings and Ginny huffed before kissing him on the cheek and following the older girl back into formation.

Harry grinned as he brought the practice Snitch out of his pocket and let it go. The only difference between this and the regulation Snitch was the practice model did not have the non-summon charm. He gave it a few minutes lead time before taking back to the air himself.

A thoroughly clean Ginny and Harry made their way back up to the school after making certain that Katie wouldn't accidentally drown while recovering from their makeup session. They walked into his suite to find Hermione, Padma, and Pansy going over Dumbledore's materials; Hermione especially was so engrossed in her current three books she didn't even notice them as they entered.

He crossed the room until he was behind her and leaned down to nibble her ear lightly. The first time she swatted him away as if he was an annoying bug earning a chuckle from Ginny who joined him on her other side. They repeated the gesture on both ears sucking along with the light nibbling and the girl let out a slight moan before she sat up and looked at them upside down.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you come in."

"Or see us, or realize I was making a pass at you the first time." Harry said with a smile. She had to think about that for a moment before smiling.

"Oh...well I think I'm finally on to something, unfortunately the ancient Egyptian translation isn't in my codex anywhere and neither Flourish & Blotts nor Poulter's have what I'm looking for!"

"Did you try Atrium's?"

"I've never even heard of it so no, where is that?"

Pansy spoke without looking up from her current book, "Knockturn Alley three doors down from Borgin & Burkes."

Hermione turned quickly on the girl as if she were going to chastise her for spending enough time in Knockturn to give directions, but was stopped when Pansy silently raised one eyebrow. "Oh...right then. I suppose there is nothing for it but to write them."

Harry pulled her with him as he slumped onto the couch, "So you think you're really onto something?"

She nodded, "Ginny found the original entry but we can't get past this piece, in general it looks like a ritual to bind someone's soul to an object without their permission."

His hand went to the necklace around his neck without thinking, "You mean like making a Horcrux?"

The girl shook her head as Ginny sat down on his other side. "Not exactly, to create a Horcrux you rip a piece of your soul out and bind it to an object, this ceremony is almost darker... you could use it to bind a soul to an object like a table or a tree, it doesn't matter. The point is, even though you have to kill to create a Horcrux, using this ceremony you can bind another soul without permission."

His eyes lit with understanding, "So even if we can't find all of his other Horcruxes, we might be able to force what's left of him into another object effectively rendering him dead?"

"Not dead, technically he would still be immortal unless you could find a way to force the soul fragment to move on."

"What about the rest of the pieces? Last time he didn't die he became a spirit, if we destroy or trap that spirit could someone resurrect him with one of the other Horcruxes?"

The brunette began nibbling on her lip as her eyes began darting around the room. "I don't know, I hadn't thought about it...if they wanted could they create a bunch of clones..." Harry cleared his throat and brought her attention back to him. "Sorry, I don't know Harry but you bring up a good point; one thing at a time though."

He nodded and she stood up and marked her place in her books before returning them to the shelf. "In any event, Gin and I need to get going to our study group." The redhead in question groaned as Hermione pulled her to her feet. "We'll see you at breakfast." Both of them leaned in and kissed him on the corners of his mouth before the older girl dragged the younger from the room. Harry sighed as he turned to the other two occupants.

"So an eventful day then?" Pansy sniffed before putting her materials away and Padma's soon join hers before she joined him on the couch as the Slytherin brought out a Potions assignment to work on.

"Not bad, how was practice?" Padma asked.

He proceeded to regale her with tales of bravery and suspense as well as the reactions of Katie and Ginny; he was met with a swat to his shoulder. "You deserved it you Prat! Why anyone would go full out straight at the ground is beyond me!"

He raised his hands to defend himself from her swatting as he spoke, "Hey professional Seekers do it all the time, its called the Wronski Feint!"

"Exactly, Professional Seekers get paid to pull stunts like that! If I'm not mistaken you have a certain Dark Lord to take care of and spreading yourself as fertilizer onto the Quidditch Pitch probably isn't the best way to go about it!"

Harry tensed as his mind began working overtime and he remained silent for a moment before he remembered that the girls had confirmed the rumors at his birthday party but stopped short of revealing the Prophecy. "I guess you have a point...I can't promise anything during a match but I will take it easy on practice alright?"

"At least at the match there will be a few hundred or so friendly wands out there to catch you if need be and Madame Pomfrey will be on hand to put you back together..." She went quiet and he noticed a slight sparkle to her eyes as if she were trying not to cry.

"Hey," He began quietly putting his arm around her shoulders and pulling her into a side hug. "Flying is one of those things that comes naturally to me and no matter how dangerous that move looks I promise I was in control the whole time. I refuse to go out that easily, like you said, I do have more important ways to get splattered."

She smacked his shoulder again but was smiling at his tone. "That's not funny!"

"Then why are you smiling?" He laughed.

"I think Madame Puddifoot's sounds wonderful for our date this weekend don't you?" She asked sweetly and he gulped.

"Uh...me and that place don't have a good history...why not the three broomsticks instead? Or a picnic? We could go on a picnic?"

"But Harry, I hear they have these darling little cupids that float above the tables and these cute little hearts all over." He was beginning to rethink this whole take Padma to Hogsmeade thing when he realized she had changed the subject.

"Hey! That's so not fair! You aren't allowed to change the subject when I'm being cheeky!"

She grinned back at him, "Honestly Harry, Parv told me about that place and even she and Lavender can't stand it for long. The only reason to go there is so you can snog in front of other people and nobody cares."

He groaned, "I knew I should have just kissed her..."

Padma went quiet for a second, "Who?"

He realized his mistake but right after that remembered that she knew the stakes coming into any sort of relationship with him. So rather than backpedal he simply explained. "Cho, when we went on our only real date she took me to Puddifoots and I remember being

uncomfortable with everyone else in the room kissing and how much I hated that confetti the cupids throw around getting into my tea. Now I understand, you aren't there to drink the tea."

She smiled and nodded and he was glad to have gotten past the awkward moment. "So...where would you like to go then?"

"Actually that picnic sounds lovely, though I do have some shopping to take care of."

Harry thought quickly before grinning, "Have you ever been to the Shrieking Shack?"

The girl shivered and nodded, "Yeah, that place creeps me out but we all went third year just to see what the fuss was about. I mean honestly, who cares if its haunted, it isn't like we don't see ghosts every day at school?"

He nodded, "Would you like to have a picnic inside the Shrieking Shack?"

It was her turn to gulp, "Uh, sure...if you think it would be romantic..."

Finally he found an opening to rib her back a bit, "Who said anything about romance? I thought we could transfigure a comfortable bed and get to know one another better."

She looked lost at his words and about to tear up again, he realized he may have gone a bit too far and pulled her up and into his lap before wrapping his arms around her. She fit very nicely against him and that slightly spicy smell he associated with her skin enveloped him. "Hey shhhh... I was kidding, don't you think if that were my plan I would have made my move last night instead?"

That brought her back around and she laughed when she realized she had been had. "That wasn't very nice at all! I...I really like you Harry..."

"And I really like you too."

"No Harry, I mean I wasn't kidding about wanting to join your little harem or whatever you want to call it. You being with other girls doesn't bother me at all, I just like being close to you like this." She

leaned her head on his shoulder to demonstrate and began nervously picking at the buttons on his shirt. "I...I think I'm falling for you..."

He smiled and leaned in to her neck and breathed deeply before kissing her lightly below her ear. He pulled back when his body spasm'd involuntarily and his arms tightened around her. "I don't know if I'm falling for you Pad but I think I could if I let myself...I slept really well last night..."

"Can I stay again tonight?" She asked quietly.

He smiled and hugged her again, as he went to let her go he was surprised when she kissed him. It was very light but it was on the lips and it left a tingling where hers had been. He smiled lopsidedly, a trait he unknowingly picked up from Han Solo, and his eyes flicked from hers down to her lips and back a few times before he gave up and leaned in for another kiss.

They were interrupted by a door slamming and he was so startled he nearly deposited her on the floor. Looking up he saw that Pansy was gone from the room; he noted the time and guessed she had gone to bed a bit early which was suddenly sounding like a wonderful idea.

"Ready for bed?" He asked quietly.

She nodded and got up off his lap before helping him off the couch, he groaned as his muscles protested, apparently holding onto a broom going over 200 miles per hour vertically then switching to horizontal did not entirely agree with him. "Hot shower sounds really good first." He said with a wince as his back twinged again.

She look concerned for a moment before coming to some decision, she wrapped his arm over her shoulder and helped him toward the bedroom. "I know just the thing Harry. But first, do you think you can take that shower yourself or will you need some help?"

His pants tightened at the thought but he shook his head, "I can handle it, what did you have in mind?"

Just go take your shower and meet me back in here. "She said as she pushed him into the bathroom and pulled the door closed



behind her on her way out. He slowly got undressed, thankful he wouldn't need to get dressed again that night, and climbed into the shower after setting the temperature to near scalding and directing the nozzles along the wall to a height where they would hit his aching back. He stood in the shower for a good twenty minutes soaking up the heat and willing his muscles to relax before finally giving up and hoping he would be better by morning.

It took everything he had to dry himself off with the towel without crying out in pain and finally he made his way out of the bathroom not even caring that Padma was about to see him in the buff for the first time.

He entered the bedroom to find half the candles lit and what looked like a drum and sitar enchanted to play softly in the corner of the room. He continued to look around the room in confusion before his eyes landed on the corner and froze.

Padma was standing there in black lace panties and bra and nothing else, she turned and lit some incense and caught his eye as she delicately blew on the end to get it smoldering properly. She then crossed the room without saying a word and helped him toward the bed, she didn't even mention his raging hard on which had only appeared the moment he spotted her.

She lay him down on his back on the bed and he groaned before finally getting somewhat comfortable. He started to speak but she simply placed a finger over his mouth which he indicated meant he should not say anything. She brought out a blindfold and he looked at her questioningly before he allowed her to put it over his eyes. Only then did she speak.

"I am going to give you a proper massage Harry, I can see you are having a bit of difficulty relaxing at the moment," He blushed not knowing if she was talking about his back or his manly parts. "but I promise, at the end of a proper massage that will be the last thing on your mind." Yep, manly parts...

He felt warm oil spread onto his foot and shin before her hands began working and kneading his muscles and he groaned as the lactic acid was pushed from its hiding places back into his blood stream. "You are not to remove the blindfold or say anything Harry, this is a family technique and you aren't allowed to see how it works

unless you are family." He nodded though he was wondering whether that was an invitation of some sort.

Before his thoughts could go too far in that direction he felt her hands removed from his leg as she reached his knee before more warm oil was placed on his other leg and she began the process once more. He was momentarily surprised when he felt his other leg being massaged in exactly the same manner from toes to knees. He guessed that this was her secret; somehow her two hands were able to do the work of four. He was interrupted by her voice once again.

"Stop thinking Harry, you won't figure it out while blindfolded and you won't be allowed to remove the blindfold for a massage unless you were my husband. Stop thinking and just enjoy, if you want you can even do some Occlumency to help you relax."

While that idea had merit he was enjoying the feeling of her slick hands on his skin too much to give it up. He felt his member bounce along with his heartbeat and tried not to blush again at the fact he was laying flat on his back at full mast in front of the girl.

The hands continued their way up to his thighs after another layer of oil was applied, as he felt the fingers approaching his groin he prayed that he wouldn't accidentally go off in the middle of this. He needn't worry however as he felt a wand touch the tip of his member and soon it relaxed and began to deflate. He could still feel his hormones raging but without the reminder of a flagpole he could distance himself from the arousal and concentrate on relaxing the rest of his muscles.

Oil was applied to his chest and abdomen and the hands continued their magic over muscles he never would have thought to massage. He never would have thought it could feel so wonderful to have his chest massaged like this either, the girl made sure not to rub or tweak his nipples so this was not at all sexual for him, he didn't know how much tension one could carry in their breasts, even if he refused to refer to his chest as such outside of his own mind.

He felt his arms lifted from the mattress and fingers beginning to massage starting with his hands and working their way up to his biceps. Once again he groaned as the acid was pushed from his muscles but felt much better after the initial pain. All of these small releases were making him drowsy and he barely noticed as he was

levitated and flipped onto his stomach before laying back down on the bed. He was thankful however for whatever charm had de-boned his boner as that would have been more than uncomfortable in this position.

"Just relax Harry..." She said quietly before he felt her barely covered bottom sit down on his calves.

"Where your pajamas at..." he mumbled half coherently.

"No talking, but I will answer just this once." He felt the oil dribble on to his buttocks before once again he felt four hands where there should be two kneading his backside. "This is massage oil not a water based lubricant, my underwear are cotton so it will wash out, the silk would stain."

He nodded at her logic and lost himself to the sensations once more. The hands made their way up his back where he hissed as his muscles were pulled in four different directions before being kneaded up and down to push out any acid that remained. It hurt but was getting better, apparently they decided to leave that for now as her hands went to his shoulders and his eyes rolled back into his head as her surprisingly strong hands began to work out the knots and kinks he had put into them in the last 16 years of his life. His mind began to wander and before he knew what was happening he had fallen asleep.

"I must know this technique! The sensual massage I am master of but how a beautiful woman can put you to sleep while wearing a few scraps of lace is beyond my talent!"

Harry smiled at his wife as they sat in what could pass for the Gryffindor Common room except that there was a television where the fireplace was supposed to be currently showing re-runs of Star Trek episodes.

"It really was amazing; for a minute there I thought I was going to have an incident though." Gabrielle slithered onto his lap and wrapped her arms behind his neck before kissing him.

"I would not mind a little incident myself Master..."

Harry slowly joined the waking world with a huge smile on his face; he had seen Gabrielle again and had a wonderful time of watching the telly and just being a couple. Then it struck him, he had seen Gabrielle again and not even thought to ask about what Trelawney had told him. He felt someone stir slightly against him and smiled as he pulled her closer to him. He began kneading the breast in his left hand softly until he felt the nipple begin to pucker beneath the lace.

Lace... His girls didn't sleep in their underwear...He inhaled sharply and recognized the slightly spicy aroma of one Padma Patil before his eyes snapped open. Apparently she had joined him after the massage and at some point during the night he woke up enough to turn from his stomach onto his side. She was currently laying on his right bicep and curled nicely against him, though just how nicely he thought of their arrangement was about to be broadcast into her lower back. He struggled not to jump away from her and wake her up. He did however remove the offending hand slowly from her chest.

"Uh...good morning Pad." He said quietly to the girl.

"Too early go back to sleep." She grabbed his hand and placed it back onto her breast before her breathing became steady once more. He lay his head back down but tried to scoot his lower half away from the girl. She responded by scooting back into him and pressing his arousal along her spine. "Mmmm warm."

He was trying not to panic, on the one hand this situation should not be anything new to him, he had woken up in far worse situations actually, though he supposed determining whether the situation was good or bad depended on the girl and the relationship. Currently Padma was not his girlfriend, they were not intimate at all and their boundaries had not been defined. So he was rather nervous as to how she would take being stabbed in the back and having her chest mauled when she actually awoke.

Pansy walked into the room quietly and arched an eyebrow at the couple in the bed. "Smooth milord, very smooth."

"I'll have you know she is still clothed and nothing untoward happened." He whispered to her before closing his eyes to keep from staring.

"Not like I care." She said with a sneer before disappearing into the bathroom.

"What was that?" Padma finally started to come around.

The nerves returned full force, "Uh...just Pansy again, she takes a shower every morning at this time, she will be out in about ten minutes or so if you want it next."

She nodded into his arm before realizing where she was and blushing but made no move to escape his grasp. She realized her hand was holding his over her breast and quickly let him go. "I see you enjoyed more than just your massage last evening?" He could hear the grin in her voice.

"Just so you know, it was an accident until you grabbed my hand and put it back earlier."

He felt her blush again and the warmth transmitted into the super sensitive head of his member causing it to twitch and alerting her to that part of his anatomy as well. "Oh...uh... I think maybe I will head back to Ravenclaw to get a shower and clothes for the day..."

Slowly as if not wanting to lose the contact she slid away from him until his manhood bounced free beneath the sheet. He summoned his glasses and put them on before wishing he hadn't. He tried not to watch too closely as the girl bent over to pull on her skirt exposing her lovely back side to him and wanted to whine like a puppy as she pulled her blouse on and covered the skin of her back from his view. She then smiled over her shoulder and headed for the door. "I'll see you at breakfast Harry."

"Thanks for last night Pad, that massage did wonders!"

She thought about it for a moment, "Anytime Harry, just ask." Then disappeared out the door.

He lay back and began working on his Occlumency until he heard Pansy exiting the bathroom. Without even a glance in her direction he got out of bed and into the bathroom to take care of necessities and shower. As he let the warm water wash over him he kicked himself mentally once again for not asking Gabrielle about what the Divination teacher had said.

He couldn't help wondering though, if he was going crazy and he asked dream Gabrielle a question; and everything in a dream was a representation of yourself; Then would he be once again talking to himself inside himself? And if he believed what he told himself would he then be simply delusional or schizophrenic?

He felt a chuckle and quickly ended that train of thought as he didn't have Gin or Mione here to rescue him this time and he didn't want to drown in the shower while laughing himself silly.

Severus Snape had grown bored of dying. Almost as annoying as the repeated deaths was the red uniform he was required to wear while acting out these strange scenarios involving star ships, aliens, and other worlds.

Over the past however long it had been, he had lost track of time, he had been stabbed, shot, disintegrated, had his neck broken, thrown into caves, disemboweled and eaten. He had been lost in transporter malfunctions, had his mind taken over and turned against his crew mates and even been seduced a time or two before having his life force drawn out from his body.

And then it would all happen again.

It was his fondest wish that the boy would just kill him and be done with it, living had lost its appeal to him at this point and he would have been better off diving from the astronomy tower than manipulating Potter into rescuing him.

It was as he was pondering suicide that the blackness shifted into a hellish scene from what could only be some sort of Muggle factory. All of the light around him was red and every surface seemed to have shadows cast upon it. He waited patiently for the Captains Log to begin so he would play the guessing game of How to kill Severus Snape This Time? But the voice never came.

Curious he looked down to find himself in a pair of jeans and a t-shirt with some Muggle band printed on it. Despite knowing that this was simply some sort of dream his sense of dread began to gnaw at him. "What are you up to this time Potter?"

A deep and terrifying laugh seemed to emanate from everywhere at once before it started moving from place to place causing him to jump as he tried to follow the sound. "Potter! What do you want?"

"Who's Potter?" A raspy voice asked from right behind him. The man who could make a First year wet themselves at a hundred paces and a Seventh year nearly do so at twenty screamed like a little girl and jumped away before turning around. He tried to reclaim his dignity before he saw what stood in front of him.

The thing's face looked like it had been burned off at some point, Snape never thought he could see a being that was more grotesque while still appearing human than the Dark Lord, however he quickly changed his mind.

He was wearing a hat and striped long sleeve shirt which in themselves were not terribly frightening except for the blood stains that were clearly visible. No the most terrifying thing about the man in front of him was the five razor sharp blades that extended off the gloved hand. As the thing noticed him looking he wiggled his fingers and sparks flew from the metal and made a terrifying sound.

"Snivellus Snape...what's your worst Nightmare?" The thing asked him.

Snape was unable to reply as he stood terrified and rooted to the spot. "Ah ha...why don't we see what Lily Evans has to say about you Snivellus?" As the thing finished the sentence he morphed into a beautiful redhead with startling green eyes, Snape was momentarily relieved and excited to see his lost love until he found that glove still on her hand.

"What did you do to us Snivellus? What have you done to my son?"

"Lily No! I didn't know!"

"You didn't care! You just wanted me for yourself and my husband and son be damned!" She took a step toward him and went from beautiful to an animated corpse in a split second, still with the knives for fingers. "How do you like me now Snivy? You want me for your sex slave? Lets have some fun!"

He turned and ran away from her as she attempted to slice his front with that hand. He heard her high pitched laughter as he turned a corner only to be confronted with her again. Piping broke free from a nearby wall and wrapped around him bending him over. "Now now Severus, I'm just going to love you the way you deserve." Her voice was back to being pleasant but her visage was still that of a zombie. He felt a slash up the inside of his leg before his jeans and boxers slid to the ground.

He screamed as she began using those knives to make love to him.



## Chapter 62: Happy Weekend

"Welcome everyone to the first Quidditch match of the year; the Lovely Lions and Lioness' of Gryffindor versus the Cunning and Calculating Snakes of Slytherin. I'll be your hostess for this event, my name is Luna Lovegood but most of you call me Loony." The crowd went suddenly quiet at this last statement. "Oh! Don't worry about it, my mother used to call me her Loony and I rather enjoy the nickname!"

The crowd did not know exactly what to think of the new announcer but slowly the roaring of the crowd returned as Luna continued speaking, "Now entering the field are the Lions. First out are beaters and brothers Dennis and Collin Creevey; it appears that the new team Captain is sticking to tradition in having relatives in this position. Next out come the chasers Katie Bell, Dean Thomas, and Ginevra Weasley; sister to the gone but not forgotten Masterbeaters..."

"Miss Lovegood!" Flitwick squeaked!

Luna continued on as if she had not been interrupted. "...and Master Pranksters as well as sister to the next one out, Gryffindors Captain and Keeper Ronald Weasley." The Gryffindor stands erupted as he flew onto the field though the look on his face was less excitement and closer to excrement as a very pale and nervous looking Ron took his place at the hoops without even doing the usual introductory lap around the stands.

"And finally for the Lions our very own Lord Harry Potter-Black at Seeker!"

If anything the sound was even more deafening as Harry took to the sky and flew at lightning speeds three times around the stands before coming to a stop at mid-field.

"Next up are the Slytherins; first out are Beaters Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. I assure you I have gone over the Quidditch Rulebook thoroughly and there is no rule banning a part-troll from competing."

"Miss Lovegood!" Flitwick's voice could be heard chastising her from the announcer's box.

"I'm sorry Professor, but the rules do indeed allow it." Her voice carried softly throughout the stadium.

"That is beside the point Miss Lovegood, I expect you to keep any comments about the players heritage to yourself!"

"I never said anything about their parentage or heritage Professor, I was simply pointing out that Quidditch is a sport that encourages interspecies cooperation."

Those near enough could see the tiny man's face contort a few times before he deflated. "Please continue." He commented quietly but his voice still carried over the PA.

"In any case, next out are, or rather were before I was interrupted, the chasers Vaisey, Warrington and Captain James Urquhart. It was a shame that Mister Warrington had to repeat his Seventh year but I am certain fans of the Snakes are glad to have a veteran player on their squad. Especially when this is the first year their Captain has flown for the team."

"Miss Lovegood!"

"Yes Professor?"

"Nevermind..."

"Next up is Millicent Bulstrode at the position of keeper playing for her injured boyfriend Miles Bletchley, there are no regulations against part-giants playing either." She paused as if waiting for her Head of House to chastise her but he was simply holding his face in his hand and shaking his head. "And lastly a change to the lineup, Draco Malfoy has fallen ill and will be replaced today by Tim Harper; sources say Mister Harper should have been the Seeker all along though it is possible the Nargles have gotten to my sources."

"Miss Lovegood, the game please?"

"Of course Professor." The crowd was slowly warming up to the strange blonde girl in the announcer's box though they still winced at half of her backhanded remarks. Though nobody, including her

closest friends, would be able to tell you if she was pranking the entire stadium or not.

"The two teams meet up at center field, officiating today's match is Rolanda Hooch. A rule was written into the books about forty years ago to prevent sexual preference from playing a role in who would be allowed to officiate at Quidditch Matches."

"Luna!"

"Yes Filius?" The girl asked and the air pressure dropped for a moment as every student and former student sucked in a breath at the remark and waited for his outburst.

Flitwick was torn between amusement and anger he finally sighed and simply motioned to the field. "Just stick to the basics please, no more insights into the world of Quidditch Miss Lovegood."

"If you say so Professor..."

Ron landed and approached Madame Hooch and listened to her clean game speech before shaking hands quickly with the opposing Captain and taking to the air. "The Captains take to the air and the Bludgers and Snitch are released, three, two, one...and there goes the Quaffle! Both sets of Chasers dive in but it looks like, yes Weasley has the Quaffle and she takes off toward the goal in a strange reverse arrow formation. That must be the work of Captain Ronald Weasley who is notorious for getting things wrong..."

"I'm warning you Miss Lovegood."

"Oh and that's a goal for Gryffindor! It looks like Thomas took a hit from a bludger that had been meant for Miss Weasley so that reverse Arrow was actually a stroke of genius. I do apologize Ronald for doubting you when it comes to Quidditch."

Harry tuned out the goings on below him as he searched for the Snitch, he had noticed that Ron's lack of nerve had returned for some reason and knew he had to end this game quickly. Besides, the faster they won, the sooner they could get to Hogsmeade.

Harper was shadowing him as he flew ever higher circles searching for the fleck of gold in the sunlight. Malfoy was not ill if Harry had to

bet money on it, he assumed the boy was in the Room of Requirement trying to get whatever plan he was working on done while everyone else was at the Stadium. However he had watched the moment the information was revealed as Tonks left the stands and headed back to the school so he wasn't worried.

Deciding to try out his favorite move on the supposedly novice seeker he looked at the ground and faked a tiny bit of surprise before shooting straight down. Harper was hot on his heels and Harry grinned as he slowed his broom just a bit to make sure the boy stayed with him.

"Looks like Harry has seen the Snitch! Or possibly the Bermites have infested his broom and he is plunging toward his death." The crowd gasped as one before they realized they had no idea what a Bermite was. Harry couldn't hear what the girl was saying as the wind was whipping past his ears. One last glance told him the other Seeker was still behind him so putting a bit more speed on his broom he dove toward the ground, pulling up at the last possible moment and shooting back into the sky.

"Oh! Apparently we were all taken in by a beautifully executed Wronski Feint, unfortunately for Harry it appears that Mister Harper is not as easily fooled as the usual Slytherin Seeker."

"Miss Lovegood..." The charms Professor growled at her.

Slytherin scores another goal making it 40-10 Slytherin, if the Gryffindor continues to have performance issues we may have a premature end to our fun. Don't worry Ronald, it happens to everyone!"

"Miss Lovegood! One more time!" the little man's voice trailed off but the look on his face was not pleasant.

Harry took back to the skies now even more frantic to find that little golden ball. Quite suddenly he saw a flash straight below him at the base of the Gryffindor Goal. Harry dove on instinct and barely registered Harper laughing at his attempt to feint again.

"Is this another Feint on Harry's part? Looks like he's...Wait I can see the Snitch as well!"

Harper had taken off when Harry didn't retort but being on a Nimbus 2001 and losing three seconds of head start there was absolutely no chance the Slytherin would catch up. Harry continued his dive at break-neck speed and his vision tunneled to just that spot of gold. Almost as if he could feel the magic he performed a sloth grip roll...or rather corkscrew to avoid a bludger. Drawing gasps from the crowd as nobody should ever attempt that maneuver unless moving at less than 100 miles per hour and flying horizontally. Harry had performed the move flawlessly at 200 and near vertical. As he neared the Snitch it suddenly shot off and away from him but Harry was going too fast to change direction that quickly. Harper had noticed and was able to correct his course in time.

Harry only had one alternative, he headed straight for the goal post and stuck out his foot as he slammed on the breaking charms, hooking his toes on the poll allowed him to fling around almost a full circle and shoot off toward the Snitch only losing a quarter of his speed. He felt the tendons in his foot tear away from bone as he did so but his little maneuver put him a half-second ahead of Harper where he closed his outstretched hand on the little ball and shot under the Slytherin Seeker before anyone could realize what had just happened.

He held the ball up proudly for all to see, "He got the Snitch!" Luna exclaimed, "That had to have been a new move altogether, perhaps we should name it? What about a Warbling Grincher?"

Luna's words were drowned out by the crowd as Harry took his customary victory lap. The rest of the team landed but Harry came to a halt a few feet above the outstretched hands of his housemates who wanted to congratulate him or carry him into the school. Instead he waited for Hermione to reach the field and flew over to her.

"Think you can do something about my foot?"

The girl looked at him strangely before casting a diagnostic spell. She then frowned up at him. "We need to have a serious talk about you and this silly game! I swear you get hurt in every single match!"

"Is that a no then?" He asked sadly.

"You will need a couple of potions and a pressure brace, not going to be doing much walking in Hogsmeade until tomorrow at the earliest."

The crowd began to move off when they realized he wasn't coming down, which funny enough, meant he could come down to field level. "Can you do it for me? We never did get to play that game of Nurse and Patient..."

"Harry!" The girl said with a blush just as Ginny joined the two of them near the edge of the field.

"What's up?" Ginny asked as she wrapped an arm around Hermione's waist.

"Boyfriend here ripped every ligament in his foot pulling that stunt off!"

"That was brilliant Harry! What do you think of Potter-Rang?"

He smiled at that, "You mean nobody has really ever done that before? I get a Quidditch move named after me?"

Ginny nodded, "Or so says Ron, at least when he wasn't moping about being utter garbage. And who can you trust about Quidditch more than my brother? He came up with the name by the way, wanted me to tell you it was bloody brilliant!"

Harry had a dreamy smile on his face at the thought of having a whole new move named after him. Hermione cleared her throat before tapping his foot with a numbing charm. "What?" Harry asked before Hermione pointed at the school nurse making her way across the field.

"Crap!" Harry said and landed quickly, using his broom for a crutch but trying not to be obvious about it.

"Harry! How many times have I told you about taking stupid risks for a game?" Poppy asked him.

"At least twenty or so times, one for every game." He said with a smile.

"And you have no injuries after pulling that stunt?"

He stood up straight to demonstrate though even without the pain he could feel his weight about to give on his left side. "Good as new, if anything crops up my Nurse here will take care of me I'm sure." He said cheekily.

Pomfrey looked back and forth between he and Hermione for a moment before turning away in a huff. "Honestly! Civilized sport, I swear!" She mumbled as she walked off.

Harry waited a whole three seconds before quickly mounting his broom once more. "Mione?" He begged.

"Oh fine, I will get you the potions, you can renew the numbing and localized petrification spell yourself when they start to wear off. But you will need to wear a pressure brace and take it easy today!"

"You're a life saver Mione!" He said and kissed her quickly.

She shook her head even though she was smiling, "I'm not doing this for you, you deserve to be laid up in the hospital wing until that foot heals. Fortunately for you I don't wish to hear Padma cursing you out when you cancel your date today."

He smiled at her again before lowering the bristles of the broom almost to the ground so that he was basically eye-level with them and began to drift toward the school with them following on foot. "Thank you Mione, you know how much I love you?"

She smiled and pulled Ginny closer to her, "Injuries aside, that really was an amazing move Harry, just don't ever do it again please?"

He shook his head, "Can't promise that, but I promise to try not to rip my leg off next time."

"You're hopeless!" Hermione said playfully as she rolled her eyes and followed the other two up into the school and split off for the hospital wing as he and Ginny headed up to his suite.

Padma was giggling at him, honestly! "What's so funny?"

She smiled up at him, "Sorry, its just with that walking stick you look like a Muggle's idea of a wizard." She then proceeded to giggle again.

Harry had asked Dobby to bring him one of the dueling staves from Grimmauld Place which had done nothing as yet but decorate the hidden door to the servant's stairs. He refused to walk with the cane that Hermione pilfered from the Hospital Wing along with the pressure boot which was currently sheathing his left foot. Not liking the way the staff looked he had closed his eyes and envisioned a beautiful walking stick with runes carved along the sides before transfiguring it. Upon opening his eyes he fell in love with it and wondered idly if he would be allowed to carry it with him even after his injury was healed.

"So what is our plan today oh gimpy one?"

"Oi! None of that you cheeky witch! I'm gonna be all better tomorrow and you are going to be running away from my wrath!"

"Right," She drew the word out, "But today I get to make fun of you all I want and you can't catch me!" She dove away as he made to catch her and tickle her. His movement was indeed hampered by the localized petrification charm and despite having the staff to help him walk he would likely fall onto his face if he moved too quickly.

"Truce!" He called and then made puppy dog eyes at the Ravenclaw.

"Awe, no fair, you don't get to use that face on me when I'm making fun of you." She pouted.

He tilted his head and made his eyes as big as he could only increasing his pitifulness. "Fine Truce! Just don't do that again?"

He nodded and she took his arm as they slowly made their way toward the entrance hall and out to an awaiting carriage. Padma snuggled up beside him on the way down to the village and once they were in town he led her toward the Shrieking Shack.

She seemed more than a bit nervous, once again chastising herself for being scared of ghosts when they dealt with the likes of Peeves and the Bloody Baron every day. They ducked under the barbed wire fence and headed up to the front door which Harry was able to



open easily with an Alohomora charm. Once inside he cast a few warming charms and lit a magical fire in the grate before conjuring a blanket and spreading it out in the middle of the room since the furniture was all too rickety or in too many pieces to be useful.

He then called Dobby who popped in quickly and then away leaving behind a basket with a picnic lunch large enough for ten people, obviously planned ahead of time by how suddenly he had appeared and disappeared without waiting for orders.

"So Miss Patil, when will you teach me the trick to that massage you gave?" He asked with a slight smile before biting into some cold chicken.

The girl tossed him a glare as she finished chewing; he had waited on purpose for her mouth to be full and was chuckling at her situation. Finally she swallowed then took a sip of butterbeer. "I told you, nobody learns that secret until they are part of my family."

He sighed, "I just wanted to be able to return the favor sometime." He said as he lay back and looked up at the ceiling, he hadn't noticed last time he was in here that it was painted midnight blue with a large moon painted above the chandelier. It was fitting, in a Marauderish sort of way.

"You will just have to find another pair of hands then won't you?" She said though he could hear the slight bit of nervousness in her voice.

"Would you have a problem with that?" Never having been much for subtlety he came right out and asked the question.

"I enjoy girls...both of us do..." Padma blushed making her normally tan creamy skin darken prettily. "But uh...neither of us ever...um with another girl...besides Parv..."

Harry had an instant hard-on as suspicions were confirmed. "So you and Parvati..."

"Yeah...we've always been especially close, like really really close, so when we both reached that age and wanted to experiment..."

"Makes sense."

"You don't think its disgusting?" She asked him shyly.

He wanted to answer right away but decided to think it through, the girl was a Ravenclaw after all. "Who am I to talk about morality when it comes to sex? Pleasure is pleasure whether it's with your sister or someone you aren't related to. Besides, I think the main taboo with intra-family relations is the fear of having children of those couplings..." He trailed off when he began sounding clinical.

"So you think Incest is okay then?" She asked a bit incredulously.

"Look, when you say incest I picture a father raping his daughter, or a brother raping his sister; something like that. When it comes to you two I almost think its natural really, I don't know why."

"What, so a brother and sister who fall in love or are just curious should be allowed to do the horizontal tango all they want?"

He didn't know why the girl was attacking him when he was just trying to show her that he didn't care. "Like I said, I am not the one to pass judgment considering my relationships. If...ew...ew ew ew yuck! One second." He slammed his head into the ground a few times before continuing in a monotone detached voice. "If Gin and Ron were to shag...but used contraceptive charms and potions to make sure there would never be any offspring...then yes, I would think it was weird but I wouldn't condemn them for it." He then turned his head and dry heaved for a few moments, actual dry heaves as his body tried to force the images from his brain through his stomach.

"Are you okay Harry?" She asked worriedly.

He nodded as the convulsions stopped, "I wasn't sick because of the situation, it was the mental images I got...Gin is mine and if she wanted I would let her go in a heartbeat to be with someone else she loved, or even just a quick shag. I wouldn't like it but I wouldn't say no because of all she puts up with for me. However Ron is my best mate and Gin is my girlfriend and...ew, just ew okay?"

The girl nodded, "Why are you so against the idea anyway?" He asked.

"I guess I am a bit of a hypocrite but as long as it was two females I wouldn't care I suppose...its just an extension of the way we usually love each other what with the touching and the emotions..."

Harry nodded having said much the same when asked about homosexual men. "Gin has wished for a twin sister on more than one occasion, and Hermione...well never mind, that's her story to tell. In any case..."

"In any case the two of us have fun together, and I really do love my sister... everything was great until she and Dean got together at the end of last term."

Harry remembered that Parvati was not a virgin while Padma was. "Ah, so..."

"Yes, we decided that one of us should experience it so the other would know what to expect. But then we sort of grew apart a little. When your invitation arrived we were both really excited at the prospect of sharing you..." She blushed again.

"Then the whole Lavender thing happened and we have been pushed apart again." She said quietly wiping the tears from her eyes before they could fall. "I know she likes you too Harry... you could have had both of us..."

"Hey, I'm lucky to have either one of you, especially you. I don't expect a package deal or something..."

She shook her head, "Twins are special in India, magical twins even more so. My father and my older brother would try to sell us as a set into an arranged marriage... I don't want that Harry..."

He pulled her closer and just held her while she wept lightly. It was not a real cry like most women, it was more that she had already accepted her fate and simply didn't like the idea. He did not want to ask but knew he had to. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

She pulled back and looked into his eyes for a moment, "Not unless you want to buy our contract..." She laughed at the stupidity of her statement but a look at Harry showed that he was actually considering it. "Harry!"

"What?" He said coming out of his thoughts, "No! Look I don't like the idea of arranged marriage at all, but I really like you and if your sister is as much fun as you are I know how much I would like her...if you really wanted me too."

She shook her head hard, "No Harry! You already have Gin and Mione you don't need to worry about adding another choice to the mix. I just wanted to date you and maybe have some fun...I didn't mean to lay all my problems on you!"

He placed his thumb and finger on her chin and pulled her face up so he could look her in the eye. "First of all, you realize that even without my fortune I have two families name to carry on so would be allowed two wives. Second, with my money I can basically marry ten women if I want. Not that I want, but if a piece of paper that says we are married would get you both out of trouble with your family I would do it in a heartbeat."

She stared into his eyes before diving into his lips and they shared their first real kiss. It didn't take them long to lay down on the blanket and continue to snog lightly though not deeply enough to urge them on to anything more active. Finally she pulled away and looked at him again.

"You would really do that for us Harry?"

He nodded, "But I need to get to know Parvati better first. All I know about her at the moment is she acts a lot like Lavender but is hiding her real intelligence, oh and that she hates me for what I did to Lav."

Padma shook her head, "She knows now that it was a lie, not that she really believed it anyway. You know you have a way of seeing the worst of people?"

"Huh?" He asked.

"The worst in people, you have always assumed it was the school versus you when we all saw it as the trio versus us. Now you saw that Parvati hated you just because her best friend did. She never said that."

He sighed and nodded, looking away. "But you also see the best in people, like Dumbledore who has screwed your life up but you still

see the best in him, like Blaise, Daphne and Pansy who you are helping because they need help, without even questioning whether they would betray you."

"Trust is easy for me until its broken, Dumbledore broke my trust but is making up for it and I'm giving him a chance. Blaise and the girls were entrusted to me by their families, what kind of person would I be if I didn't show them some respect until I have a real reason not to just because they're Slytherins?"

She kissed him again with a sigh, "And that is what makes you loveable Harry." She kissed his nose before sitting back up and taking another bite of her lunch, he followed and quickly began eating as well, snogging was seriously hungering.

Sunday morning Harry awoke to a mouth full of red hair as he wrapped himself around Ginny who had been loved until she passed out for the count the night before. Padma had said she needed to spend today with Parvati in Hogsmeade when they had parted at the staircase the night before, the kiss she had given him held promise of much more before she parted with a wink.

Dumbledore had begged off their Saturday lesson with an event at the Ministry so Harry was able to retire to his rooms early and make the most of having his girls back to himself once more. Unfortunately they both begged off going to Hogsmeade with him today as well saying they didn't complete their Christmas shopping the day before and didn't need him slowing them down.

Harry got out of bed and noticed that the spells had worn off of his foot the day before. He had been allowed by Nurse Hermione to remove the pressure boot for bed the night before. He tested his weight on his left foot and felt only a slight twinge of pain causing him to smile. He would have to find a proper way to thank his Nurse.

He headed into the bathroom and relieved himself before stepping into the shower and closing the glass door behind him. He let the hot water run over his body and luxuriated in the jets of water at waist level that helped to hit every part of his body at once.

He stood there for ten minutes before there was a knock on the glass, turning confused eyes he peered through the door to see a

very naked Pansy standing there tapping her foot. He leaned forward and opened the door slightly.

"May I help you?"

"I would like a shower as well, you know Sundays I take a luxury shower!" She complained.

"Well today I'm taking a luxury shower, you can wait your turn."

"I have things to do today!" She argued.

He shrugged and closed the door before stepping back into the water and sighing once again as he closed his eyes. That is until he felt something he was rather accustomed to from an unaccustomed source. Wet female breasts pressed into his back as he heard the door close once more.

He spun around quickly unfortunately smacking her hip with his erection before backing into the corner in horror. "What are you doing?" He exclaimed, though not loudly because he didn't want to wake the girls in the room outside.

"If you are taking a shower during my shower time, you will just have to share!" She said with a smile before tipping her head back under the water to get her hair wet, even without his glasses Harry was close enough to see the individual water drops and rivulets run down over her breasts and stomach and into her curly brown..."

"This is my shower!" He half shouted, though it came out more as a whine, he was still trying to rip his mind away from the naughty thoughts it had conjured mere seconds ago.

"I didn't say you had to leave." She said with a shrug before leaning past him, which just happened to brush her nipples across his chest and cause his erection to strain just a bit more as it poked her in the abdomen.

Before the situation could get any more uncomfortable; Harry quickly rinsed out his hair and in a very masculine move, advanced to the rear. Fleeing the bathroom as quickly as he could get dry and diving into the bed where he threw the sheets over his head and hoped it was all a pleasant nightmare.

The water turned off half an hour later and his erection still hadn't gone away, he was cursing his virile teenage body and traitorous mind as a still nude Pansy walked out of the bathroom and came to sit on the edge of his bed.

"So I know these two stood you up again and my network tells me the Patils plan to go together today. So you will be ready by ten to take me into Hogsmeade." She then got up after patting him on the bum through the sheet causing him to jump a bit.

"What?"

"I said we can leave for Hogsmeade at ten." She whispered again.

"But...I...but..."

"You asked me to accompany you along with Padma, unfortunately she will be unable to make it today, I have some shopping to do and you offered to escort me. Don't read more into this than there is milord." She then walked saucily out of his bedroom door leaving him staring at her shapely but blurry behind.

Despite it being Sunday and normally having a lie-in Harry convinced the girls to head down to breakfast rather than eating in the common room, Pansy just smirked at him and happily joined Blaise and Daphne at the Slytherin table.

"Alright spill, what did you do now?" Hermione asked him.

"What?"

"Yesterday you drop that bomb on us about marrying the Patil twins, not that I care how many wives you have as long as I am one of them. Now you're acting like a scared rabbit around Pansy. The same Pansy you had wrapped around your finger two weeks ago." Ginny answered.

"Huh?" He asked, halfway between trying to stall for time to think, and thinking about Ginny being his wife. The stupid smile won out.  
"You want to marry me?"

"Not if that's your idea of a proposal Mister. Now like I said, spill! I'm already cranky because you woke me from a wonderful dream." Ginny said with a growl.

"Down girl, you know how stubborn he can be when pressed." Hermione said with a smile.

"Hey I'm not stubborn!" He complained.

They both looked at him for a moment, "Right."

"I'm not..." He said pouting at them now that he was being ganged up on.

"So..." Hermione said making a continue motion with her hand.

He sighed, "I decided I wanted a luxury shower this morning, Pansy tried to make me take it later but I was already under the water."

"And?" Ginny asked with a frustrated tone.

He blushed, "And so she jumped in the shower with me, told me I was welcome to stay but she was taking her damn luxury shower now."

Hermione sighed, "Are you blind or stupid Harry?"

"What?" He asked incredulously.

"She wants you, she wouldn't admit it to anyone, but she does."

"Huh?"

Ginny placed her head in her hand and shook it as she stared at the tabletop. "Stubborn and dumb, how were we ever attracted to him Mione?"

The girl in question grinned, "Well there was the look and of course those Quidditch muscles despite the malnutrition he got every summer. And the eyes, mustn't forget the eyes."

"Hey I'm right here you know!"



Ginny nodded and got a dreamy look on her face, "Oh yes, and not to mention his great big..."

"Hey!" He shouted getting stares from everyone else in the Great Hall for his outburst and leaving both girls giggling.

"Heart." Ginny finished with a cheeky smile.

"Oh..." Harry blushed.

"Love you Harry." She said quietly.

"Always." Hermione added.

He nodded, "I love you too, now back on topic what the hell is going on with Pansy?"

"Language Harry, I believe it started with the look you used to give her at meal times."

"Or when you passed her in the hall." Ginny added.

Hermione nodded, "Or that one time in class that she..."

"Alright I get it, so?" Harry said to stop that train of thought.

"So then you stopped giving her the looks because of..." Ginny went quiet.

Harry nodded, "Because of Gabrielle, it's okay to talk about her."

The girl nodded skeptically, "And then you go and propose marriage to her."

"You said she knew I didn't mean that!"

Hermione nodded, "Yes but that doesn't mean it didn't make her think about it. And for half the day she thought she was your betrothed, she's a Pureblood Princess Harry, taught from birth to be completely docile for her husband and her Families Head. You were both for about seven hours."

He shook his head before finally letting it drop to the table beside his plate with a THWACK! "Why do I get myself into these situations?"

Ginny smiled and rubbed his back comfortingly. "Because you follow your heart without thinking about the consequences. You have gotten better in the last year but you were not educated properly on how to conduct yourself as the Head of your family. The question is, what are you going to do about it?"

He sighed, "I take it neither of you would mind sharing...never mind stupid question." He added as their eyes lit up. "What about if I have to marry her? The forms are on file at the ministry, apparently all I have to do to make it binding is announce my intentions publicly. If Draco makes a move to file fraudulent papers..."

Both girls shrugged, Hermione spoke up. "Honestly Harry, since you set her straight she has become a different person. She hasn't said the words blood-traitor or Mudblood in weeks and we actually get along! She's scary smart, and yes; I know that is especially scary hearing that from me." She smiled at them but she was only half kidding.

"Do what you think is right Harry, and don't let us get in the way of a good shag no matter what else happens. You know we don't mind." Ginny whispered in his ear causing him to break out in pleasant goose bumps.

He sighed again, "I'm taking her to Hogsmeade at ten, according to her..."

The girls nodded, "Try not to do anything stupid like spontaneous soul-bonding or anything." Ginny said lightly.

"That can happen?" He asked horrified.

Hermione shook her head, "She was joking Harry, that hasn't happened in millennia!"

"Just my bloody luck I'd end up soul-bonded to her on our first date..." He grumped. "Do we need to have a marriage discussion? Up until a few days ago I had pretty much decided on who I wanted to marry, but not for a few years!"

Ginny and Hermione actually looked a bit stunned that he had been thinking of the future, their future like that. Ginny spoke first, "I would love to get married some day Harry...but you aren't under some time limit or obligation to us. We love you whether you're our husband or our boyfriend, though mum might go spare if I have your children out of wedlock, she would be much more forgiving of multiple wives...in fact I think it would make her the happiest grandmother ever to have a dozen grandbabies to fuss over."

Harry's eyes had glazed over and he had a stupid grin on his face thinking of a dozen brunette and red headed sprogs running around Grimmauld Place and Molly chasing after a set of twins with green eyes.

"Earth to Harry." Hermione said quietly though she was smiling.

"Huh? Oh sorry...you...want to have my babies?" he blushed again and cursed himself for not controlling his emotions better.

Ginny nodded enthusiastically but Hermione jumped in before they got any farther. "I'm an only child Harry...if you wouldn't mind I wouldn't want to change my name...and at least one son should be a Granger to carry on the family name for my Father... That's if we even got married, my parents would be happy as long as I am happy and if for some reason we couldn't get married I would be perfectly happy as your and Ginny's mistress."

"Yes Mistress Hermione." The two said in unison before dissolving into laughter. Hermione scowled at them for bringing that up again.

## Chapter 63: Messed Up Weekend

Harry and Pansy made their way casually down the streets of Hogsmeade ducking in and out of shops to do Christmas shopping and generally being normal. Of course the looks that every student and a few recent graduates threw their way were anything but normal.

"Do you ever get the feeling you're being watched, and judged?" Pansy asked him quietly.

"You get used to it." He said with a shrug.

The first hour had been extremely uncomfortable for Harry as he escorted the girl into the village and was torn about confronting her about her attraction to him; completely disregarding his own attraction to her of course. After that he had finally begun to relax and act like they were just friends on an outing. It was now approaching one and the streets and shops were packed with students. Harry was beginning to get hungry so suggested they head to the Three Broomsticks for a bite, the girl agreed and they headed toward the pub.

Upon entering Harry escorted her to a small table in the corner facing the door before heading to the bar and ordering to orders of stew and crisps and taking a pair of butterbeers with him back to the table.

"Butterbeer? You really know how to charm a girl don't you?"

He looked at her confused for a moment, "I thought everyone liked Butterbeer? It's better than hot spiced pumpkin juice at any rate."

She shook her head and sipped on her drink while they waited for their lunch. "I like it; I just thought you might go for something a little more classy, like a red wine to go with our stew?"

"Wine? I wouldn't know the first thing about it." He answered truthfully. "Unless you wanted the best cooking Sherry, I tell you what goes best in multiple dishes."

She shook her head, "Totally without class aren't you milord? How ever did you survive the Wizengamot?"

"They didn't serve wine." He said taking another pull of his drink.

When Rosmerta came up to their table levitating their food in front of her Pansy whispered to the woman whose eyes lit up and nodded before disappearing into a back room.

"What was that?"

He was answered when the woman came back to the table with a dusty wine bottle and removed the cork before handing it to Harry who just looked at it funny. "You're supposed to inspect and sniff it milord, to make sure that the wine hasn't gone bad."

"Oh." He said and sniffed lightly, he detected only a bit of alcohol and fruit. "Smells alright to me."

Rosmerta nodded and sat the bottle on the table before summoning two long stemmed wine glasses and placing them in front of the couple, she then headed back to the bar to tend to the other patrons.

"Isn't she supposed to pour for us?" He asked.

"You have to let it breath for a bit. It should be alright now." She then picked up the bottle and poured a tiny bit of the rich burgundy liquid in each of their glasses. "Now you pick up your glass and hold it at an angle against the white tablecloth."

He did so though he didn't know what he was looking for, she answered his unspoken question. "This is a Merlot; you're new so we're starting out simple. When you look through the wine at the tablecloth you can see the color more clearly and that can tell you different things about it just as much as the taste, though the clarity or color don't necessarily indicate quality. Next you swirl the glass slightly." She did so and he repeated her actions. "To spread the wine thinner on the glass as well as release a bit of the bouquet, that's the overall aroma."

He leaned in to smell his glass but she stopped him and demonstrated sniffing from a few inches away while swirling. He did as well and instantly could identify a bit of cherry and plum as well as grape and alcohol. He relayed his findings and she nodded. "Very good milord, you might have potential after all. Now you can

place your nose directly into the glass to get the full effect of the bouquet. The different aroma's are called notes, tell me what notes you can detect?"

He did as instructed and took a deep breath. "Plum, Cherry, almost over-ripe grapes..." He took another breath and pulled back analyzing it, his face scrunched up a bit as he tried to match his memory to the notes. "Wood...smoke? Vanilla and Caramel?"

She looked like she wanted to applaud but was able to contain herself. "Very good milord, this wine was aged in oak and picked up a few extra notes in the process. Did you also notice while you were swirling how the wine stuck to the sides of the glass?"

He nodded, "It kind of clung to the sides but not so much that it looked...goopy?"

She actually giggled at his description before catching herself. "That indicates the body of the wine; this one has a medium body which also indicates how much alcohol is in it. The heavier the body, likely the higher the alcohol content."

He nodded and swirled the wine a bit more wondering when he would actually get to taste it. "Now we taste it..." He went to down the glass but she placed her hand on his arm to stop him. "I said taste not guzzle, take just a sip and swirl it over your tongue slowly. See if you can taste the things you just mentioned you could smell, also how it feels in your mouth."

He sighed and took a small sip, he could definitely taste the fruit and a bit of a richer flavor that must have come from the Oak. On his tongue it actually felt almost like hot chocolate that had cooled to room temperature.

"Chocolaty? I know that sounds weird..."

"Actually that is a perfectly acceptable definition. It feels a bit thick and leaves an aftertaste much the way chocolate does. What else?" She asked with excitement.

"Well I could definitely taste the fruit and just a hint of the other things that came from the oak...and the alcohol of course, I feel half drunk just from that sip."

She nodded, "That is called the legs this one has decent legs but not good. Anyone who isn't used to drinking wine might find themselves drunk in a very short time span compared to even firewhisky."

He nodded and looked at the bottle on the table. "Can we get a real drink now? And I'm still starving."

She sighed as the potential was lost to the stomach of a teenage boy. "Yes milord we can drink it properly now that you know how to appreciate what you are drinking." That said she poured them both a full glass before setting the bottle down and taking a bite of her stew.

He did the same and then took a sip of the wine. Rather than overpower the flavor like Butterbeer did it seemed more to compliment it. She noticed his look, "A good wine will make a meal better rather than try to wipe clean the pallet between bites."

They fell into a comfortable silence as they ate and drank their wine. Pansy had been right about the alcohol going straight to his head as well and he was soon feeling a bit giddy, and a bit more bold than usual.

"So Pansy, did you really want to marry me?" He blurted out.

"What?" She hissed at his manners. "How could you ask such a thing?"

He shrugged, "You seemed a bit bummed when you found out I didn't mean it like that...and then you seem jealous of Padma. You know you would have to share, I have a lot of women in my life and I'm not giving any of them up."

She growled at him but answered his question. "An alliance with House Potter would be better sealed with a marriage than a handshake. But I assure you I was not bummed and I am not jealous!"

He smiled lopsidedly, "Are too."

Rather than distinguish that with a reply she continued on to his other question. "As for multiple women in your life; that would not be

a problem so long as I was able to produce an heir for both Potter and Parkinson. I am an only child and it would behoove you to name a son as my father's heir in name as well as fortune. That is if we were to get married which I assure you is looking less and less likely."

He shrugged and looked around the bar, his vision was beginning to swim a bit less and he was thankful that as quickly as the wine had hit him it seemed to be leaving him as well. However along with that realization came awareness of just how rude and forward he had just been. He turned back to her. "Sorry...the wine hit me harder than I thought...Guess I've never been properly drunk before."

She eyed him for a moment before shrugging, "It isn't as if it matters anyway, you don't want to marry me, your mini-harem made that much clear."

"I never said that...look it was all a bit sudden, and even if the only reason I married you was to keep you safe from Draco I would be willing to do it."

"Oh my savior, just what every girl wants to hear even from an arranged marriage is, yeah I wouldn't mind marrying you." She said with a sniff.

He had thoroughly put his foot in it and didn't know how to extricate himself from this situation. He took a deep breath and went to begin again. "Look, over the last month I've seen more of the real you and I honestly like the real you. I'm sort of stumbling my way through the Head of House thing no matter how it appears. I didn't know what I had done until the girls explained it to me that night and I'm sorry."

She eyed him for a moment before sighing and rolling her eyes, "Whatever..." They both went silent for a moment trying to find something else to say that might mend the fragile bridge they had built over the last few weeks.

"Harry I..."

"Pansy look.." They started at the same moment and both looked away embarrassed and waiting for the other one to speak.



Before either of them could say anything Harry heard a scream from outside and quickly ran to the front of the pub. In the street were twelve Death Eaters and the sky had gone an all too familiar shade of stormy grey.

Harry pulled his DA coin out and rubbed his thumb over top of it changing the time and date to now before calling out to the pub. "Death Eaters and Dementors!" He scanned the pub and found a few faces. "Neville, Hannah I want you two to stay here to protect the younger years. Anyone in here who can cast a Patronus you will be needed by the windows before long!" Pansy joined him at the window and had a fire in her eyes that told him not to even think of asking her to stay.

He stepped out into the street and saw other members of the Old Guard dashing between buildings and hiding behind water barrels and delivery crates. He hoped that some of their training paid off today, He counted only ten members of the Old Guard present but decided it would have to do. Pansy had disappeared around the back of the Pub. The Death Eaters appeared to still be getting their orders so Harry took a chance and shot three pairs of Bludgeoning hexes into their midst instantly incapacitating four of them. Now they were a bit more evenly matched.

"Potty!" Bellatrix screamed from the center of the group.

"Hello Bella, fancy meeting you here, small world isn't it? Where is your filthy half-blood master?" Harry said trying to stall for time and keep the attention focused on himself as everyone else got into position.

"HOW DARE YOU!" She screeched and began storming forward only to be held back by a rather ugly man who could only be her husband.

"Bell you know what the Dark Lord said, Potter is his to play with."

She looked up at the man with puppy dog eyes, "Can't I just chew on him for a wittle while." She asked in her disturbing baby voice. The man shook his head.

"Don't worry; we'll get you some Muggles to play with on the way home." The insane witch clapped her hands and bounced a bit like

Dudley learning he could have another two Sunday's at the ice cream shop.

Harry had heard enough, "Alright, why don't you two keep whatever passes for foreplay behind closed doors, I just ate lunch and I would rather not lose it in the street thank you."

"You're gonna lose a lot more than that Wittle Potty!" She called out with a grin.

The temperature dropped the final few degrees warning him that the Dementors were about to swoop down on them; luckily as he had kept the group occupied the rest of the residents of Hogsmeade had been ushered into buildings by members of the DA and Old Guard.

"NOW!" He shouted and stunners, disarming charms, blasting and bludgeoning hexes as well as a few cutting curses flew toward the group on the street. He raised his wands and shouted out the Patronus Charm causing dozens of shapes to launch from him toward the sky and disappear over the rooftops. Though he couldn't see the battle he could hear enraged screams coming from the dementors that had been trying to sneak up on them.

Immediately the Lestrangle brothers went down in a spray of blood, three more death eaters went down as well though in a less grizzly fashion leaving only Bellatrix and two other Death Eaters standing in the square surrounded by Hogwarts Students. However Bella had a few tricks left up her sleeve.

She pointed her wand and a redheaded girl was summoned to her flying through the air and into the crazy witch's arms. Susan!

"Drop your wands or the girl gets it!" She screeched.

Not knowing what else to do at the moment Harry dropped both wands on the ground in front of him, motioning for everyone else to do the same. As the last wand hit the ground Lestrangle grinned and pushed the girl away from her, Harry thought for the briefest moment she was safe as she ran toward him.

"Harry!"

The purple flame cutter curse that haunted Harry's dreams shot out of Bellatrix' wand as she cackled maniacally. Once again time seemed to slow as Harry had no way of getting to the girl in time. Slowly, agonizingly he watched the flames hit his ex-girlfriend before she slumped to the ground. Harry's world went dark.

Bellatrix' last mistake would be to stand and watch what her curse had wrought. Harry seized hold of the hatred and anger at this thing for killing another girl he loved. He reached his hand out toward her and his vision tunneled down until all he could see was the crazy bitches face. Then he unleashed the Lightning.

Caught off guard she spun around completely before falling to the ground screaming and twitching. The other two death eaters Apparated or Portkeyed away recognizing a losing battle. Harry did not let up as he took measured steps toward the screaming thing on the ground. Finally as he got close he released the power and looked down on her.

"P...Potter! You're going... to rot in Azkaban for using the Cru...cruci..." She stumbled out, she had bit off the tip of her tongue so the blood and mangled member gave her a lisp.

"That wasn't Cruciatus Bella; that was something all new." He opened his hands and instantly she was arched up off the ground as her body spasmed uncontrollably. He grinned at her silent form, unable to scream any longer because her vocal cords were locked and she couldn't draw a breath even if they weren't.

"You have taken another woman I love away from me, never again!" He filled her with the power once more but he felt the dark emotions draining out of him. Finally, cleansing tears began to pour down his face and his eyes which had become pure black pools reverted to normal as he slumped to the ground next to the smoking but still alive witch.

"You...pay.." She wraped out.

Feeling pitty for the woman and remorse for what he had done he casually reached his arm out behind him and summoned both of his wands, not even noticing that he had performed the charm perfectly without either wand in his possession. He then pointed both at her

and sent her off to sleep with a double stunner followed by a Petrificus to keep her from dying.

He was still crying as he stood and turned slowly around to find the crumpled shape of Susan Bones. He stumbled toward her, still drunk on power, and weak from emotion. He saw the black line across her back that indicated where she had been hit, directly over her heart and diagonally from her right shoulder down to her left hip. He cried as he fell to his knees and pulled her over into his lap.

It was Gabrielle all over again, except that Susan didn't know that he still loved her. He held her to his chest as he wept for what was lost, and for the stupid charm that Dumbledore had cast on him to keep him safe at his relative's home. He looked down into her queerly peaceful face and wished more than anything he could tell her now; he supposed he could always call to her with the stone later.

That was when he noticed she was still breathing; before he could even think to pick her up and run to the hospital wing her eyes fluttered open and she stared up into his eyes. "Harry?"

"Susan! Oh Merlin!" He cried and buried his face in her shoulder, all the remaining blocks on his emotions relating to Gabrielle's death combined with the recent trauma of seeing her die as he cried his soul out...but she didn't die... "How?" Was all he could manage through his sobs.

She pulled her blouse open to reveal the jade necklace hanging around her neck though he could tell instantly it would need to be recharged as there was a lightning bolt shaped scar above her left breast where it had overloaded while blocking the flame cutter curse. "I never took it off...even when I said I needed time...I still loved you...I still love you Harry." She whispered and smiled up at him when his eyes lit up.

He leaned down and captured her lips and closed a wound in his heart he thought had mended months ago. Other members of the DA and the residents of Hogsmeade began filing out of shops and alleyways toward them. Neville was the one who broke the couple apart with his words. "Blimey Harry! Did you do that to Lestranger?"

Harry could only nod, "I'm sorry I didn't leave much for you to play with Nev, you deserved to avenge your parents." The young man

shook his head and grinned as Hannah joined him and laced her fingers through his, grinning even through her tears at the smile on her best friends face.

"Don't be sorry Harry; that filth needed to be dealt with either way. Gran is going to be ecstatic; you can expect an invite to Christmas." Harry shook his head, he wanted to say he didn't deserve thanks after using such dark magic against another human being, but he let the two wander off without saying a word.

Harry stood shakily picking Susan up with him and looked at the street where he found a few injured but apparently none dead on their side; this time. Hermione and Ginny were working with Tonks and Luna attending to the wounded and ordering people around. Pulling Susan closer to his chest he didn't even ask her if she could walk as he simply began walking back up to the school to get her to the Hospital Wing, just in case. He didn't see Pansy fighting tears from a nearby alleyway.

## Chapter 64: Prongs' Secret

Harry lay Susan down on the hospital bed and before Poppy made it to her side had already cast every diagnostic charm he knew showing that besides a sprained ankle and bruised ribs where the necklace had discharged the power of the curse she was perfectly healthy.

Poppy quickly healed her ankle and gave her a potion to speed healing before releasing her into Harry's care. Once more without asking he picked her up and carried her all the way up to his suite and sat down on the couch with her firmly in his lap. Now that he knew they were safe he finally released the remaining tears that wanted to fall and allowed the girl to comfort him as she cried into his shoulder. They didn't say anything for half an hour just happy to be together once more. Finally Harry worked up enough courage to speak.

"Susan I..."

"Harry I..." They began at the same time and both laughed a bit as some of the awkwardness drained from the room.

"I'm sorry I abandoned you Harry, I just couldn't believe that it was real, it all happened so fast and..."

"I know, but it's over now Susie. I understand..."

"But Gabby..." New tears rolled down her cheeks. "If I hadn't hurt you Voldemort wouldn't have been able to..."

"He was always going to come back Susie, he had to deal with the power drain when he couldn't tap my magic any more but he would have come back anyway. It isn't your fault..."

She stared into his eyes and found the truth there. "It isn't your fault either then Harry, there was nothing else you could have done."

He nodded, "I know that now...and I know that she's happier where she is now."

Susan nodded not pressing him on how he could know, guessing it was the usual better place speech that was given at every funeral. "So..." She began...

He nodded, "So?"

"What's new?" She asked not knowing what else to say.

Harry suddenly realized he had left everyone else in Hogsmeade and the worry formed an icy ball of dread in his gut. Quickly he thought of one of the spells Dumbledore had shown him and sent a Patronus off with a message for Hermione followed by one for Pansy. Before he could explain to the curious girl what he had just done a silver otter appeared in the room.

"All okay, Gin, Pansy, Luna, Tonks and Patils are with me, will join you in suite within the hour." Hermione's voice drifted out before the animal disappeared in a cloud of silver smoke.

"Harry?" She asked.

"Patronus Messenger spell, if you have a powerful enough Patronus you can direct it to perform simple tasks for you the same way you can direct it in battle against Dementors, such as delivering messages. Dumbledore has been giving me lessons."

He then proceeded to fill her in on the last few months, she didn't ask many questions but he answered those to the best of his ability. "So you're engaged to a Slytherin?" She asked with a sly smile.

He groaned, "Not exactly... we were actually discussing that in Hogsmeade when our visitors arrived."

"What are you going to do?"

He shrugged, "I don't know, I hadn't thought much about marriage before Gabrielle and that was spontaneous. I have reason to live past Voldemort now thanks to you, Gin, and Hermione; but I hadn't given thought to Marrying except that I assumed it would be for love."

"Being the only heir of an Ancient house like Potter or Black you were lucky there were no contracts already in place. I guess I didn't

think about it when we were..." She blushed, "Well I guess dating is the closest term you could apply to whatever we did. But subconsciously I knew it was a possibility and I already had to accept the fact that I was sharing you; so consciously I knew I wouldn't be your only choice for a wife, not that you would want to marry me..."

"Why not?" He asked suddenly, "I mean, I don't think it's fair to any of you to have to share, but why wouldn't I want to marry you?"

She got very nervous all of a sudden, the talk of Marriage at their age was not unheard of but still nerve wracking. "I just assumed it would be Gin or Mione or both, but now you have Parkinson and the Patils..."

He pulled her closer, "And I have enough money to marry all of you according to the law if I wanted. I don't think it's fair but if you all agreed I wouldn't be opposed."

She turned and looked him in the eye for a second before giving in to the impulses that had plagued her for the past months. She leaned in and captured his lips and felt her heart race in joy. She heard the sharp breath through his nose as his body began reacting to her and he pulled her closer before deepening the kiss. Next thing he knew she was straddling his lap with both arms around his neck trying desperately to pull herself as close as she could to him. They might have gotten carried away if it weren't for the applause that started behind them.

Blushing she released her hold on him and turned to find Tonks, Luna, Ginny, Hermione, Padma and Pansy in the room with them though the Slytherin did not look happy as she strolled over to her room and closed the door.

"Finally!" Tonks shouted before diving onto the couch beside them and kissing Harry as she gave Susan a hug. The Professor quickly got up and Ginny and Hermione joined them on the couch on either side. She received an only slightly uncomfortable kiss from both girls as well as a hug and found herself blushing the entire time as images of the four of them in bed began racing through her mind.

"You finally got rid of your Wrackspurt!" Luna called happily before kissing the girl on the cheek. "I was starting to get worried, but then I



reminded myself that you loved him and you would be back. I only argued with me for a minute before we both saw reason."

"Thank you Loony." Susan said earning her a big grin from the girl.

"You know Harry, if you keep it up the rest of the boys are going to be rather cross with you." Padma said with a smile.

He shook his head and frowned, "I'm done! No more of this, I have more than any man could ask for, and definitely more than I can handle!" That drew laughs from the rest of the room. Not his intention at all but it lightened his mood. "Now, what's happening in Hogsmeade?"

Hermione took a deep breath before she began explaining what he had already witnessed and then the aftermath. Two of the villagers had been killed but luckily none of the students. Those who had been injured were brought to the hospital wing but nothing serious enough to keep them there more than one night. All in all he felt they had been especially lucky and said so.

"No Harry, your forethought to have a signal for the Old Guard is what saved us. If we hadn't been organized the Death Eaters would have had multiple skirmishes and time to wreak havoc and destruction or time to escape. The fact that we ambushed them is what saved the day."

He shrugged, "It just made sense."

Ginny kissed his cheek, "That's just the way you work Harry, don't change for anything."

Susan had fallen into Harry's eyes during the girl's explanation and Harry had fallen back into hers. Hermione noticed with a smile and hopped up off the couch. "You two have some making up to do, we are all going to head back to the hospital wing to help out and we'll see you at dinner."

"Yeah." Harry said distractedly and Hermione helped Gin up off the couch before shooing everyone out of the room she turned around to find them snogging once more and smiled before pulling the portrait closed behind her.

Dumbledore smiled as Harry and Susan fed each other at the Gryffindor Table. The boy had done more for house unity in a few months than anyone else in the past century. He only wanted what was best for him after all; though he debated having a talk with him about his intentions toward all of the females that seemed to orbit around him. Just because you can marry all of them it does not mean it would be wise. Having one wife could be trying at times, he knew from anecdotal evidence that two could be nerve wracking. But seeing the smiles on all of their faces made him wonder if it might just work for Harry.

Across the hall Pansy sat next to Blaise who was making a show of holding Daphne's hand. All of the pleasantness and coupling going on around her left her with an almost unattractive sneer. She didn't have feelings for him; that just wasn't the way a Pureblood or a Slytherin would operate. Or at least that is what she was trying to convince herself of.

He was rich, and head of two Ancient families. On paper a match between Parkinson and Potter or Black made perfect sense, though if she had to pick it would be Black. Most of her prejudice had left her in the past month but she knew that politically she would have much more influence in certain circles as Lady Black than as Lady Potter. He was attractive; if he had propositioned her at any point in the past week she would have taken him up on his offer but he was so bloody noble.

Whatever it was about his eyes that gave her such pleasure had been noticeably missing since the death of the little Veela he said was his wife. She hated that she had become addicted to him but she couldn't help looking up hoping for just a glimpse of that look from him. She was not a virgin, something that her father would not be proud of but would understand given how she was raised. Therefore her dowry would have to be larger if she were to marry into another Noble or Ancient family on contract. The thought disturbed her more and more of late. Why did Harry bloody Potter get to have love when he had so much else. Why would she be reduced to being sold off like livestock when he would have a stable full of willing partners? Partners who even loved him?

She did not love Harry Potter; that was ridiculous. No matter how wonderful his eyes were, how beautiful he was in the nude, how much money he had, or how caring he could be, even of a Slytherin

he hated before this year. She wasn't opposed to marriage, and despite what he said, or what his little harem claimed, the paperwork was on file at the ministry stating they were betrothed. No, she didn't love Harry Potter...

Harry looked up from his seat and found Pansy sitting at the Slytherin table, she looked miserable for some reason and he felt a pang in his chest at seeing a girl he cared about...he had to admit that he had grown to care about her for some reason...that a girl he cared about was in pain. Deciding it wouldn't hurt anything he waited until she looked up and caught his eye before sending her a jolt of joy-juice. He watched as she shuddered in her seat and her eyes went wide before she closed them and rode the tiny orgasm rolling through her body. When they opened again she caught his eye and a silly, genuine smile graced her face for a moment before she scowled and looked away once more. He shrugged and went back to flirting with his formerly ex-girlfriend.

Pansy felt dirty for enjoying that, and even dirtier for the feelings that accompanied the pleasure. It just wasn't very Slytherin of her to feel...that for a bloody Gryffindor, especially him...she did not love Harry Potter...

Susan begged off staying in his rooms for the night sighting that she needed to catch up with Hannah and didn't think it would be appropriate for the moment to bring her girlfriend back to Harry's suite. Harry agreed not really knowing how much Neville knew or what he approved of. So Harry went back to his suite with Pansy walking slightly behind him, he could feel her stare on the back of his head but refused to acknowledge her passive aggressive stance.

Upon reaching his common room without saying a word to her she stormed into her room and slammed the door loud enough to give him a slight headache. He collapsed onto his couch and stared up at the ceiling for a while with a smile on his face. Even if Gin and Mione were off studying in Gryffindor Tower during the week, even if Susan was off gossiping with Hannah at the moment leaving him alone. He was still happier than he had been in weeks; his thoughts were interrupted in the space of a few minutes.

"Harry?" Bernie called from Wenny's portrait, Harry noticed with a smirk that the portraits occupant was blushing at the hard on the satyr was sporting.

"Yes Bernie?"

"Just thought you might want to know, the buxom blond with the vegetables hanging from her ears is coming up the hallway."

"Luna? Let her in will you?"

"Of course milord." Bernie disappeared from the frame.

Luna walked in as the portrait swung open and looked around, ignoring Harry for the moment she walked over to Wenny's portrait and smiled up at the witch. "Good evening Wenny, its been too long."

"My thoughts exactly my dear, tell me. Have you discovered any more of your wonderful creatures since last we spoke?"

The blond shook her head and Harry watched with amusement as the dirigible plums swung back and forth. "No sadly, I think they saw the Death Eater attack coming and went into hiding. I expect to see them again soon though." She turned around and pinned him with her gaze. "Hello Harry."

He smiled up at her and held out a hand for her in invitation, "Hello Luna."

She crossed the room and sat down next to him on the couch as he took her hand in his. "I was very happy to see you and Susan make up. The Wrackspurt was making a mess of her thought process but I think the jolt from that curse shook it loose."

He just nodded as he gazed into her eyes and she half smirked at him. "What are you doing here Lu? I thought you would be studying for your OWL's along with Gin and Mione?"

"Oh Hermione is a wonderful tutor, but I have already finished the revising schedule she gave us for the next week. I thought it was time I came to visit you. Especially since you were going to be alone this evening, Pansy has been getting better but she is too confused to keep you company at the moment."

"Confused?"

Luna ignored the question. "I haven't had much chance to spend any time with you lately outside of the DA. I miss having friends."

He looked at her sadly, "Luna you always have friends, just because we can't be together all the time doesn't mean I don't love you just as much as always." She smiled at the slip he hadn't noticed.

"I know Harry, but it can still get lonely. Padma has gone out of her way to be nice to me in the tower, but she has been spending most of their time here with you."

"You mean most of her time?"

"That too, so what do you do for fun when you aren't surrounded by sexy witches?" She asked him with a smile.

He smiled back, "That doesn't happen very often, I don't usually have fun, I read or practice my magic."

"Oh? Can you show me?"

He nodded and thought for a moment before closing his eyes and squeezing his fist for a moment. When he opened it his tiny golden stag appeared and Luna's eyes lit up. "Oooh, can I hold him? He's adorable!"

"I don't know...my Patronus looks impossibly real but I've never actually touched him..." As he was explaining Luna held out a hand to the stag prancing around the room. It changed directions and charged her before smashing against her palm and throwing her back against the couch. Her eyes rolled up in her head and she opened her mouth in a silent scream.

Harry picked her up and rushed her into his room and lay her down on the bed before he began casting every diagnostic he knew to figure out what had happened. Luna's eyes were still rolling around and her body was contorting as if she were under the Cruciatus. However his diagnostics all said she was in perfect health. Just as he was about to panic and take her to the hospital wing an audible sigh escaped her mouth.

"Luna?" He asked with fear evident in his voice.

"Oh my..." She said in a very deep and husky, very un-loony voice.

"Luna! Are you alright?"

She looked up at him with a predators gaze and he only had time to gulp before she was tearing his clothes off followed quickly by her own. Her mouth met his hungrily and he lost himself in the kiss, before he knew what was happening she had thrown him on the bed and was straddling his waste. She began rocking against his cock and was soon howling his name and bringing him rapidly toward orgasm as well. Finally he spent himself between them and she collapsed onto his chest into the lovely puddle of goo.

He was panting along with her as he tried to figure out what the hell had just happened. "Lu?" He whispered.

"I love you Harry...that was amazing." She said not sounding spacey or loony at all. It was not normal for her, even at times when she had struggled to remain lucid for him.

"Luna what happened? You scared me to death...then you nearly shagged my brains out!"

She was still panting but adjusted her head on his chest so she could look up at him. "I don't know, I never saw that... it was like a bolt of pure love and every naughty thought you have ever had combined into one... I'm sorry I ravaged you Harry, do you think you can forgive me?"

He laughed, then his laugh turned into a chuckle before he laughed out loud once more. She soon joined him laughing but her eyes still held the question. He finally calmed down and looked at her, still giggling a bit. "Nothing to forgive, I thought I had sent you into a seizure...are you telling me that you were..."

"Cumming? Orgasming? I don't think those words can describe what you just did to me Harry...It was like every pleasure center in my body lit up at once...I couldn't handle it and I wasn't about to try to detach myself from my body to get away from it."

He chuckled again and hugged her close before rolling them over so he was on top of her and kissed her softly. He felt as much as heard

the moan she gave out as his member began to stiffen again. "Harry wait..."

He pushed himself up on his hands and hovered above her, marveling in her beauty. "What is it?"

"I know we already... even though I don't have my maiden head, I need to reclaim my spiritual virginity... my creatures don't like it."

He pondered that for a moment, "You mean like Unicorns and Virgins?"

She nodded, "The Unicorns took a bit of convincing but they could tell even after the fun we had this summer, that I was still pure enough in that sense. Even if I were to engage in intercourse again I think they would forgive me, but some of the other creatures would not. I...hope you don't mind..."

He shook his head as he rolled off to the side and drew her back into an embrace. "Luna if you never want to have sex again I won't think any less of you and it won't change my feelings for you. It's actually almost a relief... I had been worried about us since Gabrielle..."

"Me too...would you..." She seemed suddenly shy which was funny considering what had just happened.

"Anything Luna, what is it?"

"Would you touch me like you did this summer?"

He kissed her as his hands began to trail their way down her stomach, getting a bit of lubrication along the way from the leftovers of their love making.

Authors Note:

Now that I re-read this chapter before posting I do realize it is maybe a bit short and ends in an awkward place. Oh well, it was very transitional anyway. So...SUSAN IS BACK! And Luna, And Padma and Hermione and Ginny and Gabrielle? And Pansy?

In case you haven't noticed by now I have decided I never want my own Harem! I think I could handle two women...in fact I have and it was rather fun though we didn't actually have a "relationship" just a lot of fun but I digress... A threesome I can see naturally developing and working out. But more than that and you need a frickin schedule to make sure everyone is happy, and if you are the only male at the center of an estrogen pool you are so screwed...

I also had a reviewer a couple of chapters ago, an anonymous reviewer (which has been deleted for being completely useless) who told me my characters were 1 dimensional and my romance was blah and predictable or some other rubbish. That review was so horrible I actually think it was a joke or someone who is a complete idiot. Also someone who could not possibly have read all 60 chapters if he was telling me to "quite writing".

In any case, I guess I am asking for some reviews on things like how you feel about the relationships between the characters and the character development and how well you think I am handling 7 or 8 (9?) different female personalities that are nothing alike. Also anything else that is on your mind. I know I am posting rather quickly and I say often that I do not require reviews to make me post. But many of my readers are apparently selfish since I get 10k unique visitors to my chapters and yet, only 200 something reviews for 63 chapters?

Whatever, I love you guys and I love my story. Be warned however that chapter 76 is as far as I have gotten and I am currently completely stumped as to how to move forward with Hermione week and final battle scenes. Nikki (my muse's new name) is still on vacation somewhere so please point her in my direction if you see her.



## Chapter 65: Winter Break

It had been decided amongst themselves that The Greengrass girls, Blaise, Pansy and Susan would be staying with Harry over the holiday. The former because they were under Harry's protection, the last because her Aunt asked and it gave them an excuse to get to know one another all over again.

Nym had decided to stay at the castle over break when she heard Draco was not going home and hoped to finally figure out how to follow him into the Room of Requirement though she had committed to coming over for Christmas Eve dinner and Christmas morning. Most of Harry's other friends would be joining him on Boxing Day including the Patil's. This last was slightly ominous however as Padma said she would mention the possibility of a Marriage contract to her family and may be bringing her older brother with her as well as Parvati.

The train ride was rather uneventful with Draco not on board, and this was in fact Harry's first train ride back for Christmas, last year had been a fluke when Arthur had been attacked and they all had to rush to be with him. Ron and Lavender were somewhere further forward on the half empty train with Neville and Hannah. Though he and Harry had made up for the most part Lavender still refused to admit that she had lied to everyone including Ron who had witnessed the proof himself. He could hardly say as much to everyone without losing the woman he loved so the two kept their distance.

Ginny lay snoozing in Hermione's lap on the bench across from him while the older girl read a book with one hand and idly stroked the girls hair with her other; Luna was reading the Quibbler on the door end of the bench where Harry was seated in the corner with Susan snuggled up next to him. After that first night they had noticed the gap between them where they had both grown while apart and were taking things slowly now until they could rebuild what had been torn from them so abruptly. That didn't mean they didn't enjoy the snuggling and snogging, just that they decided that moving fast might end up with the same outcome as before and both wanted to be sure this time.

As the train pulled back into the station Harry and Hermione woke their respective girlfriends before heading off to the Platform with

shrunk trunks in their pockets. Being able to use magic outside of school definitely had its advantages. Once on the platform Harry spotted Dan and Emma, looking distinctly uncomfortable surrounded by people in wizarding garb. He pointed them out to Hermione before the four of them strode over to greet them.

"Dan, it's good to see you again. So you two were brave enough to walk through solid brick? I'm impressed, though the trick is to take it at a run the first time." Harry greeted the man with a handshake.

"I see my little girl is still in one piece and smiling so I'm not going to ask any questions." He said in a half-dangerous half-joking tone that made Harry gulp.

He turned to Emma and offered her his hand but she was having none of it as she pulled him into a hug and kissed him on the cheek. "You look good Harry, I'm glad to see you still in one piece." He blushed as images of her in one piece of a two piece swimsuit came to mind at the contact. He then turned to his girls.

"So I guess this is it for a while..." He said with a sad smile. Hermione pulled him into a hug and kissed him chastely on the lips confusing Dan a bit. Especially when Ginny engulfed him in a hug and kissed him rather deeply before her mother called out from the other side of the platform.

"Ginevra Weasley! You will control yourself in public! I will not be accused of raising a hussy." The girl blushed as Molly joined them and was pulled into a hug which she gladly returned to hide her face.

"Sorry mum."

"Well then dear, I guess we will see you before you leave for school once again. I hope you have fun Snow Skying."

"Skiing Mum, its snow skiing, and I plan to."

Molly shrugged off the correction before turning to Hermione. "And don't you look lovely dear. Happiness suits you rather well." She looked as if she was going to tear up and pulled the girl into a hug. "Please keep yourself and my baby safe?"

Emma smiled, "I promise that skiing has to be much safer than whatever these three can come up with at that school. I swear, possessed Professors, giant snakes...Giants for that matter."

"In their defense Grawp is a very small Giant." Luna said earning Harry an amused smirk from Dan and a disapproving look from both mothers.

"Well then there is nothing else for it, have fun dears and we will see you at the New Year." That ended the conversation and with another round of handshakes, hugs, and kisses...from all the females present no less; Hermione and Ginny left with the Grangers for Holiday in the mountains.

Harry excused himself from Susan for a moment as Luna started to walk away. "Luna hold on."

She turned her large eyes on him and smiled. "Yes Harry?"

He was suddenly nervous and not entirely sure what he was trying to say. "Uh...we haven't really talked about the other night but I wanted you to know..."

"I know Harry, me too." She kissed him quickly before turning to walk through the barrier.

Susan slid up next to him and wrapped her hand in his once more, "What was that about?"

"I really have no idea, Luna means a lot to me...but we have barely seen each other or spoken since..."

The girl nodded and squeezed his hand. "I think I've learned a few things about Luna, the main thing is you shouldn't try to figure her out. You either enjoy her company or you think she's a nutter."

"I know, I just...she saw what happened to Gabrielle, or at least knew part of it. She was so worried that I wouldn't forgive her, rightly so, until I saw the pain on her face in the Hospital Wing. It broke my heart and I knew...on some level, I knew how much she meant to me even if neither of us have ever said it."

"You love her too then?" Susan asked with a smile.

He looked confused trying to sort his emotions. "I don't think I would have given her one of my necklaces if I didn't, but we never made anything official."

"Don't worry about it Harry. Luna's a free spirit in more than the traditional sense of the word; she knows how you feel probably better than you do, probably before you did. She looked happy to me so don't over analyze and dig yourself into a hole, if Luna wants or needs more from you she'll let you know."

He finally gave up and pulling on Susan's hand they followed Molly back toward the group of redheads and Order Members waiting for them with a Portkey in hand. Harry turned around and motioned for his Slytherin friends to join them and once they were all together they touched the old boot before being hooked by the guts and flung through space. Harry landed in a heap with Susan on top of him in the back garden and groaned as he got up.

"That's it! I refuse to take a Portkey or Floo ever again!" He grumped getting chuckles from those present who had witnessrd his exit from the Floo on more than one occasion.

Pansy, Daphne, Astoria and Blaise were looking around in confusion at the empty lot that seemed to stretch toward the street. Pansy was the first to speak up. "Fidelius right?"

Harry nodded and pulled a slip of parchment from his robes and handed it to her, after reading it her eyes widened in comprehension before passing it on to the rest. Even after reading it the younger Greengrass still looked confused.

"Just concentrate on what you read Miss Greengrass." Mad-Eye growled.

Soon the building appeared and she too looked up in awe before they were lead inside along with their entourage who quickly left them in the kitchen as they retired to the dining room.

"So this is the notorious House of Black?" Pansy asked looking around.

Harry nodded before flipping the light switch by the door and turning on the overheads. All four of the Purebloods shielded their eyes for a moment before looking around once more.

"You have Elektriksity?" Astoria asked. "In a Pureblood Mansion?"

Harry laughed as he knew Sirius would love the expression on their faces. "Yes, I was raised Muggle and I like my electricity; torches and candlelight is great for ambiance but for every day lighting you can't beat incandescent bulbs. Besides, my godfather hated all that Pureblood supremacy nonsense that his family spouted and making their home just a bit Muggle appeals to the Marauder in me."

They all looked at him blankly so he decided to explain after motioning for them to follow. He gave them a quick tour, stopping outside of some rooms and pointing out where bathrooms could be found all while relating the tale of the Marauders and their exploits at Hogwarts. After showing them where his and Susan's room could be located as well as explaining how to change the setup of the Dual Room upstairs he led them back down to the third level where he spread out his arms. "Faites comme chez vous. Make yourselves at home."

They spread out looking at the different rooms like little kids in a candy shop; Harry was surprised when Blaise and Daphne did not take a room together even though he had explained that all the adults knew this was his house and that his guests were not to be bothered about sleeping arrangements. Instead Daphne and Astoria happily took the room across the hall from the bathroom. Blaise took the one next to it and Harry led Pansy to the room where Ron had stayed previously. The Weasleys would be spending a lot of time here but had elected to stay at home over the holiday.

"Pansy I know how much you love your showers and this one has an en suite so you don't have to share. As much as we enjoy each other's company I assume you would like to take the holiday to stay away from me. But I also wanted to offer you the Ladies Quarters on the top floor if you like; Susan is going to be staying with me."

The girl looked a bit torn between anger and gratitude and finally seemed to settle on indifference. "This works for now, I might take a look at that room upstairs again later... Thank you, for thinking of the shower and all..."

He smiled at her and she hated him for looking so cute like that, "Nothing but the best for my betrothed."

She smacked his arm painfully and looked to see if anyone else heard him before giving him an evil look, "Don't joke about that! Make up your bloody mind already. If we are going to work something out we might as well do it. I'm tired of your jokes, ever since that dreadful date in Hogsmeade."

"Hey!" He took offense. "It wasn't my fault that the ruddy Death Eaters showed up!"

She sneered, "No but you forgot all about me as soon as one of your harem girls came along."

"Susan could have died! Are you jealous or something?" He asked in outrage.

"Please... Look; just stay away from me for the Holiday. This is the only chance I'm going to get to be away from you for the next several months and I plan to enjoy it!"

"Fine!" He shouted drawing the attention of the others in the hall.

"Fine!" She shouted back before marching into her room.

He wanted so badly to shout something back at her but nothing formed on his mind..."Well bloody Fine!" He said turning his back as she slammed the door behind him. He looked up a bit confused and a bit unnerved by the argument which he would have called a lover's quarrel if it had been Ron and Hermione a year ago; only to blush as three Slytherins and a Hufflepuff were smirking at him with one eyebrow raised each.

"What?" He asked incredulously.

"If you don't know I'm not going to tell you." Blaise said before turning and walking toward his room. "I assume Dinner will be early since we missed Lunch on the train?"

Harry nodded, "Then I think I will take a nap, please wake me when it's ready."

Harry bowed as low as he could. "Of course your grace, will that be all?"

The dark skinned boy grinned and pretended to think about it before kicking his shoes off. "You can shine my shoes as well boy. Thank you." Dobby popped in at that moment and began scolding both Harry and Blaise.

"Mister Harry Potter is not to be shining shoes; that is Dobby's job!" He then popped away taking the aforementioned shoes with him. Harry met Blaise's eye and they both burst out laughing before the other boy waved and closed his door. He turned toward the Sisters who were still watching him with interest.

"For heaven's sake will you please tell me why you are looking at me like that?"

Daphne smiled and shrugged before walking into her room with Astoria in tow. The younger girl's blonde hair seemed to almost float as she spun her head around and began to walk. It reminded him briefly of Gabrielle before he decided that no matter how cute the young Slytherin was, she was no Veela. "I take it you two would like a ring when Dinner is ready as well?"

Astoria turned and smiled up at him, "That would be lovely Garson! Merci." She then closed the door in his face. He turned to Susan with an extremely confused look.

"What the bloody hell is going on here?" He asked her though he made sure she could tell he was not directing his anger at her.

She just shook her head and took his hand before pulling him toward the stairs. "You will figure it out eventually, as for the ribbing, I think they found your sense of hospitality...refreshing is all. Especially when you have two perfectly good house elves that could have shown them to their rooms and offered to get them for Dinner."

He shook his head as they plopped down on the couch, he looked up and sighed before getting back off the couch and crossing the room to his big screen Telly. "Finally we can be together again my love!" He cried as he hugged the set. Susan rolled her eyes and smiled at his antics.

"So we're back where it all started." He said quietly.

"Oui, this is very nice. Not that ze meadow is not nice, but I miss this bed."

Harry's dream had taken the form of the Masters Quarters at Grimmauld place for a change. Currently he lay in bed next to a sleeping Susan with Gabrielle cuddled up in the crook of the opposite arm tracing circles on his chest after their latest round of love making.

"It is good you and Suzie find each other again."

"Oui, I thought for a minute..."

"But she is here because she loves you and your necklace works for her."

"It should have worked for you too." He said slightly depressed. She leaned up and captured his lips for a sweet kiss to bring him out of his dark mood.

"Master I am with you always now, I miss ze waking world but to be with you at all times is close to perfect."

That suddenly brought the questions back to his mind that he never seemed able to ask her. He sat up and pulled her with him, "Pet I need to ask you some questions."

She smiled, "I know, you keep getting distracted, Non?" As she said this her hand trailed fire down his chest toward his groin and he groaned as he stopped her from distracting him again.

"Trelawney said some things..."

"She is not as vapid as she seems."

He nodded, "Is it true?"

She smiled, "Would you believe me if I say yes? I am just ze dream, Non?"



"I'm starting to wonder...I'm not exactly running on all Cylinders." She just looked at him funny not getting the Muggle phrase. "Uh, I'm..." He fished around for a magical equivalent. "A few ingredients short of a potion?" She raised that infuriating single eyebrow and he sighed. "Not quite all here, a bit barmy, gone off the deep end, a couple of eggs shy of a dozen?"

"Oh, you are crazy? I know zis Master, it is cute."

He shook his head as he rolled his eyes. "So I don't know if believing what I hear in a dream means I'm crazier; or finally getting better..."

She straddled his lap and kissed him, smiling against his lips as she felt him stir between her thighs. "Do any of your other dreams do zis to you?"

It was true, he had nice dreams before, but never ones that were so real he made a mess of himself in the waking world. Even when he had been with Lavender. As he thought about his time with the girl his arousal grew despite the hard feelings between them Lav was still extremely attractive and they had fun together. Another kiss brought him back to the girl currently in his lap and his erection sprung to full mast before she sank herself down on top of him and began moving.

"I promised I will not leave you...but I cannot stay trapped in ze body that was damaged...so I bind myself to you using ze necklace." She increased her pace and he couldn't respond to her as he was solely concentrating on not cumming before she did and on listening to her explanation. It was a war between body and mind.

"Ze necklace was infused with your magic. It makes it easy to stay...zis is why I ask you to wear it...but zen you were so full of anger and hatred...I cannot cum to you." At the word she screamed out the rest of the sentence alone with her orgasm but did not stop moving as she rode it out. He finally lost the battle and cried out her name as he filled her with his seed and fell back onto the bed with her in his arms, still coupled and enjoying the post-coital bliss.

His voice finally came back to him and he grinned from ear to ear. "So this is real?"

"Oui." She answered him quietly.

"So you aren't dead..."

"Non, I am more and less than a ghost but I am yours forever and I do not leave you. The dark emotions make it impossible to reach you but when you are happiest I can reach you easily. Either way I am always here."

He nodded into her hair and enjoyed the scent and feel of her once more. "So..."

She giggled before smacking his shoulder, "So stop feeling depressed and angry all the time and I will visit you in your dreams each night. I love you Master."

"I love you too Pet." The world began to darken and he knew it must be time to wake up.

He woke up with one of the largest grins he had ever worn as he rolled slightly to the side and took in the form of his once and current girlfriends sleeping form. Though they were both nude, they hadn't done more than cuddle and kiss the night before and Harry loved every second of it. As much fun as sex was he was learning that just being together with the women he loved made him feel whole.

His thoughts were interrupted as Susan rolled over in his arms and smiled up at him. "Hey you."

He was still grinning like an idiot but managed to speak. "Hey yourself."

"What'cha smiling at?"

"I can't just smile at my nude girlfriend?"

She burrowed her head into his shoulder and pressed herself a bit closer to him. "That depends on if you are laughing at aforementioned girlfriend's nude form. In which case you better not answer that question." She said without opening her eyes.

He leaned in and captured her lips for a quick kiss, nothing too deep since neither had been to the loo yet. "Why would I find this..." He

slid a hand from her shoulder all the way down to her bum before bringing it back up to rest on her hip. "...funny?"

She shrugged cutely before opening her eyes and kissing him once more. "So..." She began.

The grin wouldn't leave his face as he answered her question with a question. "So..."

She playfully hit his shoulder, "Stop it, so... what's the plan for today?"

He thought about it for a minute before shrugging, "I thought we could have a movie day with the Slytherins seeing as they probably haven't ever actually seen a Telly."

"So you're going to drag the Pureblood snobs kicking and screaming into the Muggle world?" She asked him with only a slight tone to her voice.

"Honestly Susie, they aren't that bad, well I don't know Astoria at all but even Pansy has stopped with the Pureblood nonsense. You probably didn't notice but she and Hermione are actually really good friends now."

"What?" Susan said sitting up. "Man you miss a couple of months with Harry Potter and the world changes around you..."

He sat up against the headboard and pulled her to his chest. "Yep that's me, change the world one Pureblood at a time."

"So what's up with her anyway? You were on a date with her in Hogsmeade when the attack happened right? So is it really just about keeping her safe?"

He sighed, "I don't know." He answered honestly. "I never would have thought I could fall for her but somehow she slithered her way into my heart. For the moment I guess you could say I feel like an overprotective brother or father to her, except for the fact that she's dead sexy and knows how to use it against me."

The girl in his arms chuckled as she felt him slowly hardening against her arm and couldn't help but reach down and run her fingernails lightly across his scrotum causing him to jump a bit.

"Eep! I thought you wanted to wait..."

She shrugged, "I did...but I don't know anymore..."

"You aren't going to lose me just because a Slytherin would put out and you won't or anything like that. I love you Susie."

She turned around and wrapped her arms around his neck before kissing him. Deepening the kiss, morning breath be damned, she soon found herself straddling his lap only a few movements away from coupling. "I love you too Harry, and that isn't why I want you. My whole body has missed you and now that I have you back I can't pretend I don't want this."

He hugged her close and kissed her neck where he knew she was most sensitive as his arms ran up and down her back. "Make love to me Harry?" She asked quietly.

After a late breakfast Harry lead all of his guests back upstairs where he asked them to get comfortable on the couches. "I just finished sending off a note to Minister Bones requesting provisional magic use licenses for the Slytherins. Just because we are on holiday doesn't mean we get to be lazy. So I've set up a schedule for us to train once we hear back from the ministry. After breakfast we are all going to work on meditation and Occlumency." He was cut off by Pansy's snort.

"Yes Miss Parkinson?"

She turned to him, "Honestly? We know what goes on when you teach Occlumency and you just expect us all to get naked for you?"

He was a bit surprised by her knowledge once again but added it to the growing file on Pansy's sources. "Meditating in the nude worked for Hermione, Susan and Ginny. I didn't need it so it is not a requirement, if you have some issues to work out we can work as a group in whatever you feel comfortable and if need be Susan can help the ladies out in private. If that's alright with you Blaise?"

The boy had a look in his eye that Harry couldn't quite place before he nodded. "Happy now?" He asked Pansy.

She shrugged so he continued as if he hadn't been interrupted. "Occlumency will help with your reading, retention and recall abilities making it much easier for me to teach you. After we have cleared our minds for the day we will work on casting speed, power control, and dodging drills just like in the Room of Requirement."

"How are you going to pull that one off? It's not like you have one of those rooms here..." Pansy asked before looking around. "Do you?"

He shook his head, "I can conjure the targets and have one of the elves charm them to move the way we want. As for the dodging drills, I will be acting as your target dummy."

Pansy grinned at this, "You mean we get to fire spells at you all we want without repercussion?"

"I think that's enough discussion from you, yes you can fire whatever non-lethal spells you want at me. It will help me train as well." The girl looked like she wanted to say something else but was soon sitting at attention again. "Then we have lunch and after lunch I plan to enjoy my holiday, how many of you have ever actually watched Television?"

All of the Slytherins shook their heads and he grinned, "Great, I'm going to turn you into couch potatoes if it's the last thing I do."

"That sounds disturbing." Daphne said with a small smile. "Are couch potatoes anything like garden gnomes?"

He couldn't help but laugh and a quick glance told him that she at least knew what the term couch potato meant and was having him on. "Alright, so let's get started on Occlumency. For now I want you all to get comfortable and simply close your eyes and concentrate on your breathing. To clear your mind it is much easier to concentrate on something like being in a pitch black room than to try not to think at all, that was my first mistake. You can also try staring into a flame, real or imaginary if you think it would help. I'm gonna run out and get some books for you and I expect to find you meditating when I get back."

"Who made you the boss of us?" Astoria asked a bit rudely.

"Your father via Wood Parkinson. I can't be with you all the time, just ask Pansy how annoying that is, so I'm going to teach you how to defend yourselves to my standards." The girl looked contrite after the slight rebuke by her now acting family Head.

"Dobby?"

"You is calling me Mister Harry sir?" The little elf asked as he popped in.

Harry nodded, "Everyone this is Dobby one of my two personal elves, if you need anything within reason you can ask for either him or Winky. Dobby can you please clear the furniture?"

"Everyone will be getting off the couch please?" Dobby asked and they all complied; not used to getting orders from a house elf. He then clapped his hands and the furniture moved to the walls and the charms were put in place to prevent spell damage. "Will that be all Mister Harry?"

"Thank you Dobby." Harry said with a grin before the elf nodded and popped away.

Blaise looked rather uncomfortable, "You let your house elves talk to you like that? To your guests like that?"

Harry shrugged, "He isn't my slave even if he is bonded to me, I treat them with the respect any sentient being deserves, and I pay them though I hear from a reliable source that they only use my money to buy gifts."

After a moment of Blaise looking at him critically, he simply nodded his acceptance. "Alright, Susie can you help get them relaxed and meditating. For now don't worry about trying too hard to find your center just to get calm and ready to learn."

The girl nodded and Harry kissed her on the cheek before popping away to Diagon Alley where he had been notified that his shipment of Occlumency for the Occluded had arrived.

Harry walked out of Gringotts with a huge smile on his face despite the bitter and gray looking surroundings of the Alley. He made his quick stop into Flourish & Blotts to pay for, pick up and shrink his shipment of Occlumency books. He had purchased enough to distribute them to every member of the Old Guard whom he had a suspicion would be needed more than the Order or the Aurors before this war was over. He wanted to give them every advantage possible.

He popped into the back garden once more and headed inside and quickly up the stairs where he found the group sitting in a circle and looking peaceful though not necessarily in a meditative state. He pulled the crate from his pocket and enlarged it before gently floating a copy of the book to land in front of each member of the group. Once that was done he shrank and stowed the remainder in his room before heading back to the group and gently gaining their attention so they could begin the day's exercises.

"I still don't understand why it was called Episode Four if it was the first of a trilogy." Astoria complained as the movie ended.

Harry just shook his head, "I think the story behind the story is that the person who wrote it had six or so installments but this was the most exciting one. If he could only make one movie this was the one he wanted to make."

"But it should still be episode one, it's not like it would make any sense to do an episode one, two, or three after four, five, and six have already been told." Daphne tried to make Harry see reason.

"I don't know and I honestly don't care, what did you think about the movie, not the title?" Harry said in exasperation.

Blaise looked up from his chair, which still confused Harry since he and Daphne were so close at school he would have expected them to sit together and snuggle. "Right, so good guy doesn't know what he's getting into, loses his parental figures, finds out he has some sort of special power and embarks on a journey to kill bad guy who killed said parents. I wonder why you like this movie so much."

"Hey! I resemble that remark!" Harry then shivered as the revelations of the next two movies hit him when he looked at the

ladies in the room. "Let's hope my life isn't really like these movies though...that would just be vile."

Susan nodded as she too shivered at the thought of Voldemort and Lily Potter. Or her being his secret twin sister; "Enough of that Harry, you're going to give me nightmares."

He smiled, "Who wants more popcorn before we start Empire?" Many hands were raised and he quickly asked Winky for more food and drinks. After their magical exercises, during which he had made sure to push them to the edge of their endurance, he was able to convince them to watch the Muggle device known as Television.

It had taken he and Susan a while to explain what a movie was but once the pictures began moving on screen they had stopped talking and watched in awe. He had to pause the movie more than once to answer questions about how they fit the people and sets into the little box and other such stuff leaving them amazed at the ingenuity of Muggles.

As he and Susan got comfortable once more he felt the couch depress on his other side and glanced over to find Pansy sitting down. She appeared to be pretending it was completely innocent, especially when she caught him looking.

"What? My neck hurts from sitting off to the side, why can't they make this thing three dimensional?"

He just shook his head at her antics, "They have come very far, very fast in the past hundred years or so while the magical world remained stagnant. However they are still limited by technology; I'm sure someone is trying to make 3-D telly out their somewhere."

Susan snuggled into him as the music began and all talking ceased as if a spell fell over the room. She had seen this too many times to remember when Harry was going through his all-TV-all-the-time phase during the summer so instead she kept sneaking glances over his shoulder at the other girl wondering how she felt about sharing her life with a Slytherin if it came down to it.

Meanwhile Harry pointedly ignored when Pansy's hand bumped lightly against his on the couch next to him, and tried to ignore when the next time her hand stayed where it was touching him even



though her arm did not appear to be in a comfortable position. After the first 'AT-AT' was brought down on screen he sighed and glanced toward Susan who he saw was looking at the other girl. When their eyes met he looked quickly down at their hands where Pansy was trying to pretend she didn't realize they were touching.

Susan looked back up into his eyes and shrugged before returning her attention to the movie. Harry gave up his pretenses at that moment and decided that if it was likely he might have to marry the girl eventually, that he might as well get to know her better. Using the ancient and most time-honored move on the books he pretended to yawn and stretched his left arm straight up before setting it along the back of the couch behind the brunette beside him.

She looked a bit lost at first when his hand moved away from hers, and suddenly rather scared when she realized his arm was basically draped behind her shoulders. She suppressed a slight shiver before pretending to adjust her skirt a bit and sliding slightly closer to the handsome wizard beside her.

Harry pretended he didn't realize what he was doing as his fingers lightly brushed against the girl's hair. He felt vibration on his other side and looked down to see Susan trying to control her laughter as her couch mates pretended even to themselves that they wanted anything but to touch.

After a few moments of teasing her hair with his fingertips to see if she would react he plucked up enough courage to actually run his fingers through the silken locks. Pansy sighed just a bit before looking embarrassed for a split second. In the time it had taken for them to make it this far the movie had moved on. Pansy jumped as Luke lost his hand to Darth Vader and nearly fell off the platform in Cloud City. When she landed she hardly noticed she was leaning heavily against Harry and he had draped his arm around her shoulders.

They finished the movie like that but as the lights came back on in the room they quickly split apart as if nobody else had noticed the position they were in, or as if it were a complete accident. His member was throbbing in his pants and his arms tingled from elbow to fingertip from all the pent up tension and nerves the other girl had caused in the last hour or so of just holding her close. He jumped up and headed straight to his room, auspiciously to use the Loo.

Susan then turned to the other girl on the couch who was looking at his doorway in slight confusion. "Pansy?"

The girl jumped nearly out of her skin before turning back to Susan and desperately trying to control the blush that was fighting its way up her neck. "Yes Bones?"

Susan rolled her eyes and scooted a bit closer, "Look, I know you want to be with him, and he knows it. If you don't realize that he made a decision to try getting closer to you just now then you aren't as cunning as Slytherin gets credit for."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Like I would want anything to do with...Lord Potter-Black."

"You know it's alright to call him Harry? In fact he doesn't like his titles."

The girl shook her head, "He is the acting head of my family at the moment; that deserves respect even if I...well no matter what the situation."

Susan gave up as Harry walked back in looking a bit relieved and quickly put in the last tape after taking a vote on watching the final movie of the trilogy despite the fact that it was nearing Midnight. He sat back down and allowed Susan to cuddle into his right side once more and lay his arm across the back of the couch without any preamble this time.

Susan caught the other girl's eye and Pansy looked slightly panicked; Susan looked up quickly at Harry then back to Pansy and nodded. The Slytherin mustered up as much courage as she could and slid back into his embrace as the lights came down once more and the music that could never be mistaken for any other began to play. Harry relaxed a bit and smiled as he let his arm fall across the girl's shoulders before turning to Susan and kissing her quickly on the forehead before giving both girls a squeeze causing them both to smile, though Pansy quickly recovered her mask.

Meanwhile Severus Snape found himself in the middle of the desert on some strange contraption that looked to be the child of a sailboat and a Muggle tank. He saw a flash of green light ignite on the barge

in front of him and before he knew what was happening he had fallen backwards and onto the sand dune below.

As he slid he turned and looked toward the gaping maw of the most hideous thing he could remember seeing. As he plunged into the stomach of the Sarlaac and felt the slow digesting acid begin to burn its way through his clothing and skin he couldn't help but think that this was at least better than being raped repeatedly by Lily Evans, James Potter, or Sirius Black.

Authors Note:

Well, I have many more chapters to post but Christmas is supposed to be down time where Harry can just be himself for awhile and there isn't any action or anything coming soon though at least we saw some in Hogsmeade not long ago. I'm going to try something that I have seen other Authors do and if enough people review I will try to start answering questions in Authors Notes. Now on to the questions.

Q: Susan is back...YAY!

A: Yep, Susan's estrangement and her coming back after being saved by the necklace were planned for a long time. I am a big fan of dropping breadcrumbs for those readers who recognize them. With Gabby it was how he was adding all these protections to everyone elses necklace while forgetting hers. I know it was painful but I'm positive most of you had an AH HAH! Moment when it happened even if you hated me for it.

Q: Gabby is back...YAY?

A: Yep, I will admit that I knew she was going to die early on. A lot of it came from being backed into a corner by the story and not wanting to force anything and I was rather torn up afterward with what to do next. It was selfish of me, but I knew I could not have her at Beauxbatons and give her the screen time she deserved so something had to be done, I did not want a huge angst-fest but to be honest Harry was always angsty and it would not due to have a HP story be completely angst free and still be true to his character. At the point she died though I nearly stopped writing for not knowing what to do, but with some counseling and a bit more writing it was suddenly apparent to me that she needed to stay in the story. It also

helped that I had no idea just how much everyone loved her character. It was a total surprise and I could not in good conscience keep her dead even with the Ring as a plot device.

Q: The Ring?

A: Harry was rather traumatized by the way Cedric acted when he was summoned and is still afraid of how his parents or Sirius would react to being summoned. Sure as readers we all know they would be happy to see and talk to him, but Harry still isn't sure. Plus he has never met his parents and is afraid of how they would react to his life, and no matter how well he has dealt with Sirius' death he doesn't know how he would react to seeing him again. Will he use the ring eventually? Yeah most likely, but in not using it to spend his entire life talking to his dead parents he has shown that he understands the point of the Three Brothers fable and what abusing the Ring would end up doing to him.

Q: Patils...

There is something strange going on with Padma and Parvati, but his relationship with Padma has been refreshing to Harry who has never built an actual relationship on his own and in a somewhat normal time frame. He was enjoying himself immensely until the revelation of the contract was brought up and ruined it for him. The secrets will be revealed though, don't think they are being sneaky or anything, they are not trying to manipulate him. Padma really did just want to get to know him and Parvati could not do it because she was being loyal to her best friend.

Q: Pansy...Hurry up already!

A: Actually...As with Padma, Harry is enjoying the Sexual Tension and the slow build up, of course he is also scared to death of her and still doesn't know exactly what to think. As I show in this chapter there is a whole lot of fun to be had with pretending you are not doing anything or don't want to be together. It is like they have given each other permission to flirt and...well see each other naked, even take showers together...without it being more than a little awkward. Eventually though you will see what happens when you built up too much tension...

Until next time.

## Chapter 66: Christmas at Grimmauld Place

"Happy Christmas Master."

Harry smiled back at the blond in his arms, "Happy Christmas Pet, will I see you again for your birthday?"

"If you continue to keep ze dark emotions at bay I shall continue to see you in your dream. But know zat I am with you regardless."

He leaned forward to kiss her lightly and just held her close. If he was crazy he decided he really didn't mind; it was worth it to have Gabrielle with him every evening. He knew he would be waking up soon as his dreams of her had the opposite effect as his Occlumency in that time went by way too quickly for his taste.

In the past weeks all three Slytherins had been able to find their center without any help from him or Susan and to his knowledge, without having to lose their clothing. Although all four girls had taken to wearing nothing but something like a kimono and underclothes around the house.

Gabrielle had continued to visit him every night, and every morning he woke up to Susan in his arms. Despite how much he missed Gin and Mione his life was finally back the way he liked it, and both girls would be joining them for New Years. His strange relationship with Pansy continued to grow with urging from Susan but neither of them had mentioned it at all nor made any overt move to get closer. Mostly it was just snuggling a bit while watching the telly after training.

Blaise and Daphne continued to confuse him, they were supposedly betrothed which according to the old ways meant they were as good as married. However the couple seemed to merely tolerate each other's presence now that they were out of the public eye; making him wonder if most arranged marriages were doomed to be publicly pleasant while privately boring. With the prospect of an arranged marriage to three women Harry was feeling a bit doomed.

"Hey!" Gabrielle snapped him out of his thoughts. "I say no more dark emotions if you want to see me. Just because zis Daphne and Blaise do not have more than tolerance for each other does not mean all such arrangements are doomed. It seems zis Pansy is at

least a little more interested in you than the Greengrass girl is in Zabini. Now kiss me before you wake up."

Harry was happy to oblige as he felt her start to slip away he soon found himself lying in bed with his eyes closed and a smile on his face. Suddenly it hit him. "Susie," He whispered. "Susie!"

"Huh?" She said in an annoyed voice.

"It's Christmas! Come on!" He said like the excited six year old he never got to be. Exactly what Christmas was like for him now that he was free of the Dursleys.

She giggled at his behavior and rolled groggily out of bed before getting dressed in her bathrobe and pulling on a pair of knickers. He did the same but with boxers and dragged her by the hand out into the training room where the Christmas tree had been set up for he and his guests.

"Where is everyone? I mean its Christmas!" He exclaimed as if that was all the explanation and motivation anyone needed.

Susan looked at the clock on the cable box and groaned. "It's six in the morning Harry and we were up late playing exploding snap and watching Christmas cartoons. It's no wonder nobody is awake yet."

He frowned, "Well I guess I'll just have to remedy that!"

He quickly trotted back toward his room and popped open the secret staircase before descending a level to the third floor. First stop was Pansy's room. He knocked once and when he got no answer he opened the door and slowly walked in not giving any thought to his actions except to wake everyone up for presents.

He knelt down on the floor inches from the girls face and took a moment to enjoy how peaceful she looked while sleeping. Right now she wasn't a Slytherin nor was she a girl with family problems and possible marriage contracts hanging over her head. She was just a pretty girl at peace and he sighed before remembering why he was here.

"Pansy...Pansy...Parkinson...Pansy!" He tried a few times, on the last she moved like a flash and had her wand up his nose and a

curse on her lips before she scanned the room for threats and realized who he was.

"What are you doing in my room?" She asked him venomously.

"Well technically..." He tried but he simply forced her wand further up his nose. He tried again, now sounding a bit funny with only one nostril clear. "Uh, its Christmas and I want to open presents?"

She eyed him for a moment before sniffing disdainfully, "Fine, I'll meet you upstairs, I wouldn't want to rob the others of the chance to hex you." With that she climbed out of bed and he watched eyes wide as her nude form strolled across to the room and pull on her kimono like dressing gown and a pair of knickers. For some reason seeing her with only a few clothes on was more exciting to him than seeing her in the nude. He quickly shook it off and headed for Blaise' room next.

Luckily for him a few knocks was enough to rouse the other boy who simply nodded when Harry explained himself and as he was already dressed he headed toward the far staircase. That left only the girls room; after his experience with Pansy he was a bit more careful.

Opening the door and walking silently into the room he found the girls in separate twin beds and approached Daphne. Even though he had been interacting with the younger Greengrass for over a week now they still only tolerated each other, if anyone was going to hex him it would be her. So he chose the other girl and as he had before kneeled down in front of her face before readying a shield spell to be deployed at a moment's notice.

"Daph?" he whispered lightly.

"Mmm?" She moaned at her name.

"Daphne wake up."

"Nuhuh..." She complained cutely.

"Daaaaphne."

He leaned in closer to her in case she couldn't really hear him, which is why he was completely caught by surprise when she

wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him into a kiss. On autopilot his mouth and lips matched hers for a moment before he pulled away and stumbled over a shoe, falling on his bum very reminiscent of Tonks. The noise woke both girls who trained their wands on him from their beds before he knew what was happening.

"Potter?" The younger girl asked.

"Astoria!"

"Sorry, Lord Potter-Black? What are you doing in our room at this hour?" She then cast accusing eyes to her sister who shook her head.

"You know you can call me Harry, I don't like my title." He tried to diffuse the situation but the younger girl didn't lower her wand.

"Sorry Harry but I have this thing about not trusting older boys who sneak into my room. I guess it's just Slytherin paranoia; then again it isn't paranoia if they really are trying to rape you in your sleep."

"That's enough Astoria! Harry please explain yourself."

He looked up at them sheepily, "Uh, Happy Christmas wanna open presents?"

The younger girl's eyes lit up showing her true age as she got up and left the room without another glance in his direction, he thanked every deity he could think of that at least one female in this house was sleeping with her night clothes on. He turned to Daphne who had yet to lower her wand.

"Why did you kiss me?"

"Wait, You kissed me!" He complained.

"No, I think I would know if I were kissing someone." She responded coldly showing how she earned her ice-princess nick name.

He shrugged, "Honestly, you must have been having a very nice dream. I tried to wake you up and you attacked me..." At the word his memory suddenly went into overdrive. "You!"



She looked confused for a moment so he continued. "You are the Slytherin that dragged me into the closet!"

Her eyes widened and she looked anywhere but at him. "I don't know what you're talking about."

He grinned at her, "I have your tie by the way, why Miss Greengrass I didn't know you cared so much."

She growled before looking back at him. "I was randy and you were there, are you complaining? Because you seemed to enjoy yourself at the time."

"I did...I just thought you were someone else. That has been bugging me for over a month! Oh my gods Blaise!" Harry said as he began to panic.

"Harry calm down, it isn't a problem."

"NOT A BLOODY PROBLEM? I shagged a practically married woman!"

"Please lower your voice milord so I can explain."

He just looked at her as if she had lost her mind for a moment before motioning for her to continue.

"Look, you had me all hot and bothered after class so I followed you and pulled you into that broom closet. I let you think I was someone else so you wouldn't get any Gryffindorish ideas about falling in love or something."

He just shook his head, "How does that make it okay with Blaise?"

She blushed remembering the dream she had been having about a certain green eyed boy when she awoke to kissing him. "Blaise is...not interested in me that way..."

He just looked at her as if she were crazy, "Who wouldn't be interested in you? I mean your bloody gorgeous and have a great personality to top it off, even if you do have a few Pureblood hang-ups but that is your fathers fault not yours." She was blushing as he went on.

"Harry that's enough alright...Blaise is just not interested okay?"

Harry just shrugged as he struggled to his feet and remembered why he was here in the first place. "So...presents?"

She sighed and got out from beneath the sheet and his breathing stopped for a moment. She was at least wearing a small tanktop and a pair of knickers but in this light she might as well have been naked for the effect it had on him. He tore his eyes away but couldn't stop his mind from remembering what she had felt like in the closet. She smiled at the look on his face as she pulled her kimono gown on. "If you like what you see maybe we can come to an arrangement? After all a girl has needs and Blaise already knows about us."

He jumped almost out of his skin, "WHAT?"

She shushed him but was shrugging, "He knows Harry, and he doesn't care. This contract was forced on us to keep us safe at Hogwarts much like your little snafu with Pansy. I'm almost positive Wood was planning on you doing something like that."

He couldn't think of any response to either of those statements so just stood dumbly as she strolled past him and out the door. His brain finally reminded his body that presents were waiting for them upstairs and he forgot the rest of his issues for the moment.

Harry followed Daphne back up the stairs to find four groggy people sitting on the couch by the Christmas tree. They all looked like they were ready to give him a piece of their mind until they saw the child-like wonder on his face as he ran to the tree and began separating the presents for everyone. The Sixth years actually cracked a smile while Astoria simply looked confused; she hadn't been that excited about Yule since before Hogwarts.

Harry levitated the piles to their recipients once he got them separated and cheerfully made his way back to the couch where he plopped down between Pansy and Susan. "Alright, I think we should go in order of birthdays, youngest to oldest. Astoria gets to open hers first!"

The girl was catching his excitement and tried very hard to keep her Slytherin mask of indifference in place as she began daintily opening

her first gift. "You know you can rip the paper right?" He asked nearly bouncing in his seat.

Finally she gave in and began going at her presents with abandon and let a little more of the little girl show through her façade. From Daphne and Blaise she got a new set of dress robes along with a pair of earrings which earned her sister a hug. From Pansy she got a book on Herbology which she was apparently quite the fan of, Harry made a note to get her together with Neville and Hannah if they could stand each other. From Pansy she got a new scarf in Slytherin colors. The girl looked up in surprise at the four gifts that remained.

"How did a gift from my parents get here?" She asked and Daphne, Blaise and Pansy quickly checked their piles coming up with gifts as well.

"Magic." Harry said mysteriously; that is until they didn't huff and let it go like Hermione normally did at that answer and instead stared him down. He cleared his throat to hide how nervous those looks actually made him. "Uh...probably Dobby popped over and got permission from your elves?"

There was a small pop and Dobby wrapped himself around Harry's leg. "Happy Christmas Master! Dobby does good?"

Harry hugged the elf back as well as he could from this angle and nodded. "You did a very nice thing Dobby, why don't you get Winky and join us?"

His tennis ball sized eyes lit up and Harry could detect tears threatening, "Master Harry is the greatest wizard ever! Dobby and Winky is never being invited to sit for prezies with wizards before!" Harry quickly disentangled himself before the elf began humping his leg.

"No problem Dobby."

Another small pop was heard, "You is really wanting Winky to sit with you's and open gifts?" She looked at him skeptically.

"Please Winky? You are like family." The elf still looked at him like he was crazy but slowly lowered herself onto the ground in front of three gifts with her name on them.

Astoria remembered she still had gifts and opened the one from her father, it was a beautiful tennis bracelet with emeralds instead of diamonds he assumed for its Slytherin look. She then read the note that came with it and nodded before folding it and looking in confusion at the last two gifts.

"Why would you get me anything milord? And you Miss Bones? And..Mrs. Weasley?"

Harry shrugged, "You are under my protection and I don't hate you, that seemed like reason enough for me." He turned to Susan.

"Same reasons except that I also didn't know if you would get anything from your family and I wanted you all to have a Happy Christmas."

Astoria tore into the paper and found a Muggle fountain pen in Green and Silver from Harry and gloves that matched her new Scarf from Susan. She saw the reason for the gloves but the pen had her confused.

"It's a fountain pen, you stick it in your ink well and pull that little lever to refill it, then you write with it as if it were a quill. Plus it was in Slytherin colors so..."

"Thank you...both of you. I don't know if I can use this in my regular circle of friends but it makes a lot of sense. If the Muggles have come up with something better than a quill that still allows writing to have flair then I'm all for it. Now what is this?" She said poking the last package from Molly.

"If I had to guess it's likely a hand knit sweater and some fudge but don't let me ruin the surprise." Harry said with a smile.

Sure enough it was a Weasley Sweater in Deep green with a silver A embroidered on the chest along with some home-made fudge. Astoria still looked confused however as she held the sweater up to her form. Harry chimed in again. "Those are hand-made by her every year for her family, well until she included me after my first

year. I am guessing she had too much time on her hands and was glad of something to do. But honestly, those sweaters mean the world to me because she took the time to lovingly make them and even personalize them. That was actually one of the first gifts I ever opened..." He trailed off before he got pitiful.

Astoria was looking more compassionately at him as some things fell into place about his behavior, she then looked down. The sweater really was nice and since she hadn't gotten him a gift she sighed and pulled it over her head before pulling her hair out of the collar and smiled at him before turning to her sister out of habit.

"July 31st?" Asked Harry; when everyone motioned for him to go he tore through his presents.

From Dobby he got a pair of hand-knit socks, from Winky a charmed comb which he doubted would work, from Susan he got another book on Wandless magic, he got his Weasley sweater even though the rest of the Weasley gifts were waiting for New Years when they could open them together. He grinned despite the underwhelming amount of gifts and tried not to bounce too much as he motioned for whoever was next.

"July second? Anyone younger?" Daphne asked. When nobody replied she dug into her presents with more vigor than she would normally just to please Harry. She ended up with a similar bracelet from her father, a book on lesser known charms from Blaise, a box of her favorite sweets from her sister and a beautiful set of silver hair clips from Pansy. Susan had gotten her a set of lotions, shampoo and conditioner in her favorite scent and Harry's gift was the same fountain pen. "Thank you all, who's next?" She asked.

"June seventh." Susan and Blaise both chorused before looking at each other in confusion.

"Well isn't it a small world?" Harry chuckled. "Guess you open them at the same time.

The notable gifts between them were that Blaise got a new broom from his Uncle and Susan received a set of jade earrings that matched her necklace which earned Harry a kiss. So far everyone had gotten a sweater and they were all wearing them whether or not

they liked them simply to please Harry and because the thought counted more than the item.

Pansy sighed at being last and therefore oldest and opened her gifts at a sedate but respectable pace ending up with the pen, some books, some sweets and some mittens. Harry grinned at everyone before turning to the smallest among them. "Alright Dobby, Winky go ahead and open your gifts. And note I said gifts."

The elves looked at him strangely but opened their presents and Winky immediately burst out crying Harry shook his head before calming them down. "Winky! I am not giving you clothes so that you are released from my service! I'm giving you a uniform to wear so that you can be proud of yourself!"

The elf looked more closely at the dress in her hands and found the Black and Potter crests intertwined on the breast. She held them close to her body before launching herself in a Dobby-esque manner at his leg and hugging him while she cried into his robe. "Harry is the bestest Master ever!"

He patted the elf on the back a bit taken aback by her unusual show of emotion before turning to Dobby. "I have the same for the rest of the elves in my employ if you could distribute them, make certain they know these are gifts not that I am dismissing them."

Dobby nodded before blinking out quickly reappearing in his new suit, he seemed to know where the uniforms were as he popped away after giving Harry another hug. Winky collected herself enough to pull away from him and also blinked out and back in with her new dress on. "You's will be needing breakfast! Winky will make, will you eat here?" At Harry's nod she popped out.

"That was interesting...I never thought I would share Christmas with an elf." Pansy commented.

"Hermione would be proud of you." The girl blushed but nodded. "So, what say we skip training and just be lazy all day and watch movies?"

There was a groan as everyone nodded, "As long as you don't make us watch Star Wars again. Don't you have something romantic?" Daphne asked.

"Hey Star Wars is romantic! What about Han and Leia?" He tried to defend his favorite movies.

"What about Luke and Leia? Ew!" Astoria commented back.

"They didn't know they were related! And it isn't like they snogged or anything, it was just a peck on the lips for luck!"

The girls all rolled their eyes, "Fine, why don't you look through the titles in the cabinet under the telly, there is bound to be something you like in there. I just grabbed one of everything.

Winky popped in and placed breakfast on the large coffee table which included croissants and fruits so they could snack while watching the movie if they wished. For the next several hours Harry suffered through girly movies in silence, the only upside being how cuddly his witches were getting with the hormones flowing. They watched 'Sense and Sensibility' which although he appreciated Jane Austin, nearly put him to sleep followed by 'The Scarlet Letter' which at least had some sexy scenes at the beginning. The whole time his hands were gaining more and more of a mind of their own as they idly stroked and rubbed Pansy on one side and Susan on the other.

Finally he caught a break when they put in 'First Knight' which was a romance set during the time of Camelot. It had enough action to keep him interested and it was about King Arthur! He could stand the love story when it was only one ingredient.

Noon approached and everyone was getting hungry again so they ate lunch upstairs as well. Soon however Harry was getting moody; Susan knew what the issue was but wanted him to talk about it. "Knut for your thoughts Harry?"

He grumbled something incoherent before she nudged him. "I don't want you to go okay? I just got you back." He said with a frown.

"Aunty can only get so much time off, I'll see you on the express Harry and time apart won't make me love you any less." She said kissing him quickly on the lips before wrapping her arms around him. "What has Gabrielle told you about dark emotions?"

Harry grumbled again but was smiling; Susan was the only one of the group he had confided in about his nightly visitor. She had been a bit worried about him at first until he gave her more details and she had either accepted that it was true, or decided it was a harmless fantasy that made him happy and never tried to make him feel crazy. "To stop it?" He asked lightly.

She nodded, "That's right, stop with the dark emotions like being sad that I'm going to visit my aunt, or afraid that you will lose me. Otherwise who is going to keep you company at night?" As she said this she looked over his shoulder and he followed her eyes before realizing she was looking at Pansy.

"It's not like that." He said quietly.

"Yet." Susan said with a smile.

"What is it with you witches? Always trying to get some other girl in my pants?" He asked knowing what the answer would be.

She shrugged as they always did and smiled up at him, "Once you learn to share it's fun to think about. So think about it alright Harry? I know you two like each other at least enough to cuddle. You should just snog her and get it over with."

"Hey! I'm not Ron and she isn't Hermione you know?"

She shook her head, "I seem to remember some pretty pointless fights between you two. I believe the main argument always ends up you two trying to show the other one you care less about a situation."

"Huh?" He asked stupidly.

She shook her head and rolled her eyes, "I believe it goes something like this. I don't like you...Oh yeah? Well I don't like you either!...Really well that's just fine!...Well then Fine!...Fine!...Fine! and usually ends up with you getting a door slammed in your face?"

He hadn't realized they had been flirting at the time and he wondered if he should feel ashamed of the fact. "But Ron and Hermione didn't work out and they fought like that all the time!"



Susan shook her head again, "Ron was a prat Harry, and they didn't fight like you two. Their fights were always mean and Ron always tried to make himself feel superior to Hermione by making her feel like a swot or a bookworm just because she understood something better than he did. At least that's what I saw."

He couldn't believe he hadn't seen it that way, "Most of Gryffindor Tower just assumed they were fighting like an old married couple."

"Nope, they were fighting like oil and water, and you were the egg Harry."

"Great, now I want something with mayonnaise on it." He pouted playfully even though her analogy made so much sense it was scary. "So you sure you have to go?"

She nodded and pulled her shrunken trunk from her pocket to show him. "See? All packed."

He walked her over to the Floo and kissed her passionately one more time. "To remember me by." He commented lightly.

She kissed him back even more passionately before tossing some powder and disappearing into the green flames.

Authors Note:

Q: Closet Girl?

A: Well Ginny owned up to the first time in the closet saying her denial of ever doing it was just a prank. Now we know Daph was the one who lost her tie but was she also the last one who was crying?

Q: Plot vs Smut?

A: The story started out almost exclusively smut in my head, but after a while I decided I wanted it to have at least some meaning so started to develop the plot alongside the smut. Well...then I wove them together for awhile but the smut stopped being exciting and was more like a chore to write and I figured it would be the same for the readers. So I made a conscious decision to only include New!Smut, meaning only if it was a new girl, or only if they were being adventurous in a way they hadn't tried before. And even then

if the situation didn't call for it then I began leaving it off screen and up to your imagination. Otherwise this story would have dragged on and on much like some other harem stories I have read. I hate reading something great like "Midnight Sun" only to have it devolve into nothing but smut and me searching new chapters going "smut, smut, smut, smut, AH HA! PLOT!"

Thats it for now, until next time dear reader!

## Chapter 67: Boxing Day

Dinner was fast approaching on Boxing Day and most of his friends had been invited with the exception of Hermione and the Weasleys whom he would see at New Years. Susan was staying at the Ministers house in seclusion but would meet him in a few days on the train. Currently Harry and Pansy were cuddling nervously on the couch once again watching some movie or another that Harry wasn't bothering to pay attention to.

Part of his problem was worrying about the girl sitting to his left who looked and felt very comfortable pressed against his side. He wasn't sure what exactly was happening with Pansy but Susan seemed to approve and it just seemed...right somehow. Unfortunately on his right side sat Daphne who was throwing his whole game off. He had finally discovered one of the closet girls besides Ginny and now that she knew he knew she seemed intent on getting him back into a compromising position.

Besides the Blaise isn't interested in me like that so it's okay issue, and the Fine! I'll snuggle with you! issue, there were three people coming tonight that Harry really didn't how he would handle seeing; Padma, Parvati, and Param Patil. The latter being their older brother who was coming to negotiate a possible marriage contract in his father's place. He was fairly certain after the past month with Padma that they would at least be able to remain friends though they might be trapped in a loveless marriage; the real problem was Parvati.

Harry had hardly spoken two words to her since Lavender had broken up with him and began spreading rumors and lies. Even before that he had barely spoken to her, now he was expected to marry her as part of some ancient magical Hindu tradition of marrying off both twins to a suitable husband for the right price. His only consolation was that hopefully she would be thankful that he had acquired the contract rather than someone she didn't know or some family like the Malfoys who would like the entertainment value of having a couple of slave girls around.

He was broken from his thoughts as Daphne snaked her hand onto his knee and he barely controlled the urge to jump at the contact. The girl was sexy as hell and had a personality to match, but she belonged to Blaise. On his other side Pansy shot a venomous glare at the other girl before smiling and placing her hand on Harry's other

knee. He didn't know exactly what was going on here but it was making him extremely uncomfortable. Blaise and Astoria sat on the other couch either completely oblivious or completely ignoring the situation.

One hand slid higher followed by a challenging look from Daphne, Harry was trying to pretend he didn't see their faces or feel their hands but the other hand slid higher up to his thigh, slightly higher than the first. The girls seemed to abandon subtlety all together as hands went to his hair and began playing before he felt Pansy grab a handful and pull his head forcefully toward her where she placed her lips against his in their first kiss. It wasn't sweet like Gin, Mione or Susie, it wasn't needy or passion filled like Gabrielle, Luna or Cho. It was greedy and demanding but he still found himself enjoying their first snog until the other hand grabbed his head and ripped his face to Daphne who pressed her lips against his and every curve and taste of her from the closet came flooding back to him. He was helplessly carried off by sensations being sent through his body by both girls before his mind started to catch up and he couldn't figure out what the hell was going on.

He felt the wards flare and sprang from his seat quickly thankful for an excuse to get away from these succubi who seemed to be fighting about something and using him as the battlefield.

"Uh, wards...Portkey activated, the Patil's are here!" He ran from the room before they could respond and made it down two flights of stairs before he caught himself. What the hell am I doing? I'm running away from two sexy witches with something to prove, toward an older brother who might want to tear me limb from limb for thinking I'm good enough to marry his twin sisters! He thought to himself and debated running back up the stairs and locking himself in his room.

Fortunately or unfortunately depending on how you look at it his Gryffindor courage kicked in and forced him onward down the stairs and toward his fate. He attempted to smooth down his hair, as always it was a futile attempt but he hoped he at least didn't have that just been snogged by fighting snakes look.

He paused one more time to catch his breath before entering the sitting room where he found the twins and one huge and imposing

looking older brother. "Uh...welcome back ladies...and you must be Param?"

He extended his hand and the older man simply looked down at his hand before looking back up at the still scrawny young man with a smirk. "You are the great fighter for the light, Lord Harry Potter-Black?"

Harry resisted the urge to gulp and nodded; he was saved when Padma smacked her brother's arm before crossing the room and kissing him on the cheek before wrapping her arm through his left. More surprising was when Parvati repeated the action ending up on his right. "Stop it Param; you are not here to intimidate a boyfriend, you are here to negotiate with a suitor; and you are being rude." Padma stated a bit coldly.

Param nodded before extending his hand which Harry took only to be rewarded with a half-crushed hand from the man's iron grip. "Pleased to meet you Lord Black, I trust our dealings will be fruitful for both families."

Harry simply nodded before gesturing behind to one of the chairs which he knew were very uncomfortable and sitting both he and the girls in the uncomfortable looking but well padded chairs. Dobby popped in with tea service. "Tea?" Harry asked to hide his nervousness.

At the man's nod Harry leaned forward slightly to play mother but Parvati beat him to it quick enough that it didn't appear so. She poured for all of them before adding milk to one cup and handing it her brother. Padma finished making a cup for Harry, surprising him at making it just the way he liked and handed it to him daintily without meeting his eyes. He had no clue what was going on but took the cup and saucer with a nod at the girl. Param seemed satisfied for a moment before taking a sip of his own cup.

"I will make this short then my lord. The bride price we ask is five thousand galleons. Originally we had hoped for seven but I was recently made aware that one of my sisters has ruined herself and it would be an affront to you to ask so much for one who is not untouched."

"Ruined..." He began before his eyes lit in understanding; he placed no monetary value on such things but thought it best to mimic the culture of the man. "Yes, that is quite unfortunate." He sipped his tea once more and hoped that the man would continue so he wouldn't make a complete fool of himself.

Param sat up and looked imposing again before he spoke, "We of course would not even offer her after such. However tradition demands that they shall both marry the same wizard. I'm sure you understand."

Harry nodded at this, happy that Padma had explained, "Yes, magical twins are a rare commodity and even with this sleight I still find myself honored to have made such a match." He sipped his tea once more hoping that less was more.

The other man nodded and pulled parchment and quill from somewhere that Harry assumed was magically concealed before placing both items on the table beside the tea set. "All that is left is to sign the contract and enter the betrothal period."

Harry's heart was trying to beat its way out of his chest, this would make it official. He would be betrothed to two women after this, he knew it was probably a breach of protocol but had to know. He turned to Padma who simply smiled at him before turning to Parvati. She had her eyes downcast and looked for all the world like a beaten puppy after her being ruined was talked about so casually. He placed a finger under her chin and raised her face up to look him in the eye which she only did after a moment.

He continued to look her in the eye until he caught the tiniest of nods and he sighed before turning back to the table and signing his name to the bottom. Param turned the parchment around and signed his own name as proxy for his father. As soon as the quill left the parchment it rolled itself up and disappeared with a pop. Two more scrolls appeared on the table with ministry seals.

"It is done and filed with the Ministry in both countries. I expect you will transfer the Galleons to our vaults before returning to school?" Harry nodded. "Padma knows our vault number and will be able to assist you." The man stood and pocketed a copy of the document and Harry did likewise, both of his betrothed rising with him though Parvati had gone back to looking meek. The man extended his hand

once more and Harry shook it, trying to return a bit of the strength he had felt before and only mostly failing.

"Welcome to our family Lord Potter-Black, I'm certain my sisters will make you a very happy man. Perhaps after the betrothal period has ended and the wedding has taken place our families can speak of business together?"

Harry nodded not knowing what else to say or do in the situation. Param then pulled out his wand and tapped it to a length of rope he took from his trouser pocket and disappeared in the flash from the Portkey. Harry stared at the spot for a moment before turning to find Parvati looking at him with something halfway between loathing and gratitude.

"Uh...I...um..."

"Yes my betrothed?" She asked him sounding nothing like the meek and subservient girl he had seen only moments ago.

"Parv stop it! Would you rather have been married off to Sachin?"

The girl shook her head but stared daggers at her betrothed and her sister, Harry decided to give the girl some space. "Winky?"

The elf popped in and curtsied prettily, "Master Harry is calling Winky?"

He nodded, "Can you please show Parvati to the Ladies Suite? Also can you get her things here?"

"Winky is already meeting the Patil elfses halfway here and bringing mistress and mistress' possessions. Winky shows you to your room Mistress Parvati."

With a final cold look the Gryffindor girl followed the little elf down the hallway and up the stairs he turned to Padma in utter confusion. "What did I do now?"

Padma gave him a sad smile. "We both respect our heritage and our father too much to refuse whatever match he made for us, this really is our best option." She only slightly nervously put her arms around

his neck and kissed him lightly on the lips. "Of course the fringe benefits aren't bad either."

He finally relaxed a bit with her in his arms. "So then..." He motioned toward the stairs.

She sighed. "Parv is my more rebellious half, she knows this is probably better than any other choice that could have been made for her, but she still has issues with you. Don't worry too much about her Harry, she will come around."

"What was with the meek servant girl act?"

Padma sighed, "Tradition Harry, you are our husband now for most purposes, it is only proper that we should show you that amount of respect when you have company and especially an event such as the signing of our betrothal contract. Parv didn't enjoy that much either."

He grinned maliciously at her, "But you did?" He was rewarded with a blush.

"I don't know, it's been drilled into us all our lives and it's kind of exciting to put yourself under someone else's control..."

"Does she know that neither of you have to do that for me? I don't want slaves and I don't want a Harem. Even if fate seems bound and determined to make up for the first fifteen years of my life."

Padma nodded, "She knows on some level but again, she is the more rash half."

"Why do you keep calling her your other half?"

"Later Harry, for now why don't you show me where this Ladies Suite is."

He nodded and led her up the stairs to her room where she recognized what had been Hermione and Ginny's room when they had been here for Harry's birthday. Harry stopped at the door though. "I'm going to give your sister her space, which includes not going into your room unless I'm invited. Go on and talk to her. I'm not going anywhere."



She leaned in and kissed him once again before walking into the bedroom and closing the door behind her. He turned around and found two sets of eyes looking at him like he was a side of beef. That analogy sent him off on a tangent wondering if they were thinking of splitting him down the middle.

He felt the wards once more and was happy to flee back downstairs to greet the next of his guests to dinner that evening.

They had a wonderful roast dinner prepared by Winky and gifts were exchanged with all the members of the Old Guard that could make it to the celebration. Each of them received a copy of 'Occlumency for the Occluded' as a gift along with a note about learning the art and why. Harry might have been happy to have them stay later but the Portkey invitations were timed to send everyone home at ten. Katie and Luna both gave him kisses on the cheek before they stepped back and disappeared along with the rest of his guests.

He sat down heavily on the couch and let out a sigh; wishing his main squeezes could be here but knowing they needed to spend time with their families as well. Also wishing he could understand or even begin to deal with the Slytherin girls who seemed to be fighting some sort of battle over him; or how to approach Parvati...his betrothed.

He blanched as it sunk in.

He was actually betrothed to both girls now; he had signed the paper and everything; and he wished Hermione were here to help him figure out what kind of mess he was getting himself into. He really wanted nothing more than to settle down and be somewhat normal for a change, but it seemed he would always be the center of attention no matter what he did. If not for being the Boy-Who-Lived and hopefully the Man-Who-Won eventually, now he would forever be known as That-Guy-That-Married-Every-Girl-At-Hogwarts! Maybe Sirius has a well warded private island we can move to...if not I can afford to buy one...

Lost in his thoughts he didn't notice when Pansy sat down next to him on the couch and turned on a movie; not until she picked his arm up and placed it around her shoulders before snuggling into him. He couldn't help but smile a bit at the girl he would have described

as the Penultimate Bitch only beaten out by Bellatrix. In the last few weeks she had slowly gone from Wolf to Puppy near him.

"So..." She said trying to draw him into conversation.

"So are we going to continue pretending there isn't anything going on here?" He said motioning between them.

She sat up and drew away from him, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Of course not, because there is no way that the Fallen Slytherin Bitch Queen could feel something for the Gryffindor Golden Boy."

"Exactly, I'm glad you understand..." She made as if to get up but changed her mind and settled back into the couch.

He sighed, "So what sort of arrangement did you and Daph come to then?"

She had been slowly leaning back toward him as if she couldn't keep herself out of his arms but sat up quickly at his question, "What makes you think we were discussing you?"

He rolled his eyes, "After this summer and the beginning of Term I think I can spot a plan to land Harry Potter from a mile away."

She gave up and leant up against him, allowing his arm to fall back into its natural place. "Well...she and Blaise don't have any sort of sexual relationship and apparently she has a thing for you..." She said the last with a growl, "Not that I have any say in your actions of course. It isn't like were dating or anything."

"Of course not, we're just movie watching buddies who happen to snuggle." He said sarcastically.

"Exactly, so what do I care if she gets you for a day and I get you for the next day in a rotating schedule. I mean it isn't as if you have laid claim to me or anything." She sniffed disdainfully though he wasn't sure if it were the idea of him claiming her, or the fact that he hadn't.

"Well, you probably realize that I met with Padma and Parvati's brother earlier." She simply nodded without taking her eyes off the

screen. "Well then the fact that they are staying in the Ladies Suite should also tell you that they are now betrothed to me."

"What!" She exclaimed jumping away from him. "Now hold on just a second, you proposed to me first! I could have accepted Granger and Weasley, and even Bones as mistresses but now you are going to have two more wives? Twins at that? Aren't you just mister stud? I believe I told you I wasn't interested in joining your Harem!"

"I told you I don't want a bloody Harem! What I want is to be left alone to live my life with the women I love! Padma and Parvati may be betrothed to me on paper but I mainly did that to save them from marrying some rich older wizard who they would be forced to serve like slaves!"

"You're an idiot milord; did you even read that contract before you signed it?" She asked with an arched eyebrow.

"Of course I...wait what?" He asked in sudden confusion...he hadn't actually read the whole thing.

She sniffed again, "One of the things Narcissa drilled into me was marriage customs and which magical society preferred which type of betrothal. It helps to know how that stuff works when dealing with foreign dignitaries and such. The Hindu Magical Tradition is for the betrothal to work as a trial marriage for five years or until an heir is produced."

"What?" He asked in confusion, he knew of the type of betrothal but didn't think those were still in use. Quickly he pulled out his copy of the parchment and began reading.

"Don't bother Harry, honestly. You are required by that contract to have sex with each of them at least once per month until an heir is produced and the wedding ceremony can be planned to finalize the contract. If the family wishes to inspect the goods so to speak they can nullify the contract and keep your money. For all intents and purposes ., and you are required to do your husbandly duties just as they are required to perform their wifely duties."

He could barely get passed the phrase inspect the goods as that brought images to his mind of their brother with them that made him a bit sick to his stomach despite the fact that he knew the sisters

had been intimate. Something about it seemed different, maybe because they were twins..."Parvati already lost her virginity..." He began but was cut off.

"There are still medical charms that can be used to see when the last activity was and with whom. You're stuck; get over it, meanwhile we're through!" She got up off the couch and stormed back down the stairs and he assumed toward her room which was confirmed when he both felt and heard her door slam beneath him.

How can we be through if we never started?

Harry went to bed alone again that night; he didn't want to intrude on whatever Parvati was going through at the moment, or to pull Padma away from her sister. His thoughts were soon interrupted by the panel between the suits opening and two girls walking into his room. He sat up against the headboard and looked at them in confusion.

"Uh, hey?" He tried.

In the dim light and without house colors it was exceedingly difficult to tell which was which, he made a mental note to try not using names to piss them off. It worked with Gred and Forge when they were in a bad mood. "Harry we need to talk about a few things."

He nodded but said nothing so the other girl continued. "I'm sorry that Parvati has been distant and upset with the situation, but that doesn't mean I'm not grateful for what you are trying to do for us." His confusion rose a bit as she spoke both in the third and first person.

"So you aren't mad at me for basically buying you? I'm still kind of mad at myself."

Two heads shook in the dark, "We know why you did it, in fact Padma basically asked you to do it. I know she is at least glad of the arrangement." He caught the flash of twin smiles and still didn't know which was which though he was leaning toward Parvati being on the left.

He gave up, "I'm very very sorry but the way you are talking is confusing me and I have trouble telling you apart in your uniforms let

alone in the dark. Please don't hurt me for asking?" He finished nervously.

His nerves seemed to be unfounded as he heard both of them giggling at him. "It's not funny I'll have you know! Confusing more like it; it took me years to tell the difference between Fred and George and even then I can't tell when they are being serious!"

"It's okay Harry, that's part of what we are here to talk about." Came the voice of Patil one.

"We need to explain a few things to you and to apologize for Parvati's actions as well as for tricking you." Said Patil two.

"Huh?"

Twin smiles flashed again, "What do you know about twin bonds Harry?"

He shook his head and searched through his memory, "Uh, well there really isn't a lot known about it except that most magical twins share a connection."

She nodded but the other one spoke, "Most magical twins have a connection between their souls much like the strictest of marriage bonds; usually in fraternal twins. However in identical twins there is the possibility of a hiccup during development."

"Hiccup?" He was trying hard to follow the logic but the girls kept switching off just like Fred and George and it was even more confusing in the dark and with his hormones running high.

"Exactly, sometimes only one soul ends up being shared between both bodies." The room went silent as they let him take that in.

After a few minutes of silent thinking he tried to put thoughts to word. "So you two share a soul? How is that even possible?"

"We are basically one girl with two bodies...and a bit of schizophrenia."

He chuckled before catching himself. "Sorry, so you mean you're like one mind in two bodies...that happens to have multiple personalities?"

They climbed further up the bed so they were sitting by his knees. "Pretty much, so we can act as separate people when needed. That is actually the fault of our family who treated our bodies as separate people growing up. Parv was mum's favorite and I was my father's. Mum was a gossip and loved her fashion, Dad is quite the scholar; we made sure to switch when we could so it isn't like we lost out on anything."

He was still confused but slowly cottoning on. "So if you are one mind...I take it sometimes you are in both bodies? That has to get confusing."

They nodded though the girl on his left answered. "There are mornings where Padma wakes up in Gryffindor tower...or when Parvati wakes up with you..." Both girls blushed and he smiled.

"Is that why you ran away before? I thought I was just flirting a little too heavily."

"Right in one Harry, I woke up beside you and I was the most comfortable I had ever been, but I wasn't sure what you and Padma might have gotten up to the night before and I needed to talk to her before I accidentally spoiled the wrong body."

The other girl chimed in, "I didn't quite tell you the whole story before Harry. When we first started having those kinds of feelings we tried playing with our current bodies and it was fun but confusing...then we figured we could play with each other. After all it is just an advanced form of masturbation." He groaned as images flipped through his head unbidden and his mostly erect member went to full mast under the sheets.

"Eventually we wanted to know what it was like to be with a boy...so Parvati volunteered to be the spoiled twin and we shared her body while she had sex for the first time. It was nice but disappointing, we really should have waited."

"But we knew we would end up marrying the same person eventually so we kept the other body intact so we could still give our husband that gift..."

They climbed farther up toward him and removed their robes revealing that they were only wearing knickers beneath. He strained against the sheet and stifled a groan as he took in their milky brown B-cups. He did groan when the girl on his right leaned in to kiss him just as Padma had in the past. They separated and his face was drawn to the other side where he received a kiss from who had to be Parvati. It was different, more needy yet tentative at the same time. He smiled as they pulled apart and scooted himself back down on the bed.

"If you are one mind in two bodies then how could Parvati have been so angry with me while I was dating Padma?"

One of them answered, "Have you never been torn about something Harry? Felt like I don't know...like you were happy about something even though it made you sad, or angry with someone even though you love them?" He nodded, "Well with our split personality that can actually become two different reactions. I told you Parv was my more rebellious half, if you want to think of us as one mind then she was the part that was angry at being forced into a marriage contract. She was also the part that was angry at what Lavender was saying about you even though you explained it to us through me."

"This is going to be really confusing isn't it?" He asked trying to catch up to their line of reasoning.

"Well...it doesn't happen on every issue, but when it really matters you will always be able to tell what I'm really thinking."

"As much fun as this might be, I know Parvati still has some issues with what is happening or she wouldn't have been upset with me earlier. Padma and I haven't reached that level yet and I don't want to force anything even if we are in one of the old betrothals."

They smiled and slid underneath the sheets with him to cuddle into both shoulders. "Thank you Harry, Padma made a good choice." The one he assumed was Parvati told him before kissing his cheek.

"I did didn't I? Harry you know we have to in the next thirty days or so right?"

He nodded, "But I know none of us are ready for a child at this point, and I'm under a charm for the next three years anyway. We don't have to rush anything and if your family decides to look into it I will explain that you couldn't produce the heir yet anyway."

He got kisses on both cheeks for his thoughtfulness and Parvati smiled at him before running a hand down his chest and wrapping it around his painfully hard member. "The rest can wait, but you're never going to get to sleep with this and I am the more experienced one of the two of us."

She ducked beneath the covers and he kissed her twin while he enjoyed her ministrations. Maybe this betrothal thing won't be so bad after all...



## Chapter 68: Auld Lang Syne

"I think you will not need me anymore soon." The girl in his arms pouted, however he could feel that she was not being playful and it scared him to his core.

"Don't say that Pet! I don't want you to leave me, ever. I know it isn't fair to you..."

She leaned up and kissed him as she fought her smile but the smile won out as she pulled away. "You mean it Master? I thought I would only get to stay until you had an epiphany and were able to accept that you had plenty of love in your life without me."

He shook his head, "Never Pet, I won't keep you here if you're ready to move on though." His eyes went just a bit dark but he smiled at her. "If it was your time to go then you can go. If that is the case then I've had more time with you than I was supposed to and I will be forever grateful."

"Non my Master, what good would it be to go to this paradise place without you? I will wait, and I had better wait a long time!"

He held up his hands to fend off attack. "Alright, you win. I promise to try not to die any time soon as long as you stay with me."

She climbed into his lap and kissed him deeply, for a few more minutes all was perfect in Harry's world but the darkness began to crawl toward them and he knew it was time to wake up. "I'll see you again tonight?"

She nodded, "Don't come early though, you have some sexy twins to play with first."

He shrugged, "We'll see. For now it's mostly just cuddling, but we'll see."

She smiled and winked at him as his vision finally blacked out. He blinked and looked at the clock on the bedside table, it was still before breakfast and he sighed at being wide awake. Some habits were hard to break; however as with Gin and Mione he was happy to be awake to enjoy the site of twin beauties lying on his shoulders. He tried to relax and go back to sleep but he could feel the muscles

in his back urging him to move. He really shouldn't sleep on his back no matter how comfortable having a witch on each shoulder is.

He groaned a bit as he tried to only roll his hips to the side and got a bit of relief but at the cost of waking the girl on his left arm. She looked slightly confused for a second before smiling up at him. "Morning husband."

He looked confused for a moment before remembering that according to the betrothal this was a trial marriage. He sighed, "Good Morning wife, so from your confusion I assume your Parvati this morning?"

She nodded and smiled at him for catching on so quickly, "I fell asleep on that shoulder and I woke up on this one, we could switch if it's confusing you."

He shook his head, "No that's alright, I'll just have to get used to it won't I? Besides there is no need to wake her up."

"I'm already awake Harry, not much use trying to get back to sleep when your mind is wide awake a few feet away." He couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of that statement. Though he couldn't fault the logic considering some of the loopy things he had done inside his own head.

"True, so...how do we handle this? You know I have Gin, Mione and Susie in my life as well..."

Parvati nodded, "We know Harry, having multiple wives is not common any longer in our culture but by no means is it outdated. We don't think we could have done any better picking a husband and honestly it is almost a relief to share the burden of loving you with so many."

Padma picked up at his confused look, "You deserve as much love as you can stand Harry, more than one woman would be able to provide. Though I suspect that two might have handled it." He nodded as Gin and Mione swam into his mind and a smile formed.

"But this way we aren't tied down to you, if Hermione wants to go off to Muggle University, if Ginny wants to play professional Quidditch, if Susan becomes the next Minister for Magic after her Aunt; there

would still be one of us around to keep you from getting all sulky like usual."

"Hey!" He complained before catching them grinning at him. "I do not get sulky." He sulked.

They continued to smile at him until he couldn't help but smile back, "What about uh...you know, I don't plan to rush into an intimate relationship with you...either of you...both of you...well you know what I mean. No matter what the contract says I plan on making love to you our first time and I'm not quite there yet."

They both smiled at him again, "That sounds perfect Harry, we already tried a quick shag and it was alright but I hear making love is so much better."

He nodded, "It is."

They got out of bed and shared a look before holding their hands out to him. Despite the massage, which he had figured out the secret of, and the fact that they had seen him nude and had brought him off beneath the sheets the night before; he still blushed before climbing out of bed. The girls turned as one and slowly slid their knickers down their legs making his eyes go wide and his breathing shorten before heading into the bathroom. He heard the water running in the shower and smiled, yes this betrothal thing could be worse.

It was a Sunday morning so they headed downstairs for brunch; they were soon joined by the Slytherins. Blaise, Daphne and Astoria congratulated them on their betrothal but Pansy completely ignored them. She went so far as to take a plate with her and return upstairs to her room. Daphne kept looking longingly at the seat to either side of him where sat a Patil twin and kept sighing out loud as if she wanted someone to ask her what the problem was. She was mostly ignored by everyone but Astoria who gave her the evil eye.

After their repast they headed back upstairs and Harry led them through some Occlumency exercises, happy to note that Padma had been studying on her own and the sisters had basic shields already in place. Afterward they did some very light magical training, again by happy accident Padma and Parvati had already been granted provisional licenses at the beginning of the summer.

As they settled onto the couch Parvati sat on his left side and nudged him until he put his arm around her shoulders with a smile. He was surprised when Padma gave him a quick kiss and retired to the ladies suite leaving the couch open on his other side.

"What was that about?" He asked her sister quietly.

"Only one of us needs to relax at a time; not that it wouldn't be nice for both of us to cuddle with you but that would leave someone out."

"Huh?" His question was answered as Daphne happily sat down on the couch beside him as the lights dimmed and unabashedly snuggled into his side. He tried not to let his confusion show but turned his head to whisper in his betrothed's ear. "Not you two!"

Parvati giggled lightly before nodding, "We know the rules Harry, and since she is so obviously interested..." She trailed off and tried not to laugh as he shivered from her whisper of breath across his ear.

"You are all trying to kill me." He whispered back. She just shrugged and shushed him in response as the movie started.

It didn't take long into the movie for Daphne to make a move on him; unlike Pansy who pretended for a week that there was nothing going on, this snake had no compunction about letting her thoughts be known. It didn't take long for him to get painfully aroused once more as she ran her nails along his thigh or tossed her head just enough to tickle his cheek or nose with her hair. He was making a conscious effort to keep his hand to himself but when he would drift off into the movie he would find his hand working into her hair or trailing a finger along the girl's neck, seemingly of its own accord.

He wondered idly if it was his subconscious mind responding to the sexy witch, if it was his hormones forcing his hand...literally, or if it might just be Gabrielle trying to nudge him in a certain direction. He could swear he heard a giggle at that thought that did not come from the other girls in the room. He really needed to think about this.

"That's it, I think I need to take a bath and clear my head. You guys have fun..." He said as he got up and quickly headed for his room leaving confused people in his wake.

He quickly entered his room and disrobed before heading into the bathroom and turning on the taps. He slid into the hot sudsy water closed his eyes placing a wash cloth over them, and moaned as his muscles began to relax in the hot water. My relationship with Pansy might as well be non-existent at this point, I have barely acknowledged my relationship with Padvati... He chuckled at his internal joke. Then there is Luna... lovely, loopy, loony, Luna who I have absolutely no idea what she is talking about half the time but can't seem to get out of my head... Why the hell is Daphne coming on to me and why isn't Blaise trying to kill me?

His mind continued to drift between all of his girls and wondering how he could be so lucky and so confused at the same time. He felt himself becoming aroused as memories of his encounters flooded him and enjoyed the flood of hormones for what it was. His fingers and toes were tingling in anticipation and he felt like bucking his hips in response. He smiled as he swore he felt a weight settle onto his lap and slip him into her wet hole. He lost his smile almost instantly as a pair of lips met his and he kissed her greedily before removing the cloth and opening his eyes; only the girl straddling his hips with his member inside her prevented him from screaming and jumping straight out of the tub.

"Daphne what the hell!" He exclaimed as he recognized the girl through the steam.

"Mmmmm." She moaned lightly as he moved his hips trying to disengage from her only to be met with equal pressure. Despite his objections his body was making itself perfectly clear on the issue. He soon gave in to her moaning and writhing and pulled her closer so he could kiss her as he set the pace for the age old dance. She screamed out his name before long and he let himself go, filling her with his seed and collapsing back against the side.

"I..." He took a breath and tried again, "I repeat...what the hell?"

She laid her head against his shoulder enjoying the full feeling of having his member and his seed inside her. "Mmmm, I thought your idea to take a bath was a subtle invitation."

He shook his head but wasn't willing to push her off his lap yet. "No, I just wanted to get away from everyone to figure out what was going on...especially with you! How can Blaise be okay with this?"

"Blaise is Gay Harry." She whispered into his ear.

"Oh..."

"I will give him an heir eventually but that is the only reason he would want to have sexual relations with me. Even that can be avoided if I were willing to visit a Muggle specialist. In the meantime he knows we like each other and wants me to be happy. Our families are very open about such things after all. I couldn't tell you before, not until I had his permission." She said breathily in his ear.

He slowly extracted himself from her embrace and slid her to a seat beside him. "That still doesn't make this okay! I didn't know it was you in the closet and you basically just raped me!"

She regained lucidity in an instant and looked at him, "You seemed to enjoy yourself well enough! I know I did, especially after you took over..."

"That's beside the point!" He had to take a moment to gather his thoughts once more, as she actually did have a point.

"I have a right to choose what I do with my own body Daph!" She looked like she might cry if he left it at that and he growled as he rolled his eyes. "Look, I think you are sexy as hell, and I am not necessarily opposed to the occasional liaison like this with you. But you can't just have me whenever you want and you sure as hell don't just pow-wow with Pansy and decide how to divide my time between you! I am a human being!"

"You're male! Any other boy at school would be happy to have the two of us fighting over him!" She complained.

"I'm not any other boy and you know it, I just got betrothed to a pair of magical twins, I am in love with three or four other women. My life is complicated Daph, you need to give me some space. I can't handle this!"

"What can't you handle?" She had lost her combative tone and seemed genuinely concerned.

He sighed. "I can't handle this many females wanting my attention. I love Hermione, I love Ginny, I love Susan, I am betrothed to both Parvati and Padma and plan to try to find love with them as well. I don't know what's going to happen with Pansy but most likely Malfoy is going to do something stupid and I am going to end up betrothed to her as well, Merlin help me.

"I have Luna who I definitely like, maybe even love, but she is a strange and wonderful person and she confuses the hell out of me most of the time. There is Tonks, who is now a teacher and is bloody scary when she gets inventive or vindictive during sex, and there is some other girl besides you and Gin who tried to molest me in the broom closet right after my Wife died on Halloween! I have too much going on in my life for you to just stroll in and think it would be alright to shag me when it's convenient just because I'm a teenage boy and any teenage boy should be happy to have all the sex he wants! I don't need or want any more, its bloody confusing and I can barely keep up as it is!"

She was taken aback at his little rant and didn't really know how to respond so chose to go with humor for the moment, "Professor Tonks? You're shagging a Metamorphmagus?"

He growled, "Stick to the point Daph."

"What is the point then Harry? You know you enjoyed yourself and I know you were bloody ready and willing when I came in here so what's the issue?"

He sighed, "Just go Daphne, if you don't understand then you aren't helping me with my problems at all. Like I said I'm not opposed to the occasional hookup but you can't just decide when you want it and expect me to put out."

She looked extremely hurt but nodded as she got out of the bathtub and dried off. Despite his misgivings he had to admit she was amazingly beautiful in the nude. "Your loss Harry." She said as she pulled on her Kimono and walked out of the bathroom.

The people in the surrounding rooms were disturbed by the light pulse of magic as Harry ducked his head under the water and screamed out his frustration.

"Happy Birthday!"

"Merci Master! Though you know I do not get older now unless you want me to?"

"Doesn't matter Pet, this is a celebration of the day you came into the world which is directly responsible for you being in my life... Wait you mean you're going to stay fifteen years old for the rest of my life?"

"Oui, does this displease you? It is possible I can change my appearance ze same way I changed my accent before. Would you like me to look more like Maman and Fleur?"

He shook his head, "I just... so when I'm all old and wrinkly, you'll still look like an extremely attractive and mature fifteen year old girl? Won't that make me a pervert or a Pedophile or something?"

She smiled at him, "What is wrong with being a pervert my Master? I rather enjoy our perversions." She purred at him as she walked on her knees up the bed to straddle him and leaned in for a kiss. "Besides, why would you let yourself be old in your mind? It does not matter to me what you look like or how old you are, you will always be my master. But things would be more fun if you stay zis way when you are with me, non?"

He could only agree as she slipped him inside her and they spent the next several hours making love. Alternating between slow and passionate, to quick and dirty...to extremely dirty. He was forever thankful that as a Veela she enjoyed anal sex, and that her nature kept her clean...of course it was his dream so he would not imagine any dirty little surprises once he was finished.

He made sure to respond to every one of Gabrielle's fantasy's and desires, most them proved to be his own which only made sense being that they were bonded and she was now a part of him in any case.

Finally the clock told him he would have to wake up soon and he frowned over at her. "What if I don't want to wake up?" He asked quietly.



"Master you have many witches who love you and need you in the waking world. I will still be here when you come back, but only if you are a good boy." She leaned in and kissed him softly as the world began to dissolve around him once more.

The three days between Gabrielle's birthday and New Years Eve were a blur of fun with the Twins, brushing off advances from Daphne for the time being, and avoiding the cold looks from Pansy. Blaise and Astoria seemed immune to the strange post-Yule atmosphere but as the New Year approached everyone seemed to loosen up. Especially Harry who was anxiously anticipating having Gin and Mione back.

He had received a large package via Hedwig from Professor Slughorn and was ready to give his bonus gifts at the celebration where he would be exchanging gifts with the Weasley's in any case. Pansy's bitch facade was beginning to crumble slightly once more and Daphne had resumed indifference to him for the time being. Padma and Parvati were constantly laughing at the going's on of their betrothed's sex life, but thankful that he was not pressuring them in any way. Finally the day was here and Harry was nearly bouncing off the walls in anticipation as he waited in the kitchen for the floo to activate.

The flames turned green and he was thrown right off his barstool as first a redhead and then a brunette rocketed from the fireplace. They ended up on the floor in a tangle of limbs as both girls held him tightly and Ginny rained kisses all over his face.

"Oi! How is it I end up sprawled on the floor even when I'm not the one flooing?" He asked getting a chuckle from them as the fireplace flared once more and the rest of the Weasley's began arriving including Ron sans Lavender.

"Happy Christmas Mate..." Ron said shyly even as he attempted not to comment on his sister and his ex slowly pulling their boyfriend back up off the floor.

"Happy Christmas Ron, I would have thought you'd be with Lavender?" Harry asked.

"Oh I spent the last few days with her family but she doesn't know this place and I thought I would be a pretty crappy friend if I didn't show up for your shindig." He shrugged.

Harry disentangled himself from the girls and walked over to give Ron a quick manly hug. "That really does mean a lot Ron. Despite our differences I still consider you a brother and I'm very glad you could come for the celebration."

Molly was not looking all that great as she watched the proceedings from near the fireplace, when Harry caught sight of her she seemed to have dimmed from the bright soul he had met so many years ago to something less. He knew it had been bad when she realized she had an empty nest but was even more convinced now than ever that he had to do something about her situation. He released Ron's hand and walked over to engulf the woman in a hug.

"Happy Holidays Mum." He whispered and was rewarded by tears at the endearment, which she quickly wiped away and smiled awkwardly at the teenagers.

"Well then, off with you to get caught up, I'm just going to find Winky and see about tonight's dinner." At her name the elf popped in.

"You calls Winky Mrs. Weazey?"

Harry took that as their queue and pulled the others from the room and up the stairs to join the rest of his guests who were watching a television program already in progress. "So Harry, what have you been up to?" Ginny asked with a raised eyebrow at the presence of the Twins.

"Uh...well I told you it might be a possibility..."

"Your Betrothed?" Hermione asked in shock. "I thought you said you were going to take it slowly and see how it might work out!"

"I did!" He defended himself and noticed Ron's brain had engaged and he was currently looking anywhere but at the rest of the people in the room as he arranged his thoughts. At least he wasn't bursting out in indignation which was an improvement over old Ron. "I tried, but their brother visited on Boxing Day and it sort of fell into place... but the girls are Happy and things are going slow for now. It really

was about keeping them from an arranged marriage they had no choice in, and there are other considerations we can discuss later."

"But Harry I thought Parvati hated you?" Ginny asked.

"Later." He said firmly, when his eyes flicked toward Ron, Ginny nodded in understanding.

"And what about your other projects?" Hermione asked looking at the rest of the female's in the room.

He shook his head as he felt a headache returning he had been fighting for a week. "Later... Though I did find out some things you will be very interested to hear... Uh, Ron?"

The redhead snapped his head up at being addressed directly. "Huh?"

"I hope you don't mind but Pansy is in the suite you were using before. She is rather fanatic about her showers..."

"Oh... no problem really, I'm only staying for gifts and then I need to get back to Lav's before midnight for my kiss."

Harry's eyes widened in comprehension as a thought hit him. "Bugger..."

"Language Harry!"

"Sorry..." He trailed off again as he tried to figure out the logistics of the problem. He had at least four girls to kiss at Midnight, but how was he supposed to do this..."

"Harry?" Ginny asked in concern.

He waved his hand in dismissal. "It's nothing important, just a stray thought. So why don't we go get comfortable on the couches while we wait for the rest of the Old Guard to get here?"

"I've been meaning to talk to you about that name Harry... it makes us sound a bit dated yeah?" Ron spoke up as they headed for the TV area.

"What do you suggest then?" Harry asked truly interested, he had only chosen the name to distinguish between the DA and those from last year.

"Well we were Dumbledore's Army last year, and that won't work since Defense Association would be the same abbreviation. But we really are a fighting force, not a school club and I doubt you would want it to be Potter's Army..."

Harry made a disgusted face at the audacity of that name, "So I was thinking, why not the Black Guard?"

Harry was speechless; the name paid homage to Sirius and struck a chord within him he couldn't identify. "Ron that's...I don't know what to say really. It's..."

"Perfect..." Ginny said and Hermione nodded in agreement.

"Well I don't know about perfect..." Ron said now blushing slightly. Ginny moved to hug her brother and surprisingly Hermione did the same before kissing him on the cheek. Harry knew better than to be jealous and just smiled at his circle of friends coming just a bit closer to being whole again.

"Really Ron, that is perfect. You know how much Sirius meant to me, and he and Ginny got to be really close last year as well. I just... thank you." Harry ran out of words and simply nodded. Ron understood, a hug in greeting downstairs was fine. But a hug of feeling at the moment, no matter how manly, was just too much for either of them to handle.

"The Black Guard it is then..."

Pansy perked up as they sat down at an angle to the television. "That sounds rather regal and fitting for a Lord of your station."

"It was Ron's suggestion." Harry said to deflect the Witches attention.

She turned her attention to the uncomfortable redhead and raised an eyebrow to appraise him. "Indeed..."

"Uh yeah..." If Ron had been standing Harry would have half expected him to be toeing the ground and saying 'Aw Shucks'. He

smiled at the strange intimacy of the moment, as if these two might have finally found some common ground. It really raised his respect for both of them.

Pansy turned her attention to Harry for only a moment before turning back to the television. Padma and Parvati got up and crossed the room heading for their couch and Ginny and Hermione made as if to get up but Padma held out a hand to stay them before both girls sat on the floor at Harry's feet. "Don't move on our account ladies, we know where we stand in the hierarchy." Padma began.

"It has been discussed at length between us and we have no problem with either of you taking the position of First Wife, we want to fall in love with our Betrothed but for the time being he is simply protecting us from our former fate." Parvati continued.

"In the mean time you two are his primary consorts and as such you take precedence..."

"No matter whom is betrothed first..."

"Nor who is married first in the eyes of the law."

Parvati nodded at her sister and they finished in unison, "The order in Harry's heart is more important."

"That was bloody scary!" Ron exclaimed. "Since when do you two talk like Gred and Forge?"

They both gave him the evil eye. "Just because you never took the time..."

"to actually get to know us..."

"let alone apologize for your actions at the Yule Ball..."

"you wouldn't know what we were really like."

"But Harry does." They said smiling at him from their position on the floor.

"Harry?" Hermione asked in confusion.

"We'll explain it later Hermione, we promise." Padma said and Parvati nodded.

"Harry do you still have some of that Firewhisky? I can feel a headache coming on." Ron asked with pain in his eyes.

Harry nodded, "One shot only WonWon, you wouldn't want to disappoint LavLav later now would you?" Harry commented and gained a blush from his friend.

"Dobby?" A pop, "Can you get a shot of Firewhisky for Ron please?"

"Right away Mister Harry Sir!"

As Ron nursed his glass Harry felt the wards flair as the Portkeys began arriving for the Black Guard. He excused himself to head downstairs and greet his guests and lead them upstairs. Once everyone was settled around the tree in the now renamed multi-purpose room gifts were exchanged. As everyone smiled and chatted Harry went and got the package he had received from Slughorn and brought it into the room before he began levitating the little packages to everyone present.

"Well go on, open them! You should all recognize these from earlier this year."

All the students from Hogwarts opened the wrapping paper and the room was almost silent as they stared at the golden liquid in the unbreakable vile on an unbreakable chain. Tonks thought she recognized it but Molly, Arthur and Remus were lost.

"Felix?" Seamus asked in surprise?

"I thought everyone could use a bit of luck, this isn't for frivolous use though. Next time we engage death eaters, and I'm sorry but there will most likely be a next time, I expect everyone to have their liquid luck with them. There should be about two hours worth here. If we need more than that, then good luck is the least of our worries." Harry said trying not to sound dark.

"Harry this must have cost a fortune!" Molly complained.

He shrugged, "Everyone in this room is special to me, some more than others. I have had enough made to supply the Order and the entire DA with two hours of luck apiece. I have too much money as it is; what good is money if I cannot spend it on my family and friends?"

She simply nodded as she stared at her bottle. "That brings me to my next announcement, I stopped by Gringotts the other day and acquired premises and set up a Trust to be used for my new charity. There are too many homeless and orphaned kids between the last war and this one. Some families were left completely destitute when Death Eaters burned down their homes or killed the bread winner for the household. The Black Trust will now be running a shelter and Orphanage for all magical people. The orphanage is my main concern."

"Of course dear, if only you could have come to live with a family, anyone in the magical world would have adopted you if you weren't sent to those dreadful Muggles." Molly answered him with compassion.

"That's true, but it is a little known fact that Tom Riddle grew up in a Muggle orphanage and it had a hand in making him the twisted bastard he is today. I don't want to see another magical child follow in his footsteps, I am also making a large contribution in the name of the Black Trust to every orphanage in Muggle Britain as well."

"That has to cost a fortune!" Arthur spoke up, "Who are you going to get to manage all that money?"

Harry smiled, "I thought that the person to handle the money should be the person in charge of the orphanage as well."

"But who could you trust with that much responsibility! Raising children is not something you should hand off to just anyone! And then to ask them to handle that much money as well!" Molly complained.

"That's why I only have one person in mind that can handle it and I know she will do a wonderful job." Ginny and Hermione were smiling now as they caught on, and seeing their faces Remus and Arthur soon figured it out.

"Who?" Molly asked.

"You." Harry said with a grin.

"Me? But Harry I... I mean I..."

"You are a wonderful mother, and a wonderful person. You have put seven children through Hogwarts on the pittance that Arthur used to make and before you got any inheritance from Sirius so I know you can handle the money. I also know you have felt like you don't have a purpose now that your children are grown. While I promise we all still need you I know you are the right person for this Mum."

There was that word again and a speechless Molly crossed the room and pulled him into a hug as she began to bawl. "Of course Harry, I would love to! Oh thank you so much..."

He hugged her back as he struggled to breath, finally catching enough air to speak. "Of course Molly...air..."

She quickly released him and looked chagrined as she joined her husband once more. "I also have one more announcement and two more gifts. Padma, Parvati?" He called the confused twins up to the front of the room.

"I would like to formally announce my betrothal to these two lovely girls and bestow on them some of my most treasured possessions." Everyone in the room with the exception of The Slytherins, Ron, and his girls were stunned into silence as he pulled two of his jade necklaces from his pocket.

"These necklaces are charmed personally by me to protect those I love, I lost my wife because I failed to put certain protections on her necklace but since then I have added even more layers until hopefully these will protect you when I cannot."

"Damn straight!" Susan commented as she rubbed the scar on her chest, nobody else said a word.

"I know what we have we cannot call love yet, but I hope in the future what we have will grow into love. Will you accept these as our promise to grow into this together?"



Both girls nodded and he placed the chains around their necks and fastened them before they turned and each gave him a sweet kiss. The atmosphere in the room was entirely too sedate so he walked over to the A/V cabinet next to the TV and opened it. "Enough serious stuff, let's party!" He called before pushing the button to turn on the Muggle radio station.

The party quickly picked up and he joined the Twins in receiving congratulations all around. Both Molly and Arthur seemed confused but a smiling Ginny standing in the receiving line after the twins helped set aside at least the fear that their only daughter was going to be hurt by this, they remembered what he had said about these necklaces and now noticed the others in the room. Ginny was wearing hers proudly outside of her blouse and standing next to Hermione who was doing likewise. Apparently the trend had caught on as both Patils were displaying theirs proudly and looking around the room Arthur found Luna Lovegood and Susan Bones both fingering their necklaces as they spoke to some of the other guests.

They retired to a corner where Remus and Tonks were chatting happily and broached the subject. "Arthur there are six girls here wearing those necklaces! How can we let Ginny be a part of this?"

Arthur looked up at his daughter and smiled in defeat before answering. "Look at her Molly, she has to know and yet I have never seen her so radiant or so full of life, at least not since before the Chamber incident."

Molly looked hard at her daughter and finally had to agree, "It just doesn't seem natural..."

"Harry has enough money to support ten wives Molly, and apparently, enough love for at least six. Each of those girls looks happy and in love, even the Patil Twins are happy with their lot in life. It is not normal per se, but it is legal and if they are all happy, I have no objections." Remus answered her.

Molly noticed how close the two of them were and raised an eyebrow at Tonks. "How exactly do you feel about this young lady?"

Tonks blushed but quickly hid it before looking up at Remus who nodded. She and he had spent a lot of time together at Hogwarts over the last week and she felt like she might be able to give it

another go. Harry had told her multiple times that she needed to follow her heart, and then there was the fact that she was not wearing one of those necklaces.

"Harry was good to me Molly, he helped me through my difficulties with Wolfy here..."

"And he helped me through mine..." Remus interjected before being elbowed by the pink haired Auror for interrupting her.

"I love him, and I think he loves me...but we both know we belong with other people...in fact he continually told me I needed to get my head out of my rectum and follow my heart. Wolfy here finally apologized enough that we are making another go at it."

Molly sighed having lost the only ammunition she had, she turned and looked at Ginny once more before making up her mind to butt out. If it was a mistake, then Ginny needed to make it on her own, and if it was not then Ginny looked to be in for a life full of love. Plus think of all the grand babies!

"Hermione!" Harry called to her and she turned around.

"Yes dear?" She asked mockingly.

"Help!"

She laughed as she sat her drink down and pulled him onto the dance floor. "How can I help you Mr. Potter?"

"I have six girls and only one set of lips. Who do I kiss at midnight?"

She laughed at his predicament, "Tell you what, I'll get everyone organized and everyone will get a New Years kiss alright?"

"You're a life saver. I'm not superstitious or anything, I just didn't like the idea of having five angry witches after me." He said with a smile, and they continued to dance.

Harry was passed around the girls in the room, the girls he noticed were dancing together as midnight approached. They were switching with the music but somehow Pansy ended up in the rotation and as the thirty second mark hit and they began to

countdown it was Susan and Luna, Hermione and Padma, Ginny and Parvati leaving him with Pansy in his arms.

He turned to her, "Uh... look..."

"15...14..." The crowd shouted.

"Yeah...I..." She said trying to hold a serious conversation in less than twenty seconds.

"10...9...8..."

"I'm sorry, but you know I'm not giving them up." He said desperately.

"5...4..."

"I know, it's okay!" She said quickly as both their eyes danced back and forth nervously at the other's lips. He pulled her closer.

"3...2...1...HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

He pulled her close and gave into the urge that had been bugging him since she had snuck into the shower with him a month earlier. In Hogsmeade they might have come to an agreement and sealed it with a kiss if it hadn't been for the dementor attack. The cuddling on the couch might have turned into a snog if he hadn't informed her so abruptly of his betrothal to the twins. As their lips met fireworks went off in both of their heads as well as outside the window Dobby had charmed into the wall so they could see downtown London. They were lost in each other as her tongue touched his lips and he welcomed her to deepen the kiss. As everyone else in the room began singing and hugging each other.

"For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

Pansy pulled back and looked into his eyes and he smiled back at her melting her heart a bit, a line of girls had formed and she looked nervously at the redhead who was first in line. Ginny smiled and pulled her into a hug and kissed her on the cheek before turning and full on snogging Harry. Hermione was next and repeated Ginny's gesture leaving Pansy teary-eyed at her sudden acceptance. Each

girl in turn continued down the line in the same way until they were all grouped around their wizard. Pansy didn't know exactly how to react, or what she had really gotten herself into, she just hoped that there might be one of those necklaces in her future somewhere.

Authors Note:

So Pansy is FINALLY officially-ish with Harry along with the Twins, Hr/G, Susan and Luna...If you think back to how many necklaces he was able to purchase before then there is only the one left to present to a deserving girl.

I know just how OOC my characters have gotten but you have to remember that it's been months and 500k words and 60+ chapters of situations that aren't exactly the same as canon. My Ginny is a bisexual nympho, Hermione loves Ginny just as much as Harry and is completely unthreatened by the prescence of any other female in his life (or bed) and so she is his "sexual/social secretary". In fact I think Hr takes perverse pleasure in setting him up, especially as randy as it makes her and even more so, her girlfriend. The other girls are all pretty much blank slates to start with but I think I have done a good job in general.

My Mrs Weasley was hit hard by Sirius chastising her in his will to treat them as adults, she is not completely okay with any of this but she is willing to let them make their own mistakes. I don't hate the Weasley's and I don't really like reading stories of people who do (for the most part). My Molly did drive Bill and Charlie out of the country and Percy out of the family but I think she has realized some of that and intends to stop making those mistakes. My Molly and Ginny are not dosing Harry with potions or anything like that, if you are still reading at this point I hope you are not a Molly hater.

That said, I think the Molly that I have written and that Harry described would do well heading up the orphanage and the trust fund. They have inheritance and Arthur has a better job so you don't have to worry about them being poor and desperate or anything of the sort either.

...not sure why I felt the need to explain myself, but feel free to critique me anyway in reviews! I haven't gotten many lately and I only just realized that I had stopped posting chapters! Reviews not

only help inspire me, and work as a form of payment,

They also remind me to frickin post the chapters I already wrote!

Also, I only have chapters up to 76 written and I'm stuck on the last few. Inspiration in the coin my muse takes to whore herself out, reviews help to provide that.

"Oi! Nikki! Get your sweet ass in here and entertain me!"

## Chapter 69: Sunday January 7, 1997

Harry and Pansy had grown somewhat closer after New Years but they still kept their relationship confined to his common room for the time being. The first weeks back at Hogwarts had not been anything special, just getting back into the school spirit as it were after a nice winter holiday. Dumbledore had once again begged off their training session on the first Sunday of the return and Harry had not called the DA for a meeting either citing a need to reestablish a comfortable schedule for everyone first.

Ravenclaw had beaten Hufflepuff in their Quidditch match just before the break by a wide margin putting them in second place for the Quidditch cup. Coming up at the end of February would be the Hufflepuff versus Slytherin match and Slytherin needed to win by over 200 points in order to make it into the final. If it had been Draco on the team Harry wouldn't have had any worries about who they would be facing in the final since without an all-star seeker Hufflepuff had no chance of recovery and Cho would no doubt trounce the ferret in that match. Unfortunately the new Slytherin Seeker was good enough to worry about come a rematch against Gryffindor. If Ron kept it up as keeper and Harry didn't end up in the hospital before the next two matches Gryffindor was a shoe-in for the Final.

Harry had just left Dumbledore's office after a quick review of Fiendfyre followed by an introduction to reading magic in your environment. For the first time in a long while Harry found himself truly interested in the subject, most of what Dumbledore tried to teach him was either useless or nearly so in battle. But he found the idea of reading wards, charms and jinxes that have been woven into objects or places fascinating.

In any event Harry headed down to Dinner where his entourage had taken over the far end of the Gryffindor Table. Pansy still sat at the Slytherin Table but his girls made sure to leave the space facing her open for him to sit down when he arrived. Hermione and Ginny sat with the space between them and Luna sat on Ginny's far side; across the table sat Neville, Hannah and Susan followed by Padma and Parvati. Sitting next to her was Lavender who was doing a poor job of pretending to ignore Harry's presence and her best friend's now public betrothal. Ron sat across from her separated from Harry by two girls but generally able to join in the conversation when Lavender wasn't throwing him evil looks.

Ron had confided in Harry that Lav was slowly losing her vehement aversion to him but her stubbornness was part of what he loved about her. Harry could relate as he found that trait endearing in both Hermione and Pansy, though his real relationship with the latter was too new to call love. So Harry tolerated the looks and comments for his friend's sake, and hoped that eventually she would warm enough that the three of them could move past the...unpleasantness that was Harry and Lavenders short relationship.

He glanced across the hall and found Daphne staring at him unabashedly and frowned. The girl had not given up on him even after he had thrown her out of his room. Pansy and he had talked a bit and she was dealing with the issue of sharing with the other girls, but with Daphne she considered it the right thing to do to honor her deal with the girl. When he asked her if his feelings mattered she had shrugged it off. That led to the usual fight with the slamming of doors in his face, followed the next morning by a rather intense snogging session, though he had not taken their relationship to that next level yet.

He met Pansy's eyes and gave her a jolt and enjoyed her genuine smile as her eyes rolled back slightly and she gripped the table, turning her knuckles white for the twenty seconds or so it took the pleasure to wash through her. When she opened her eyes she quickly glanced around to make sure nobody was watching before sending him her best sultry look. His heart skipped a beat before his blood pressure began to rise and he quickly had to look away, though when his eyes met Hermione's he found laughter behind them. She had watched the entire exchange in amusement.

Dinner concluded and the DA stuck around as Harry reconfigured the hall as usual. In Snape's absence Professor Flitwick had taken on the duty as Faculty Sponsor and was rather happy to assist with whatever lesson Harry was teaching for the week. He flicked his wand and opened the doors to let in the group and everyone took their places by group waiting to find out what the first lesson of the New Year would be.

"Alright is everyone here? Can everyone see me? Can everyone hear me?" He asked with a huge fake smile as he strutted down the table-cum-stage. There was nervous laughter as those who

remembered Lockhart got the joke. "Right then, before we get started for the day I have a late Christmas present for each of you."

He levitated the carefully packed crate Slughorn had provided from the corner of the room onto the stage beside him and pulled a bottle from inside. There was a slight gasp as some of the older students recognized the potion in the glass pendant Harry was now holding up.

"Liquid Luck?" One of the Ravenclaw seventh years asked.

Harry nodded, "Right in one. You are all here to learn how to defend yourselves and others; I couldn't stand the thought of any of you getting hurt if I could help it. Each of these pendants contains one hour's worth of Felix Felicis, for those of you who don't know this is Liquid Luck. It will make you extremely lucky for the duration of its effects. It is outlawed in any sport in the Wizarding World but I trust everyone here to use it wisely. My purpose in giving you this is that next time there is battle, whether you are defending yourselves, your friends and loved ones, or this castle; that you will have that much better chance of survival. Remember however, that the first rule of engagement for most of you in this room is to escape with your life and to try to help others do the same. I don't expect heroics."

There was babbling of excited conversation as his section leaders came forward and got enough vials to distribute to each of their charges. With that done Harry began instruction for the lesson of the day before moving around between groups and assisting his section leaders. When he got to the higher sections he began having those split off into pairs or trio's to begin working in teams. One or two would cast shields and the other would cast offensive spells, he wanted them to get used to the idea of working together in other-than-duel type situations. The Black Guard would be starting something similar at Wednesday's meeting.

After an hour Harry called a halt and set the Great Hall back to rights before heading for his suite with entourage in tow. Bernie gave him a wink as they passed through the portrait hole and Harry rolled his eyes as he walked over to the couch and sat down. The rest settled in around him.

"Alright, so what have we got on the 'Project'? We haven't really talked about it since the Holidays and we need to get back on track.



I don't want to meet Snake lips again without a plan in place." Harry said causing the group to somber quickly.

Hermione spoke up first even as she began emptying her bag onto the table, "We have what looks like our best option but I am waiting on a text I ordered from a less than reputable shop in Knockturn Alley before I can finish the translation. Until then we really don't have any other options unless you would like to assist the Headmaster as a plan B."

Harry nodded before leaning forward and placing his elbows on his knees and his chin onto his clasped hands in thought. "I suppose there is nothing for it then but to help him out. Honestly though I don't understand how he expects to find all of these objects. Susan?"

The girl perked up, "Yes?"

"I would like you and Luna to research what you can about identifying a Horcrux. You should be able to find everything you need on this bookshelf, if not let me know and I'll ask Dumbledore." The girls nodded and got up.

"Hermione, you and Padma should continue working on what you can of Plan A. Gin I know you found the first clue but you have to admit these two are scary when they go into research mode." The redhead nodded and waited for instructions. "If you and Parvati can start working on ways to destroy a Horcrux without cursing your limbs off that would be great. We know the Diary was destroyed by stabbing it with a Basilisk Fang." Ginny shrugged and she and Parvati headed for the book shelf as well leaving Harry and Pansy to find something else to do.

"What are we going to do?" Pansy asked with a sly smile.

"Pansy you are to take him in the other room and keep him out of our hair!" Hermione called from the other side of the common room.

"Hey! I'm right here you know!" Harry complained.

"Harry you already know what your job is, rather than sit out here and be bored," He made to interrupt but she shushed him with a finger. "You know you will just sit there and feel useless anyway, we

haven't had all of us working on this before and even then you basically supervised. Now you two go away and leave us alone!"

Smiling Pansy got up and pulled him along with her into his bedroom and closed the door. "I feel like we're being rude." Harry complained.

"She's right though, you aren't really doing anything when they are researching except for feeling useless. You are the 'give me a sword and point me at the basilisk' guy. Not the 'give me a library and let me find an obscure reference' guy."

"What about you though, you could be out there helping!"

She shook her head, "I have my orders milord. When the head wife says jump you jump."

"Head wife? Please don't tell me you are going on about the Harem thing again. I swear I..."

"Yes milord, of course you don't want a Harem..."

"I don't!" He whined.

She just smiled at him, "Despite your protestations Miss Granger and Miss Weasley between them have conspired to get you one. Though I admit I was turned off by the idea at first it definitely has its merits..."

"Merits?" He asked as she pushed him down on the bed and stood before him.

"A noble of your standing should have a good number of concubines or mistresses, whichever you choose to call them. If I were your only wife I would expect you to take at least one mistress once I was gravid with your heir rather than annoy me with your need for sex and risk to the child."

He tried to argue but she had stepped closer to him and started removing his tie causing him to gulp. "Gravid?"

"Fat, heavy, far along in pregnancy..."

"Oh..."

She began undoing his buttons, "And that is just the proper thing for the wife of a noble or royal, then you take into account the clan my family belongs to and the way I grew up..."

He nodded and she stepped back from him and removed her blouse in one quick movement causing her breasts to bounce inside her bra. He gulped again, no matter that he had seen her without there was something about watching a woman undress that was much sexier than simply seeing her nude. "Uh...right..."

"So I don't really have a problem with another wife or two...I admit six others are a bit much..."

"I...uh..." He couldn't think straight as she removed her shoes and then her skirt leaving her in just her undergarments and stockings. He followed the stocking up her leg and toward...he caught himself and looked away.

She smiled, happy that she could still make him uncomfortable. "In any event, though many in our society will openly scoff at our situation and call you a polygamist as if it were a bad thing..."

Having looked away for a bit he found his voice, "Polyamore actually...to me Polygamy would mean I was in charge and all of you were beneath me somehow...that's not how I see it."

That surprised her but she tried to mask her surprise by pulling his shirt off and succeeded when he blushed and she could see the lust in his eyes. "That makes me feel better still, but not my point. Those same people who chided us for our relationship would be jealous of the fact that you have enough money to support so many and the audacity to acknowledge us all as your wives. It gives you credibility and power without even meaning to, and gives me much higher standing amongst the ladies circle."

"Why would you have a higher place among them when you have to share with so many?" He asked when he was able to breathe again.

"Because milord, I am not some wallflower nor decoration, though I do try to make myself presentable..."

"More than..." Harry said with a grin that made her legs weak.

"Indeed," She recovered; he was annoying her when she was supposed to be seducing him. "It shows that I am secure in my relationship with you and with the others. Many of those same fuddy-duddys and old bags would love to indulge in what they imagine we get up to together but were too afraid in their youth to admit to any sort of sexual feelings.

"Remember our society as a whole is about a century behind the Muggles and the older the person is the more they adhere to eighteenth or nineteenth century values. When they were young a woman was good only for making food and babies, if you were aristocracy they were good for babies and socializing with other women. Those sewing circles and what not became covens and some of those witches expressed their desire for sexual freedom such as the men had. They were declared Heretics and burned at the stake."

"That's awful! Why doesn't Binns teach that?" He asked, momentarily forgetting that they were both now half naked.

She stood back and placed one dainty foot on the bed beside him slowly unrolling her stockings causing his eyes to bulge along with his boxers...apparently she had gotten him out of his trousers at some point. She smiled as her power over him returned, "Because he is male, and dead, and was of the old value system. Why would he teach about what he regarded as heresy? He wouldn't want to put ideas into our feeble female minds! In any case back to the point; the fact that I feel secure enough to allow it to happen will make all those witches jealous of my relationship and that gives me power."

She crawled into the bed with him, despite their new found relationship it had only been a few weeks and though she would readily accept his advances he had yet to make any move beyond kissing her. She actually found it rather refreshing after the way most of her boyfriends pawed all over her.

"I don't understand though, if I had to guess I'd say they would look down on you for letting me walk all over you or something." He wrapped his arms around her as they got comfortable on the bed and she rolled to face him once more.

"If I were any other woman they might, but I have been following Cissy around for years and they know I wouldn't take any crap from you. My family may have strange notions about love and sex but the women in my clan are not carpets to be trod upon. Those women know I wouldn't allow anything of the sort." She leaned in and kissed him softly enjoying his body's reactions as he fought his desire. Power over a man was intoxicating even if she knew in the end he would own her.

"What about Hermione being Muggleborn, or the Patil twins being a different race and country of origin?"

She smiled, he was slowly picking up the lessons she had been giving him since she got over her jealousy of his little Harem. "Funny you should ask; the Patil's are a respected family even if they are looked down upon. And the fact that you are marrying both of them says much of your status."

"I am never going to understand all this stuff." He said in frustration.

She just smiled up at him, "That is why you need me around; I won't let you make a fool of yourself if I can help it."

"Well thanks for that, despite appearances to the contrary I am winging it with the political stuff. At this point I'm willing to give Malfoy a chance to keep his mouth shut rather than drag him before the Wizengamot..."

"You can't do that!" She chastised him. A nice side effect was her bouncing breasts, unfortunately that also caused his brain to fog up.

"Why not?"

She looked at him like he was an idiot completely destroying the sexy mood she had set up. "Because you dolt, the entire school has heard about your promise to drag him before the Wizengamot for slander! If you don't do so now you lose credibility!"

"Or I show them all that I'm forgiving and compassionate."

She nodded, "Exactly, a complete pushover."

He climbed out of the bed and pulled his boxers back on. "I am not a pushover; I would think you'd know that by now!" He half shouted.

"Of course milord, that's why Ron Weasley is still around after betraying you so many times."

"Leave Ron out of this! I thought you two had come to some sort of agreement."

She didn't bother to get dressed as she stood up and stared him down. "Harry if you let people walk all over you then you will never achieve your goals. This is not some utopian society where everyone forgives and forgets! You're swimming with sharks now and Malfoy and Weasley are painting targets on you in blood!"

"You really know how to kill mood you know that!" He sniped.

"Please, it's not like you were going to make a move on me anyway. Why would you when you have a set of twins at your beck and call?" She shouted.

Out in the common room those closest to his door had been trying to listen in on the argument. The arguments between Harry and Pansy were somewhat of a favorite pastime for his girls, especially since they usually ended up snogging each other senseless afterward. It was everything that had been said about Hermione and Ron for years except Harry wasn't constantly trying to make himself sound smarter by belittling Pansy.

Everything suddenly went quiet as a silencing spell was placed on the doorway and wall. "That's new." Ginny observed.

"Maybe they moved straight past the snogging to the hot freaky sex?" Padma suggested.

"I doubt it; more likely Harry didn't want to disturb our work." Ginny answered.

Harry lowered his wand, "Listen: for the last time the Twins and I are not intimate yet!"

Pansy sneered at him, "Fine, then let me name off any other source of pussy you could have. Why would you want me? You haven't even told me the fucking prophecy yet!"

Harry narrowed his eyes and Pansy blinked as her surface thoughts began to dance before her mind, in the next moment Harry was ejected from her head and she narrowed her stare at him. "What the hell was that? If you want to know how I feel about you just ask me!"

She turned and stalked out the door, forgetting or not caring that she was still all but nude. Harry stared after her for a moment as she slammed her door on the far side of the common room.

"Harry?" Hermione questioned from the desk.

He shook his head and followed her path to the other door and pounded his fist against it. She opened it up and he barely controlled his breathing as she was once again exposed to him. "WHAT?" She screamed at him.

He pushed her into her room and everyone heard the squelch and push of magic as a silencing ward went up again and the door was sealed behind him.

"I was testing your shields! If you would have given me a second I would have told you I think you're ready." He said trying to calm down.

That was when he noticed the tears of rejection in her eyes, "I don't care about the bloody prophecy anymore! It's just one more thing you shared with them that you haven't shared with me!"

"What do you want from me Pansy? Sex is not the only thing in a relationship you know!"

"But it is part of a healthy relationship! You get me all worked up every fucking day at meals, I think your attracted to me, then all you want to do is cuddle and talk when you get me alone! I don't know how to deal with this!"

"If you can't deal with it then I guess this isn't going to work is it?" He shouted at her, now panting as his blood pressure shot through the roof. He noted that she was breathing just as heavily. His heart beat

was like a drum in his ears and he felt the adrenaline coursing through his veins.

"I..." She was crying again but she stood her ground forcefully gripping her wand. "I guess not..."

The defeated look that crossed her face broke him, before he knew what was happening he had her pressed up against the door and was snogging her for all he was worth. It took only a second before she was a more than willing participant, wrapping her arms around his neck and trying desperately to force him closer to her.

He picked her up and spun her around to lay her down on the bed never breaking the kiss. She ran her fingernails down his back causing a delicious pain and he knew he was probably bleeding, her finger reached his boxers but he was pinning her down to the sheets with his weight. "Off. Now." She breathed out.

He quickly complied kicking them to the far side of the room before resuming his kiss; she reached between their bodies and wrapped a hand around his throbbing member before groaning as she realized her panties were still in place. Desperate to get closer to her he hooked his fingers in one side and ripped the lacy things from her body getting a gasp not unlike the one she had elicited with her fingernails before lining up and plunging himself inside her.

He pounded into her extremely slick passage with abandon and she was soon howling beneath him. It took almost no time at all before his orgasm ripped through him and he buried himself as deeply into her as he could before spilling inside her.

They lay panting for a moment in the afterglow of their maddened love making before she lost all semblance of control and began sobbing beneath him. He pulled away just enough to see her face and he was horrified at his actions.

"Oh my God Pansy...I..." He made to move but she wrapped her legs around him so he couldn't disengage from her body.

"Don't you dare move you complete ass! I'm not crying because you hurt me!"

"But I..."



"So worth it! God I've wanted this..."

He was confused but she seemed happy not angry so the tears were a good thing. He smiled down at her, "Oh really?"

"I'm sorry Harry, I wasn't thinking that day... You and that look, and I knew Daphne had already done it..."

"You tried to shag me in the broom closet! You're the other closet girl?" He asked.

Her sobbing began anew as she nodded, "I didn't really believe you were married to her, I didn't know how hard you were taking it, I just wanted you...and then you couldn't..."

He kissed her tear stained cheeks and then her lips before rolling them both onto their sides on her bed and hugging her close. "It's in the past luv, don't worry about it."

"You're not angry?" She asked quietly.

"No. I'm more relieved to know who the last mystery girl is than anything... so you wanted me that long?" He asked with a smile.

She smacked him lightly on the shoulder but didn't pull away. "Git. I'm pretty sure I wanted you that day with my father but I would never stoop so low as to consort with a Gryffindor, let alone Harry Potter."

"Why?" He asked slightly confused.

"Partly the fame I suppose, but mostly because you never compromised your values and yet still somehow came out on top year after year... I don't know."

"So was it uh...was I..."

"It was brilliant Harry; just don't hold out on me anymore alright? I can't go back to being horny all the time with no outlet except that look of yours. It really doesn't make it any better despite cumming. There's nothing quite like an honest to gods shag."

He nodded and they drifted together in silence for a while, wandering hands caressing rather than exploring. Harry was almost asleep, still tangled up with his new lover when she spoke again. "Did you mean it?"

"Mean what?" he asked quietly.

"My shields, did you really mean you could tell me?"

He nodded and went through the lines of the prophecy as well as his interpretation of it. She listened quietly until he was done and the silence stretched out uncomfortably as her Slytherin side kicked in, looking for loopholes or hidden meanings.

"Not to interrupt, but your silence is a bit scary Pans. I mean, I understand if you can't be with me any longer..."

"Shut your damn mouth you stupid noble git. A Slytherin doesn't run at the first sign of trouble, especially if she is on the winning side."

"You think I can win then?"

She nodded, "First off, the prophecy was probably already fulfilled when you were a baby. He marked you as his equal, you had some power he didn't know about and you defeated him, for almost a decade he was out of commission. Unfortunately that last line 'Neither can live while the other survives' sounds like he has to die; but not that you are the only one that can kill him."

This was a completely different perspective to his prior thinking, enough to make him worry. "You mean I might not have some secret weapon anymore?"

"What do you think your secret weapon was before?" She asked.

"Dumbledore seems to think it is or was Love that saved me. My mother's love to be exact, his guess is that she invoked some old magik charm of some sort that infused her love into me to protect me at the cost of her own life."

Pansy nodded, "That explains the Harem then..."

"It's not a Harem!" He complained.

"Pot-AY-to, Pot-AH-to, the point is I'm guessing Miss Granger set the whole 'Plan' up so you would find love, and then figured the more the merrier?"

"Your scary brilliant you know that?"

"Right, well I agree with her. From everything else you have told me he can't handle your positive emotions so the more love you can find the better chance you have of defeating him. I don't know how you can use it as a weapon without him possessing you though..."

Harry nodded, "Me either, but possessing a weapon I don't know how to use is a lot better than not having any way to defend myself."

"Mmmm..." Pansy mumbled.

He smiled, "And as for Malfoy I think maybe I will add him to the Harem as well."

She nodded before snuggling more into his embrace. "Sounds good..."

He controlled his giggling as she looked too cute to wake up at the moment. "Good night Pans... I can definitely live with this." He admitted the last knowing she wouldn't remember.

"Love you too..." She said softly before succumbing completely. Unknowingly lifting his heart and missing the tear that ran down his cheek before he pulled her closer and drifted off as well.

-SFTP-

"I don't like this; it's been an hour since they went in there." Susan commented.

Out in the common room they had all gotten back to work when nothing more could be heard from Pansy's room but each of them kept tossing glances at the door, wondering what was going on in the room beyond.

"You think they finally gave up and shagged each other rotten?" Ginny asked with a grin.

Padma shrugged, "Or they killed each other and we have to wait for the magic to die before we can open that door and find out."

"Oh? It's like a Schroeder then?" Luna asked.

All eyes turned to the blond in confusion. Hermione drew a deep breath not really wanting to know but finding guilty pleasure in indulging the girl from time to time. After all, she had seen her lucid and knew Luna was at least as smart as Ginny. "What is a Shrouding Luna?"

The girl perked up at being able to talk about her creatures, "Well the Muggles actually discovered them but they are magical undead felines, I think they are related somehow to the Thestrals."

"Undead cats? Like zombies?" Susan asked.

"Not exactly. Schroeders exist in both dead and alive states until someone checks on them since there is no way to know if they are one or the other."

Hermione brought her hand to her face to stall the headache that was forming before taking a deep breath. "That's Schroedinger Luna, he was a Muggle scientist who posed the question about placing a cat in a box to demonstrate quantum theory."

"I told you the Muggles got it wrong Hermione, are the Whizles messing with your hearing?"

"What's a Whi... Nevermind. Quantum Science holds that individual particles can exist in many states at once, and that testing to see what state they are in actually changes which state it was in, thus making it impossible to actually measure them, so it's all theory." Seeing that she was losing the Purebloods in the room she quickly got back to the point. "Schroedingers cat is a play on that theory. If you place a cat inside a box the theory goes that you cannot know whether the cat is alive or dead without checking, thus it exists in both states at once."

"Why would you do that to a poor kitty?" Ginny asked.

"They didn't actually do it; it's just a word game."

"What if the cat was in the box for a month? Then you would know it was dead." Parvati asked.

"Again I ask why you would do that to a poor defenseless cat?" Ginny cried indignantly.

"Nobody is doing that dear, and to answer your question Parv you cannot know that the cat is dead without checking, you can only posit an informed guess."

Ginny huffed in annoyance. "People wonder why Purebloods don't even try to understand Muggles, and then they come up with something like this?"

"It's the scientific method! You cannot know anything until you test and prove a hypothesis. It's the basis for decision making even in the Magical world!"

Ginny huffed once again and Susan meandered over to talk to Luna as the couple began to argue. "So these Schroeders..."

Luna nodded, "We can only make informed guesses about what happened in that room until the door unlocks and we can look for ourselves. So right now they are both dead and alive or one is alive and the other dead, or vice versa."

"You really were talking about Schroedinger weren't you?" Susan asked in surprise.

Luna smiled back. "It's fun to get her all worked up; I can see why Ginny and Ron are so fond of doing it."

"What do you mean..." She trailed off as she caught back up to the argument in the center of the room.

"I'm just saying! We can't know what happened and I'm worried now, we need to break down that door and check on them!" The redhead shouted.

-SFTP-

Harry awoke tangled up in Pansy's arms and sighed just a bit hoping that maybe it was all just sexual tension and they could hold regular conversations without risking him getting his nose broken. He shifted slightly and cast a quick Tempus spell to check the time, noting that it had been just under an hour since they fell asleep.

His movement woke the girl in his arms who blinked and looked up at him with a dopey smile. "Hey boyfriend."

He smiled back, "Hey yourself."

"What time is it?" She asked suddenly a bit alarmed.

"Don't worry it's only been an hour...crap..."

"Crap?" She asked in confusion.

"That means they are probably out there trying to decide if we killed each other or shagged senseless."

She nodded and snuggled back into his shoulder. "Yes please."

"The killing or the shagging?"

"Well I know we both died at least once back there... So are you ready to face the music?"

"Me? Why do I have to go out there?"

She smiled. "My room, my rules."

"This is totally not fair!"

"Who ever told you this was about fair?"

He sighed and got up, "Snake."

She nodded, "Proud of it."

"Minx!"

"No that's later loverboy." She shooed him toward the door with a regal hand gesture.

"I'm gonna get you for this, you know that right?"

She nodded again, "I'm looking forward to it."

-SFTP-

"We need to allow them privacy to get to know each other and work through their issues! I highly doubt they are both dead!"

"You can't know that!" Ginny shouted back. "They both had wands with them...though I'm not entirely sure where they were keeping them..." Her eyes began to glaze over a bit but Hermione missed it in her anger.

"I'm certain that they both had the little death, Pansy possibly more than once!" Luna chimed in trying to be helpful.

"Even if Pansy pulled a wand on him do you really think Harry couldn't have taken her out easily?"

"No, you're completely right Harry does know how to use his wand."

Hermione made as if to retort to that but was momentarily caught up in the double entendre. "Right, so you admit you are just being silly?"

"You're right, I'm a bad girl. Do I need a spanking?"

"No I didn't... I mean I... That isn't what this is about!" Hermione stumbled through the images.

Susan leaned in toward Luna once again. "Do you think Ginny was setting this up the entire time?"

Luna nodded, "Do you think Hermione realizes she was being egged on the entire time yet?"

"Your right! I definitely need a spanking! Unless you are the one that needs a spanking?"

"What? I...I mean... that's neither here nor there..."

"You were yelling at me Mione; I think that makes you a bad girl... What do bad girls get Mione?" Ginny purred as she began to walk around the suddenly stiff girl standing at attention.

"Bad girls don't get fun time..." Hermione answered hanging her head.

"And what do good girls get?"

"Spankings?" Hermione asked a bit hopefully, surprising the others in the room. Thankfully she was saved by the sound of the spells being removed and Pansy's door opening to reveal Harry.

"Oh... so you're all still here then..."

Hermione ignored the others staring at her and turned to him. "Are you both alive in there?"

"Uh...yeah..." He said as he walked into the common room and back toward his own, "So...what's been going on out here then?"

"Don't change the subject Mister." Ginny quipped as she walked over to him and gave him a kiss, inhaling as she did so. "Someone's been naughty.." She singsonged.

His breathing got short and he began to panic. "It's not like that!"

Ginny was already worked up from teasing Hermione and the flood of images running through her head was pushing her to be more daring than usual; quite an accomplishment. "Tell me everything!" She whispered in his ear even as she ground against his erection through his boxers.

Harry however slammed on the brakes so suddenly that she didn't realize he had disentangled himself from her until she was sitting on the couch beside him. "Look Gin, I know we play that game but things are different with Pansy. She isn't just some girl I shagged in a broom closet and she isn't completely comfortable with the rest of you yet; I don't want to break her trust by telling you what we do together without her permission."

Then he kissed her and walked into his room, closing the door, Hermione quickly sat down and pulled Ginny into a hug. "He wasn't



being mean Gin; you know that, he just has a lot to deal with right now."

She nodded even though there were tears in her eyes. "I know, I know Mione... I didn't really mean to pry like that... it's all your fault."

The brunette sat back at that. "My fault? What are you on about?"

Ginny grinned as her tears stopped and sent a rather sultry look at her girlfriend. "You got me all worked up in that argument, then offered to let me spank you before we were so rudely interrupted by Mr just-got-shagged there."

"I... I didn't... I mean... really?"

Ginny stood and pulled Hermione up with her. "You were right Mione, those two need more alone time to figure it all out, so why don't we all call it a night?"

The others all agreed readily though they all wanted to stick around and see if there would be a floorshow now that the preshow was done. Ginny pulled Hermione through the portrait hole by her tie after everyone else. "Come on, somebody was a good girl and I think she needs a treat."

"Only if I get to return the favor! You were awfully good back there too."

Ginny nodded with a grin as the portrait closed behind them.

-SFTP-

A head poked into the empty common room and smiled before strutting across and into the door opposite. She could hear the water in the shower running and quickly divested herself of the robe and fresh knickers she had thrown on before walking into the steamy bathroom and up to the glass of the shower door.

Harry heard a click as the door opened and didn't need to turn to see who his visitor was. Deciding to have a bit of fun he called quietly over his shoulder. "Is that you Draco? I thought you'd never get here!"

"DRACO!" Came the indignant squawk from the girl behind him. He quickly turned around and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her under the showerhead with him and causing her to splutter a bit as the water got in her face.

"You're not Draco!" He exclaimed playfully. "Draco is much more girly."

"Let me go you great Prat!" She spluttered still being held under the water.

He did so with a chuckle as the normally rather stoic girl looked a bit like a drowned rat before him. Usually when she was in the shower she made certain to have the water run her hair back so that she would look sexy and still be able to see him. At the moment however her hair was down in her face.

He continued to laugh quietly as he brushed her hair back and grasped her cheeks just forcefully enough that she couldn't look away from him. It took her only a moment of looking into his eyes to completely lose her anger at him. "I know you aren't Draco, and I promise I am not a pouf."

"Good to know, six or so other women I can handle but if you ever try to bring that spoiled brat to our bed I will cut off your balls with a spoon!"

"Wouldn't a knife hurt more?" He asked casually.

"Nope, the spoon is dull so I'd have to dig more." She said with a smile.

Men in Tights had been on the movie list over the holiday and had been one of the only movies Pansy had asked to watch more than once. "So..." He said with a shrug.

"So how did it go after you bravely faced the rest of your Harem?"

"It's not a Harem and it didn't go so well..."

"What? What happened?"

He shrugged as he rinsed one more time and turned the water off, stepping out of the shower he smiled at the fact that two towels had been set out for them on the counter and handed her one before he began drying off.

"Gin has this thing about me and other girls..."

"I noticed."

"Yeah well she must have smelled you on me or something..."

"She is a little vixen isn't she?"

"And she wanted me to tell her all about it. She didn't take it well when I told her no; I think I might have made her cry. I don't like to see any of you hurt." He finished sadly.

She finished drying off and pulled him into the room and down onto the bed where they quickly rearranged themselves so that she lay on his shoulder looking up at him as he talked.

"You mean you were worried about my feelings enough to tell her no?" Pansy asked quietly. Once more Harry had surprised her.

"Yeah..." He pulled away a bit and lay on his side with his head propped up on his elbow so he could see her better. "I know you aren't exactly comfortable with the other girls yet and I didn't want to assume anything."

She leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips. "Thank you Harry."

He shrugged. "I think it will be okay, she just isn't used to it you know? She was the first one to tell me she loved me."

"Not your first though?"

"No that was Mione... the whole situation was screwed up. I was semi-dating Gin while Mione was with Ron, but he was being typical Ron and she ended up coming to me for comfort... I don't know when it happened really..."

"That's because you were and are still an idiot most of the time. A cute idiot; don't get me wrong."

"Oi!" He chided her playfully.

"You've been in love with Hermione for years dummy, just like she has been in love with you but you were both too stupid to make a move."

"Maybe..."

"And I take it you were naked when you were comforting her? Somehow I get the feeling that helped things along."

"Yeah..."

"So was Gin or Mione the first one you fell for?"

He smiled. "No that was Gabrielle; I don't know...she was so insistent on being my property or my pet... It was all about me for a change you know? I might have already loved Gin and Mione but I had no idea how to tell if it was love or not..."

"Your relatives..." She growled out.

"Yeah, anyway Veela have this quirk where they smell and uh...taste...like your favorite things when they bond to you. But when their master falls in love with them they stop smelling everything else and just smell them. It was easier to know that I was actually in love with her because there was some external sign to help you know?" She nodded. "After that it was easier to tell the others once I felt something similar."

"I'm sorry again, I really didn't know..."

He placed a finger on her lips and leaned in to kiss her causing her to smile against his lips. "I know and it's okay. That was a bad time for me but I'm alright now."

"How?" She asked wanting to cry. If he loved his late wife half as much as she knew she loved him she couldn't understand how he could be okay only a few months after losing her.

He smiled but his posture was tense and she knew he was hiding something and deciding whether to tell her or not. "You'll think I'm crazy."

She shrugged, "I know you're crazy milord. It's part of your charm."

He nodded and took a deep breath. "Gabrielle didn't exactly die..."

"What?"

He ignored her outburst and continued before he chickened out. "When she was in the hospital I told her she couldn't leave me and that she just had to get better. Well, she took that as an order and got better long enough to have one more night with me, and when her body died she stayed with me."

"You mean she's a ghost?" Pansy asked looking around the room. "I would really like to meet her."

"No not a ghost... it's almost like she is possessing me, which is kind of funny since she is technically my possession." He could swear he heard her laughing at him in his head and smiled. "Anyway as long as I don't let my dark emotions run me I meet her in my dreams. It was just another reason I thought I was going crazy right after she died, because when I let my depression get to me I couldn't see her but then I would have a good day and dream about her that night. But she knew things that I didn't which made me question whether she was just a dream. Finally over Christmas I flat out asked her if I was dreaming and she explained to me that she bound herself to my magic, using this necklace as a conduit." He said holding his own lightning bolt pendant up.

"So is she bound to the necklace or to you?" She didn't even question what he was telling her and could see the tension leave him when he realized she wasn't going to commit him to St. Mungo's.

"I don't really know. She said it was the necklace that helped her but I don't think..."

'Non master'

"What?" He asked the room.

"Harry?"

"I... I think I actually just heard her!" He sat up quickly and looked around. "That's really weird. I mean usually I get feelings from her, I might even hear her laugh in my head but I don't hear her saying anything unless I'm asleep."

He continued to look around for a minute before sighing. "So you can see why I think I'm going nuts sometimes..."

"You're already there milord, but like I said its part of your charm."

He nodded and settled back down onto the bed. "So..."

She could tell he wanted to change the subject. "Did you know the first Wizengamot session of the New Year is next Friday?"

"I don't really have anything to say or do now that we have a competent Minister and the Werewolves are being treated better..."

She just stared at him for a moment. "And?"

He cast around in his mind trying to figure out what she was talking about before it came to him. "Ah... Draco."

She nodded. "Draco needs to be put in his place milord. You cannot let him get away with what he has done to you, especially after you called him on it. Besides, you need to attend and vote at these things for a while so that those people get used to you being a player."

He nodded and sighed again as he flopped down on the bed. "I guess. Have I ever told you all I want is a normal life?"

She snorted at that, and was not self conscious enough to even notice. "You have never been and probably never will be normal. You have a prophecy hanging over your head and a madman trying to kill you. I say you take the good with the bad."

He nodded, "I know, my godfather told me once that I should embrace my fame since I can't get rid of it."

"He was apparently a very smart man. You also need a publicist."

"What? Why would I want to give them more information?"

"Because if you make yourself available to them you can control the information. When you shy away they will just make things up about you. Like it or not you are famous and people have a craving for news about you. So we give them a few lines every now and then about what you are doing and maybe the public will eventually see how boring you really are. Journalists abhor a vacuum"

"Ha! I wish my life was boring."

"I don't, you keep things interesting."

He nodded at that again and the room went quiet as they looked at each other trying to think of anything else to say. For him at least it was getting awkward being in bed naked with her after what happened earlier. He didn't know if he was allowed to make a move or if it was a fluke. "So..."

"You are quite the conversationalist you know that?" She asked playfully.

"Yeah..." He trailed off.

"So about this situation with Wea...Ginny."

He perked up at the mention of his favorite redhead. "Yeah?"

"You can tell her anything you want to, I might even be open to letting her join us sometime..."

"But?" He asked, sensing she had a stipulation.

"Well..." She hesitated, "First can you tell me about your first time with her and pretend it's me?"

He smiled now that he had a green light to move their relationship forward again.

## Chapter 70: Ginny

Severus woke up in the hospital wing and looked around warily for any sign of his next torture. Long ago he had given up wondering how long he had been here or how long his punishment would last. He had already decided to quit straddling the line between light and dark and simply give in to the inevitable. He would throw himself upon the Dark Lords mercy and beg to join the regular Death Eaters again even if it meant killing his sometime friends. After all, the Cruciatus had nothing on the deviant mind of Harry Potter and he would never be able to look the old man in the eye again without puking.

He sat up and felt his muscles complain at long disuse, apparently he tripped some sort of ward on the bed as Madame Pomfrey came bustling out of her office to check on him.

"Severus! Lay Down! You've been unconscious for months!"

"Is that all?" He groaned as he lay back down on the bed. "I would have thought it longer... Where is Potter?"

The matron looked very sad for a moment before letting out a sigh. "I'm afraid when You-Know-Who attacked the school he was killed in battle along with the rest of the staff, I'm afraid that only you and I are left."

He sat up again ignoring the pain and grasped the woman by the shoulders. "Dead? Potter is dead? Dumbledore is dead?"

She looked at him and began to sob quietly. "I'm sorry Severus, I know how close you and the headmaster have become."

"What? Oh, right... so are they closing the school? Who will be headmaster?"

"Well with you back I would expect it was you as I already turned down the position. You have seniority."

"What of the Dark Lord?"

"He died in the battle as well, as far as we can tell; he and Potter both cast the killing curse and died simultaneously..."



He tried not to laugh but the confused look on her face told him his expression had broken through the normally cold facade. "I'm FREE! The old man and the Dark Lord are dead! Potter to boot!"

Snape leapt from the bed and began to dance; it was not a pretty sight. "Potter is dead and I'm Free!" He sang. "Finally I get what is coming to me!"

"Really? You want what's coming to you?"

Snape froze and turned around slowly dreading the owner of that voice. "P-Potter?"

Harry smiled as he began to glide circles around the man. "Yup in the flesh...so to speak. Apparently my connection to you kept me from crossing over; I've been waiting for you to wake up."

"C-connection?" Snape asked still in shock.

"Yup, looks like I'm stuck with you forever! Some bloody reward I get for saving the Wizarding world isn't it?"

"No! No this can't be happening!"

"Sorry old chap but I already went through the stages, I think denial is the first stage, you are already angry and depressed, and there is no bargaining so you might as well just accept it already."

Snape cast his eyes around the room trying to find any escape; he turned quite suddenly on Poppy, "You have to have something, something that... that I can use to get out of this!"

The matron looked horrified before pointing to the potions shelf with a shaky finger. Snape fled across the room and began discarding potions at random until with a happy cackle he turned back toward the ghost and the nurse. "Ah Ha! I do have a bargaining chip left!"

"Huh?" Harry asked quizzically.

"I hold here an improperly stored Draught of Living Death that looks to be at least a year old. Do you know Potter what happens to this when it is improperly stored for long periods of time?"

"Uh...no?"

"It gets stronger! To the point that you go to sleep and DIE instead of not waking up! Now who has the bargaining chip?" With that he uncorked the vial and quickly downed the contents. "Now come to me! Sweet release of death!"

The pain started in his toes as a tingle that quickly became thousands of knives attacking every nerve ending he had. "What the...Aaaah?"

Pomfrey began to chuckle along with Harry before she embraced the ghost... You can't embrace a ghost! "Damn you Potter! AAAAH!"

The pain reached his chest as Pomfrey turned back from a kiss with a large smile on her face. "Eet will not be so easy to escape as that Snape."

The darkness closed over him but the pain remained.

"Morning."

He cracked his eyes to find grey staring back at him and smiled before trying to stretch and realizing the passionate and rushed 'grudge' sex from the night before had overtaxed muscles even He hadn't realized he had. "Grrrrnnnn."

"You aren't the only one sore you know, and you aren't going to be trying not to walk funny all day, now get up! I expect you to wash my back before breakfast!"

"Grrrr, aren't I supposed to be the one in charge in this relationship?" He complained as she tossed the covers off and began tugging on his arm to get him out of bed.

"You haven't claimed me officially, so no. Even then if you expect me to be a shrinking Daisy..."

"I thought you were a Pansy?"

"Not funny." She stared him down until he got himself out of bed.

"I don't expect any such thing, but a little consideration would be nice."

She steered him toward the shower and got the water nice and hot before joining him and beginning to massage his aching back and shoulders. "There are limits to even my Head of Family milord. As your wife it would be my duty to make certain you are on time and presentable. In keeping with that I will be keeping on you until you show me that you can take care of yourself."

She turned the water off after rinsing her hair out and got him the towel that had been laid out before beginning to dry herself off. "I can take care of myself." He pouted.

"I'm sure you can milord, but as long as you are with me you will be more than presentable. Am I understood?"

"Yes mistress."

"Again, not funny. Now we are going to breakfast in 20 minutes, I'll meet you in the common room so you can escort me down."

With that she turned and strutted rather nakedly from the room causing his nether regions to stir at the sight. He silently cursed his body as he didn't think he would be in any shape for a repeat performance for a few days at least.

They parted ways as they entered the Great Hall and Harry headed to his customary seat at the Gryffindor table; groaning as he sat down.

"Long night?" The too-perky redhead asked from his left side.

"Something like that... Gin look I'm sorry about last night, things were so confused and I didn't want to cross a line without knowing where the landmines were."

She shook her head as she began making his plate, Hermione pouring his juice on the other side, listening in on their conversation. "No you were right Harry, and honestly it only took me a few seconds to figure that out. What you two do together is private."

He leaned in with a smile and kissed her on the cheek drawing envious stares from the older Gryffindor males further down the table before moving toward her ear.

"I'm glad you think so, however you might like to know that she rather liked the idea." He whispered.

She shivered as the nerves on her neck set off a cascade of goose bumps over the rest of her body. "Oh?"

He nodded and lightly touched his lips to her ear. "In fact, she asked me to talk about our first time, and pretend she was you."

She quickly drew away from him as if burned but the look on her face and her heavy breathing told him it was a very good burn. "You. Me. Later, got it?"

He chuckled before groaning again. "Ow. I don't know about that Gin, I'm a bit on the sore side."

"That good?" She asked him teasingly.

He leaned in once more and she nervously looked around as she tried to control her raging hormones; and spoke to her in a very deep and raspy whisper. "If you're a good girl I might show you later."

"Oh god..." She whispered as she soaked through her knickers. "This is totally not fair!"

"This seems like a good time to tell you about the new plan Harry." Hermione chimed in. He sat up and turned toward her, mouth open in question only to have bacon shoved in.

"No interrupting. We decided last night that we were not all getting equal treatment and if this is going to work we needed to figure something out."

He finished chewing and smiled as he swallowed. "So you made a schedule." The other girls laughed out loud at the look on her face.

"So I... how did you know that?"

"You're Hermione." He said; still with a smile.

She looked as if she wanted to rant at him for a moment before shrugging to concede the point. "In any case, you will have three to four days with a specific designated girlfriend for the next month or so. Jealousy is the only thing that might work against us as we all seem to get along rather well considering the circumstances."

He took a deep breath to keep himself from blowing up at having his life ran for him. After all, she made sense and for once the manipulation was definitely in his favor. "All right, so who is designated girlfriend number one?"

Ginny grabbed his face and snogged him in view of the entire hall. "Me!" She said breathlessly.

"Miss Weasley!" McGonagall called as she stopped on her way to the head table. "Show some propriety please! I dare say if Professor Snape had seen that you would be scrubbing cauldrons for the next week!"

"Sorry Professor." Ginny said happily; no trace of guilt on her face.

"Yes...well, carry on..." Ginny made to grab him again before being interrupted. "Carry on decently!"

"Yes Professor, sorry Professor." McGonagall rolled her eyes and continued on her way.

Harry smiled down at her as he took a drink. "So our not so secret ongoing relationship is totally out in the open now?"

Ginny shrugged, "I'm in love with Harry Potter and I don't care who knows it! At least not now that he is in love with me."

He shrugged right back at her. "I suppose it's as good a time as any. If Tonks and Pansy could figure out the extent of my relationship with all of you then there is no way Tom doesn't know by now. I am just worried about the hate mail after a Teen Witch Weekly article. Hermione barely got a mention in the Prophet and look what happened."

"Worth it. So about later..."

"I'll have a muscle relaxant and restorative draught ready for you after lunch dears. Have fun without me!" Hermione said with a smile.

Harry turned back to her in concern. "Uh... what do you mean without you?"

"I said one girl at a time Harry and that includes Gin and I. It isn't fair to her if she has to share you with me all the time."

"Or fair to her if she has to share you with me all the time. Not that it has been all the time lately anyway." Ginny finished.

"And speaking of Professor Snape, Harry when are you going to let him go?"

That actually caught him off guard, "Quite the non-sequitor Mione."

"That doesn't answer the question."

He sighed. "I don't know, I haven't even thought about him in months. It isn't like it takes any special effort on my part to keep him put away."

"So you aren't running punishment scenarios in your head against him?" Ginny asked.

He shrugged again and groaned as his shoulders protested. "I don't think so; and anyway if I let him out then Tonks won't be teaching Defense anymore, do you really want that Mione? She has been the best teacher yet."

"Don't let Remus hear you say that." Ginny said with a smile.

"The point stands, we only have a couple months until exams left and his body is perfectly fine in the infirmary. I'll let him go after, I promise."

Hermione pouted for a moment before giving up. "Well in any case, Pansy can take over for Gin in researching and Gin can keep you out of our hair."

"You act like it's a chore having me around." He said sadly. "You only want me for my body."

Parvati chimed in from further down the table. "And your money, don't forget the money!"

"But the body is definitely a bonus." Susan added.

"I happen to like his rather large..."

"LUNA!" The other girls hushed her before she could finish the thought. Being Luna Lovegood however she charged right on.

"...heart." She finished with a smile.

The other girls blushed as one having all been thinking exactly the same dirty thought.

"...and lastly Ginny you take Harry in the other room and keep him entertained."

"I'm right here you know!" Harry complained, but only a little. Ginny proceeded to drag him toward his bedroom as the others began to work on the "Project".

The door closed behind her and suddenly they were alone...all alone, in his room, with a bed and everything; for the first time in months. They both found themselves suddenly quite shy.

"Uh...hey?" Harry offered casually.

"Hey yourself..." Ginny said with a blush.

"So..."

"So..."

"This is ridiculous! We've slept together, had sex, seen each other completely in the buff, I love you! Why are we both blushing like virgins?" Harry asked in exasperation.

"Maybe...maybe because we haven't really been alone together, ever... I mean Mione left us alone that first night, but after that we

were kind of a threesome and then we were sort of a couple and sharing you or you were sharing me with her..."

"Or we were all sharing equally...yeah I get it... So..."

"Oh no you don't!" Ginny said with a predatory smile. "Now that we got that out of the way it's time to play!"

"Oh really?" He asked with a large smile. "And just what would you like to 'play' this evening?"

Having him take the lead once more left her casting around for an idea, she was good at being in charge, or being submissive, but when it came to a mix of the two she got lost quickly. "Uh... well at breakfast you said..."

He smiled at her blush and wondered how he could inspire that same raw passion in Ginny that he had found the night before with Pansy. In the end he gave up for the time being and approached her masterfully; barely noticing how she relaxed as she fell into the role of submissive. "Oh so you want me to tell you about my first time with Pansy then?" He whispered in her ear as he walked slowly around her; trailing his fingers along her lower back and breathing on her neck. Her breathing began to speed up as she nodded.

"Well first we are both wearing entirely too many clothes, don't you think?" he asked as he stopped in front of her.

She nodded and pulled his sweater over his head followed by her own before undoing his buttons and tie. He grabbed her hands which were shaking from nerves and kissed her finger tips. "You can slow down Gin; we aren't in a broom closet or an alcove right now."

She slowly untied her own tie and undid her buttons before shrugging out of her blouse. Undressing slowly in front of him had its own erotic feel and she was definitely getting worked up in the process. Meanwhile Harry removed his trousers and socks before sitting on the bed and watching her. She made to quickly undo her bra but he stood up and grabbed her hand where it was pinning it to her back and leaving her half defenseless against his chest. "Slowly, I want to watch you." He whispered before sitting back down casually.



She took a deep breath and turned away from him before reaching back and unclasping her bra, with her other hand she held the garment up over her breasts as she turned back around to face him and felt her center begin to throb along with her heart beat as she let it slide slowly down her arms, she noted the tent in his boxers and the intake of breath as the cold air puckered her nipples.

Feeling a little naughtier now that she could see he was enjoying it she turned and slowly undid the zipper before bending over and sliding her skirt down her legs leaving her in just her knickers and tights. She was cursing herself inwardly for wearing the tights instead of the stockings but it was bloody cold that morning!

Meanwhile Harry was trying desperately not to stroke himself to the show in front of him or grab her and have his way with her. He was supposed to be showing her what had happened with Pansy and Gin was nearly where he needed her. So he bid his time and enjoyed the sights along the way.

Ginny removed one leg slowly from her tights, hating how unsexy the act must look and decided to make up for her supposed lack. She approached him and placed her other leg on the bed beside him before beginning to slowly push down the other leg, not knowing that as each inch of skin was exposed he was breathing in her scent and trying not to cum in his pants.

Finally she stood before him in just her knickers and began to take them off before he stopped her hands and stood up. She looked at him questioningly before he grabbed her shoulders and slammed her against the door. "Harry what the fuck?"

Her words were soon muffled as he kissed her passionately and she began to lose herself in him. He lifted her up off the floor and turned around laying them both on the bed. She could feel him pressing against her entrance through his boxers and growled as he moved to her throat to suckle greedily.

"Off, now!" She said as she tried to tug on his boxers unsuccessfully, unknowingly repeating Pansy's sentiments. He quickly complied and attacked her throat once more; he was going to leave a mark if he wasn't careful! And god how she wanted him to leave a mark!

She thrust herself toward him once more only to realize her knickers were still in place. "Bloody..." She started to growl out a long string of expletives before she felt a sharp pain in her left hip and against her leg as the material gave way. Harry had just ripped her knickers off in his attempt to get to her! Before she could comment he sheathed himself in her without warning and began to pound away with abandon.

Bliss! She couldn't think of any other word to describe it. It was like he was using her for his own pleasure with no regard to what she wanted, luckily being used was exactly what she wanted since stripping for him and her pleasure matched his thrust for thrust. It wasn't long at all before they both went over the edge and lay panting together in his bed.

"Holy crap!" Ginny panted when she finally got her breath back. "What the hell was that and when can we do it again?"

He smiled as he rolled onto his side to face her. "Ask me again tomorrow morning. Remember how I looked at breakfast."

"So that was your first time? Not sweet and innocent and loving?"

Harry shrugged, "We were arguing, then suddenly we were snogging, then we were shagging. We did it right later on though..."

"So does that mean you love her?" Ginny asked a bit meekly. The sex she could handle but him having feelings for other girls always scared her senseless, afraid she would be losing him entirely.

He shrugged again in response, "I'm not opposed to marriage even if it is just an arrangement. I think I could love her but I still can't really say that I love her as much as say..." He caught the look in her eyes and grinned. "...Susan."

"Susan!" She screeched at him. "Are you sure you don't mean someone else?"

"Luna?" He asked nonchalantly.

She growled at him and he was starting to rethink his little game. "Uh...Mione?"

"Close but no cigar!" She dove on him and began tickling him mercilessly while sitting on his stomach. Despite his laughter he couldn't help but notice the sticky mess she was rubbing all over him and his member came right back to full attention. She noticed as he did and grinned wickedly down at him. "Have you rethought that statement yet?"

"Um..." He gulped. "Cho? Daphne? Hannah? Mandy? Marietta Edgecomb? Am I getting warm?"

Fingers quickly found his weak spots and she had him bouncing around beneath her quite pleausurably minus the fact that he was slapping her back without using his hands instead of being inside her. "Think again mister!"

"Should we tell them they forgot the silencing charm?" Parvati asked the room. Padma sat across from her rocking slightly on the arm of the couch.

She was looking more than a bit agitated and Padma wasn't looking much better. All of the girls were pretending they couldn't hear everything on the other side of the door but likewise everyone of them were squirming a bit in their seats.

"No I am quite enjoying myself, would you like to try some of my balls?" Luna asked the girl.

"What?" Parvati asked wide eyed.

"Luna is quite accomplished with her weighted balls; apparently she can hold about three pounds at a time." Hermione remarked absentmindedly, not even realizing what facts were currently leaving her mouth.

"Oh not those balls, these balls!" Luna said as she pulled a box of chocolate malts from her book bag. "They are really quite tasty."

Padma finally had enough and got up, looking around nervously at the others. "I...we... I can't sit here and listen to this! I'm sorry."

As the door closed behind the sisters the others exchanged looks. Pansy had no trouble breaking the ice. "So what crawled inside her and died?"

Hermione shot her a glare that actually made her wither a bit. "Those two are not having relations with our dear Harry yet. We all know Harry probably held out at first because he wanted to be noble but I cannot imagine him holding out against twins for this long. So they must have some aversion to the actual act of sex. Though that doesn't exactly fit with their society or their marriage contract..."

"Maybe they are just as horny as we are and went off somewhere to 'take care of themselves'?" Susan asked with a sly smile.

"I... don't know, perhaps..." Hermione began squirming a bit in her seat again as they heard Harry scream something like a little girl. None of them could tell if he was still being tickled or if Ginny had gotten creative.

"So..." Pansy asked the quiet room as they all tried to imagine, or not to imagine what exactly was producing the current set of sounds.

Hermione shot up quite suddenly, "I think we have researched enough for an evening don't you? Perhaps we can pick this up again tomorrow...with a proper silencing charm in place..."

Susan and Luna both nodded as they stood up but Pansy just shrugged and continued to listen to the sounds with her eyes closed. "Alright, I will see you all for breakfast then."

"You aren't going to your room?" Hermione asked, somewhat shocked.

A particularly sharp scream of ecstasy from Ginny brought a smile to Pansy's face. "No you go on; I'm just going to sit here for a while."

It took a few seconds more before Hermione shook her head to clear it and to help her ignore the sounds. "Right...um well good night then." She turned quickly and followed the others out of the room.

Harry stood in the room of requirement which was thankfully unoccupied for the time being. A powwow with Tonks had revealed to him that it was not always Draco that had the room tied up. Apparently after its discovery and use the year before it had become a favorite trysting spot. After much teasing about giving up on

Moony and taking the room for a spin she had disappeared beneath her invisibility cloak and vacated the area.

The room was set up exactly the way it had been the year before with the exception of its size and the addition of a couch in the corner which he couldn't get rid of no matter how hard he concentrated. It was rather comfy looking and wide enough to lay down for two people. Not really good for sitting but if he had to guess, that was not the purpose his subconscious had in mind. He wanted to enter his head and have a chat with his subconscious about putting thoughts in his head but quickly discarded the idea. Last time that happened he had nearly ended up in St. Mungo's.

Finally he had given up and walled off that corner to hide his secret shame. If anyone asked he planned to say it was his office. As he was contemplating this a pair of hands covered his eyes from behind.

"Guess who?"

Even without the voice he couldn't mistake the girl he had spent the last three nights and most of the days with whenever possible. Not that he would have mistaken her in any other circumstance. "Draco?"

"DRACO! You Insufferable PRAT!" He turned and caught the redhead in his arms before kissing her.

"Sorry Gin, it's just too easy to get you riled up."

Warm brown eyes met his and twinkled a bit in amusement. "Maybe I like being riled up?"

"Down girl." He said with a smile. "Plenty of time for that later."

"I don't know if I like this plan of Mione's anymore." She pouted. "It was all fun and games until I have to give you to Pansy tomorrow, I mean it should have gone by seniority! Mione would have shared if I asked nicely."

"No she wouldn't dear, because we are supposed to be taking turns." The brunette in question chimed in having caught the last part of the conversation.

"You never let me have any fun!" Ginny stomped her foot in faux tantrum.

"Oh really? Then what do you call what we..." He leaned in and whispered something in her ear which caused a huge smile to form on the petite redheads face. She then leaned forward and kissed Hermione full on the lips.

"You're right, I'm wrong. Thank you for coming up with this wonderful plan Mione."

Hermione arched an eyebrow at the two of them and settled on Harry. "Just what was so much 'fun' that you could change her mind so quickly?"

"Ah ah ah, you will just have to wait your turn." Ginny said before spinning around and kissing Harry and turning back toward Hermione and the door, wrapping his arms around her in the process and looking perfectly content to stay there.

"You are a spoiled brat." The older girl commented lightly.

"Do I deserve a spanking?" Ginny asked innocently.

"Down girl, we can talk about that next time the three of us get together." Harry said quietly.

"I never get spankings! Hermione always cons me into spanking her as my punishment!"

As Hermione blushed Weasley red Luna walked up to the group, "I enjoy Spanklings as well, though they are notoriously hard to catch."

Everyone just nodded at that and the air went quiet for a few seconds as they tried to wrap their heads around the statement. "In any case, I can't wait to see what Harry has in store for us tonight."

"Well I said I wanted the Black Guard to start meeting weekly in addition to the DA meetings. I figured it was time to get back into the swing of things."

A gaggle of other people arrived seemingly as a group, Harry nearly chastised them before he remembered this was a sanctioned club

now and they really didn't need to hide any longer. They all lined up as usual and waited for instructions.

He disengaged from Ginny and she joined the line near Hermione as he started to speak. "Alright you all, now that the Hol's are over I expect us all to take our training up a notch. I have been rather impressed with your progress on the training simulators but now it's time to start putting those skills to the test as a group.

"For now I am going to assign the groups, if you or I find that you work especially well with a few other people we can then assign you to a team. Until then we will be working on drills in rotating teams. Any questions?"

Lavender raised her hand and Harry stifled a groan before nodding at her. "What do you expect us to get out of this? I mean all this work is great for studying practicals on NEWTS but those aren't until next year for us."

He turned toward her, "You are here because you are willing to put your life on the line for other people using the skills I either teach you or help you hone. Do you agree with that statement?"

She looked taken aback at being singled out, but she was no shrinking violet. "I do."

"Then it's simple, I am going to try to teach you what I can to give you that much better chance of keeping yourself and others alive. However I can't be answering that question over and over and nobody is required in any way to be here or to be a part of the Black Guard."

"That's the other thing though isn't it? Why the name change? Are we sworn to you Lord Black?"

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath through his nose, and exhaled before answering. "You are sworn to no person Miss Brown; I ask only that you be dedicated to helping others. I am providing training and I will be providing a few other perks as well but I am not your Lord or anything like it. If you can handle that, stay. If you can't then leave."

She looked as if she were about to go but when she turned to Ron she found a steely resolve in his eyes as he looked at Harry. Normally her Won-Won was a bit of a pushover but she could tell at that moment that no matter that she had his heart, Harry Potter owned his loyalty.

She caved, turning she nodded to Harry and remained silent.

Harry placed them into teams of four with two in front, one in the middle and one behind to watch their backs. He then sent them into an obstacle course of moving objects and fake Death Eaters firing 'Abara Kedabra' spells. The two in front were to maintain shields while the one in back would be on lookout for threats and ready to shield or fire as needed. The person in the center was the caster and took on any threats in their field of view. If the lookout were unable to handle a threat the triangle formation would shift and the lookout would become a shield while one of the shields became the lookout. When the caster at the center got tired they would rotate with the lookout to cool off and recover; thankfully because of the intensive shield training Harry put the DA through, these elite were much less likely to tire from shielding and much quicker to recover while shielding as long as they didn't completely exhaust themselves.

Progress was slow but Harry was making mental notes about how the teams were working with each other, and by the end of an hour they were starting to get the basics down. He called a halt and a group of sweaty teenagers gathered around him, most smiling. "Alright I think we did great! We will keep practicing and hope we have plenty of time before Voldemort attacks the school."

There were no shivers at the name in this group which made Harry smile even wider. There were however, questions.

"So you really think he is coming here?" Mandy asked.

Harry nodded, "He already attacked Beauxbatons and Durmstrang, there is no way he would not try to take Hogwarts, this school is like the ultimate prize for him, probably more so than even the Ministry itself."

"We'll be ready for him." Luna said and everyone nodded.



"Alright then same time next week; keep your Galleon on you just in case though."

They broke ranks as if it were an everyday occurrence and headed out.

"I thought that went well don't you?" Luna said when only the girls were left.

"And the best part about this Room is that we don't have to clean up or rearrange after we're done." Harry said with a smile.

He turned to Ginny and offered her his arm. "So milady, what shall we do on our last evening together?"

"Can we stay up here for awhile?"

He nodded and the rest of the girls left them alone in the hallway, Ginny then began pacing back and forth apparently having already thought of the perfect setting. The door revealed itself and she pulled him back through and into a replica of the Gryffindor common room; complete with windows looking out onto the Hogwarts grounds.

"I wonder if this is the actual grounds or a replica." Harry asked quietly.

"Let's not think about it too hard." Ginny said with a devious smile. "You know this nice big fireplace over here?"

The fireplace in question roared to life and Harry saw that a large and plush rug was laid out before it. Large enough for three or four people if they were willing to get cozy. "Hmmm..." He nodded noncommittally.

She huffed in annoyance at his apparent denseness and started to turn away in a mock tantrum, only to be turned forcefully around and slammed up against his chest as his lips found hers. He pulled back and looked down into her dreamy 'Lois Lane' face. "Do I have the right idea?" He whispered.

"Mmmm."

"So you want to make love in the Gryffindor Common room?" He whispered again and began undoing her blouse even as his lips began to trail their way down her neck.

"MMMMHMMM." She nearly growled at him.

"You know I have this handy spell that will hide an entire corner full of furniture."

"mmmmm Less Talky, More touchy!"

He smiled as he removed her shirt quickly following with her skirt. He caught the look on her face and with a thought the rest of their clothes were vanished onto the sofa, neatly folded. The cold once again did interesting things to her body including goose bumps and a flush that went all the way to her naval.

He spun her around and down onto the rug where she quickly assumed one of her favorite positions; on all fours with her rear high in the air. Not needing any more encouragement he lined himself up and felt her hot wetness with tip of his member. Without asking for permission he quickly buried himself to the hilt getting a long moan of ecstasy for his trouble.

He set up a rhythm and enjoyed every little sound she made, right up until another set of hands wrapped around him from behind. Quickly looking over his shoulder he found a naked Pansy with a finger pressed to her lips.

Worry overtook him instantly. While Pansy was next on his list he had no idea how Ginny might react to her being here on their last night alone. She sensed his mood and shushed him once more before coming around between them and reaching down between Ginny's legs to play with the girl's engorged button.

"Sweet mother of Merlin!" Ginny cried as her back arched, "Whoever you are don't stop!"

Harry stopped worrying and picked the pace back up until Ginny was howling out her pleasure. Finally Harry spilled over the edge and into her waiting snatch, after which the redhead promptly passed out slipping him out of her as she collapsed onto her stomach with a satisfied smile.

Harry was still catching his breath as he turned to the other girl. "What the hell?" He whispered.

The girl smiled and shrugged, doing interesting things to her chest which his manhood immediately responded to. "It had to happen sometime, and I thought Ginny was probably the best candidate to ease into it."

"Did you two set this up to scare the crap out of me? Or did you just take it upon yourself to join us? This is supposed to be Ginny's night!"

"I didn't think she would mind too terribly much what with fantasizing about the two of us together..."

"The only girl she has really been with besides Hermione is Gabrielle, and Hermione was there at the time. Ginny might be okay with it but I don't know about Mione!"

"Bugger." Came a muffled voice before Ginny sat up and looked at Pansy with scared eyes. "I mean Mione knows, we've talked about it happening... But I don't know about this..."

"She will just have to get over it, besides I plan to take her for a tumble at some point as well, I've never been with a Mu-ggleborn and I hear they are all sorts of kinky..."

"They are, but that doesn't mean she is okay with this... As much as I really really want to, I can't. Not tonight... Sorry Pans..."

The girl shrugged and leaned into Harry for what he expected to be a quick kiss, Pansy however pulled him closer and began snogging him senseless. Ginny looked longingly on but did not move as Pansy pulled back with a smile at her. "Your loss, maybe later then."

She stood as Harry regained his senses and looked confusedly between the two women. "Uh..."

"Would you milord?" Pansy said indicating her own pile of clothing.

"Oh...sure..." He waved his hand and Pansy found herself dressed and Harry holding her under things in his hands.

"Hmmm, I didn't know Freudian slips could happen with magic." The brunette commented as she gathered the garments from him.

"It didn't, I just didn't think I could concentrate enough at the moment to do the clasp on your bra or not hurt you putting on your knickers..."

She patted him on the head, "Thank you for being so thoughtful milord. Tomorrow then." She kissed him on the cheek and headed for the door. Turning she blew a kiss toward Ginny before exiting.

He turned back toward his designated girlfriend. "That was..."

"Interesting..."

"Yeah."

"Harry?"

"Hmmm?" He said as his mind tried to stay on the conversation instead of daydreaming about Ginny between Pansy's legs.

"If you don't get over here and shag me rotten I will find out what the Bat Bogey does to other orifices."

He dove toward her and began tickling her senseless for daring to threaten him. "H-Harry! STOP!"

"Not hex my bits off?" He asked her to prolong her punishment.

"N-And ruin my f-fun? No!"

"Witch!"

"A-And Proud of it!" She laughed.

His wandering hands found more interesting things to play with and soon she went from laughing to moaning which suited him just fine.

## Chapter 71: Pansy?

After one last morning of lovemaking and a nice warm shower, Ginny waited shyly by the door for Harry to gather their book bags. He looked at her curiously as he approached. "What's the matter Gin?"

"Nothing..."

"Not nothing, something." He said with a smile.

"Fine! I'm a little bit scared to see Pansy this morning after what happened last night, and I don't want to give you up yet either." She blurted out.

He pulled her into a hug before opening the door. "You aren't giving me up love. Just sharing me with these other girls you forced onto me."

"I didn't force you to do anything! The very idea!" She said as he dragged her into the common room.

He just smiled at her as he began looking around for Pansy; it took only milliseconds for her to realize he was kidding and she stood smiling nervously at him as he approached the other girl's door. "Pansy? We're headed down to breakfast!" He called through the door.

When he got no answer he turned the knob and peered inside to find it as empty as the common room. "Odd..."

"Maybe she went on down without us?" Ginny asked in confusion.

"Maybe... she knows I don't like her to walk alone though..."

Ginny smiled and wrapped her arm through his, slinging her book bag over her other shoulder and steered him toward the door. However Wenny stopped them halfway there. "Ah, Good morning Harry."

"Good morning Wenny, did you need something?"

The painting nodded, "A Miss Greengrass and a Mr. Zabini stopped by not long ago, apparently at Miss Parkinson's request; to escort her to breakfast. She asked me to let you know so that you wouldn't worry or get, and I quote. "All gung ho and attempt to save me."

He frowned at that but Ginny was stifling a laugh. "What? I don't automatically get all gung ho...Do I?"

In response she just looked at him for a second trying to clear her features before the laughter won out and she guffawed loudly. "I-I'm sorry, but she has you pegged. Just think if I wasn't here when you expected to see me and you knew I had someone out to get me, what would you do?"

"Organize a search party, begin going over worst case scenarios in my head, possibly activate the Black Guard... Is that gung ho?" He asked as he realized the girl was right.

"Yup, not that I would have it any other way. After all you being gung ho is why I'm here today." She leaned up and kissed him quickly. "Besides, that means you get to walk me to breakfast one more time."

"Thank you Wenny," She nodded and he began walking toward the door again and out into the hallway past a sleeping Bernie piled under naked nymphs. "Would you stop talking as if you have a death sentence?" He leaned in closer and whispered in her ear. "You know if you talk to Mione you might even get to join us later."

The girl shivered at the idea but looked scared at the same time. "I'd like that...but I don't know if Mione will..."

"Just tell her she gets the next go round, and that Pansy wants to see what kind of things a Muggleborn can come up with."

Her eyes glazed over a bit and she got a rather stupid smile as they approached the Great Hall. "Yeah, that should work..."

He looked across to find Pansy in her usual place and arched an eyebrow when their eyes met. The girl's only response was a shrug and a smile before mouthing the word "Later" at him.

Still confused but satisfied that she was safe he approached the table where Hermione sat on the end with the customary two places left for Ginny and himself. However Ginny surprised him momentarily when she sat down beside an equally surprised Hermione leaving him to sit with Padma on his other side. Immediately the girl leaned in and began gossiping with her other significant other.

Meanwhile he glanced across the hall once more where he found Pansy, who rolled her eyes and shook her head slightly. Padma leaned in and touched her lips to his ear as she whispered. "What's going on with you two, I thought today was her day?"

Harry shivered at the unexpected contact but smiled as he leaned in toward her and touched her ear lightly even as he wrapped his other arm around her waist, getting a similar but much more pronounced chill from her, and her sister beside her. "No idea, I was going to walk her down to breakfast but she was already gone."

Suddenly both Patils stood and looked around a bit wildly before apologizing and exiting the room with a smile at Harry. He looked up at Hannah across the table from him who blushed when their eyes met. "Ooookay, what was that about?"

"No idea..."

"How are you doing this morning Hannah? We don't talk much lately."

"I uh... fine, just um... Neville!" She stood and waved as Neville stumbled a bit groggily toward the table and sat down next to her, kissing her on the cheek even as he poured himself some tea.

"Morning, what'd I miss?"

"Nothing, something strange going on with the Patil twins, and for some reason Pansy is ignoring Harry."

"Han? Do you think you could say that a little louder? I don't think the 'Claws could hear you." Harry whispered while looking around.

"What? Oh! Sorry..." She quickly shut up and blushed again when Susan looked at her like she had grown a second head.

"Are you alright Han?" Susan asked.

"Fine! Nothing wrong here... So Neville is amazing! Did you hear that he has been asked to help out in Greenhouse Six on the weekends?"

"Number six? But that contains the most expensive and dangerous plants! Neville that's wonderful!" Hermione piped up, Ginny seemed a bit put out at the change in subject.

"Yeah, she says I'm a rare talent. So what's up with you and Pansy then?"

"Dunno, maybe she isn't ready to be seen in public together. Honestly though it isn't like she has much of a social circle left in the Slytherins as it is and she can't go anywhere outside of the school by herself since her family is in hiding and all..."

"Have you talked to her about it?" Hermione asked.

"She didn't give him a chance." Ginny said a bit too snidely.

"I'll talk to her today, when I get the chance." He said this last with a directed stare at Ginny who wilted a bit and nodded. Hermione looked back and forth between them with suspicion.

"Is there something I'm missing here?" She asked warily.

Ginny glanced at the clock above the entryway and then down at Hermione's plate. "Can we get out of here early before your first class?"

Hermione nodded and made to stand still looking put out and truth be told a bit scared. "Alright, I will see the rest of you in Transfiguration."

"Bye Harry." Ginny said before leaning in to kiss him on the cheek.

"I would pay good money not to have your problems." Neville said only half sarcastically.



Harry nodded in agreement. "Honestly I love all of them but men who dream of having several girls to themselves are either selfish, foolish or both." As he finished he got hit with a piece of toast from Susan's general direction which he picked up and took a bite of. "Mmm, buttered already. Thank you dear."

"So which one are you then?" She asked as if she hadn't just assaulted him with food.

"You tell me, I mean, I have to be selfish to decrease the pool of available girls at Hogwarts by so many."

"Here Here!" Came a shout from down the table and a blushing Harry looked up to find Dean and Seamus smiling back at him.

"And I am through talking about this in gossip central!" He said with red ears as he stood and made his way toward the door.

"I vote foolish if it's any consolation!" Susan called after him making him blush all the more.

Ginny drug Hermione down a passageway for a few hundred yards before turning back and stopping in front of an unused classroom; looking around warily for eavesdroppers. "Enough! What is going on?" Hermione asked, firmly planting her feet.

Ginny scrunched up her face and after looking around once more pulled her girlfriend into the room before closing and sealing the door. "What on earth is this about? Why the secrecy?" Said a thoroughly huffy brunette.

In response Ginny threw herself at the girl and kissed her softly before beginning to cry. Hermione instantly began crying as well, dreading the worst. "Mione I'm so sorry!"

The older girl swallowed her emotion for a moment and pulled back a bit from the embrace. "Gin please tell me what's going on. You're scaring me!"

"Last night I was with Harry and Pansy came in and sort of joined in, it was only for a couple of minutes and I didn't touch her!"

Hermione had to take a moment to process that information. "But she touched you?" A tentative nod. "And you enjoyed it?" She asked quietly.

"I'm Sorry! I was caught up in the moment and I didn't care who else was touching me! I just went with the feelings and I came then before I realized what I had done I passed out!"

Ginny was in hysterics by this point and Hermione had to pull the girl back into a hug and shush her softly to get her to calm down. Finally her crying slowed down a bit and the older girl was able to get a word in without Ginny breaking down completely again.

"You feel guilty for sharing Harry with another girl?" Another nod as the girl wiped the tears off her cheeks. "But we've been with others girls before, Susan, Luna, Gabrielle..."

"But you were there! I was so confused! I know we talked about it but when push came to shove I didn't know if I would hurt you and then I spent the night fretting over what you would say, or if you would still love me..."

"You spent the night with Harry fretting over me?" Hermione asked with a slight smirk.

"Well...not the whole night. Stop changing the subject!" Ginny said with a slight smile as she realized her world was not crashing down around her.

"Gin we talked about this, I know one of your little kinks is to share Harry and truth be told I enjoy it as well to a point. I still love you even though..."

"Even though?" Ginny asked, the fear returning to her voice.

"Well... I am a bit jealous..."

Ginny's eyes got wide as she remembered Pansy's words from the other night. "Oh! She told me to tell you that she was looking forward to seeing what the Muggleborn can come up with. She heard that they were more creative than most. I totally agreed with her."

Hermione blushed at that and a now grinning Ginny soldiered on, "She also said that she planned to take you for a tumble at some point as well... You really aren't mad?"

Hermione sighed as she cast a drying charm on her blouse, "Honestly? I am a bit upset but that's to be expected the first time. But you stopped and you thought about my feelings and honestly even if you had continued we would have worked it out. I love you Gin and I know you love me no matter what other girls you might play with. I mean you only get off on them being with Harry...right?"

"You and Harry and anyone you or Harry are with, I know I'm weird..."

"No more weird than any of the other six of us who are sharing the same man. We all have our quirks and our kinks and honestly we are going to have to have some blurring of the relationships if this is going to work. Otherwise poor Harry is going to go crazy maintaining six or so relationships all by himself! Now let's fix your face and get to class before we're both late."

Ginny nodded and began fixing her hair and cleaning her cheeks again. Hermione waved her wand a few times and nodded before kissing the girl quickly on the lips. They were about to exit the classroom when Ginny stopped, "So if she invites me to join them later?"

"By all means, but you had better keep notes because you will be telling me about it!"

Harry waited outside the Great Hall watching as students began emerging to head for class until a certain brunette appeared. He smiled and made to approach her but she shook her head and darted forward with Daphne in tow looking more than a little confused. Harry caught up to Blaise, "Pardon my language but what the Fuck is going on?"

"Search me." The dark skinned boy said with a shrug. "You should know better than to ask me about women."

Harry stopped as he became extremely uncomfortable at that statement, having forgotten that Blaise was dueling for the other

team. The boy in question turned and flashed him a smile to show there were no hard feelings before continuing on.

Ron caught up to him as he reached the stairs and in typical Ron fashion was completely dense about the situation in a nice distracting way. "So the Canons actually won yesterday! If they can pull off another win they might actually have a chance at the semi-finals!"

Harry smiled as they continued toward the Transfiguration classroom. "They were playing the Arrows who's Seeker crashed into their Keeper last week leaving them two men short. Of course they won!"

They continued to banter nonsensically for the remainder of the trip and both went quiet as they entered the classroom. Harry sat down beside the empty chair that was supposed to contain Hermione as Ron headed for Lavender and Parvati a few rows further along. He turned to Susan for an explanation but the girl shrugged, already knowing his question.

There was a blur of brown as the bell rang to signal the start of class and a disheveled looking Hermione sat breathing heavily in her seat. "I take it you two...worked things out then?" Harry asked with a smile.

She growled at him as she tried to fix her hair. "We spoke if that's what you mean and everything is fine. Get your mind out of the gutter."

He leaned in and laid on the sexy in his voice, "But you like my mind in the Gutter."

She shivered before catching Pansy's eye across the room and smiling slightly. The other girl lifted her chin slightly to see that she got the message but made no other outward sign. Satisfied she turned to Harry, "There is a time for that, and now is not it."

McGonagall appeared at the door and strolled between the desks effectively cutting off further conversation with her patented glare.

Class let out and Harry tried to catch Pansy in the hall but she had already disappeared with Daphne again. He had off until after lunch and had hoped to catch the girl before she headed off to Ancient

Runes but no luck. Instead he caught Hermione on her way past. "Mind if I walk you to class?"

"Of course not." She said with a smile and took his proffered arm.

They walked slightly slower than the rest of the group so that they could chat. "Pansy has Runes with you next." He blurted out.

"Yes..." She said skeptically.

"Do you think you can try to talk to her? I have no idea what I did wrong or why she is avoiding me and its going to drive me nuts until I can corner her."

Hermione's eyes widened a bit, "I'm not exactly ready to talk to her..."

"But you said you two worked everything out earlier?"

She nodded, "Agreeing to a thing, and feeling a thing properly sometimes takes time Harry. I'm worried about my relationship with you, my relationship with Ginny, I don't know what to think about playing with you and Pansy or her by herself, and I don't know how she feels about it in truth. I am still upset that Ginny had fun without me there and jealous that she did but I think in a good way!"

"You couldn't feel all that at once! You'd explode!" He remarked in amazement.

She harrumphed indignantly. "Just because you sometimes possess the emotional range of a teaspoon doesn't mean that others can't have multiple feelings..."

He stopped stung and she turned suddenly with eyes wide, "Harry I'm so sorry! I guess I'm a bit jealous and upset with you as well but I promise I still love you and I didn't mean that!"

He held open his arms and she gratefully accepted the hug. "I hope I have at least a tablespoon worth of emotional capacity." He said with a smile.

"You do Harry, you couldn't possibly deal with me let alone six others if you didn't. I'm just jealous and frustrated and taking it out

on you instead of Ginny, and I honestly am okay with it all. It makes sense in a kinky convoluted sort of way in any case and I think the jealousy is a good thing."

"How can jealousy be a good thing?" He asked as he released her and they began walking again.

"Well for starters I can't wait for my turn and I plan on taking my frustration out on you."

"Oh..."

She smiled at his perfect one word summary, more tone than word. "Exactly... I'll try to talk to her okay?"

They stopped outside of the door and he nodded before kissing her on the cheek. "You know you're the best right?"

"I know." She said with a grin.

"I love you."

"You too, now go away before I decide to miss the first fifteen minutes of class!" She shoved him away and darted into the room.

As she entered the classroom Hermione saw that somehow Pansy had made certain that the seat next to her was the only one open. Thankful that there were no Pureblood snobs in this class at least she sat down as if it hurt her physically. "Hello Pansy."

"Granger." Was her one word answer.

Professor Babbling entered the room cutting off conversation and with a wave of her wand put the chapter and page numbers up on the board along with a long and complicated set of runes to translate. Unlike in most of the other classes Runes was mostly self paced and you were expected to know by now how to complete your work without a lecture. And unlike her name, Professor Babbling did not speak much unless you had a question, which she answered in as abbreviated a fashion as possible.

The upside was that once the work had begun you were allowed to converse with your peers as long as you were not chatting idly.

Hermione quickly scratched down the runes and opened her book before leaning toward the other girl.

"What is going on?"

"I don't know what you mean." Pansy answered quietly even as she began to search for the first Rune in the chapter.

"I mean why are you avoiding Harry? You two are supposed to have the next few days to yourselves but at this point he isn't even sure you like him."

They worked silently for a bit before Pansy finished her first translation, "For the time being I simply want to keep our relationship a secret, what's wrong with that?"

"You need to tell him that or his head will explode worrying about nothing! Haven't you learned anything about him yet?"

She nodded slightly, "Plenty, though I am actually looking forward to learning more about you." The grin was slight but it was there and Hermione tried desperately to fight off her blush.

"We are not talking about me we are talking about the two of you!" She whispered urgently.

"And what about the two of us plus Ginny?"

Hermione tried to control the rush of emotions but the jealous rage and the arousal were warring with her mind. "I... I'm fine with that..."

"No worries at all then?" Pansy asked, obviously picking up on her mood.

"Alright I'm jealous as all get out! That doesn't mean I disapprove!"

The girl nodded and smiled down at her work as she completed another translation. "Ah, so you like the idea of me between her legs while Harry enters me from behind?"

Hermione couldn't actually write any longer as her hands were shaking from nerves and unwanted emotions. "Maybe..."

"Or her with her fingers buried inside me and Harry in her mouth? Me in her mouth? Would you like to kiss her after she licks me clean?"

Hermione couldn't stand anymore and had to get away. "Professor I need...I need to use the restroom!" She said as she stood up hastily.

"Hmm What? Couldn't you do that before class?"

Hermione decided to play the female card and glanced down then back up at the woman while looking decidedly uncomfortable, which was rather easy in her current state. "Ah I see, you may go but I expect your work to be complete before class lets out!"

"It's already done!" She called as she placed her parchment on the desk and darted from the room.

"Showoff..." One of the Ravenclaws muttered under his breath.

When he got tired of pacing in his rooms Harry headed back up to the Ancient Runes corridor and paced there instead. Not since Susan had he had to deal with rejection and it was eating him up inside. Trying to figure out what he had done wrong to cause her to shun him like this.

The bell rang and his heart nearly stopped as he waited for the door to open and the object of his obsession was due to arrive at any moment. People started to emerge and he caught strange looks as Susan and Padma joined him.

"Are you alright Harry?" Padma asked with a slightly worried tone.

"Fine..."

"Not fine, you know Pansy is alright...right? I mean she isn't hurt or kidnapped or anything." Susan added trying to draw him out.

"I know..." As the last few students emerged he began casting around looking for her. "Where's Mione?" He asked suddenly.

"She sat with Pansy and had to suddenly leave about fifteen minutes into class. I don't know if they were arguing or what." Susan answered him.



Meanwhile Padma had drifted closer to him and was rubbing his back consolingly. "She is fine too, she wasn't crying or anything, if anything I would say she looked frustrated not upset."

"Frustrated?"

"You know...frustrated." Padma whispered.

"Oh..."

Daphne appeared looking very much like a scout and quickly dodged back into the room before heading back out toward him; with each step her movements became saucier until she was grinning as she stopped in front of him.

"Hello Daphne..."

"I have been instructed to deal with you in whatever manner I see fit." She said quietly but forcefully. "You will take me to your rooms now."

"Excuse me?" He asked disbelievingly. Having been completely thrown off of his train of thought.

Daphne smiled predatorily. "Miss Parkinson is not yet ready to go public and worry's that you will want to get, and I quote, All lovey dovey and Gryffindorish. End quote. So as I said, you are mine for the duration of free period and she will discuss your public relationship with you later this evening..."

Harry was completely thrown for a loop as she grabbed his arm and began to drag him toward the stairs. Susan and Padma just looked at them with a mixture of pity and jealousy when he pleaded for help with his eyes. "Don't Worry Harry, we'll walk her to the library or wherever she was heading next!" Susan called as they rounded the corner.

In utter confusion he allowed himself to be led back down to his room and Bernie opened the portrait while leering and bouncing his eyebrows in approval, absolutely no help. Once inside she tossed him onto the couch and climbed onto his lap, straddling him.

"So, would you like to get all Gryffindorish or would you like to get all Slytherin?" She asked him with a smile.

"Um... neither?"

Her brows knitted together and her face closed up a bit as she pinned him with a glare. "You don't want me?"

"What? No that's not it... This is just...weird alright? I don't know what to do with you!"

"I can think of a few things..."

He stood, lifting her with him and then turned to place her back down on the couch. "Look, we both know I'm attracted to you, and we both know we enjoy each other. But right now I'm confused as all hell."

Daphne sat up and huffed before blowing a stray piece of hair from her face in frustration. "Look Harry, you and Pansy are not officially together and until you are she is not going to be seen publicly involved with you. All of Slytherin has figured out where she is staying and there are rumors certainly but she will not put paid to those until she is safely betrothed to you."

"What about your betrothal? I'm sure people are talking about us after that little show upstairs."

That caught her off guard but she recovered quickly, "Blaise wholeheartedly endorses us and he is the only one that anyone needs to worry about. Besides, I've got an itch that he can't scratch and you are more than ready." She glanced down at the bulge in his pants to indicate her meaning.

"Damn it Daphne! I told you I am not just your plaything that you can ambush whenever you want!" He shouted in frustration.

She got up and pulled him back onto the couch, it was testament to his confused state that he allowed her to do so before sitting down next to him and cuddling into his shoulder. "Fine, we can slow down a bit..."

"Or we can forget it; I'm too tense right now to even think about sex."

She smiled up at him as she began running her hand over his chest, "I think sex would help you loosen up but we don't have to I suppose..." She slowed her hand as it approached his crotch and darted under his sweater before resuming her petting. He didn't stop her.

"Pansy confuses the hell out of me sometimes you know?" He said, barely paying attention, but his manhood was putting lie to his attitude.

She began dipping her fingers between the buttons of his shirt enjoying the small bits of skin contact and saw him shift uneasily to relieve the pressure that was building. Feeling emboldened her hand went across his stomach and brushed over his erection before going back up under his sweater.

"She's hot and cold sometimes, she as much as admitted she loves me the other night..."

Her hand strayed down once more and she stuck her tongue between her teeth before grasping the button on his trousers and unsnapping it. She waited nervously for him to push her away and smiled when he didn't, resuming her petting under his sweater.

"And what's up with Mione? I mean I asked her to talk to Pansy, and then whatever happened ran her off before class was even over! I bet the Professor didn't appreciate that at all..."

"They talked about Weasley more than they talked about you, apparently it was too much for Granger to handle and she had to 'get out of the kitchen' as it were." As she spoke her hand had made its way to his trousers again where she slowly unzipped his fly before reaching in and grasping his rod for a moment, getting an intake of breath from him but no reproval; before going back up under his sweater.

"She probably went to find Gin then, they have been apart for three days..."

"Harry?" She asked as her hand went back into his trousers, and then into his boxers.

He caught his breath and looked at her, "Hmmm?"

"Kiss me please?" She begged him.

He looked at her for a moment before his eyes began to close and he brought his lips to hers sweetly. However she was having none of that after getting all worked up and nervous that he would toss her out on her ear at any moment during her seduction. Her hand left his crotch and grasped his cheek to keep him from drawing away as she deepened the kiss. An intake of breath through his nose signaled his arousal and both arms went around her back to pull her closer.

She broke the kiss and stood up before quickly removing her knickers and hiking up her skirt. Not needing to be told what was next he pulled his trousers and pants down to his knees, enough to free his aching member. Daphne quickly straddled him again and plunged him inside her before kissing him again and setting a pace.

She began to rock back and forth already being halfway to orgasm anyway and he matched her with his hips as his hands went to her bottom to grasp and massage. "Oh gods Harry fuck me!" She shouted.

He picked up the pace as she did and soon his balls were slapping against her taught flesh, his hands holding her in place the only thing keeping her from bouncing right off his lap. She began to moan out loud as her orgasm approached and quite suddenly threw her head back and let out a long but quiet scream which seemed to stick in her throat.

"Oh Merlin! I'm sorry!"

Harry jumped and caused Daphne to fall onto the floor as he quickly pulled his pants back up and looked toward the door where Astoria stood with her back to them.

"Astoria WHAT THE FUCK?" Daphne screeched.

Without turning the girl shouted back. "I'm not the one who is screwing around! Gods why did I have to see that?"

Harry finished getting dressed and stood looking between the sisters.  
"Um...Astoria, would you mind explaining why you're here?"

"Are you two decent again?" She asked.

"Yes were decent you little spy! Admit it, you just wanted to see how big his..."

The younger girl turned on them, "Would you shut up you slut? Blaise asked me to see where you were and ask you to come see him. Something about a note from his Uncle!"

"Uh..." Harry tried to interject.

"I am not a slut you little bitch! Hell, Daddy has three wives and Mother has at least another lover! There is nothing wrong with sex!"

"You are having sex with a guy who has seven other girls already, one of them your best friend! All while you are betrothed to one of the sweetest guys I know! I knew what you were thinking when we stayed at his house over the Hol's! You're a slut and you know it!"

"Blaise is gay you little shite! He won't touch me unless it's to make a baby and I don't plan on having children until we are well out of school!"

That stumped her for a moment and her demeanor calmed considerably. "He's what?"

"He's a pouf, he likes blokes, he's dueling for the other team! We are only getting married out of convenience and to keep our families aligned!"

"Blaise is gay?" She asked again, unable to comprehend.

"I know you had a crush on him but even if it had been you that was betrothed instead of me you couldn't have him you jealous little bint. Why don't you get your own boyfriend or just a good shag and stay the fuck out of my love life?"

"Uh ladies?" Harry tried again to interject.

"You know how I feel about our clan Daph..."

Daphne screamed in frustration before trying to calm herself down, she pushed the hair out of her face and back into place before turning to Harry. "Uhg...sorry Harry I have to go..."

"Ooookay?"

She turned on her sister. "This isn't over! For now you are going to stay here and make sure that he doesn't go chasing after Pansy, who by the way TOLD me to keep him occupied."

"Occupied...I'm sure this is what she meant..."

Daphne stalked toward the girl and stopped in front of her. "Yes, she said I could screw his brains out as long as I kept him out of her hair for the day! She knows! It's not some big secret; she is part of that clan you hate so much as well you know!"

Daphne stormed through the portrait hole and slammed it behind her; Harry could hear Bernie cursing her from the other side due to the silence hanging over the room.

"Uh..."

"Um..." She responded looking anywhere but at him or at the couch.

"What did she mean about the clan?" He asked, trying to get as far away from the earlier incident as possible.

Astoria huffed and went to sit on the couch before stopping and taking the chair instead. Harry sat down on the couch facing her, still extremely uncomfortable.

"I love my mothers, I really do, but I can't see sharing my man with anyone and I think the whole mess is crazy. All of them are sex obsessed crazy people!"

"So you don't uh...believe in all that stuff then?"

She sighed. "I don't know. I didn't know Blaise was a pouf..."

"And that changes things?" He asked.

She sat back into the chair and looked at him for a long moment, deciding whether to share something with him. Finally she sighed again and relaxed into the cushions. "I have had a bit of a crush on him since I can remember but those two were always intended. I know my clans views on such things but I couldn't stomach the thought of sharing him with my own sister...I mean that's the nastiest thing in the world right?"

He caught in her tone that she wasn't really certain of that but wanted to appear as normal as possible in comparison to her family. "You know the Patil Twins?"

She looked at him a bit confused at the apparent non-sequitor, "Yes..."

"They have been intimate for as long as they knew it felt good... I don't find that disgusting..."

"But they're twins! I mean they probably have a connection or something that means they are closer than normal anyway..."

"What if I told you I don't have a problem with a brother and sister having sex as long as they don't have kids?"

She stared at him for a long moment before nodding..."I mean that's really the only thing that makes it bad right... but they are related! Its...I don't know, gross or something..."

"Is that you talking or is that you trying to be normal?" He asked.

"I...don't know... It doesn't matter anyway. I'm never going to be with Blaise anyway and I certainly don't want to share you with my sister."

"Oh?" He asked, faking hurt.

Her eyes widened. "Not that you aren't sweet or a hunk or anything, just that you're a Gryffindor...a very Gryffindorish Gryffindor at that and...well I guess you're a bit too goody goody for me...I hope you aren't offended."

He smiled at her and saw the tension leave her. "I have plenty of women to worry about thank you very much, and honestly you scare me just a bit. Not as much as your sister but you're definitely scary."

"I'll take that as a compliment then. So I'm scarier than Pansy?" She asked with a smile.

"Well I'm sort of stuck with Pansy...but in a good way. I would never have approached her on my own but I don't know that I would give her up at this point despite how scary she is."

The girl nodded, "In any case I just don't agree with the morality of my clan. What is with that word anyway, were a group of families who like to sleep around, what's the big deal?"

Harry shrugged. "I haven't figured it out yet, but I know the rest of society looks down on them a bit, though Pansy says they are actually jealous."

"Jealous?"

"She says they all wish they could admit to themselves that they want to have sex with people other than their spouses, especially those in arranged marriages, but that they are too set in their ways to take the plunge. The moment I realized I was in love with three women I knew I was going to be an outcast in normal society. Not that I'm normal anyway."

"You have that right."

"Hey!"

"Just saying..." She said with a smile.

"So are we okay?" He asked.

She nodded. "Yeah we're okay...you're not half as bad as I thought you were Po...Harry."

"You aren't half as scary as I thought Astoria. So you think we can be friends?"



"I suppose, if you're going to be shagging my sister I guess I should get used to you..."

He rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. "Your sister is rather forceful when she wants something, and unfortunately her chosen does not...how did she say it... scratch her itch as it were. I am not particularly disposed to shagging or not shagging her, as I said I have plenty of women to worry about without throwing her into the mix."

"You know it makes sense in a weird way? I seem to be getting along with you almost as well as I do with Blaise. And that's the reason; you are basically a girl in a guys body."

"Excuse me?"

She sat forward. "I didn't mean that how it sounded, Blaise is gay, thus he had no interest in me sexually so we actually got to be friends. You have more than enough women that you aren't interested in me sexually so we can actually get to know each other as well."

He thought about that for a minute before shrugging, "I guess...just so you know I think you are extremely attractive and I would have bedded you in a minute if I had known you and not been extremely shy and..."

"Gryffindorish?" She asked with a smile.

"I suppose. Just because I don't feel a need to shag you doesn't mean I don't think you're sexy. I am a guy after all."

"I can live with that, and just so you know... I heard what you did to my sister and honestly at that moment I wanted nothing more than to be in her place. You are quite sexy yourself."

"And the money, don't forget the money."

She nodded again, "Not to mention you're huge..."

The door opened again to admit Hermione and Ginny who stopped and looked at the two of them. "Are we on that again?" Hermione

asked even as Ginny scented the air and looked at him with wide eyes.

"Harry?" Ginny asked looking more than a bit jealous.

"It's not what you think!" Harry said standing quickly and distancing himself from the young blond bombshell.

"And what am I thinking?" Ginny asked with narrowed eyes.

"Get over it Weasley, I walked in on Harry and my sister and he has been talking me down. I'm not interested."

He turned to the girl. "Oh really?"

She rolled her eyes at him, "Fine, I don't have any plans to shag him, ever. So you are safe with just my sister to deal with."

"Daphne and not Pansy? Harry you know the rules." Hermione chastised him.

"Pansy made her ambush me! Apparently she isn't ready to go public and needed Daph to keep me out of her hair or some nonsense... Then things just happened..."

Ginny smiled, "Right, you just both got naked, she tripped and fell on your lap..."

"No they both had all their clothes on... oh!" She stopped as she saw the knickers on the floor. "Well most of their clothes on anyway." She got up out of her chair and picked the offending item up before stuffing them in her pocket.

"So you didn't get to see anything then?" Ginny asked sounding both jealous and disappointed.

Astoria walked toward the door and slowed as she passed the two girls. "Unfortunately I got an eyeful of my sister before I could turn around; I will say you two are very lucky though." Both of the girls and Harry blushed but she continued. "I assume you two can keep him away from Pansy until later? I think I need to go apologize to my sister."

At their nod she exited the room, stopping at the door and smiling seductively at him. "Bye Harry."

"Bye?" He said waving in confusion as the door closed behind her.

"That was interesting..." Hermione commented.

"More than..." He answered with a nod.

At lunch Pansy had pulled a disappearing act once again and they had separate classes for the period after that. Both Gin and Hermione had kept him busy studying dusty old tomes rather than taking Daphne's approach which he was not certain he preferred after all.

And so he found himself waiting in the Great Hall for them to arrive having a free period while Hermione, Susan, Padma and Pansy had Arithmancy. He anxiously watched the clock, counting down the seconds until the bell rang. In another few minutes the hall began to fill and Harry watched as Blaise, Astoria and Daphne entered the room hoping to at least catch Pansy's eye and send her a jolt, only to be disappointed when they sat down without her.

The others began filling in around him at the table and he was beginning to get a very bad feeling. "Penny for your thoughts?" Hermione asked as she sat down.

"Where is Pansy?"

"Daphne grabbed her after class and she told me to go on ahead, why?"

Harry stood suddenly and his group looked at him in confusion. "We have a problem."

Ginny rolled her eyes, "Harry, didn't we talk about you being gung ho?"

"Mione said Daphne was escorting Pansy down to dinner. Miss Greengrass is sitting at the Slytherin table looking at me in confusion rather than in annoyance. What does that tell you?"

Ginny too got a bad feeling as did the rest of the girls. "Where is Malfoy?" He said scanning the Slytherin table once again.

"Most likely up in the room of requirements as usual, Harry you are just being paranoid. Will you please sit down?" The brunette asked.

He shook his head and started walking across the Hall. Hermione tried to grab his shirt as he passed but he was too quick for her. People began to notice and the sound level in the room went down as people followed his progress.

"What do you want Lord Black?" Theo Nott sneered as he approached the table. "Your little whore isn't here right now."

He ignored the other Slytherins and looked at Daphne. "Did you meet Pansy after class just now?"

Blaise shook his head, "She's been with me...What's going on?"

He shook his head and pulled the Marauders Map out of his back pocket. "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good." He whispered, activating it.

He began folding the map one section at a time searching for two names and finding neither. His spidey-senses were going haywire with each turn of the parchment and eventually Dumbledore joined him at the table, effectively shutting up the students who were taunting him.

"Is there a problem Lord Black?"

Harry nodded, "Miss Parkinson is missing and Lord Malfoy is nowhere to be seen."

"Malfoy is feeling sick; he's lying down in his bed at the moment." Nott spoke up.

Harry turned on the boy having checked the Slytherin dungeon immediately after checking his rooms. "Tell me what you know, now."

The boy gulped as Harry pinned him to his seat with a gaze. "I don't know what you're talking about P-Potter." He stumbled out.

Harry gave up all pretense and dove into the boys mind;

"I'm going to take Potters little whore away from him, she is going to be my prize as the Dark Lord decreed. I need you to establish my alibi."

"What are you going to do?" Nott asked.

"Better you don't know, Dumbledore is a Legilimens and could pull it from you. You've been studying that Occlumency book I gave you right?"

"Yeah... do you need me for anything else?"

Malfoy shook his head, "Crabb and Goyle may not be worth much but they are muscle and that's all I will need to back me up."

Harry pulled out and reached under his sleeve to the hidden sheath he had ordered from Ollivander which sat on top of his wrist. He pulled and suddenly he was holding the Sword of Gryffindor getting stunned and awed looks from his audience. "I will ask you one more time Nott, where did he take her?"

"I-d-don't know, he just said I needed to tell you he was in his bed..." The boy looked about ready to wet himself.

By this time his girls had made it across the Hall to join him. "Harry what are you going to do?" Hermione asked.

He closed his eyes and reached out, imagining Pansy as she had been in the shower. "Hopefully I will be right back." He said before disappearing from the Great Hall with a thunderous crack!

Hermione huffed rather loudly, "Would someone please explain to him that YOU CANNOT APPARATE ON HOGWARTS GROUNDS?"

## Chapter 72: Pansy!

Harry appeared on the grounds of Malfoy Mansion in front of an extremely surprised Pansy, bound and gagged but thankfully fully clothed. He quickly removed her gag and cut her bindings with the Sword. The minute she was free she jumped into his arms and kissed him soundly.

"Are you okay?"

She nodded, "How the hell did you find me? I didn't know where I was at first!"

"Later! Right now I am going to kill a certain blond ponce!"

She reached out and caught him by the bicep and he stopped to look at her. "Now what?"

"Harry he was going to rape me and marry me without my Head of House's consent! That is Line Theft and is punishable by half his family assets!"

He just looked at her like she was crazy, "ARE YOU SERIOUS? HE WAS GOING TO BLOODY RAPE YOU AND ALL YOU CAN THINK OF IS MONEY?"

She huffed, "Honestly, he didn't touch me yet except to bring me here and money is far better revenge against a Pureblood than simple pain."

"Fine let's get out of here..." He went to pull her along but she stopped again. "Now what?"

"He just left, saying he was getting ready for me or some other rot. Can you get us out the same way you got in?" He nodded. "Can you break stuff as you do it?"

"I never actually tried to break anything but I guess I could..."

"Good, we wait here then, be ready to go so you don't end up using that sword...where did you get that anyway?"

"Second year, out of a hat." He remarked offhandedly, "Do we really have to do this?"

"The Polyjuice should be wearing off by now; I am so having a talk with Daphne about where she keeps her hairbrush..."

Just then the door opened to reveal a naked and extremely pale Draco Malfoy strutting in as if he were king of the world. "Alright then pet, I have the fertility potion rea... POTTER! What the hell are you doing here? Get away from my wife!"

Harry's eyes went black but he controlled himself, barely. "I suggest you leave now Malfoy before I decide to neuter a ferret."

Draco hastily backed into the corner at the sight and stared at the sword in his hand. "You can't do this! She's mine and there is nothing you can do about it!"

"I'm taking her out of here and there is nothing you can do about it ferret."

Draco stood straighter and sneered at him, making Harry want to vomit at the sight of a sneering and naked Malfoy. "I'll have you in front of the Wizengamot for Line Theft!"

Harry smiled and Draco blanched, quite the accomplishment for one so pale. "Fine, I'll see you there tomorrow." He wrapped an arm around Pansy and pushed a large portion of his magic into Disapparating back to the gates of Hogwarts."

They reappeared at the gates with what looked like a large pile of firewood in tow. Harry approached with Pansy in tow; as the rage left him however he quickly darted for the nearest bush and lost his lunch. "Oh god I hope I never see that again!"

"You may need to be obliviated, don't think I hadn't considered it in the past..."

Harry immediately stopped that train of thought, not wanting to know why she had seen him in the buff before and not really caring even if she had slept with him. It was in the past.

"How are we going to get in, the gates are locked."

Harry pondered that for a moment wondering if he could Apparate back to the Great Hall on purpose before looking down at the sword in his hand. "Let me try something..."

He walked up to the locked gate and touched the sword to it, instantly they heard the locks turn and the slight flash of magic as they began to swing open. Pansy grabbed his hand and examined the sword more closely. "Out of a hat huh?" She asked sarcastically.

"Technically yeah..." He said with a smile.

He sent off a quick Messenger spell to Hermione to reduce the chance of a stroke and they walked at a sedate pace back up to the school arriving at the front entrance forty-five minutes later. Harry sheathed the Sword and they walked arm-in-arm back into the Great Hall only to be ambushed by nine worried young women and an old man demanding answers.

"Harry I do hope you haven't done something you will regret."

"WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING LEAVING WITHOUT US?" Ginny said while beating him about the shoulders.

"HONESTLY! WHATEVER IT IS YOU ARE DOING IS NOT APPARATION!"

"How is Draco doing? I do hope the cross gender Poly-swap didn't have any lasting effects."

"Pansy I'm so sorry! He didn't hurt you did he? God to think of that ponce in my body!"

"ENOUGH!" Harry called and silence descended on the hall. "Thank you. We are both fine, Draco was alive and well when we left him though I can't vouch for Malfoy Manor. Gin you know I can handle myself or get out if I need to but I'm sorry I didn't see if you wanted to come along. And Luna I always thought Draco was a bit of a pouf anyway so I doubt there are any side effects."

Silence.



"So..." Harry said scratching the back of his head nervously. "Can we still eat dinner?"

The headmaster looked at him appraisingly for a moment before nodding. "Dinner will be extended for another hour in light of recent events. I expect you to give me a full report on your activities at a later date."

"Yes sir."

"Right then, carry on, there is nothing to see here." Dumbledore said as he turned and headed back to the Head Table. Harry meanwhile accepted hugs from all of the girls before heading back toward the Gryffindor table with Pansy still clinging to his arm. As they sat down there were strange and some outright hostile looks directed toward them from some of the other Gryffindors.

"Pansy is welcome at this table or I will renounce Gryffindor and drop from the Quidditch team again." Harry called down the table. Instantly eyes were averted and nervous chatter began on any subject except for the one burning on all of their tongues.

"Harry?" Hermione asked sweetly. Too sweetly.

"Uh...yes?"

She began to beat him about the head with a book. "Don't. Ever. Do. That. Again!"

"Sorry!" He cried while trying to defend himself, "I can't promise that but I will try to remember to consult with you all before charging off again okay?"

She huffed and pushed the hairs that had escaped out of her face before looking at him for a long moment and nodding. "Don't you forget it!"

Lavender couldn't help herself. "So are you two officially a couple then?"

Harry looked at Pansy and she shook her head. "Not yet, don't go spreading that we are either."

"Who me? I don't gossip like that." She said with a sniff and turned back to her meal.

"So what the hell happened?" Ron asked quietly.

"Draco kidnapped her; I saved her before he could do anything. We came back. No big deal really..."

"Yes because I get saved from certain rape and uncertain marriage all the time." Pansy quipped.

"Exactly, run of the mill when you are dating Harry Potter."

Ginny nodded, "Unfortunately, trouble goes looking for you doesn't it."

"Yup, luckily Fate is making up for my life by giving me the tools to deal with the trouble, and compensating me with beautiful women."

"Oh so now we are your compensation?" Parvati asked from across the table.

"Maybe..." He said nervously. "I mean, it was a joke but truth in jest and all that..."

"I can't wait for my turn with you..." She growled menacingly.

Still slightly high on adrenaline he was feeling exceedingly ballsy at the moment. "Me either." He whispered seductively and added just a hint of the look to make his point.

The twins stood quickly and looked extremely nervous. "Um...well then... we have some studying to do, I really am glad you are alright Pansy." Padma said before they both grabbed their book bags and left in a hurry.

"Are they okay?" He asked the group. "They've been acting a little funny lately don't you think?"

The other girls nodded but nobody could come up with an explanation, Harry turned puppy dog eyes on Hermione. "What?" She asked in confusion.

"Mi-oneeeee." He pleaded.

She rolled her eyes then narrowed them in his direction. "Why am I always the one to do your dirty work?"

"Because it's your entire fault I'm in this mess. I mean it could have been just you and me and Gin but noooo..."

"Fine! I'll talk to her... them... whatever. After this morning's conversation this one should be a breeze."

"What? Did our conversation not amuse you?" Pansy asked seductively.

Hermione stood quite suddenly, nearly tripping over her book bag in a great imitation of Tonks. "I'll just go find her...them... now." She grabbed the bag and darted from the Hall.

Harry stared after her for a moment, "That must have been some conversation..."

Pansy shrugged, "It was more innuendo than conversation..."

"Hmmm."

"Indeed."

OWL study groups kept Hermione, Parvati, Ginny and Luna away leaving no honest reason for Padma or Susan to stop by Harry's rooms that evening. That meant Harry found himself alone again with Pansy. However rather than love making, what had started off as a casual conversation had turned into an impromptu planning session.

"You're serious?" He asked incredulously.

"Completely." She said with a smile. "Draco won't know what hit him!"

He nodded, liking the idea more and more. "You know, the Headmaster has a theory that one of the Horcruxes is stored in the Lestrange vault at Gringotts, it's a shame we can't gain access to it somehow..."

Pansy's eyes widened at the implications of that statement. "Do you have an idea?"

He grinned predatorily, "Most definitely, if this works we might see about getting all of it."

"You do realize how much money that is?"

He shrugged, "What do I care about money except in keeping it out of Voldemort's hands?"

"Well there is that Black Trust you set up for the orphanages..."

"That sounds like a wonderful idea Miss Parkinson! I'm afraid I am going to be unavailable practically all day tomorrow. How can I make it up to you?"

"I have a few ideas..."

Harry obtained permission to skip his classes Friday morning to prepare for his obligations at the Wizengamot meeting later that day. Dumbledore admitted that he too would be neglecting his duties in preparation for the first meeting of the New Year and quickly gave his consent.

Thus Harry found himself walking into Gringotts, nervous as all get out but using Occlumency to appear passive. He walked straight up to the Keeper whose eyes went wide when he looked up from his appointment book. "Lord Potter-Black! This is unexpected."

"I need to see Griphook, if you don't mind."

The goblin quickly scribbled a note which folded itself and went flying off toward an opening at the top of the gilded doors behind him. "It will only be a moment My Lord. Can we offer you refreshments?"

Harry shook his head, "No need to waste time or money. I am here for business."

He nodded in appreciation of that logic as another message landed on his outstretched arm much the way Hedwig would. After a quick

perusal the Goblin nodded and turned to open the door. "I trust you remember the way?" he asked sarcastically.

"Of course, thank you." Harry said with a large grin at the dumbfounded look on the Keepers face.

He made his way through the maze that was Gringotts and up to Griphook's door where he didn't even bother knocking. He was soon met with a voice from within. "Enter!"

He walked into the room and bowed slightly to the Goblin behind the desk who was quick to stand and bow as well before straightening and grasping Harry's hand in a more traditional greeting. "This is an unexpected visit Harry; I hope everything is satisfactory with your gold and your business?"

Harry nodded, "Quite, I actually come with a business proposition for Gringotts."

That raised the goblins eyebrows, "Oh?"

Harry smiled, "It has recently come to my attention that the Lestrangle vault has lost its primary owners."

Griphook gestured toward a chair before taking his own as Harry sat down. "While that may be true, I fail to understand how this affects you."

"I assume that when the Lestrangle brothers died Bellatrix Lestrangle became the listed owner?" A nod, "And Bellatrix Lestrangle is currently at St. Mungo's as well as being an escaped convict, and therefore unable to access said vault?" Another nod and a shrewd look in his eyes as he caught on.

"Then I am formally annulling the marriage of Bellatrix Black to Rodolphus Lestrangle and claiming her vaults as Head of Family."

Griphook sat back and crossed his hands over his chest as he contemplated that move. "There are...issues with that Harry. For one, that vault is in the second highest security area of Gringotts and its contents are protected by Goblin magic of the highest order. To remove those protections would be...expensive at best."

Harry nodded, "Thus the business proposition. I believe there is an artifact in that vault which is vital to the fight against Tom Riddle. I want first pick of the items in the vault before any fees are removed from its contents...say twenty percent?"

Griphook reached into a drawer and pulled out a battered ledger with an ornate "L" engraved on the cover. After a moment of reading he looked up shrewdly at his client. "I'm afraid that we must insist on fifty percent of the vaults value."

Harry let a very small amount of his dark emotions bleed into his eyes as he stared down the smaller being. "Perhaps a compromise then, thirty-five percent or you can transfer the vault to me and I will never touch it by hand, nor will I invest the money. I'm certain you can see the benefit of my other proposal."

The goblin did not look happy but nodded, having lost this round to a worthy opponent. "Very well, thirty-five percent. When would you like to have access to look for your item?"

"Preferably now."

Another nod showed Harry that the goblin enchantments really would not be all that hard to remove. "We will need half an hour and then I will escort you down to the vault. Was that the extent of your business with us today?"

Harry shook his head, "It seems to me that there are many unclaimed or inaccessible vaults which are now listed as belonging to known Death Eaters."

"Also a fact."

"I would like to introduce a motion later to reclaim these vaults and transfer the funds to the Ministry to fund the war against Tom Riddle."

Griphook actually whistled at that, "This is unprecedented! Criminals or not these are Gringotts customers and we do NOT stab our customers in the back! I'm sure you agree with that policy."

Harry nodded, "Would it be possible to speak to Ragnok on this matter? It seems to me that we might make this a part of a new

treaty between our peoples. After all, your lot would be much worse if Riddle were to gain power, would it not?"

Griphook looked extremely uncomfortable at the implied threat but nodded, "We have said before that the Goblin Nation would be at your disposal if needed in this war. We were expecting to back you with force however, not gold."

"I realize that gold is more precious than blood, but only barely. And in my scenario you have much more to gain than just the elimination of one enemy."

Griphook stood, "I will relay your proposal to Ragnok but I cannot guarantee a meeting. If there is nothing else I will see to arranging the transfer of the Lestrangle Vault. You may wait here if you wish, may I offer refreshment?"

Again Harry waived the offer off, having been informed by Pansy that the Goblins were not above lacing food and drink with compulsions and potions. "I will see you soon."

With another appraising look Griphook nodded and left the room. Harry thought for a moment before closing his eyes and reaching out. "Fawkes?"

A flash of fire later and the Phoenix sat on his shoulder. "You called to me young one?"

Harry smiled as she scratched a spot he knew always bothered the avian and heard a mental sigh. "How is it you come to me when I call?"

"I have bound myself to one who's light is waning, but I am still able to go to those I deem friend."

Harry smiled up at the bird, "I consider you a friend as well, I'm honored."

"What would you request of me friend Harry?"

"I expect a message later from Ragnok and I would like you to deliver it to me wherever I am, I would very much appreciate your help."

The bird nodded, "And I expect you would not like me to relay your request to the white one?"

Harry scrunched up his eyebrows as he tried to decipher that, "You mean Albus?"

He heard the tinkling laugh of Phoenix song before getting a picture in his head, "Oh..." He began chuckling along. "Please don't let Hedwig know about this, she is very protective of her duties."

"Very well young one! I will come to you when the message is ready." With another flash Fawkes disappeared; and just in time.

Griphook entered the room again and bowed slightly. "Ragnok is consulting with the council on your proposal and your vault is ready for inspection. Shall we go?"

He stood and followed along through the maze until they reached the carts and climbed into the one in front. "Hold on Harry, we will be taking the express route and it is a bit more... interesting than the normal path."

What followed was the best roller coaster ride ever! Harry was slightly disturbed by a waterfall that made his magic want to leap through his skin but soon they were rolling along a level track with ominous sounds coming from up ahead.

"That's not?"

Griphook smiled, "Dragons? Absolutely, I told you these are some of our most high security vaults."

"But Dragons?"

The cart stopped and Griphook got out and waited for him to do likewise. He then reached under the seat and grabbed what looked like a set of chains with strange devices attached. "What are those?"

Griphook put a finger to his nose and began walking toward a side tunnel. A flash of fire served as warning to just what lay around the corner. In response Griphook began to shake the device which emitted a loud clanking sound before continuing forward. As they



rounded the corner Harry saw a large and from the looks of it nearly blind Dragon huddled against the far wall growling furiously at them.

"We train them well, without these they would roast and eat anyone who entered the tunnel."

They continued down the tunnel and stopped in front of a very large door. Griphook gestured toward a panel on the front of the door. "We will need a sample of your blood to complete the transfer."

Sighing at the thought of giving more blood and the pain associated Harry walked up to find a handprint shaped indentation. He placed his right hand against it and waited...and waited. Not lifting his hand he turned back to the Goblin, "Is there something wrong with...Aaah...haha...nevermind." He gritted his teeth as a needle punctured each fingertip and he felt the magic attune itself to him.

"Stand back please." Harry followed the orders and watched as Griphook ran a finger nail through a strange pattern over the door, which then began to click and groan before swinging open. "Your vault Harry, remember you are only to take one item at this time, the rest of the money shall be available to you in one week after the agreed amount has been removed."

He walked inside to find piles of Galleons and artifacts enough to rival the Black Vault. Closing his eyes most of the way he began walking through the maze of gold trying get a feel for the cup. He stopped in front of an especially large pile of coins and looked up. There at the top sat a golden chalice with a badger on the front.

"Ah, there you are..." He held his hand out and summoned the cup, then instantly dropped it as his scar shot blinding pain through his head. "Son of a..."

"Are you alright milord?" Griphook called from just outside the door.

"Fine! Just stubbed my toe!"

He glanced around quickly and found a bag full of precious gems which he quickly dumped out and scooped the cup into it. The evil still seemed to ooze from it but it was bearable without skin contact. He turned and headed back for the entrance.

"Not to haggle but the bag and the cup are two items and our agreement was for only one."

Harry narrowed his eyes and let a bit of the darkness coming from the cup out into his aura before reaching into his pocket and grabbing a handful of galleons. He dropped them into the goblins shirt pocket. "They're a set."

Griphook looked down into his pocket then back up into those eyes..."A set, very well. Back up we go..."

He popped back to Grimmauld place after leaving the bank and found his Wizengamot robes laid out neatly for him on the bed. He smiled as he made himself presentable and looked in the mirror. "Hmmm..." He mused.

"Indeed milord..."

He spun around on the spot with his hand out toward his target and a curse on the tip of his consciousness. "Pansy?"

"I remember telling you specifically that you would look more than presentable as long as you were with me."

He dropped his stance and nodded, "What are you doing here?"

She crossed the room and pulled her wand out to put creases in all the right places on his robes and attempt to do anything with his hair. "I have been called before the Wizengamot to testify against you. Apparently Malfoy is still aiming to get you for attempted Line Theft."

"He is, is he?"

She frowned at his hair, "Indeed, so I thought I would make certain that you were presentable as well as making myself so. Has your hair ever lain down flat?"

"Afraid not, but hey it's a look."

"You should have grown your hair out starting at age twelve being the head of your family. Didn't anyone tell you?"

"What?" This was news to him. "My dad didn't have long hair..."

"Your father was not the head of his family until after his father and uncle were killed. I'm sure he had begun letting it grow before leaving school, what about you're Godfather?"

"Sirius? I just assumed his hair was that way from being in prison... that explains why he didn't get a haircut while he was on the run. Why don't people tell me these things?"

She stood back and sighed, "That will do I suppose. Your magical guardian should have explained all of this to you."

Harry growled, "Dumbledore..."

"I thought as much, then again from what you explained to me, he may not have expected you to reach your majority anyway so didn't bother you with a useless tradition as it were. He preferred you as a Halfblood obviously."

"So what do you think?" He said gesturing to himself.

She walked up to him pretending to examine his robes meticulously before smiling up at him. "You pass." She leaned up and kissed him quickly. "Now, shall we?"

He hugged her close and Apparated them both to the Ministry reception area. They then walked with linked arms toward the security station where the guard nodded to Harry but stopped Pansy. "I'll need your wand in here." He said indicating the measuring device.

"State your business Miss Parkinson." He said as he read the slip that appeared.

"Witness."

He nodded and handed her a badge with her name and "Witness" underneath before tipping his hat to them both and looking to the next person in line.

"Witness? That's it?"

"What?" Pansy asked as they began walking.

"Well I always give them a full description of what I'm doing here..."

She nodded, "And what do they usually put on your visitors badge?"

"One or two words... do they even care why we are here?" He asked incredulously.

She shrugged, "In their defense there was more than one guard on duty and none of them were asleep. It is definitely an improvement; I'm guessing that the combination of Susan's Aunt being in charge and a bunch of school kids as well as Death Eaters breaking in during the night might have something to do with it."

They hopped into the lift and rode down to the lowest level, as usual Harry got a chill as he recognized the door at the end of the hallway which led to the Department of Mysteries. They parted ways once inside the chamber and Harry went to his seat with the body, Pansy to the lower gallery where she could be called upon to witness if need be.

The meeting began only a few moments later and Harry was interested to hear some of the old business that he hadn't been present for, including an update on the Werewolf legislation from Remus. Of course there was also the boring month-to-month stuff as well and Harry found himself playing tic-tac-to with Neville for a portion of it. At first they felt bad, until they spotted more than one witch or wizard playing dice or solitaire. In general it reminded him why he did not want to be a career politician.

"Do we have a motion to move on to New Business?" Dumbledore called from his dais. Many hands were raised and he nodded. "Very well, who will be first on the floor?"

Harry took a deep breath and then stood up even as Draco stood to represent House Malfoy. Harry noticed he seemed to be favoring his right leg and his arm was in a sling. It made him smile that in the end he had been able to cause at least some damage to the ponce. "By all means Lord Malfoy, you may have the floor." He said with a grin, getting a very nervous look from the boy for half a second.

"The body recognizes the Honorable House of Malfoy." Dumbledore said lazily and then sat back to watch the show.

Draco wore a self-satisfied smirk as he walked to the middle of the Chamber, "Witches and Wizards of the Wizengamot! I come before you today with a sad heart and a grave accusation. Last evening I picked my betrothed Pansy Parkinson up from school and took her back to my manor house to fulfill the betrothal contract. However when I entered her rooms I found Harry Potter!" He pointed at Harry and sneered, "He proceeded to steal my betrothed away and destroyed half of Malfoy Manor in the process! I want to see him prosecuted for Line Theft and attempted murder!"

Harry stood and walked down to the floor as the chamber erupted, "All true except on one point, Pansy is betrothed to the House of Black and has been since before school began."

Another eruption and Dumbledore fired a canon blast from his wand to regain some semblance of order. "Lords Potter-Black and Malfoy, I must insist you produce the betrothal contracts for verification."

Harry smiled and Malfoy looked nervous. "Of course Chief Warlock." He reached into his robes and pulled out a sheet of parchment with a large golden seal on the bottom. "You will find that if you head down to the records department, this betrothal was recorded in the book early this summer. It was a standard agreement between the houses of Black and Parkinson that as she was placed under my protection she was also offered to me as a wife or concubine. It was only a few weeks later when I claimed her as my wife but due to security reasons I did not announce the betrothal."

Harry finished his walk around the chamber back in front of Malfoy and reached out the hand holding the document to him. "Your move Lord Malfoy."

Draco spluttered a bit and his face began to darken in rage. "This is all lies! Wood Parkinson and my mother had an agreement!"

"And your contract Lord Malfoy?" Dumbledore asked kindly.

"I don't need a bloody piece of parchment to claim what is mine!"

Harry nodded and turned his eyes back to the rest of the body, "I want Lord Malfoy prosecuted for attempted line theft! If I had not

shown up at the last moment, he would have raped and attempted to marry the woman that belongs to me by contract and by choice!"

There was a noticeable uproar from some of the older members present, however Harry couldn't tell if they were upset with him for daring to challenge a pureblood or upset with Draco for either the Line Theft or being too stupid to get away with it. "You can't do that!" Malfoy screamed.

Dumbledore once again had to shoot off his wand to get attention, "Order! Now, we have seen and heard the evidence in this case and we know the law! All in favor of a guilty verdict against Lord Harry Potter-Black signal with your wands?"

The room remained dark except for a few points of light which Harry made note of. "All in favor of a guilty verdict for Lord Draco Malfoy?"

This time a sea of yellow lit the room and Dumbledore nodded, "By a clear Majority we the Wizengamot find Draco Malfoy guilty of attempted Line Theft, you are hereby ordered to pay to the Potter-Black family the amount of 500,000 galleons or half your estate whichever comes first."

"Wait until my Fath... This is an outrage!"

"Indeed, Mr. Weasley?" Dumbledore asked and a surprised stenographer raised his head. "Would you please request the current estate balance from Gringotts?"

"Y-y-Yes Sir! Right away!" Percy fled the room faster than seemed possible, likely thinking he would never get to do anything of importance again after going down in flames with Fudge.

"While we await that information do we have any further business?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry nodded and looked daggers at Malfoy, "Indeed there is Chief Warlock. I would also like to prosecute the good Lord Malfoy for slander against an Ancient House!"

Another uproar began but was quickly silenced as they saw Dumbledore's wand raise and quickly covered their ears. Harry wondered how on earth the older people had not gone deaf during

their political careers. "Do you have witnesses to these events?" Dumbledore asked.

"Outrage!" Draco tried to interject.

"Would you prefer a criminal trial Lord Malfoy?" He quickly looked down and appeared to shrink in on himself.

"On at least six and as many as twenty occasions Lord Malfoy has repeatedly used only my father's family name when addressing me, even after being asked to address me properly. When angered he likes to refer to me as 'Potty' or any other number of juvenile insults. I have given him multiple warnings and he has chosen to ignore me, obviously thinking I would never bring him before this august body."

"LIES!" Malfoy shouted. "All Lies! I motion that we move this matter to committee!"

"Seconded!" Came a shout from the general direction of one of the voters Harry had noted earlier.

Dumbledore sighed in defeat. "If there are no objections..."

"May I just remind this body that Malfoy has likely just lost half his fortune?" Harry interjected.

"Objection! That is irrelevant and inflammatory! I move it be stricken from the record!" Malfoy argued.

"Lord Malfoy, this is not a trial so I can but note your objection, secondly the record is not being kept as I sent our stenographer to fetch your financials. Now, I will ask that the members disregard what Lord Potter-Black has just said and vote on moving this to Committee. All in favor?"

Even less wands lit than before in support of Malfoy and Dumbledore nodded, "All who find Lord Malfoy guilty of slander against an ancient house?"

It looked to Harry like just over half of the room but Dumbledore did not seem satisfied. "Please place your wand tips onto the crystal in front of you to record your votes."

This was apparently commonplace in close votes and Harry did as instructed. Dumbledore looked down at his Dais and nodded, "We the Wizengamot find Lord Draco Malfoy Guilty of Slander Against an Ancient House. You are hereby fined 500,000 galleons or half your estate whichever comes last! To Slander a house which was bestowed an Ancient title by the Queen's Wizard themselves is a great crime!"

"YOU CAN'T DO THIS!"

"It is done!" Dumbledore called from the dais.

Percy came flying back into the room and dropped a tome on the table in front of the Chief Warlock. "Sorry I took so long sir!"

"Very well Mr. Weasley, you can record the events you missed via my Pensieve later. Now..." He studied the book for a moment before having someone beside him verify the amount. "Oh dear."

Malfoy turned ghost white at that. "What do you mean oh dear?"

"It seems that some rather sizeable withdrawals have been made by one of your dear departed father's associates. You will be able to make payment on the Line Theft conviction; however there may be a problem on the second conviction."

It was testament to how scared he was that he didn't even speak out against the convictions again. "I don't understand."

"The Malfoy estate is currently worth, including properties, only 236,114 Galleons 16 Sickles and 27 Knuts. On the charge of Line Theft you are hereby ordered to pay the Black family 118,057 galleons. As you do not have 500,000 Galleons left to pay for your slander you are hereby stripped of your lands, titles and privileges and they are bestowed upon Lord Harry Potter-Black-Malfoy."

Draco looked as if his head were going to explode and Harry hoped beyond hope that he would reach for his wand. In the end he calmly limped toward the doors, Harry could have sworn he heard chuckling as the doors closed, and it was a sound that chilled him to the bone.

Dumbledore sighed, "Is there any other new business to attend?"



Harry walked back up to his seat but just before he could sit down Fawkes flashed in and out leaving only a letter floating down toward Harry. Dumbledore looked at him with astonishment along with every other member present but said nothing as Harry opened his letter; all eyes watching him intently. "I have a new proposal here, freshly written by Lord Ragnok himself."

Nervous muttering could be heard throughout the chamber and Harry waited for it to decrease somewhat before continuing. "What does the leader of the Goblin Nation have to say to this body?" Dumbledore asked.

"I actually contacted him to arrange for the recouping of Death Eater vaults for the Ministry to fund the war against Voldemort." Harry smiled at the intake of air when he used the name. The smile on Dumbledore's face told him the old man enjoyed that effect at times as well.

"It will never happen! Gringotts has steadfastly refused to break their clients trust!" Came a voice from the body, many others nodded in agreement.

Harry waved the letter in the air. "He has met with the Goblin Council and they have accepted my offer as long as they get half of the assets excluding Goblin artifacts in those vaults which rightfully belong to the Goblin nation."

"That's absurd! Those artifacts were paid for in full at the time of sale, they are national treasures!" Came a voice and many nodded in agreement.

"Those treasures as you say are inaccessible to the Nation in any case at the moment. I plan to stop by Gringotts later and renew a few leases on objects I did not know were not actually mine. I suggest all of you do the same if you want what is in those Death Eater vaults!" He rubbed his wrist lightly where the Sword of Gryffindor was sheathed.

"I move to send this to committee for further study!"

Harry actually agreed this time, his political reserves were rather low at the moment and he was desperately clinging to his celebrity and

his Occlumency to get him through this. "I second that!" All eyes turned to him and silence reigned.

"This is a matter which needs much discussion but which can be extremely rewarding for all those involved. In essence it would be a new treaty with the Goblins of Gringotts and thus it needs to go to a committee to ensure that it is ironclad."

Dumbledore nodded even as he looked at Harry with something approaching awe. "All in favor of sending to committee?" He asked in a slightly shaken voice.

Every wand in the room seemed to light up and Dumbledore nodded once more. "Very well, this matter will be discussed and brought back in the next session. I believe that is enough excitement for one meeting, so..."

Neville stood up, "I move to adjourn this meeting!"

Harry smiled, "Seconded."

After many handshakes and looks of awe Harry and Neville finally escaped with Pansy on his arm back to the Hogsmeade. He turned to his betrothed and kissed her soundly until a cough from Neville brought them out of it with a smile. "So..." he said casually.

"I can't believe that worked!" Harry exclaimed.

"Right, I'm sure the fact that you have a phoenix bound to you had nothing to do with how quickly they accepted your proposal." Neville stated.

Harry smiled and shook his head, "That was Fawkes, Dumbledore's phoenix."

"How on earth did you convince Dumbledore's phoenix to play Owl for you?" Pansy asked him shrewdly.

He shrugged, "I asked, not that hard really. People should really stop treating magical animals like they have no intelligence...I can't believe that worked!" He exclaimed once again as he broke out in smiles.

"Seriously milord, it was mostly my plan. Whatever made you think it would fail?" She said narrowing her eyes.

He held up his hands in surrender. "Of course dear, whatever you say dear..."

"So it's official then? You two are seriously getting married?" Neville asked.

Both of them stopped and looked at each other, "I guess it is?" Harry half asked.

Pansy immediately looked down at the ground. "It is milord."

He bent down a bit and tilted his head to look up at her face. "Pansy?"

Neville coughed politely to get his attention. "Harry?"

"Not now Neville."

"No you don't understand Harry. As your wife in all but name she is required to act subservient to you in public. That is why you will never see someone like Narcissa Black talking back to Lucius Malfoy when they were married. In private you may maintain whatever relationship you want but in public the Pureblood thing to do is go along with it."

Harry sighed, "Is that what you want Pansy?"

She took a moment, "It is milord."

"I don't like this Pansy very much; can you give me just a little bit more attitude without crossing a line?"

She seemed to debate with herself for a moment before nodding and looking up at him. "I can try milord, but years of training will not be wasted simply because it makes you uncomfortable."

He smiled, "See that wasn't so hard was it? Now who's for a drink?" He began walking toward the Three Broomsticks with Pansy on his arm.

Neville quickly caught up to them and looked nervous, "Are you sure this is okay?"

Harry shrugged as he opened the door to admit them, "Honestly I could care less, Dumbledore told me he would be out of the school most of the day and really I need a drink after that! I can't believe they bought it!"

Pansy tried hard to hide the roll of her eyes but Harry caught it and smiled at her. "Seriously dear, I was about to pass out every second I was in front of them, I felt like I was 10 years old!"

Neville sighed, "Thank goodness! I was scared shirtless and I was up in my seat!"

Harry nodded, "I don't understand how it all worked so well." He caught Rosmerta's eye and held up three fingers to which she nodded and got busy behind the bar.

Pansy breathed sharply out her nose but held her tongue like a good princess. "You really don't understand do you?"

He shook his head and gave her his attention as a Butterbeer was placed in front of each of them. She looked at the bottles and then at Harry. "Uh Madame?" He asked quietly.

The barmaid turned around and smiled saucily down at them, "Honestly I think the son of James Potter can call me Rosie."

He barely controlled the blush at her flirting, "Uh...Rosie could we get a bottle of that wine as well?"

She curtsied awkwardly and was off like a shot, presumably toward the cellar. "Better?"

Ignoring him she went on with her explanation, "You have an automatic amount of pull with everyone in that room just because of how much money you have and your family name. On top of that you add in the mystique of being The Boy-Who-Lived as well. You have a lot of political capital to spend and you barely touched it today."

"It would have been nice if you had told me that earlier, maybe I wouldn't have nearly given myself a stroke trying not to sweat!"

"You were really good though, and the way you handled Malfoy..."

"Hmmm, speaking of which, how can I get rid of the name? I really don't fancy being Lord Harry Potter-Black-Malfoy."

"Why don't you offer to take Hermione as Mrs. Malfoy? Having a Muggleborn carrying his name would definitely rub it in." Neville suggested.

Pansy however shook her head, "Actually I think a simple declaration that the house of Malfoy is dead would be better. Besides I doubt she would go for it, that name stands for too much that is wrong with our world currently. Better to let it die."

"Define simple." Harry said knowing it wouldn't be.

"An announcement in the Prophet should suffice, though you might get the Quibbler involved as well to cover your bases."

He sighed as Rosie returned with the wine and some glasses, they went through the ritual and Harry nodded for her to proceed to pouring it for them. He held up his glass and the others did likewise. "Well then, to the death of the Malfoy family name, and the birth of a new Goblin treaty."

They clinked their glasses and enjoyed their wine; Harry shrank the still corked bottles of Butterbeer and put them in his pocket before dropping a few galleons on the table, more than enough to cover the drinks.

A merry threesome made their way back up to the school.

## Chapter 73: Discussions/Repercussions

"HA HA HA! And he just stood there?"

Harry laughed right along with the girls, "He tried to object but Dumbledore was all Lord Malfoy this is not a criminal trial, unless you would prefer one."

"Honestly Harry I can't believe you would do that to him!"

"Come off it Hermione," Pansy interrupted, "You have to understand what really happened today. Harry showed the wizarding world that he follows through with his threats and took one of our enemies out at the knees. All in all a good days work."

"So would you like to be lady Malfoy?" Harry asked her with a smile, to which she responded with a huff.

"Do you honestly think I want that name anywhere near me?"

Pansy turned to Harry and smiled, "Told you."

He nodded as he handed over a Galleon, "I was kidding Hermione, unless one of you wants to be a Malfoy I was going to formally announce the death of the Malfoy family in the papers."

Nobody wanted the name and the formerly laughing group was suddenly a bit more somber. They had finished out the day at school and were now lounging in Harry's common room as they recounted the meeting. Ron, Lavender, Neville and Hannah had joined them and Harry was able to get Dobby to bring them a case of butterbeer to celebrate.

"You should have seen him though! He was amazing out there!" Neville commented through a slight slur.

Pansy nodded, "He was, but then I didn't expect anything less of the Gryffindor Golden Boy. Of course the phoenix was a very Slytherin thing to do. I was so proud!"

"Phoenix?" Hermione asked as the room went suddenly quiet.

Harry looked around nervously. "Uh yes?"

"And just where did you get a Phoenix? I hope you haven't enslaved one!"

Rather than answering Harry called out and there was a flash of fire before Fawkes settled on his shoulder. "I don't know that you have been formally introduced." He went around the circle finishing with Ginny who noted that they had already met with only slightly haunted eyes.

"The Headmasters Phoenix? Well I suppose as long as..." She was interrupted by a beautiful trill of song.

"Though I am bound to him, I do not belong to him."

"What?" Hermione asked.

"He says he doesn't belong to the Headmaster just because he is bound to him."

"What's the difference?" Susan asked.

Another trill and Harry smiled, "Gabrielle wanted to be my possession, she was bound to me yes, but only because she wished to be property did she end up so. Even then I never treated her like I owned her. Fawkes bound himself to serve Dumbledore because he recognized the good he was capable of. Unfortunately he is bound to serve him until death even if he slips toward the darkness. That is why it's so rare to see a bound Phoenix."

"Then how did you get him to bring you a letter?" Hermione asked, still confused about this new subject.

"I asked?" Harry said looking questioningly up at the bird. Another trill and he smiled, "Yep, I asked and he agreed. He says friends are allowed to do favors regardless of whom he serves as long as I am not an enemy."

"You really can talk to birds?" Pansy asked in amazement. "I thought you were having me on!"

He shrugged, "I decided it is just a part of being a Natural Legilimens."

"Decided?" Pansy looked at him thoughtfully.

"Yup, it works a lot better than having some crazy bird whisperer powers, I'm sure that isn't what the Prophecy was talking about..."

"Speaking of He-Who-Has-No-Hair..." Neville spoke up drunkenly.

Hannah beamed at him, "Why Neville, was that a joke about Voldemort?"

He puffed out his chest and nodded, "I s'pose 't was! Anyways 'Arry, what about your other bus'niss at Grang..Grink..the bank?"

Harry nearly smacked himself on the forehead for forgetting the most important thing he had done that day as he reached into the pocket of his cloak and pulled out the bag. He carefully unwrapped it and touched the cup as lightly as possible through the material. "Merlin..." Ginny gasped. "I can feel it..."

Fawkes trilled and everyone felt a little better as they gazed upon the Horocrux. Hermione was the first to break to silence, "So that's one of them?"

Harry nodded and wondered what to do about it when Fawkes trilled again, "I shall take it to Albus, he will know what to do."

Another nod and Harry placed the cup back into the bag and held it up into the air for Fawkes to take. Just as he was about to speak a blur of white flew into the room and dive bombed him, only pulling up at the last second with a shriek. "I WAS HALFWAY THERE WHEN HE SHOWED UP AND TOOK MY JOB!" She then flew to the corner of the room and perched facing away from them on the desk chair.

"Uh oh..."

Fawkes trilled once more as he took the cup and disappeared in a flash of fire.

"If I didn't know better I would say your owl is jealous Harry." Padma said quietly.



Harry sighed and stood up to cross the room. "How's the most beautiful girl I know?" He said quietly to the bird who ruffled her feathers and steadfastly refused to turn around.

The other women in the room likewise ruffled for a moment before realizing just how silly it was to be jealous of a bird. Lavender appeared to have enough however and stood up, "Won won...can you show me something?"

"Not right now luv, we didn't hear the rest of the story."

She huffed at him but he remained in his seat watching Harry try to coax his owl out. "Hedwig you know I love you right? Fawkes is just a friend! And just right then I needed instant delivery; no matter how good of an owl you are you just can't make it that fast. What can I do to make it up to you?"

"Won won, I need you to help me on the seventh floor."

That got his attention and he turned adoring eyes up to his girlfriend. "What? Oh! Later guys, bye Hedwig!" The owl barked something short but refused to look at or speak to her owner.

"Bye mate...Hedwig, what can I do to make it up to you?"

Parvati leaned in toward Susan while rubbing her thighs together and biting her lip. "Am I crazy or is anyone else turned on watching him beg like that?"

Susan turned a strange look on the girl before turning back to him, "I guess he is kinda sexy when he's in trouble..."

He pulled an owl treat out of his pocket and presented to her, smiling slightly as he caught the look over her shoulder at his palm. "I have more where this came from. I promise you're still my favorite."

Padma leaned in to Hermione looking rather antsy herself. "Who's next on the list?"

Hermione pulled herself away from the drama in the corner. "Oh, well Luna was next, I figured you two would like your time to

overlap...I can change the schedule and swap you around if you like."

The girl seemed to almost moan even as her demeanor began to look more and more like she needed to use the loo. "No no, you're right...and after Luna?"

"Susan, then you two then me, are you sure you wouldn't like me to talk to Luna?"

"No, no that's fine..." She looked up suddenly at Parvati and they both nodded. "Good luck Harry, you might try getting down on your knees." Parvati called as she and Padma headed for the door.

"What? I am not begging!"

"Goodnight Harry." They said in unison as they headed out the door. He turned back toward the owl and after a moment's hesitation bent down onto his knees.

"C'mon girl, please forgive me?"

The owl turned around and took the treat from his hand before bouncing onto his shoulder. "As long as you learned your lesson master."

The rest of the females in the room began giggling as Harry stood and turned back to them. "It isn't funny!"

That made even Neville burst out laughing as Harry sat down on the couch again with her still on his shoulder. He looked rather grumpy as he crossed his arms over his chest. "Not my fault she's too smart for her own good."

He got a playful nip on the ear for that along with a message, "Thank you for the compliment."

"If I couldn't see it in person I'd swear you were a nutter, but I guess you always kind 'f understood her hey Harry?" Neville asked.

He shrugged, "She was the only person I had to talk to during the summers for five years... besides letters of course." He added as he began to see faces fall around the room.

"Of course." Hermione said quietly, Pansy looked as if she were seriously considering a bit of Muggle baiting and Susan was not far behind.

"Um, So after Fawkes showed up?" Hermione added to change the subject.

"I read the letter and proposed a new Goblin Treaty that would get the Ministry access to the bank vaults of known Death Eaters."

"How on earth did you swing that! Gringotts is known for never betraying its customers!" Susan asked suddenly.

He shrugged again, "You have to think like a goblin, I imagine the percentage will end up somewhere around 50% before they sign anything. If there is one thing you can count on it is Goblin greed."

"Harry! I thought you got along with the Goblins!" Hermione protested.

"I do, you just have to know how to appeal to them. They enjoy respect enough to return it but they would still slit your throat for a few galleons if they thought they could get away with it. They understand power which is why I was able to get all of us gratis bank cards before, and they understand a real threat when they see one. Which is why I was able to gain access to the Lestrage Vault on the same day I stopped in."

"Now you're threatening them?" Hermione said standing up and preparing for a rant.

"Down girl!" Pansy snapped as she too stood, "Harry is right, you have to deal with other races on their terms or they will mock you behind your back. The Centaurs think it is beneath them to be treated as equal to wizards and beyond that to be treated as lesser creatures. Therefore you have to appeal to their vanity if you want to successfully negotiate anything with them. Giants understand strength, to deal with them you have to offer the chief gifts to prove that you recognize his strength. Goblins are a nasty and greedy lot, if you expect them to actually respect you AND listen to you then you have be able to back up your words with action."

Hermione looked a bit hurt but simply nodded as she sat back down. "It really was the only way Hermione, and if anything I think Griphook likes me more now than he did before. Being nice just doesn't work for everything with them."

"Fine...so then what happened?" She said in defeat.

"Then someone offered to send it to committee and I seconded. I was about to collapse from faking it for so long."

Pansy just shook her head. "You weren't faking it any more than the rest of them milord. You simply don't have practice, luckily you have me."

He smiled as he turned toward her, "Oh really?"

She nodded as she looked into his eyes, "Mm-hmm."

"Right then! That's our cue to leave!" Neville said standing up a bit unsteady on his feet from the Butterbeer. Hannah stood and steadied him with a smile.

"Goodnight Harry." She said quietly as she led Neville from the room.

"I suppose we should get out of here as well don't you think?" Susan said turning to Luna who nodded.

"Absolutely, we can take a walk on the grounds before curfew and see the Whizfigs playing."

"That sounds perfect. Goodnight Harry." Susan said leaning in to kiss him on the cheek before escorting the other girl from the room.

"So I suppose I will just get going then..." Hermione said as she made to stand, Pansy however had other ideas.

"Just where do you think you're going missy?"

The girls eyes snapped up in shock. "To bed, it's still your night and I..."

"Are going to stay right here." Ginny said with a mischievous smile.

"Huh?" Harry asked. Despite his brain being confused his body was apparently VERY aware of what was about to happen.

"Well milord, it seems that Miss Granger is a bit afraid..."

"I am not!"

"Afraid that there will be jealousy issues if we bring Miss Weasley to our bed without her, so I spoke to Miss Weasley..."

"And I agreed..."

"That we would just have to have a menage of four rather than three."

As his brain caught up to his body his blood pressure began to skyrocket along with his pulse. "Uh...what?" He asked as he resisted the urge to climb up the couch in fear. "I t-told you before that more than two was too much!"

Ginny tilted her head sideways and smiled at him, causing her eyes to sparkle. "Oh it will only be one at a time..." She walked casually around behind Hermione.

Pansy walked in front of her and the bookworm seemed about ready to shake out of her patent leather shoes. "For you, for Hermione however..." She placed her hands on the girls cheeks and leaned in, capturing her lips in a kiss before she could continue protesting.

Authors Note:

Anonymous Review chapter 16: LOL your Hermione is such a slut, I cant see why Ron or Harry would be interested in her. I have nothing against wild crazy sex but I think sluts are discusting.

Answer: Well, yes...my self-delusional!hermione was a bit of a slut, but when the anon reader continues on hopefully he see's her correct her behavior and end up with Harry like she was meant to be.

Another reviewer for the last chapter mentioned how the story has gotten to be (or continued to be) formulaic and my attempts at conflict have mostly fallen flat. Also that he is tired of seeing Harry being whiney and pussy whipped...

All I can say is sorry. Everyone please remember that this story started off as smut PWP and the plot was added to challenge myself, but still had to serve the stated purpose of the story. Thus yes...not a lot of conflict and with the exception of Gabrielle pretty light hearted. But thats kindof what you get when you start off with one thing in mind, and without changing what you already have written, add a plot device or three... And yes, especially since they came back to Hogwarts its been formulaic. I wanted to give each girl one more chapter to themselves before the end as I think I developed the characters well enough that any of them deserve their own story with Harry.

I have a bit of a plot bunny idea, where Luna is the center of this particular universe. She doesn't always end up with Harry, but her ability to see Possibilities means that in each universe she see's all the other stories and all the other possible relationships. Nothing phases her as long as she is Harry's friend, in the dimensions where she isn't his friend she leads a pretty sad life until graduating Hogwarts and going off into the wild to find her animals.

Generally I still think this story is a huge success, it is my FIRST and ONLY posted fanfic and at 500k words and 70ish chapters I think I have done an amazing job for a beginner. I hope to take what I learned here and apply it to future works.

Critical Reviews ARE welcomed as long as you don't just flame me, I don't delete flames for the most part and I even re-enabled anon reviews.

So let me have it, good or bad. AS I am about to post the final few chapters I have written I am still lacking in direction to take the last 2 unwritten chapters. I want to finish this story in the next two months since its been almost 4? months since I wrote a chapter... next up is Hermione followed by most likely the final battle. Anything you want to see happen please let me know and I will see what I can do, any unfilled plot holes you noticed?

Also, feel free to join [.com/group/gml\\_fanfic](https://www.fanfiction.net/group/gml_fanfic) to go in depth and critical, or to see anything else I feel like writing. Got a challenge you'd like to see me write or a plot bunny you think I could handle for a one shot or short story? Let me know and I will hopefully get my muse going again and finish this damn thing!

## Chapter 75: Luna

Monday January 20, 1997

Harry had just finished breakfast in the Great Hall for the first time in seven days, though he had a very shapely Indi female on either side of him feeding him off their plates. The pampering like he was some sort of Sheik had been fun but the stress of maintaining two high maintenance women in bed... or broom closet... or abandoned classroom... or occupied classroom under an invisibility cloak.. for a week had taken its toll. He knew he must have pulled more than a few muscles, on multiple occasions and he had already given Hermione the evil eye when he drank his smoothie. The stamina and virility potions were at levels that couldn't be masked by fruit juice any longer and the least she could have done was include a pain killer.

Parvati pulled him out of his thoughts by placing a finger on his chin and turning his head toward her before giving him a toe curling kiss; which despite his pain still stirred his libido. Her sister repeated the gesture from his other side causing him to groan in both pain and frustration before they both stood, grabbing their book bags and pinning him with loving looks.

"Bye Harry." They said in unison with a wink and a smile before leaving him at the table with the other girls smiling at his pained-confused-gobsmacked look.

Looking at all the faces surrounding him he could only groan again before smacking his head to the table with a satisfying THWACK and rocking it back and forth on the cold wood. "Thank goodness that's over with..." He mumbled.

"For this month anyway." Hermione said with a sly smile. He thought she was taking just a bit too much pleasure from the situation he had signed himself over to.

Another groan and he raised his head to glare at her. He had barely slept between keeping the randy twins-in-heat purring and keeping up with his homework thanks to Mistress Hermione. His only saving grace was that he didn't have to read the material before starting on the papers, and oh man were there papers! It was as if no matter how stressful it seemed before the Hol's they had been in low gear,

and now that the second Semester was upon them the Staff was ready to kill them rather than let them have any free time. The only reason he hadn't been fired from the Quidditch team for missing practice was because Katie and Ginny had been happy to run interference for him with Ron.

"I'm not sure I am getting a good deal Hermione, I think the twins broke him." Luna commented a bit too loudly for his liking.

"Maybe I should take a week off then... " Harry said hopefully, only to have his hopes dashed as Luna smiled.

"No, I think I can fix you. Besides it would throw off the timetable."

"Timetable?" He asked noticing the look in her eyes.

"No worry, it all works out now as long as we stick to the timetable."

"What works out?" He asked feeling more and more confused.

"All of it." She said as she tilted her head slightly to the left and raised an eyebrow. Apparently she didn't understand how he couldn't understand.

"Oh, well in that case... "

"Come on Harry, you can walk me to class while you try to remove that Wrackspurt."

Harry stood up and began to follow her out the door before remembering that orgasm was the best way to get rid of Wrackspurts... he groaned again as his much abused manhood twitched.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

He went through his normal routine, running between classes to see and escort as many of the girls as possible during his free periods. For the first month or two it had been hell just keeping up between two and the numbers had more than doubled, he was only thankful that so many of the classes were shared. The hardest part was Ginny and Luna who had Fifth year classes unlike the rest of the



girls leading to him going up and down the stairs three times more than normal.

Just about the only good part about it was that he was getting his workout even after missing so much Quidditch practice. He got his first real break toward the end of the day when he picked Luna up from Potions.

"You know Harry, there really is no reason to run yourself ragged all over the castle on our account."

He just looked at her for a moment, "But I would feel like a very bad boyfriend if I didn't try to spend as much time as I could with all of you. Especially when I have so much free time during the days."

She just shook her head as they headed up the stairs, stopping on the third floor to wait for the next flight to swing around to them.

"Part of this silly arrangement by Hermione was that you were to spend time with only your current designated girlfriend for the week. It's very sweet of you to try to work the rest of us in, but honestly you can't be getting anything worthwhile done."

"I get all my assignments done on time and my grades are only slightly worse than Hermione's, I don't see the problem."

She continued up the stairs quietly leaving him to wonder what she was thinking, and then wonder if he really wanted to wonder what she was thinking. As they reached the sixth floor landing he went to turn toward his rooms only to have her look at him from the next set of steps. "Going somewhere?"

"I uh...I thought we were heading for my suite?"

She smiled indulgently at him and continued up the stairs with him quickly following. "If you wanted to go back to Ravenclaw Tower I guess that's fine, I know you don't really want to be intimate now that you have reclaimed your virginity..."

She turned at the top of the stairs with him a stair below so they were the same height and wrapped her arms around his neck before kissing him rather deeply, oblivious to the others trying to make their way up or down the stairs giving them dubious looks.

"There are plenty of things we can do without vaginal penetration Harry, and we aren't headed to Ravenclaw."

She sounded so...clinical in describing the act that it took him a moment to catch the meaning behind her words. By which time he had to hurry to catch up to her in the corridor.

"So where are we headed then?" He asked after catching up to her.

She stopped them at a window and quietly gazed outside rather than answer him. Before long the mass of bodies has cleared out and the bell rang to signal that the last period of the day just started. She then casually began walking again leaving a confused boy to follow in her wake. That is until he realized where they were.

"The Room of Requirements?" He asked feeling stupid.

She paced back and forth until the door appeared and he followed her into a training room that looked much like the one at Grimmauld Place with the exception that there was no wall separating the Master Suite from the rest of the room and there was no Telly.

"When was the last time you actually worked on expanding your repertoire Harry?"

"Uh, well I haven't had any complaints so I just sort of go with what feels good and what gets me the right reactions..."

She rolled her eyes at him and for the first time he realized her eyes were clear and staring into his instead of being dreamy and detached. "We have a week to work on that set of skills love, that wasn't the one I was talking about. When was the last time you worked on your magic?"

"Oh! Well...probably when you asked me to show you my new Patronus..." He trailed off at the look she was giving him. "What?"

"That was months ago Harry, now granted Love may be the power you need to defeat Voldemort, but something tells me he won't just let you walk up to him and hug him to death."

Harry shivered. "I guess I hadn't really thought about it...I've been too busy with..."

"Yes well it won't do any of us girls a bit of good if you die fighting, besides then who will raise little Sirius, James and Lily?"

His eyes went huge as the implication of what she just told him hit and he quickly found himself sitting on the floor. "But...but I'm on a charm and the girls are on potions...which one?"

She smiled and looked calmly back at him, "Ones?" He said as his eyes went even wider. His mind was racing and other possibilities finally caught up to him. "Or did you see that in a vision?"

She sat down beside him and kissed him on the cheek. "No visions this time, it's just that you are going to have at least three children you know and I find it statistically impossible you wouldn't name a few after your closest relatives."

That knocked the wind right out of his sails and he laid back on the carpet to catch his breath. "Don't do that to me!"

"You did that to you by jumping to conclusions, that is something else you need to work on. You are so much smarter than you let on and you sometimes seem to be imitating Ronald rather than actually thinking things through. Things like trying to maintain eight relationships instead of working on your survival. The girls will pair off you know, nobody feels unloved."

"But the plan...the week apiece..."

"Are a horrible idea by Hermione, she is extremely intelligent but she has a tendency to over think things as much as you under think them. You need to stop trying so hard and just be Harry, we can manage to make it from one class to another without you."

"Right, and then one of you gets kidnapped and I..."

"Teleport to wherever we are and save us as soon as you find out. You can't be with us all the time, you just have to trust that you will be there when we need you."

His brain was spinning from all the new ideas Luna was introducing, "Why are you being...coherent, all of a sudden?" He asked gently.

"Don't worry Harry, I'm not offended. I am being coherent because you needed someone to kick you in the backside and it was my week. Besides, its all part of the plan."

That last sentence he definitely recognized as her vision-voice and he took her at her word. "So what should I be doing?"

Luna stood and began walking around the room absentmindedly as she thought before turning back toward him. "What was the last lesson with Dumbledore about?"

"Fiendfyre again, why?"

"And what have you done since that lesson? Did he give you any homework?"

"Well.." He said as he tried to straighten his hair with one hand, "Not exactly anything...but the Twins needed me..."

"So why don't you start small. Can you conjure some bluebell flames to work with?"

She sat down cross legged across from him and he couldn't help himself as he looked down to discover she was going commando that day. Despite himself he was getting turned on just seeing her soft blond hair sitting atop a slightly pink slit. He unconsciously licked his lips.

"Eyes up Harry, I told you already we can work on that later."

He promptly blushed.

For the next half an hour Luna had him conjuring bluebell flames and trying to juggle them with his wand. He found that using both wands made it much easier and soon had them swirling prettily. Luna then suggested he try holding them and juggling them physically.

"Are you nuts?" He asked.

She rolled her eyes again and affected a Hermione-like tone. "What are the properties of Bluebell Flames Harry?"

"Uh...bright blue in color, need no fuel or oxygen...produce heat but do not burn surfaces they come in..contact..with..." He blushed and felt like an idiot as he thought the incantation and produced the flames in the palm of his hand. The warmth felt nice without burning, just sort of a strange tingle that reminded him of the Floo.

With another thought he had another ball of blue flame in his other hand and began tossing them back and forth, once he had that pattern down he added another and then an additional one to make four balls dancing through the air between his hands. Luna looked like a kid at the circus and he couldn't help but smile at her. As his concentration waned the fire began to fade until it winked out and she smacked his knee to remind him to keep his mind on the task.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

"Where's Harry?" Susan asked as she dropped her book bag on the couch in Harry's suite, the rest of the girls had already trickled in so they could head down to Dinner together.

"Room of Requirements, working on his magic." Luna said in her dreamy voice.

The other girls looked to the blonde in anticipation as Hermione spoke up first, "What is he working on now? I thought he had already mastered pretty much everything we could think of."

"What we could think of yes but not what he could think of, or Dumbledore could think of. We oughtn't let ourselves think we are the be all end all of protecting and training Harry Potter."

Hermione's jaw dropped as she fought between crying and being offended, the latter was just starting to pick up steam until the former pricked that balloon, Ginny had her arms around the girl before the waterworks could start.

"Hey, no jumping to conclusions, save it until you know what you are reacting to." The redhead whispered. Wiping non-existent tears from her cheeks Hermione turned back to Luna and waited.

"He loves every one of us but he has been concentrating on us instead of on making himself stronger. There is nothing wrong with that except that it's time to stop, I wouldn't begrudge Susan or Hermione their week with him so don't worry about that, I am just going to use my week more...productively."

"But we all agreed!" Hermione interjected, "We weren't getting enough time with him so we needed to make it even before anyone got jealous."

Susan raised her hand as she cleared her throat, "You know it was a great deal for Ginny and Pansy who got him almost right away, but I have to say in practice I would rather share him than wait my turn."

"Yeah, I mean we got to jump the line, and we had our little...situation to take care of, but honestly it was horrible having to wait weeks to be with him." Padma said quietly.

Ginny leaned onto Hermione's shoulder, "And I have to admit it was nice at first having him all to myself, but it sucks waiting another six weeks. You didn't think this one out very well Mione."

Hermione looked around the room and didn't see anyone disagreeing and nodded her head in defeat. "So what is Harry doing now?" She asked in a small voice.

"He is working on his conjuring and control of fire spells. Dumbledore asked him to work on it since one of Tom's favorite terror spells is Fiendfyre."

"Fiendfyre!" Hermione exclaimed. "He isn't up there casting such dangerous magic without supervision is he?" She got up as if she were going to storm out when Ginny and Pansy each touched one of her shoulders at Luna's look.

"Harry is a big boy Hermione, he just got out from under Dumbledore's thumb, he really doesn't need a mother." Pansy said as nicely as she could, she had seen this coming but thought she had a bit longer to work on the girl without confronting her outright.

Ginny nodded along before adding, "And besides, if you wanted to be his Mum then you have some serious issues to work out." Both

her tone and her demeanor were playful and the older girl quickly swatted her shoulder.

"Fine, I get it. I am a bit of a control freak but I can't help myself some times. Besides which none of you would be here now if I hadn't been a bit pushy..."

"And we love you for it, its just time to pull back a little and let him grow on his own. Maybe with just a bit of prodding from his harem." Luna said.

Everyone nodded and the tension began to lessen in the room as they got ready to head down to dinner. "So is Harry coming down?" asked Parvati.

"Dobby is bringing his dinner up to him since he was working pretty hard when I left him. Don't worry, when I opened the Room I made sure it would protect him from himself if he lost control of one of those fire spells. Though he was playing with Bluebell Flames when I left."

"I suppose that is a good thing since I think its time to finalize our plans." Hermione said looking over at Pansy who nodded.

"Harry is getting ready in his own way, we have work to do for our part. We finally nailed down the ritual we have been researching, but it requires a lot of synchronized chanting and casting of specific wards. Without Harry to distract us now is a good time to complete our preparations." Pansy added.

Hermione continued, "We should be ready for a dry run in about four weeks."

Luna nodded and smiled at the two girls dreamily, "I know."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Tuesday afternoon found Harry alone in the Room of Requirements as he was off between lunch and dinner and Luna had rewarded him handsomely for his work the day before. He was currently holding a set of wooden juggling balls the room had called up for him. At first he had thought it would be simple to juggle, after all he had kept six balls of blue flame circling nicely the day before. His ease quickly

turned to dismay as he realized he wasn't nearly as coordinated physically as his magic had made him seem. Thus he was sitting on the floor trying to think of a way to move on to the Incendio flames instead of Bluebells when he couldn't juggle.

Deciding there was nothing for it he picked one of the balls up and held it in his hand. Then thinking strongly to himself that he did NOT want his own fire to burn him, cast the charm on the ball which ignited quickly and just as quickly he dropped it before his hand began to blister.

"Damn it!" he cried around the fingers he had stuck in his mouth. While he eyed the flaming ball warily.

He watched for a short time as the flames merrily licked at the air and slowly consumed the wooden ball within. Eventually he found himself on the edge of falling into his Occlumency and shook himself back to the waking world. He reached a hand out and slowly pushed his fingertips closer to the flames, all the while concentrating on the magic he could feel. He imagined the heat wrapping around him and passing through him without harming him. He closed his eyes in anticipation of the pain he knew was about to come, and grabbed the ball.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

He sat with a bandage on his hand and Luna in his lap in his common room after dinner. The only way to describe his mood was 'Pouting' but lucky for him Luna felt like doting on him.

"Honestly, I thought you said the room would protect him from mistakes." Hermione harrumphed.

Luna let the animosity wash right past her as she kissed the hand she was holding. "I didn't open the room this time."

"Yes, but you should have told him about that protection."

"But then he wouldn't know he wasn't ready to catch a flaming ball of wood yet."

The logic was good, too good. "So you knew he would try to pick up a flaming ball of wood?"



"No."

"So then you made a mistake." The brunette said triumphantly.

"No."

"But you just said..."

"Uh, ladies. I am right here you know."

Luna leaned in and kissed him lightly, "We know, and we're glad to have you." She turned back to Hermione, "He learned his lesson, so I didn't make a mistake. Sometimes things do happen for a reason Hermione."

"But you didn't know that was going to happen, so you made a mistake in leaving him unprotected working with fire spells!"

"Or I left him enough room to learn his own lessons...I suppose I should have seen this coming, but then I might have changed it and he wouldn't have learned. Then someone would have thrown a flaming juggling ball at him and he would think he could catch it and get hurt. See?"

Hermione's eyebrows drew together and she looked like she was on the edge of frustrated tears. Who would throw a flaming juggling ball at..."No..."

Luna patted Hermione on the hand and smiled up at her, "It's okay to admit when you were wrong."

Hermione began changing colors and Harry recognized the pattern, it was the same as Uncle Vernon before he exploded in rage. Though in this case it would be righteous and frustrated instead of ignorant and scared. Luckily Pansy came up and led the girl away to the corner of the room where Susan and Ginny were going over some plan or another that Harry hadn't been filled in on yet.

"You really shouldn't do that to her, she doesn't like arguments that have no logical counter." Harry said quietly while trying to hide a slight smile.

"I know, but its so much fun to watch her get frustrated, she's cute when she's apoplectic.

He leaned in and gave her a quick kiss before sighing as his frustration caught up to him. "I really thought I was ready to move on."

"Then you are, but it won't be as easy as all that. Have you tried reading up on the subject?"

His body tensed beneath her as he tried to control his blush using Occlumency. "Uh..."

She tsked him in disapproval, "Before you learned to do Occlumency, before you learned Apparation, before you learned many of your newest skills didn't you read a book beforehand?"

"Well yeah...but the Bluebell was so easy..."

"Didn't you make Ginny read the Occlumency book before you taught her?"

"Well I tried to, she didn't though."

"And what happened when Dumbledore tested her shields?"

He remembered the headache both girls had gotten, Hermione had been prepared because she had read up on the subject, Ginny had nursed a migraine for the rest of the day.

"Yeah I get it, there's no easy way out." He sighed. "I guess I'll hit the Library tomorrow and try again on Thursday. We have the Black Guard meeting tomorrow afternoon anyway."

"Hmmm, speaking of which we should think of alternate locations for those. In the meantime I have another project for you to work on."

"Okay shoot."

"Shoot what?" She asked in slight confusion.

He had learned, rather than address that question he instantly clarified. "Please explain."

"Oh, okay. I'd like you to work on your new Patronus."

He shrugged and held out his fist before concentrating, opening his hand to reveal the tiny stag which seemed to be stamping and looking around in confusion. Luna smiled and placed her hand over top and instantly her eyes rolled up into her head. She didn't cry out though she looked like she was going bite her tongue off to keep from it.

Eventually she came back down, breathing heavily but smiling at him. "That...was very nice, but I was thinking something a little more subtle."

"Subtle?" He asked innocently. He very much enjoyed her squirming and silent screaming in ecstasy and wasn't sure he wanted to dial it down.

"Try just thinking about your feelings for me, your love, not your lust. Just send me your love."

He looked at her skeptically for a moment before deciding it would hurt nothing to try. He closed his eyes and thought deeply about the way she made him feel, trying to remove the feelings of lust but failing at least in part because the two were somewhat intermingled.

Once he felt the magic form he opened his hand to find Prongs looking around curiously once more. Luna smiled and once again placed her hand over top and closed on the tiny stag. This time she smiled and he saw her biting her lip in response to his attraction but it was nowhere near the reaction of the last attempt. A single tear ran down her cheek before she opened her eyes and kissed him sweetly.

"Thank you Harry, that was beautiful." She said while wiping her cheek and her eyes.

"You're welcome, I guess it's one thing to know a person loves you, and another to feel that love."

"Harry, why didn't you ever use Legilimency on us to know what love felt like? Wouldn't that have saved you a lot of heartache and let you know for sure what you were feeling for us?"

Harry's jaw dropped open, then closed. Then opened again so he could speak...before closing again. "I-"

She simply smiled that dreamy smile up at him and waited for his answer. Absolutely not helping at all.

"I guess it never occurred to me, or if it did I didn't want to invade people's thoughts unless it was a life or death situation. I don't want to be like Snape."

She continued to smile, "Silly, it isn't snooping if you ask. Do you think any of us would have told you no? Do you think Hermione would have told you no?"

He thought about that for awhile with the blond in his lap never pushing him as he held her. "I guess...that would have made things a lot easier... But I don't know if Hermione would have said yes, at least at first."

"Why?" She asked like a seven year old.

"Well for awhile at first she was trying to be with Ron, if I got into her head and found out she had been in love with me all along..."

"Then you, she and Ron could have avoided a whole lot of problems. I agree though that she wouldn't have wanted you in there. Would you like to see how I feel about you?"

Suddenly he went from relaxed and confused, to scared and nervous. "Well I don't know about...I mean why? I know you love me and I love you..."

She placed a hand on each of his cheeks and looked him in the eye. "I know exactly how you feel about me Harry thanks to Prongs, it's only fair that you know how I feel about you."

He tried to pull away gently but she wouldn't let him go, his heart was racing in fear and anticipation and his breath was getting short. He noticed a questioning look on Susan's face and decided there was no way he was ready to do this with the rest of the girls in the room. He leaned in and kissed Luna for a moment, which made the

girl smile against his lips. Then pulled back and looked her in the eye.

Then he fell in...

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

The first thing he noticed was the headache that was forming behind his eyeballs, it was a constant pressure trying to close in on him. He tried to think of what on earth could be happening, but every time he came to a conclusion something changed and left him falling deeper into her consciousness.

He wondered briefly if this was the Occlumency barrier that Luna had erected before that thought too was whisked away, followed by panic at not knowing if he could extract himself from this strange place. Things began swirling around him, glimpses of things. Animals, places, people, answers to test questions that hadn't been written yet. A series of numbers that didn't make any logical sense until he realized they were for a Lottery in the State of North Dakota, in the US. He wanted to make a mental note but suddenly the numbers changed just before they slipped away.

Then the maelstrom began to calm down, he found himself falling gently toward what looked like a zoo of some sort with a little girl sitting on a bench looking at some animal he couldn't name. In the next instant he was sitting beside the girl.

"Do you like my Zoo Harry?" The little girl asked.

"Luna?" He asked as his confusion began to abate and he took in the little blond haired girl. "Is this your Construct?"

The girl shrugged, "I've been keeping my thoughts locked up since I was six or so. This is where I have to retreat when the world gets to be too much, I guess to you it seems like I'm dreamy but you saw what I have to push through in order to be myself."

"That's awful! I had no idea!" He remarked.

She shrugged, "It's really not so bad, you get used to it. But unlike you who has to consciously keep people out; its all I can do to get out there for long periods of time. It isn't that I'm unaware of what is

going on outside, its just that doing more than listening requires great concentration. I was rather clumsy when I was younger until I learned to see without seeing."

She got up off the bench and held her hand out to him which he stood and took, allowing her to lead him...wherever they were going. "You mean like a blind person?" He asked.

"In a sense, except I see much more than normal people, not much less. It is more like sleep walking I suppose, or absentminded walking where you get to your destination while thinking and suddenly have no idea how you got there."

"Uh-okay..."

"Here we are." She said stopping in front of a cage.

"Where is here?" He said examining the enclosure. It was earthen and grassy in front like a meadow with some taller grass off to the sides. The back wall was rock and at the base of the wall he could see a few openings that looked like artificial caves. There were a few flashes of motion as something darted from one opening to another, he got a distinct impression of canine but whatever it happened to be was too fast for his eyes to catch. The young looking girl stepped into the enclosure through a gate he hadn't noticed before and he almost called out to her before realizing she wouldn't create anything that could harm her in this place.

She stopped and held out her hand, waiting for the creature to come out. Harry was wondering if maybe it was a Beagle, or something bigger like a Labrador. What appeared nearly caused him to lose his bowels. A snout appeared covered in fur the color of dried blood, an enormous snout full of extremely dangerous looking teeth, each the length of his middle finger. Soon a pair of green evil looking eyes appeared and the rest of the head was about five feet across. On its massive paws were scythe like talons that could eviscerate a living creature at will and the dark red/brown fur continued for the full twenty foot length of the creature.

It fully emerged from the cave, which he had no clue how it had fit in, and stood up to its full height, towering over them and making him feel like he was in first year again facing down Fluffy. "What the hell is that!" He exclaimed, trying desperately not to bolt from the spot

because he was fairly certain that would trigger some sort of predator instinct.

"That, is what is known as a Dire Wolf, or a Hell Hound. You remember Fluffy of course..."

"I don't think anyone could forget fluffy. But he had three heads."

"Fluffy is a Cerberus, a three headed dog that is said to guard the gates of Hell; If fluffy has a boss, this is him. Top of the food chain, leader of the pack, number one Alpha for all things Canine related. Everything in this world and the next that has a drop of hound in it answers to this breed. Fiercely loyal, territorial, willing to rip anything that threatens its mates to pieces, eat it, defecate it, then rip the bowel movement apart again. Nobody messes with Pup."

For some reason able to completely ignore the rest of the description he was given, his first reaction was, "You named him Pup? And I thought 'Fluffy' was bad!"

"Actually he already had a name when I found him." Luna said with a pout. "I wanted to call him Snooky but he didn't seem to like that much." In response to that name the great dog seemed to shiver with revulsion at the thought.

Still ignoring everything that should actually matter to him at that moment he asked another question. "So why are you showing me Pup?"

The girl smiled up at him and pulled him reluctantly through the gate and into the enclosure. Her excitement was almost palpable as she pulled him toward the massive dog and by the time they reached its side she had somehow grown into her older self. "I would like you to give Pup a hug Harry."

His eyes widened as he gulped audibly, knowing it wouldn't hurt Luna was one thing, whether or not it would hurt an intruder into her mindspace was quite another. Steeling himself and preparing to flee as fast as he could out of her mind he took the few steps toward the wolf, which seemed to be looking at him with...amusement?

He reached out a hand and touched the things muzzle and was met with an instant feeling of recognition, which although familiar was

extremely strange. Another deep breath and he wrapped his arms around the massive neck...and smiled. He could feel the memories and feelings flowing off of the creature and into him. It was like he had been stuck in a pouring rainstorm, in the dark, in cold weather; only to be met with rays of warm sunshine and hope and love.

"Wow..."

"I know, isn't it wonderful?" Luna asked quietly.

"I want to say I can't describe it...but I can, I mean its different but I can clearly recognize the way I feel about you...in the way you feel about me. If that makes sense?"

"Who said love makes sense Harry?" She said as she wrapped her arms around him from behind and sent him the rest of her memories of him. All the lust and the love and the memories of orgasms which she never could have given herself. If he had been able to see his body he would have laughed at the sudden face he made followed by what could only be described as passing out, from within a coma; and the sudden dampness in the front of his boxer shorts.

After a moment he recovered though he still felt himself drifting inside her mind, almost like his consciousness was blending with hers a bit. "So what made you choose this creature of all things to represent me?" He asked dreamily.

"Eez it not obvious 'usband?"

"Isn't what obvious?" Harry asked.

"Pup is no a representation of you, zis magnificent creature EEZ you, or part of you. Eet is no wonder I am yours."

"But Veela don't have any canine in them do they?"

"Non, but you are clearly ze most Alpha creature, every Veela will feel ze pull to you once you embrace him."

"She's right Harry, it took me a while to realize it but Pup is you. Deep down inside you are this fiercely loyal, powerful and amazing but terrible creature." Luna commented.



"What?" Harry sat up suddenly and looked back and forth between the two girls. "This is me?" He turned to look up into the green eyes of the creature who was looking at him humorously again.

"Eventually." Luna said with a smile.

"Eventually?" Harry asked in confusion.

"Oui, eventually Master." Gabrielle said.

Suddenly he realized Gabrielle was standing there talking to Luna, and Luna could apparently hear her. "You can see her?"

Luna looked at him like he was crazy, which was quite disconcerting for obvious reasons. "Of course I can, I hear her too." Luna turned toward the girl and pulled her into a hug. "It is nice to see you again Gabrielle, we have all missed you very much."

Gabrielle smiled as she returned the embrace. "Eet is nice to see you as well, not that I mind observing you through my Masters eyes and emotions and physical exertions..." Her eyes fluttered a bit and she licked her lips, "But it is nice to...how you say...See and be seen?"

Harry just stared stupidly back and forth between the two of them as they carried on conversing. After a few more moments he butted in once more, "So you two can see each other, feel each other?"

"Sometimes he is no very bright, intelligent yes but intentionally dumb perhaps?"

"I have noticed that, I blame Ronald and his upbringing with those horrible people." And suddenly Luna changed topics, "Why do you still have your accent? I would have thought you would lose it being able to pick up Harry's instead from his mind?"

"Oui I deed this, but he did not believe it was me. He says my accent is sexy."

"He is right of course."

"Merci. In any case I am not sure how I am here, but here Harry is and so here I can go."

"Well don't be a stranger, you are welcome here anytime, it gets lonely sitting through classes when I can't really rise to the surface for very long."

"Oh oui! And you should come visit me too, 'Arry has ze most interesting dreams with me." The little witch smiled deviously.

"Hey...but...I...grnph?" Harry reached overload and Luna took pity on him.

"Alright, I suppose you should take him home now before he loses himself in here. I often get lost but I usually find myself without a problem, if you ever see me wandering though please let me know so I can come get me."

"Oui...uh...me too?" Even Gabby had a hard time following that train of thought.

Luna waved and suddenly Harry was back in the maelstrom, with Gabrielle's hand in his.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Only thirty seconds or so had passed in the waking world as Harry found himself staring into Luna's eyes again. He smiled back at her before glancing around the room.

Hermione, Susan, Padma and Pansy were in the corner still working on...whatever it was they were working on at the moment. Parvati and Ginny were alternating between painting their nails and throwing dubious looks at the group of girls; but looking satisfied in general.

So nobody had caught on, which was a relief because he didn't quite understand what had happened himself yet. The dreamy look was back in Luna's eyes but he knew she could see him, and must be wondering a few things herself. For the moment he mentally replayed some of what she had said.

"Why do we need to look for another place to train with the Black Guard?" He asked.

"The room is unavailable." Luna said with a shrug. "Besides, if the rest of the DA see's the advanced group they might feel more hopeful and work harder on Sunday."

"But why would the room be unavailable?"

"I'm not entirely sure, its possible its just a possibility but its entirely plausible that the possibility is completely possible, so you should make sure to keep your options open."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Sure enough Wednesday evening came around and the room would not open for anything. Harry grumbled a bit before heading to McGonagall's office to make sure the Quidditch Pitch was free for them to do training. Once that was confirmed he sent a quick messenger spell to each of the girls asking them to pass on the message and headed outside.

Luckily it was a nice day outside, unseasonably warm enough for a change that if you were getting a workout you could do without a coat. Once he reached the Quidditch Pitch he looked around and thought of what he was going to ask the Room of Requirements to do for him and sighed as he was about to put his advanced Charms and Transfiguration study into practice.

He began by summoning a few rocks from down by the lake and positioning them toward the middle of the pitch. He waved his wand and transfigured them into a low rock wall that went the width of the stadium; tall enough to provide cover but low enough to be easily breached.

He climbed up on the wall and repeated his summons, placing an equal amount of the large stones on either side of the wall and went to work changing them into rubble and tree's which could be used for cover in a fire. He worked his way back and forth across both sides to set up nearly identical obstacles on the path toward the goal posts.

By this time people had begun to fill in to the stadium, both the Black Guard which were on the field, and most of the DA who wanted to observe the usually closed sessions climbing into the stands. They all stared on in fascination as he worked his magic on the scene.

Oblivious; Harry had reached the end of the field and wanted something a little more close in like the halls of the castle. A few pebbles and rocks weren't going to cut it so he searched his memory of the Hogwarts Ground and remembered a few boulders just inside the forest from his first year. Deciding it would be much easier to transfigure like to like he summoned two large boulders and a couple of dead trees from the spot hoping they were all still where he remembered.

There were gasps as two boulders weighing easily a thousand kilos soared over the stands and Harry directed them to the ends of the field, followed quickly by piles of dead wood. He changed the boulders into two story rock walled buildings which were basically two rooms and a hallway on top and bottom. The floors were made from the wood as well as doors on those rooms and at the entrance.

Huffing from his exertions he looked up from his work at the Black Guard walking onto the field and trying not to stare at him. He heard the excited jabbering in the stands and looked up to find half the school watching, it was all he could do not to blush or turn tail and run away.

"Guess I kinda overdid it huh?" Harry asked the group who laughed a bit nervously. "Nothing for it then, today we are going to take our shield groups and play capture the flag."

Remembering he hadn't created flags yet he conjured a four foot banner on a four foot pole in each hand, forgetting to get his wand back out and surprising everyone with his apparent wandless magic. Mentally he kicked himself but there was nothing to do about it now.

"Cho!" The startled girl stood up straighter and walked toward him.

"Yes Harry?" She asked shyly. They hadn't ever discussed what had happened between them further, nor had either mentioned getting together again. That didn't mean she didn't want him on some level and it was interesting to see her tongue tied in his presence instead of the other way around.

"You will captain your team, I want you to take your squad and two others back to that building and plant your flag in one of the rooms.

You can devise your own strategy but I would like to see you using the Quads as much or at least as effectively as possible."

Cho nodded but caught his attention before he could turn around, "Uh Harry, the teams wont be even unless we recruit a couple of DA members for this."

Harry did a quick count and realized he wanted six teams of four people, but that one team would end up short of two people, or two teams short one. Five man groups would ruin the purpose of the exercise so he turned to the stands.

"Oy! Justin! Ernie!" He shouted.

The two Hufflepuffs in question stood up as Ernie called out. "Whats this then?"

"We need two more, congratulations on being promoted for the day, we can talk later about making it permanent."

The two looked at each other and shrugged before hurrying toward the stairs quickly joining the rest of the teams on the field. That taken care of Harry turned to Ron.

"Ron, I want you to take the other two Quads and plant your flag on the other end of the field. I know you've been strategizing since you saw what we were doing, put it to use." Ron nodded in response and turned to confer with Cho over who got which groups..

"You all remember when I taught you that Abara Kadabra charm right?" Nods all around, "Well what I didn't tell you at the time is you can choose the color, I just showed you green and you all started flinging green around. For this exercise the only spell you are allowed to use is that one plus shields, firing any other spells will remove that player from the game as if they were dead. One hit to the head is instant death and the player will be disabled by me with a stunner. Two hits to the torso or three hits to an extremity, same result. I want Ron to think pink while casting and Cho to think blue, for the first round only the attackers are allowed to cast green which simulates a Death Curse and only one per team member, I will be keeping track. Green counts as a head shot as in real life the slightest touch is likely to kill you. Any questions?"

He could feel the excitement coming off the teams and the spectators, he chanced a look up at the stands to find the Heads of House and the Headmaster has joined them as if this had become an all school event. He hoped his guys were up to the challenge. "Right then, 10 minutes to plant the flag and work on strategy then we begin, everyone remember to have fun as well as a good workout."

Ron's group consisted of He, Lavender, Padma and Parvati in Quad-3 with Ron as the Quad leader. The two teams he chose lead by Dean and Katie consisted of Dean, Seamus, Neville and Hannah in Quad-5;, Katie Bell, Astoria, Mandy Brocklehurst, and newcomer Ernie in Quad-6.

Cho was the Quad-1 leader and chose Hermione's and Blaise' Quads mostly by default. No matter how far Ron had come it was apparent he was pulling as many Gryffindors as he could to his side while avoiding Slytherins. Quad-2 consisted of Blaise, Daphne, Susan and newcomer Justin; while Quad-3 rounded out with Hermione, Luna, Pansy and Ginny.

Harry raised his DA Galleon as he called for attention, "The attacking team must begin an attempt to cross the barrier. Either team wins by disabling all opponents or capturing the flag and getting it back to your building, you need both flags to win that way." Ron chose heads, got tails, and Cho decided to defend first.

He turned his attention back up to the stands, "Professors!"

Dumbledore acted as if he had expected this but the others seemed embarrassed at being caught out. "What can we do for you Harry?"

"I might have a tough time catching everyone who should be counted out. Would you mind also keeping an eye out and stunning those who should be termed 'dead' according to the rules?"

It only took a moment for them to conference and nod in agreement. Professor Flitwick stood and began an intricate series of wand movements which soon rendered the walls of the two buildings immaterial to those that were not on the field. There was a smattering of applause which surprised the little professor who blushed as he turned and waved before sitting back down.

Harry nodded his appreciation for thinking of that, "Thank you Professor, alright then everyone to your sides and listen for the cannon shot to begin."

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"Alright listen up, Weasley is one hell of a strategist but he is letting his personal bias get in the way of winning. For one thing I have no idea why he didn't pick Quad-4." Cho said looking to Hermione.

"I'm sure it has more to do with Pansy being in my unit, but it is possible there is still bad blood there. We didn't exactly break up on the best terms."

Cho nodded though Hermione could see the the girl wanted to say something else. "Right, well it's his loss. I expect him to show typical Gryffindor bravery and charge us all at once. He may have a trick or two up his sleeve but it seems to me that all we have to do to win is hang back here and pick them off until there are none left. However I'd like to add insult to injury by sending one person to capture their flag if it looks like an all out assault."

"I wouldn't underestimate him, but I suppose that would be alright." Hermione agreed.

"I suggest we send Daph here over the line if we go with that plan, she is the smallest with the exception of Luna or Ginny but something tells me Red would stick out and well..." He gestured to Luna who was staring off into the corner.

"I would think you were better than that!" Hermione exclaimed.

"He has a point Granger." Cho snapped at her.

"Don't you snap at her!" Ginny tried to jump in, luckily Luna interrupted them before they could turn on each other any further.

"No he's right, I would get quite a headache trying to perform that mission and it honestly isn't worth it to win a game. I'm much more useful here in any case helping to pick out strategy and predict the other teams actions."

Silence reigned for a moment before Cho snapped her mouth shut and turned to Daphne. "Sound good to you?" A nod. "Good, I expect we'll start any sec-"

BOOM!

"Alright, Quad-4 and Quad-1 we will snipe from the upstairs windows. Blaise you keep your team down here and maybe Daphne should go ahead and head out front to hide, that way if they hit us with a frontal assault she will be behind enemy lines and out of their line of site."

"Right" The responses came back and Cho and Hermione took their people up the stairs as Blaise set up on the lower floor.

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Harry watched as Ron's three teams made quickly for the center wall. Astoria did not look happy with whatever the plan was but Katie was her Quad Leader and she knew how to take orders. The three groups paused and Harry recognized Quidditch hand signs as Quads 5 and 6 headed in opposite directions along the wall. Ron held up a hand as they reached their positions and counted down from five before they all hopped over the wall.

They dodged between barriers and trees maintaining their formation and ready to snap shields into place if needed but no spells came their direction until they reached the halfway mark. At which point three blue spells converged on Neville before he could bring a shield up and Harry quickly sent a stunner his way to knock him out of the game. He heard Ron swear.

"Keep your heads down and wands out, from here on in I expect a lot of incoming fire. Looks like they are holing up in their rather than fighting us out here." Padma and Parvati each snapped a shield into place just in time to stop four incoming blue spells.

"Maybe you shouldn't scream your head off and make an easy target Won Won?" Lavender half asked half ordered.

"Uh...right." He answered in chagrin. "Lets keep moving, no reason to be stationary targets."



As they got close enough to see the windows and the figures inside Katie's team split in two and began drawing fire from the opposite side of the field from a creeping Dean, Seamus and Hannah. Harry watched as the spell fire was all directed at the apparently two Quads; meanwhile Quad-5 was able to make its way up to the side of the building which had no windows where they appeared to be waiting for some signal. Inside the building Harry nearly missed the mass of spell fire followed through the window by three stunners from the Professors. He caught Ron's smile as the other team began to panic and each member of his Quad took careful aim before firing a green spell through the window.

Quad-1 had been taken out completely and only Hermione and Pansy remained in the upper story windows. Ron apparently gave the signal and Seamus darted across the doorway to the opposite side, barely managing to avoid three shots in the chest but getting stung in his non-wand arm which now hung uselessly by his side. He and Dean counted to three before sticking wands through the door and firing a barrage of pink spells and diving out of the way as blue came pouring back out of the doorway. Hannah had positioned herself at an angle where she could make out one of the rooms inside and was able to pick off that two man team with head shots which Harry quickly followed with stunners. However her luck didn't hold out as she was pegged in the head by Hermione and taken out of the game. Lavender and Parvati were taken out by a gleefully sneering Pansy as Ron and Padma dove for cover. It seemed that less numbers upstairs was actually better for sniping through the small windows.

Seeing that the assault teams were down to two apiece Katie rallied her Quad and charged, each member firing green either through the upstairs windows or into the doorway before all four of them were taken down by Pansy. Unfortunately Hermione had been hit and stunned in the attack. It was now just Pansy upstairs and Blaise downstairs left to defend the flag...wait that wasn't right, where was Daphne?

He directed his attention to the other end of the field just in time to see Daphne emerge from the door way of Ron's building and disappear into some trees. Harry smiled at the bold move, and wondered at his earlier faith in Ron's strategic thinking. The rules said they had to attack, it never said they couldn't leave anyone

behind to protect their own flag, nor that they shouldn't watch for agents of the other team.

Turning back quickly he caught the firefight that took Ron out and the advance of Quad-6 whom were shielding the way they were supposed to and it showed. They were the only team still intact up til the moment Parvati went down to a head-shot from Blaise. Katie had just given the order to advance when three of her team were hit and stunned, she turned around in surprise to find Daphne running toward the door of her teams building with the flag in hand. Before she could make the wand movement Blaise caught her from behind, taking out the last of Ron's team.

Massive cheering went up from the stands on both sides of the field as Daphne waved like a princess and walked up to Blaise who had retrieved the other flag and promptly snogged him silly to the hooting and cat calls of the assembled fans before turning and both waving like Slytherin Royalty.

Harry began reviving Ron's team beginning with the captain himself. "Bloody hell, what happened?" The redhead asked groggily.

"You were taken out AND your flag was stolen, if I were awarding points I'd call that a 2 point match." Harry said as he helped Ron up off the ground. He then continued on reviving the others with the assistance of Daphne and Blaise.

Professor Dumbledore stood and looked up at the wavering light in the sky and placed his wand to his throat, "Unfortunately it appears that we have run out of daylight, but I would like to award the members of both teams five points each for one of the finest games I have ever witnessed on this field. I would also like to award Harry Potter ten points for the impressive bit of summoning and transfiguration which created the playing field you see before you. If there is sufficient interest I should think that we can set up an inter-house competition for this...eh..." He gestured to Harry.

"Capture the Flag sir." Harry called out.

"Quite Right, please work up a petition within your house and submit to your Heads. For the moment we will leave the field set up as is as I suspect Mr. Weasley will want a chance to even the score tomorrow evening. If there is sufficient interest we will look to a more

permanent solution as I am sure the Quidditch teams are slightly horrified by what has been done to the field below. Mr. Potter would you please join me in my office for tea at eight?"

Harry was suddenly nervous but nodded in acquiescence.

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"Ah welcome Harry, you are doing well I trust?"

Harry nodded as he sat down, "Quite, thank you sir."

"Lemon Drop?" The old man offered. Harry shrugged and took one which he popped into his mouth, enjoying the flash of joy in the Headmaster's eyes at being taken up on his offer.

Dumbledore too took a lemon drop and sucked on it for a moment before looking up at Harry, who was waiting expectantly. "I expect you are wondering why I asked you up here this evening, rather than wait until Sunday?" Harry nodded. "First of all let me congratulate you again for that wonderful game. You should be proud of the tactics and lessons you have bestowed upon your peers."

"Thank you sir." Harry was waiting for a shoe to drop somewhere.

"May I inquire as to the sudden change of venue? I was under the impression that your advanced group normally met in the Come and Go Room?"

"For some reason the room was unavailable this evening, I made sure to clear the use of the Quidditch Pitch with Professor McGonagall."

Dumbledore waved off his concern, "That is not the issue, I simply wished to inform you that Draco Malfoy returned to Hogwarts this morning though he was not present in any of his classes nor at meals. Professor Slughorn indicated that he has not been seen in the Slytherin common room either."

Harry quickly pulled the Marauder's Map from his pocket and began flipping through it. "I can't seem to find him sir..."

"I would expect you would not, as the area of Hogwarts he is in is likely unplottable."

Harry suddenly felt a bit stupid, "The Room of Requirements again. Sir do you have any idea what he is doing in there? Surely it cannot be anything good!"

"I am aware he has plans of some sort, though Professor Snape was keeping me apprised early on." He leveled a look at Harry that would have made most first years soil themselves.

Harry stood up as his rage surfaced, "And yet you continue to let him wander the castle? You let him into the only part of this castle you cannot monitor with your spies!"

"I am quite aware of what I have done and where my spies as you call it cannot report to me. I just thought you might like to know why you could not access that room. I understand Professor Tonks has already begun taking up position outside again though he has not been seen to emerge yet which leads me to believe he is using the room to its full potential. Food can be brought up from the kitchens and he could request the proper lodging and facilities."

"So you are just going to let him hatch his evil plot under your nose?" The teen asked in indignation.

"Well, for now why don't you show me what you have been working on in regard to controlling the fire element?"

Harry knew it would do no good to press the old man after such a change of subject. Glaring daggers, he drew his wand and conjured a juggling ball before igniting it in the palm of his hand. He closed his eyes and rolled the ball back and forth, up and over his fingertips to the back of his hand and forward again to his palm before rolling it across his shoulders and down to his other hand. He then opened his eyes and conjured another similar sized ball and ignited it before sitting down and idly rotating them in the palm of his hand like Chinese medicine balls. He looked up expectantly at the Headmaster.

"That is really rather remarkable Harry, quite further advanced than I expected you to be at this point."

He shrugged, "I had someone point out my stupidity and read a book on the subject, makes a world of difference when you understand what you are doing rather than figuring it out by trial and error."

Dumbledore nodded, "Indeed, though I must say I have never seen flaming balls manipulated quite like that. I dare say you may be developing an affinity for fire spells."

Harry lost his concentration and burned his fingers as he dropped the balls on the ground. "Ow!" Dumbledore calmly extinguished the flames before they could do any damage.

"An affinity? You mean like Tom?" Harry asked, worried he was sharing something else with bastard.

"Possibly but I doubt it, I was just impressed. I would like to teach you another spell that is closely related to fire control, and to the Fiendfyre spell we are working up to."

Harry waited expectantly rather than ask. "The spell I wish to teach you is the Flame Whip."

"Flame Whip?"

"Indeed," The wizened old man took his wand from his robes and cast a jet of flame a foot long before waving his wand and causing the fire to arch and snap just like a bull whip. "It is a most useful spell though considered borderline dark by the Ministry as it is closely related to Fiendfyre. Contact with these flames causes instant burns, wrapping something or someone in the flames can cause massive injury so I expect you be very careful where and around whom you practice this."

Harry stared on in fascination, "Of course sir... but what use will I have for this? I do not enjoy killing or maiming and I don't really remember the last few Death Eaters."

"All the better Harry, to take a life is quite a burden which I am sorry you have been forced to do now on more than one occasion. I was not even able to bring myself to murder Grindelwald."

"But he killed so many people, was responsible for so much pain!"

The old man looked grave, "Yes, but Gellert was once a close friend of mine. In the end I imprisoned him in Nurmengard, the very prison he built to house his opponents. Luckily the protections he placed were so strong that not even he can break them."

The teen could tell this was a touchy subject so withheld further comment, instead waiting for the elder to find his way back to the subject.

"In any event, the Flame Whip is especially useful against the undead, fire is one of the only things that will stop an Inferi permanently."

Harry raised an eyebrow, "And you expect that I will be going up against Inferi in the future?"

Dumbledore nodded, "In the past war Voldemort padded his ranks with the victims of his crimes, you must remember when facing Inferi that they are soulless husks animated by dark magic. They are no longer people, even if they look like someone you once knew."

The young man shivered, "I suppose that would make it easier to think of them as targets like I use in the Room of Requirements."

The old mans face brightened, "Indeed, I think that is an excellent way to think of Inferi. Simply as training dummies."

## Chapter 76: Susan

In the seventh floor passageway a door slowly appeared in the all across from the tapestry of Barnabas the Barmy and his dancing trolls. An extremely pale and malnourished boy stumbled out into the hall and raised his wand immediately, eyes darting both directions down the hallway before stumbling toward the stairs. As the doorway began to fade back into the wall a dismembered hand appeared in midair and turned the knob. The door opened, and closed before fading away once more into the scenery.

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Luna had provided Harry with some much needed direction in his training and a nice break in the intimacy department, but he loved her best in small doses. He had felt guilty for thinking that way until in typical Luna fashion, she had brought the subject up and somehow laid all his fear and guilt to rest by explaining that she did her loving best in small doses so it all worked out.

It was now Saturday, the day of turnover, and Harry really wanted to give Luna a thank you gift for the past week of relaxation and burnt fingertips. She had returned to Ravenclaw Tower to "freshen up" and get a change of clothes before lunch so he found himself sitting at the Gryffindor Table with the rest of the girls and thinking to himself.

Hannah sat across the table from him with Susan on one side and Neville on the other and looking rather uncomfortable. Susan kept trying to ask her questions, whispering in the girls ear but even Harry could feel the tension as she kept inching closer to Neville who as usual, looked completely confused at the situation.

He felt a tingle and looked up to find Luna walking toward the Ravenclaw table where she bent over and spoke quietly to a third year boy he didn't recognize. Sudden inspiration hit and Harry grinned as he raised his fist and thought of Luna.

The other girls at the table stopped talking as he opened his hand to reveal the tiny golden stag. Harry put mini-Prongs down on the floor and waited with a smile as the Patronus galloped off beneath the tables toward its goal.

"What was that Harry?" Hannah asked quietly.

"It's a Patronus, but instead of driving off Dementors its more like a messenger spell that carries feelings. That one is a little ball of Love for Luna, as a thank you for the last week," Harry replied with a smile.

As Luna walked toward them Harry waited in anticipation with the rest of his group watching as well. Suddenly Luna's eyes went wide and her mouth opened slightly. Harry's smile soon turned into a grimace as she let out a single long moan quickly followed by two loud CLUNK sounds in succession.

One of the balls rolled to a stop against the foot of a fourth year 'claw who bent down and picked it up in confusion. Harry was turning bright red by this time and desperately planning escape routes, at the worst he figured he could Apparate out...maybe Hawaii...

A flushed and disheveled Luna bent over and picked up the first ball, and with half the eyes in the Great Hall looking her way stumbled slightly over to the boy and asked him for her Bin Wah ball back. The boy handed it over not even realizing what had happened and Luna strolled up behind Susan, dropping the balls in her lap.

"You had asked about these before, I suppose now is as good a time as any to lend them to you. I know you mentioned Hannah would like to try them as well so feel free to share."

Just like that Luna calmly sat down beside Harry and kissed him on the cheek before making her plate. He waited patiently for her to blow up, but in typical Luna fashion she simply smiled dreamily at him every time she caught his eye. He looked across the table to find a still beet red Susan staring at her lap and sneaking glances at her best friend, who was also red and looking anywhere but at Susan. Poor Neville still looked confused.

"Uh... I guess I overdid it huh?" Harry finally asked.

"Overdid what?" The blond asked sweetly.

"Well uh...Prongs..."



She giggled a bit before looking up at him, "Maybe, but I rather enjoyed myself. Did you really expect me to be angry with you for giving me an Orgasm?"

"Uh..."

"Fine, Bad Puppy..." She whacked him on the nose softly, "Though I'm the one that piddled a bit on the floor..."

"Huh?" Neville asked, still not getting it. "What happened? And what are those things you gave Susan?"

Luna looked up at Neville and cocked her head slightly to the right. "Weighted balls used to strengthen the muscles of the Vagina."

"Then why do you have them with you here...and why did you drop them a minute ag-OH!" Neville blushed and appeared to be choking as he suddenly realized what had happened and his brain caught up to the word Vagina.

He sputtered a bit as he looked at Susan and then blushed again as he looked at Hannah. Poor Hannah looked as if her head were about to explode from the pressure and she was about to bolt, but Neville beat her to it, stopping his cowardly retreat juts long enough to kiss his girlfriend on the cheek before dashing from the Hall.

"I wonder what's wrong with Neville? Perhaps he has a Crodey infection? And you too Hannah, apoplexy is a symptom after all."

Hannah too dashed from the Hall leaving Luna staring after the couple in slight confusion. She then shrugged and went back to her plate. Harry caught Susan's eye and couldn't resist poking fun at her, not breaking eye contact turned toward Luna as he spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"Actually I think it is far more likely they both have a Wrackspurt and needed to treat themselves or each other."

Susan snorted once before she too bolted from the Hall. Harry, thinking he might have gone a bit too far was about to hop up after her when Tonks put a hand on his shoulder.

"Professor?" He asked with a smile.

"Mr. Potter I'm afraid I need to see you in my office." That raised eyebrows all around the table. As far as any of them knew Nym and Remus were doing just fine.

She turned to the rest of the girls, "You lot might as well come as well."

As one the group stood and followed curiously behind the Metamorph.

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They passed right by the DADA office and hit the stairs as Nym lead them up to the Room of Requirement. None of them said a word as the situation dawned on them. Nym passed three times in front of the wall and the door appeared before she quickly ushered them all in.

Inside was Petunia's worst nightmare, rows and rows of shelves extended to a far off wall where sunlight was streaming in through arrow slit windows. Piles of what appeared to be contraband or embarrassing items littered the floor and overflowed off the top of shelves in cascades of Fanged Frisbees, faded nude witch calenders and assorted magazines and clothing items. Harry paused long enough to check the date on one of them and whistled to himself at the year.

"I think this could have been Dumbledore's its so old." He remarked.

"What do you suppose all this stuff is in here for though?" Hermione asked as she perused the wares as it were. "Not a cobweb in sight either. You don't suppose the elves clean in here? Or perhaps the room keeps everything as it was when it was put in here?"

"There must be hundreds of years worth of crap in here!" Ginny exclaimed. "I wonder what the Crown Ponce wants with it?"

Nym shrugged, "I dunno, but after seeing dear cousin stumble out I was able to catch to door. I haven't seen anything worth having in here yet but I figured more eyes was better."

Harry nodded as he walked amongst the shelves and piles, there were dark items in this room as well as the assorted contraband from Filch's ever growing list. The door opening startled all of them almost as much as the witch that stumbled in to find an audience.

"Eeep!" Trelawney exclaimed as half a dozen sherry bottles hit the floor and shattered.

Parvati was closest and quickly put an arm under the older woman. "Professor?"

Those bloodshot eyes, magnified immensely, turned toward her and a smile made its way to the old bat's face. "Ah daughter I knew I would find you all here! I was just on my way to hid-er take these bottles to be disposed of. I caught some sixth years drinking and was able to confiscate this contraband."

"I'm afraid you got some on you ma'am, you smell like you been bathed in cooking sherry." Parvati said sweetly.

"Ah that...well the inner eye can sometimes be opened farther with a bit of help from the spirits, both those who have passed on and those which are...er...created by Wizardkind."

Still smiling graciously Parvati turned her former favorite teacher back toward the door. "Why don't we take care of these for you and you can go reflect on what you have been shown Professor?"

"Absolutely! That is why I came in here after all, the inner eye led me to you daughter. You are favored by fate!"

"Yes Professor, thank you..."

The door closed behind her and the rest of the group finally overcame their nervousness enough to laugh out loud. Hermione was in a right snit. "Honestly Parv I don't know how you could stand sitting through her classes. She is quite obviously unsuited to teaching OR seeing..."

"She has made at least two true prophecies." Luna commented.

"Fine then, but a broken clock is correct once in awhile..." She toed a large pile of sherry bottles near her. "And it looks as though her inner eye has needed a lot of help lately."

Ginny was able to calm her down somewhat by wrapping her arms about the brunette and whispering in her ear. Luna and Parvati were unphased and the search was renewed. After half an hour Nym cleared her throat and called out to them with a Sonorous charm.

"We had best clear out for now, no telling when my unfortunate family member will be back."

Harry nodded and remembered his earlier idea about establishing a permanent entrance to the room from his suite. He turned to a bookshelf on one of the walls and thought about what he wanted. It swung open to reveal a set of stairs.

Smiling he charmed himself as well, "This way everyone, we won't be going out the way we came in!"

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Hermione had heard out his idea and insisted on testing it, so everyone but she had gone down the stairs to his suite, emerging from behind the dark arts book shelf and closing it. They waited a few minutes and then Harry opened the passage and headed back up. Hermione's head snapped up as a section of wall slid open and Harry appeared to find her sitting on the bed in a replica of her room at her parents house.

She jumped up with a grin and wrapped herself around him as he tried not to fall backward down the stairs.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Susan had finally shown up again for Dinner but was rather subdued in her spot beside Harry. He had expected a much more excited girl to be anticipating his sole attention but she was distracted. Finally the rest of the girls has shoos them off toward his suite to figure out what was wrong before they themselves headed toward the library and Study Group which now spanned all the houses.

Once back in his room Harry sat down on the couch and pulled Susan to him. "Hey you?" He asked playfully.

"Hmm?" She asked without looking up.

He placed his hand on her chin and turned her toward him before capturing her lips. It took only a moment for her to respond and the smile he had been expecting since lunch began to fight her lips as she snogged him. Finally breaking away for air she dazzled him with her grin and adjusted her position until she was straddling him.

"Hey yourself!"

"That's a bit more like it Suze...knot for your thoughts?"

She only paused for a second, "Nothing, just thinking about stuff, nothing important."

He nodded, "If you say so, I was wondering where my Susie went but as long as she's back now I guess I won't pry."

"Oh it wouldn't be prying exactly, it's just something I'm working through, nothing for you to worry about. So what was this surprise that Luna told us about and what was that you hit her with in the Great Hall?"

Harry had to pause for a moment, sure that he had explained it already to the girls, "Wandless Patronus but it works more like a messenger spell, only instead of words it delivers feelings. I overpowered it a bit and Luna..um..."

"Came so hard she dropped her Bin Wah's?"

He blushed but nodded at her description, "Anyway that is only part of the surprise. Luna chastised me for not asking if I could use Legilimency on you ladies to know what love felt like, rather than working it out for myself."

"That is a bit silly though isn't it? I mean what you call love doesn't have to be the same as what anyone else calls love..."

"No you're right, but it would have helped and maybe I wouldn't be swimming in estrogen." He said playfully.

She lightly smacked his arm, "Admit it, you couldn't live without us!"

"I know I would miss you if I couldn't be with you." He whispered looking into her eyes.

Susan teared up and suddenly had to look away as she tried to compose herself. Suddenly on alert he knew those weren't happy tears as she never had trouble showing him those. "Suze?"

"It's nothing Harry...but...how about you show me what this Patronus can do?"

Sighing he nodded and closed his fist before pulling up his feelings for her. Once he felt the magic form he opened his palm to reveal the tiny golden stag.

"Oh Harry! He's gorgeous!"

"Shhh, if Prongs hears that he's likely to get a swelled head."

"Prongs?"

"My dad was a Stag animagus and his friends called him Prongs, now open your hand and let him in."

She opened her hand and held it up to his so the tiny Patronus could canter across before being absorbed into her. Her tears stopped as she was flooded with contentment and love tinged with a bit of lust. She smiled up at him and leaned in to capture his lips once more. "Oh Harry," she sighed and leaned into his shoulder, relishing the warmth and security of his arms around her. "I wish you could see how I feel like that."

"That's actually the other part of the surprise, I can use Legilimens if you'll let me."

She sat up and grinned at him nodding. He gazed into her eyes for a moment before falling. He was careful not to rifle through her thoughts and memories but it was easy to find her emotions as they were so close to the surface thanks to Prongs. He pulled back out but stayed staring into her eyes.

"Thank you Suze, really. It's one thing to know but it is quite another to KNOW, you know?"

She giggled, "Sounds like Loony is rubbing off on you." There was no malice in the nickname, as Luna had told the group her mother used to call her Loony and she liked it.

"She is, though rubbing is about all we were able to do..." She smacked his arm again as he smiled.

"Harry!"

He shrugged, "It was a nice break actually, and I could care less about how physical we get as long as we're together. Speaking of which..."

She didn't like his suddenly serious tone but pretended not to notice, "Hmm?"

"Hannah?" he asked quietly.

"It's nothing Harry, just something we're working through."

"It isn't 'nothing' Suze, I was just tapped into your emotions, remember?"

She sighed and leaned against his shoulder again, sliding off his lap and cuddling up against him. "Remember I told you Hannah was more of a Witches Witch?" he nodded, "Well she really does love Neville but I don't think he is a substitute for..."

"For you." he stated.

"Yeah...but part of the problem is she can't bring herself to tell him, and even if she could she is worried that if she wanted to 'play' with me that she would 'play' with you and she doesn't know how Neville would react."

"She doesn't have to do anything with me. I don't own you and you know I approve of your relationship with her..." he trailed off as Susan shook her head.

"No Harry, it isn't that she doesn't want to, actually that is the problem. Haven't you noticed that she can barely stand to be around you? Like a certain Weasley used to act?"

His eyes went wide, "Oh!"

"Yeah..." She sighed, "She wants me, but she doesn't want to put herself in a situation where she would hurt Neville, nor does she not want you there if we do anything."

He thought about it for a bit before shrugging, "You know you have my permission if you need it, to do whatever you want with Hannah. But she needs to tell Neville before you two do anything,"

Susan was about to protest but he held up a finger, "Not that I'm dictating. Just like with Hermione and Ron, her relationship with Neville is not your problem or mine. But Neville deserves to know, and I don't think he would really have a problem with it. It might actually explain a few things he didn't understand about their relationship before."

She opened and closed her mouth a few times before replying, "Do you think you can talk to Neville too? About her joining us not just me?"

Harry was instantly hard and felt just a bit dizzy from the loss of blood to his brain. His heart was pumping like crazy and he recognized the adrenaline fueled fight-or-flight instinct and the buzzing in his fingers that let him know his nerves were in high gear. "Uh..."

She giggled but gave him a moment to relax before he had a coronary. He self analyzed pretty quickly and figured out exactly what was going on. The prospect of having Hannah back in his bed was extremely exciting his libido, but the thought of basically asking Neville if he could shag his girl was scaring the bloody piss out of him. Suddenly he smiled.

"How about we ask one of the Slytherins to talk to him instead? Pansy can explain her family, or maybe Daphne..."

Something in Harry's chest seemed to wake up and sniff the air before standing at attention.



Susan noticed something in the way his shoulders tensed, "Or I suppose I could always make a sacrifice and join the two of them sometime...obviously not to 'play' with Neville but with Hannah..."

The hackles on the beast in his chest raised and his ears were filled with a low growling sound as he stared hard at the floor. After a moment he was surprised to find that it was him growling.

"What do you think Harry? I mean...if I agreed to play tit-for-tat maybe you could even shag Hannah properly..."

Harry stood abruptly and threw a surprised Susan over his shoulder as he turned toward his room. Before he took two steps Pansy walked in and arched an eyebrow at the scene. Harry turned feral eyes toward her and Susan grinned playfully from her awkward position before whispering something toward his ear.

Harry marched over to Pansy, Susan still balanced over his left shoulder and proceeded to toss Pansy over his right. "Harry what the hell do you think you are doing?" the girl asked in surprise

"Mine!" He barked out before turning back toward the bedroom door.

"Not that I mind but what's going on here?" She directed to Susan behind his back as he walked through and slammed the door behind him.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

It was later that evening before Harry stumbled out of his room to find the rest of the girls working on 'The Plan' in his common room as usual. There were fairly detailed maps of Hogwarts grounds laid out on the desk in the middle of the room and books scattered every which where with a witch or two going over odd diagrams surrounded by Runes on parchment here and there.

Ginny looked up and smiled as she glanced behind him to see Pansy and Susan passed out but still breathing extremely hard on his bed. "Good night then?" She asked playfully.

He tried to smile, but he was still a bit surprised at his behavior. Something rather primal had taken him over and he had pounded

both girls mercilessly into the mattress...and up against the wall...and in the shower...and then into the mattress again. Susan had continued to egg him on about how to deal with Neville, suggesting several different scenarios involving different girls who could 'Take his mind off of Hannah for a while' in her words. Each time his mind tried to bring up images of it something seemed to burn through his veins and pump his libido into overdrive. Pansy had soon caught on and the end result was two very satisfied and entirely dominated witches.

His eyes lit on Ginny's face and an image of her keeping Neville busy...the beast seemed to be trying to tear its way through his chest once more and Ginny quite suddenly found herself weak in the knees just seeing the look on his face. Hermione looked up, "Harry what..."

That was as far as she got before she promptly fainted out of her chair. Between them Ginny and Harry were able to save her from any injury and Harry panicked a bit. "Oh god...ohgodohgodohgod.." he whispered as he snapped out his wand and cast a light Renervate. Thankfully she instantly opened her eyes as she began breathing again.

"You alright hon?" Ginny asked delicately.

The girl nodded as they helped her sit up, shaking her head lightly. "What on earth was that? Have you gone and changed the emotions you are putting into that 'look' of yours?" She asked quietly though he thought he detected a hint of amusement.

"Uh...I don't think so? I couldn't even feel my magic..."

Ginny smiled, "I think Harry was just feeling a bit 'dominate' Mione... You know how you like that..." the girl promptly blushed scarlet.

"Yes well..." she trailed off as Ginny giggled. Harry however still felt at a loss.

"Huh?"

"Don't worry about it lover boy; I'm sure we can figure it out later." the redhead said with a wink and a quick glance down at her girlfriend.

"Um...okay..." he was still completely clueless, the other girls had tuned into the conversation and were secretly cooing to themselves over how cute he was when he was confused.

Luckily he was saved by a completely nude, bedheaded Pansy stumbling into the room as if drunk. Her stomach was obviously coated in cum and her thighs were still lightly coated in her own juices; and she absolutely reeked of sex. The hairs on the back of Harry's neck stood up as he felt goose bumps stir over his body at the looks on the other girls faces. Pansy grabbed him by the back of the neck and whispered something in his ear before turning him back toward his bedroom. She then leaned down and whispered something else into Ginny's ear with a glance at Hermione and both had an evil smile in place before the Slytherin turned and stumbled back toward the door.

As the door closed the girls heard her high pitched whine as she begged to just be allowed to shower off rather than be ravaged again by the "Great Brute!"

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Sunday morning found a rather battered and, truth-be-told bruised couple entwined in each others arms in Harry's bed. Pansy had managed to escape after the third shower and was currently recuperating in her own room. Susan woke first and stretched, wincing and grinning madly as she found delicious pains in places she would never have imagined. Whatever this suddenly awakened possessive streak was she hoped they would be able to milk it for the rest of their lives.

A groan from Harry let her know he had just attempted the same feat, with similar results.

"Mmmmmm..." Susan moaned as she stretched into his side. "Good morning you Great Brute." She said with a quiet smile.

The night before flashed quickly through his head but he quickly squashed the immediate need to apologize. Apparently he was learning, "You..." he said, "Are an evil evil woman, you know that?"

She grinned and pulled herself up onto his chest with barely a wince at the pain. "Oh really?"

"Really. How dare you try to make me jealous!" He said playfully.

"Oh I dare...gods Harry you have no idea... I think Pansy will be walking funny for a week!"

"Hmmm."

"Don't start brooding either, that was some of the most amazing shagging we have done yet!"

"Not that I didn't enjoy it either," He paused to smile up at her to take the sting out of his next words, "But I don't particularly like being a jealous git, nor do I prefer shagging over making love to you."

That got her misty eyed all over again but she took a few breaths to calm herself and leaned in to kiss him sweetly. "Me too...it was just too much fun to wind you up, and when we let you go..."

"Hmph."

"Oh get over yourself Harry. It's perfectly natural to be jealous."

He shook his head, "Perfectly hypocritical more like."

"Harry we don't want anyone else but you, and how many times do we have to explain to you that once we accepted that you would be shagging other girls it kinda became a turn on?"

"I'm still a hypocrite, how can I be a jealous git who has to mark my territory like some bloody hound and yet expect all of you to not even think about shagging some other guy?" He was trying to ask in a lighthearted tone, but his tense shoulders spoke volumes about how he really felt.

In answer Susan shrugged, "I dunno, but it was worth it. Don't change Harry." She said with a smile down at him. "However we still need to figure out what to do about Hannah and Neville."

He sighed and relaxed back into the mattress. "Do we really have to talk about this again?"

Susan nodded as she idly began tracing some strange drawing on his chest with her fingers. "I want to play with Hannah again... but Hannah doesn't want to play with me without you there..."

"I thought you said she was a 'Witches Witch' though?" He said with a raised eyebrow.

"Well I think she started into it so she could still play with me, and ended up getting a bit addicted to you..."

He bit off a groan as he threw his unoccupied arm over his eyes, "I don't want to cause problems for one of my best mates. Can you really imagine me walking up to him and saying 'Oh by the way mate, your girlfriend wants a threesome with me and Susan?' I doubt that would go over very well."

Susan nodded and began biting her bottom lip, he smiled a bit at the habit she seemed to have picked up from Hermione. "I guess for now she will just have to settle for fun time with me then..." She sighed.

"She still needs to tell Neville she swings that way otherwise its still cheating. Though from a guys perspective 'cheating' with another woman is not necessarily a 'bad' thing."

He earned a light smack to his shoulder for that remark, "Prat!" he just shrugged in response.

"So I guess I get her to talk to him then..."

"Sounds like the only plan. I know how much you miss her as well."

Another nod, "I mean, its not like I like playing with just any girls, and I think having Pansy join us last night shows that I'm more than willing." He growled a bit and she chuckled, "I just don't want to let her down by telling her you won't play with her."

He sat up, gently letting her slide into a sitting position beside him as he looked over at her. "I just won't chance screwing up this friendship like I did with Ron."

"I know, but do you think maybe you could talk to him anyway? I mean...the way your new Clan works and all..."

The beast stirred once more in his chest as he pictured Pansy having some other male lover and he frowned. "I am a total hypocrite. I could care less what the other couples do with each other, but I know I just wouldn't be able to love someone as much if she were shagging some other bloke, even with permission."

"You mean like Daphne?"

He shook his head before stopping himself, "I guess maybe? I mean, Blaise wouldn't touch her unless it was to make babies, so maybe I don't feel threatened, but then I don't really Love Daph like I love all of you either so it doesn't kill me to think about it."

Susan began thinking, it was almost like he could see the wheels turning in her head. "What about her sister?"

"Astoria?" he asked, a bit confused at the apparent change of topic. "She's definitely attractive and has a great personality to boot. But I don't really see me and her being more than platonic friends."

She huffed a bit in feigned annoyance, her slight smile giving it away, "No you prat not for you, I was talking about for Neville. Didn't you say Astoria was a bit lost when she found out about Blaise' er...proclivities?"

"Yeah but she isn't some mating crazed missile we can point at Neville. She actually had feelings for Blaise you know? Besides she doesn't agree with her clans...proclivities anyway."

"I was not intimating anything of the sort, I just thought we should drop a few hints to Hannah and Astoria and see what they think. She was probably more upset with her sister getting the man of her dreams than with the actual way her clan works. She does have two or three mums."

He sighed and gave up, "Fine, you can suggest it, see if Astoria will entertain the possibility of dating a Gryffindor, though from her reaction to me I'm not certain she won't immediately dismiss the idea."

Susan smiled but decided to egg him on, "You are awfully dense Mister Potter, from the flirting I would say despite he words she was actually very interested in you if it weren't for sharing with her sister. But a girl has to have some self respect."

"Hamina..wuh?" he asked intelligently.

She smiled mischievously, "Just imagine Harry, you already have a set of twins, and if what you told me about Fleur was spot on then you likely could have had a pair of Veela." She waited to make certain he didn't exhibit any pain at the mention of Gabrielle before continuing. "You could go for the hat trick and get both Greengrass girls in your bed."

He groaned at the mental imagery and she smiled, "Besides, if I get you distracted enough then maybe Hannah, Neville and I can work something similar out between ourselves."

He growled and pounced on her in a rather quick maneuver getting an excited and surprised squeak out of her.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Harry walked into the Headmasters office later Sunday Evening to find it empty. He heard a soft trill and turned toward Fawkes with a smile.

"Hey how have you been? Long time no see."

I have been well youngling, and yourself?

"Oh you know, same old same old. Go to class, shag my brains out, go to a meal, shag my brains out, do some training, shag my brains out..."

He heard the mental snickering that accompanied the audible trill of laughter and smiled down at the Phoenix, until he heard a cough and turned quickly toward the sound with wide eyes.

"Albus!" He couldn't stop the blush that turned him into a tomato.

The man in question smiled back with eyes in full sparkle mode, "Ah if only youth were not so fleeting, and if only I had found the love of

even one woman as well matched to me as your little group. But alas after a century I find I am no longer as young as I once was."

"Er..."

"Yes, well then young Harry let us see how you have progressed in your training and then perhaps discuss a slight field trip I am planning?"

Harry nodded as he finally got his blush under control and followed the Headmaster to his desk where he took the offered lemon drop, as always enjoying the smile that lit the mans eyes up when someone shared his favorite treat. Harry then sat down in one of the chairs facing the headmaster and silently called a tiny lick of Fiendfyre into the palm of his hand in the shape of an oriental dragon. As he opened his eyes he smiled up at the old man and began directing the fire to circle around and through his fingers, almost as one would play with a coin.

The old mans eyes went wide at the casual display of power and control. "Harry, that isn't Fiendfyre?" he asked in surprise.

Harry shrugged, "Luna pointed me in the right direction last week and after a bit of reading things sort of clicked. All my work with lesser magical fire seems to have paid off." As he finished his thought he waved his hand and the dragon disappeared from head to tail as if it were entering some unseen tunnel, leaving only a puff of smoke in its wake.

"You have no idea how proud I am of you my boy, I was hoping you would have mastered the Flame Whip but this is beyond my expectations!"

Another shrug and Harry sat forward, "So what did you have in mind for this little outing?"

Albus shook himself slightly and regained the air of authority, "It so happens I believe I have located a Horcrux."

Harry sat straight up, "Which one?"



"I cannot be certain but I believe it to be Slytherin's locket which has been hidden in a cave near where Tom's orphanage used to holiday."

"And what kind of protections can we expect to find?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore gave him an approving nod, glad to see that he was no longer the rash young man that had traveled to the Ministry. "I have not seen it but I would imagine it to be protected by some of Tom's favorite tools from the last war."

A shadow crossed Harry's face as he thought about it, "Infiri.."

The old man nodded.

Harry stood up suddenly with an accusing look in his eyes, "Why couldn't you just tell me I needed to learn the flame whip because we would be facing Infiri?" He asked in a cold tone. "Why do you insist on playing your little games and only revealing information when you feel it will have the most impact or will help sway me to your cause? Did you think I would suddenly be happy to use my new skills?"

Dumbledore was completely caught off guard as evidenced by the stunned expression on his face, "Harry I..."

"No."

"I'm sorry?"

"No. I will not be going with you. You seem to have it all figured out and I can't imagine the great Albus Dumbledore would need me to tag along for a simple retrieval. I have better things to do with my time."

"But Harry, you need experience in locating and retrieving these objects, in case I cannot complete the work before..."

"The plan the girls have been working on will end Voldemort despite his anchors to this world. Then we can take all the time we need to find and destroy the rest of them just to make certain he is gone. I don't hate you but I'm not happy with you right now. In other news,

what do you plan on doing about Draco and that mysterious cabinet in the Come and Go room?"

"I..." it took him a moment to realize that Harry was upset with him, and another moment to realize he was not about to destroy the office again. Hoping to broach the subject later he moved on, "The situation is known to me and I have already taken steps."

Harry put his hand over his eyes and began rubbing to stave off the headache, "In other words you are going to let Draco tinker and move his plan forward."

"Young Draco has not yet crossed that unforgivable line and for the time being, his plans coincide with mine."

"Don't do this Albus." Harry leaned over the desk and his tone was pleading. "Don't play fast and loose with your life, or the lives of the students under your care. I understand you don't have long left, but what about the first years that just got here? What about me and my girlfriends and betrothed? Are you willing to bring danger amongst us for some twisted plan to redeem Draco?"

Albus sat back in his seat and appeared to actually ponder Harry's words before he sighed. "I'm sorry Harry, but I have set my course. I promise you however that steps have been taken to ensure the safety of all within the walls of Hogwarts."

Harry sighed, "Including Draco."

Standing straight Harry looked once more into the old mans eyes before turning around and heading toward the door. "If you cannot bring yourself to protect the innocent over the guilty then I will do it for you. This is where I leave you to seek my own destiny, I'm no longer going to allow you to control my life Headmaster."

The old man slumped, "I do care for you Harry, too much, much more than any other student to attend this institution. But if this is where our paths diverge, I...wish you luck."

Shaking his head in disappointment Harry walked out the door. "To each his own, I won't be back for another session."

"Perhaps tea then?" Dumbledore called out just before Harry closed the door.

Harry smiled and rolled his eyes, "Tea would be lovely Headmaster. I'll let you know."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

"So that's the plan so far." Susan finished.

Upon returning to his room he pulled Susan aside and surprised her by asking for a synopsis of what they had come up with. She commiserated with him at first over old men set in their ways but extracted a promise from him to talk to Neville in exchange for learning the details of 'The Plan' which until then had been kept secret, known only to his girls.

Of course he had argued that they were manipulating him just as badly as the Headmaster if they were making plans without his knowledge, to which she rebutted that; A) They hadn't meant to keep it a secret he had just never actually asked for the details and B) if he has to be manipulated, at least the benefits were better with the Harem.

"Is it really all so simple? I mean it seems kind of anti-climactic or something doesn't it?" he asked in disbelief.

She shrugged, and the fact that she was nude as she shrugged was not lost on other parts of his anatomy. "You seem to think Voldemort is just going to stroll into a trap without bringing any backup, and then stand there as we go through the rather involved process."

"True...so what have you done about that then?"

"Er..." She said biting her lip slightly.

He smiled, "Ah, so this has been entirely an theoretical exercise for you ladies and you hadn't exactly figured out the rest of the steps needed?"

"Something like that...it has all been rather academic up to this point but I suppose we really do need to work on a Battle plan to go along with the trap."

Harry nodded, glad to be useful again. He enjoyed being "kept out of their hair" as much as any bloke would, but it would be nice to be involved on a more intellectual level again.

"So what are you going to say to Neville?"

"Er..."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

It took ti Tuesday for Harry to work up the nerve he needed to broach the subject, as they finished Dinner Harry placed a hand on Neville's shoulder and nodded his head toward the doors as he caught the other boys eye. Neville nodded and kissed Hannah on the cheek before standing and following Harry out into the hall.

If one were to observe Harry walking nervously down the hall with Neville, one might incorrectly assume he were attracted to the other boy. He was a bit flushed and his nerves were plainly on display as he turned into an unused classroom and closed the door behind Neville.

"What's this about Harry?" Neville asked, rather confused and truth be told, alarmed at the other boys nervousness. Hannah had been just as nervous the night before.

Harry took a deep breath. "You talked to Hannah right?"

Neville blushed and looked away but nodded, "I knew there was something going on between those two I just didn't imagine..."

"Sure you didn't." Harry said trying to lighten the mood, unfortunately Neville blushed even harder.

"Okay so maybe I imagined but Susan is with you so I tried not to. Besides I know Susan was never really into me."

"So what do you think?" Harry asked, examining a sconce on the wall with way too much attention to detail.

"Er...I want her to be happy...and I guess I don't...uh...mind if its with another girl..."

Harry turned around, glad that at least that much was out of the way. "Right, I mean...it isn't really cheating if it isn't a bloke right?" Of course he wanted to beat his head against the wall for shooting himself in the foot like that.

Neville nodded his agreement, "Yeah...I mean it just isn't the same...especially if they have done it before..."

"So how are you and Hannah really?"

Neville sighed and seemed to slump down a bit as he sat on the edge of a desk. "I honestly don't know...things were great at first, and then they got kinda weird and distant, and then when I told her she could 'have fun' with Susan it was like when we first started dating all over again. What does that say about our relationship?"

He shook his head before answering, "Either you are perfect for each other, since you can accept her for her and do whatever it takes to keep her happy. Or you aren't really meant to be together and these are warning signs. If its the former then you have a great relationship ahead of you, if its the latter then you will probably stay really good friends and look back on this fondly. I dunno, your a braver man than I."

"Oh..." Neville said with his eyes downcast, "So you aren't gonna let Susan and Hannah..."

"What?" Harry asked in confusion, "Oh! No I already knew from when Susan and I got togeth-er..." He trailed off and went back to studying his scone.

"You and Hannah were...intimate...she told me."

"Oh yeah?" Harry asked in a strained voice.

"Yeah...she told me about you three, and how you encouraged her to come after me if that was what she wanted. So I guess I should thank you."

"Um..."

"Besides," Neville said with a small grin, "I know you weren't that intimate."

Harry couldn't help a small smile at the crude joke, especially coming from shy Neville Longbottom. "I suppose you would know..took Ron long enough to figure out."

Neville nodded, "Yeah, rather thick that one. Even after he had proof she was lying he was still a Prat to you."

Harry shrugged, "It was one time too many, we won't ever be best mates again but at least we're friendly now."

There was a pause as they both thought about the conversation. "So you and Susan are perfect for each other then?"

Harry smiled, "Close enough I guess... I would do anything to keep her happy. Any of them really."

"So is that all this was about then? You seemed awfully nervous just to tell me you were gonna let Susan and Hannah...what did she call it.. 'Play'?"

"Uh..."

Neville sat down hard in one of the chairs and looked up at Harry who was busy looking elsewhere. "I don't think I can handle that Harry... Your a good mate and all but I don't fancy you shagging my girlfriend."

Eyes wide at being caught out Harry turned around to face Neville, "It isn't like that! I mean... I have more than enough to deal with thank you very much. And as Ginny is want to remind me as often as possible, I can probably shag any other girl in the school any time I want to and you know what? The idiots ENCOURAGE me to do it! If I didn't know they love me so much I would be tempted to feel like a sexual object."

Neville nodded but didn't change his look. "And how do you feel about some other guy with one of your girls?"

Harry didn't notice for a few seconds that he was growling again but shook his head as he stopped. "I know, I'm a hypocrite, I admit it. But..."

"But?"

"It isn't my idea..." he said in a small voice.

"Huh?"

He blew out a long breath, "Hannah...wants me to be there..."

"Oh..." Neville said in defeat.

"Susan asked me to talk to you about it and I told her I wouldn't do anything to screw up your relationship with Hannah but she sort of got me to promise to at least broach the subject so now I have and we can forget it but honestly I wouldn't even have to touch her if she did join us."

It took the other boy a moment to digest the run-on sentence, "Okay? So what...you would 'Play' with Susan while she...um...with Hannah..."

Harry was completely mortified and had a hand over his face so he didn't have to actually face his friend. "Something like that." He mumbled. "I don't exactly know what would happen...we have history together and..."

"And things might get out of hand... Harry how can you actually expect me to be okay with this idea?"

"You know about Daphne and Pansy's Clan right?" A nod, "I am part of that Clan now, was before I even had half my girls, so it's all a little academic any longer what I am willing to accept. I'm a complete hypocrite when it comes to my girls with other blokes but I don't really care what other couples do in their own relationships. Anyway...Daphne talked to her sister about you..."

"WHAT!" Neville exclaimed.

"Astoria thinks your cute...and she talked to Hannah..."

"You have to be kidding me! You and your menagerie are setting me up? And Hannah is OK with this?"

"It's not like that Nev! I had very little to do with any of this honestly!"

"So they think they can set me up with a Slytherin of all people and suddenly I won't mind Hannah joining your harem part time?"

Harry began scratching at the back of his head nervously making his messy hair even worse as he turned back to Neville in exasperation, "Who the hell knows what women are thinking? Why do my girls share me? Why do Gin and Mione get off on watching me with any girl they can get into my bed? I don't bloody know Neville!"

By the time he was done his face was flushed and he was breathing heavily. Neville had to pause to take in all this information and couldn't help but feel just a little sorry for the young man he was beginning to think of like a brother.

"Look...you definitely have your work cut out for you but I can't imagine..." he growled and Harry tried not to smile, "Fine, so I can imagine but I can't stand the thought of the woman I love with another man. I wouldn't ever be able to look at her the same way again..."

Harry sighed, "I promise none of this was my idea, Susan wanted me to talk to you but I thought Hannah would have told you more than just her orientation..."

"Yeah..." Neville slumped a bit as he let out a breath, taking most of his anger with it. "Did you mean what you said about either being perfect for each other or staying best friends?"

He couldn't lie when Neville looked like that, "After what happened with Lavender I don't know any more, there is a slight possibility that you won't be able to stand her if you let her do this. I really like Hannah, and she makes Susan really happy but I would never do anything to hurt our friendship Nev. I already screwed up with Ron."

The other boy snorted a bit, "You're an idiot if you think Ron was ever anything but her second choice, to be honest we figured you might shag Ginny a few times before you realized Hermione was your soul mate."

"But..." Harry's eyes went wide at this new information, "But I thought there was a pool on Hermione and Ron! I was a part of that pool!"



Neville smiled and his eyes danced a bit in the light, "We didn't let Ron know about that bet either did we?"

Harry slumped to the floor against the wall, still facing Neville, "I really wish people would clue me into these things... So did anybody put money on a three-way with both girls?"

"Seamus."

"You have got to be kidding me!" Harry said in shock. "How the hell could anyone have foreseen that?"

Neville just shrugged, "You know how perverted he is, I think he did it just for the laughs."

"So how much did he win?"

"He didn't, or rather he had to split it."

"What?" Harry asked sitting up straighter.

"He had to split it with Fred and George who bet you would have a harem."

Neville could only laugh out loud at the gobsmacked face of his best mate, Harry sat staring at him as if he had just kicked his puppy. "I think they placed that bet for much the same reasons as Seamus, I'm surprised though that they haven't thanked you in person yet."

Harry still sat shaking his head; both boys were glad for a little bit of levity in the midst of the more serious conversation but as his thoughts turned back to the situation Harry let out another sigh. "For now, I'm going to tell Susan that she and Hannah can play but I won't be joining them."

After a few moments Neville nodded, "I can live with that I guess...do you...I mean..."

"What Nev? I'll answer if I can so just ask."

"Do you know why Susan isn't interested in me?" The boy asked before blushing and looking away. "Not that I want to negotiate a tit-for-tat or anything..."

Harry forced the beast back down into his chest before he started growling again, "It's nothing personal Nev...I think you honestly aren't her type, she likes you well enough as a friend. She never told me exactly what it was but I bet Hannah knows."

"I suppose..." The silence dragged on for a moment and Harry was wondering if it was time to leave before it got more awkward when he spoke again. "So Astoria Greengrass?"

Harry smiled, "Right little fireball that one is, apparently she would have jumped me by now if I hadn't messed around with Daphne..."

"Wait what? You and Daphne... damn you get around." Neville said with a smile. He had gotten used to all the other women being involved with Harry so there wasn't necessarily any animosity or jealousy about the subject. "What does Blaise think about that?"

Harry was choking on his idiocy for letting that one slip, "Blaise...encourages her really...he isn't um...interested in her that way. It's an arranged marriage and the Clan doesn't look down on anyone for how they deal with interpersonal relations...as it were."

"I don't know if I want to get involved with all that then...I mean I guess I aligned Longbottom with Potter so there isn't much choice..." Harry cut him off.

"Of course there is, there's always a choice."

"What if she wants to run around like the rest of them? Wouldn't I be trading one bad relationship with Hannah for another one with her?"

Harry shook his head, "Pansy doesn't want any other man but me and she has plenty of approved female companionship if she gets an itch..." he coughed trying to hide his embarrassment, "Daphne doesn't appear to be interested in any other guy though I have no claim to her, she basically just takes her frustrations out on me. In any case I happen to know that Astoria does not agree with the Clan's ways in many respects though much of that is related to her

not wanting to share her crush with her sister. I think it would be worth a shot, and you might end up with both of them in the end..."

"Or neither." Neville said quietly.

"Or neither, but honestly did you ever think you would be caught in something like this? You a stud Neville! Revel in it a bit."

The other boy chuckled and sat up straighter, "And what if Hannah doesn't agree to stay away from you?"

He messed with his hair some more as he scrunched up his face, "This is getting really uncomfortable Nev...but just hypothetically... If you and Astoria hit it off, and if Hannah won't give over...would you be able to...er...share her?"

"Harry that's gross! I don't want my dangly bits anywhere near yours thank you very much!" Neville shouted.

"I didn't mean at the same time!" Harry shouted back blushing.

"Oh... Then what did you...?"

"I meant, Hannah and Susan have been together longer than either of us have been with them separately. I think it is worth considering that Hannah really likes you, and really likes me, but maybe she is in love with Susan and will end up choosing her over you...unless you are willing to share."

"I don't like this Harry..."

"I know, you have no idea how much I want to hit something at the moment and Hannah isn't even mine, I just imagine the rolls reversed with Susan being the object of discussion."

Neville sat back and sighed, "I want her to be happy; we've had some good times...really good times, but if she needs to be with Susan..and won't accept not having you there...then I guess I could let her go as good friends who might occasionally hook up..." the poor boy was blushing solid by the time he was done.

Harry however breathed a sigh of relief, "It isn't like she would be hopping back and forth between us or anything..." He remembered

early in the summer when Hermione had gotten Ron to say he wanted Hermione to use Harry's cum as lubricant and although he would never be able to share in reality, the idea of his cum oozing out of her abuse sex as she sat down on another cock did cause a surprising twitch in his pants. At least until he imagined the bloke attached to that appendage and promptly wanted to hex something.

"Yeah...and you and I aren't insecure in our manhood or anything..."

"Speak for yourself Neville, I find you quite fanciable." Harry said deadpan.

"ACK!" Neville jumped out of his seat and halfway across the room before he heard Harry laughing hysterically. "Bastard! That wasn't funny!"

Still laughing Harry fell over on to his side, "Sorry...(gasp) I couldn't help myself...Why don't we stop talking about it and just cross that bridge when we get there yeah?" He had tears running down his cheek as he observed the other boy.

"You're evil Potter...good thing for you I don't fancy your little coven coming after me for hurting you." His tone was serious but his eyes were smiling.

"Alright alright..." Harry called as he hopped up. "So can we forget we ever had this conversation and be all manly around each other again?"

"Yeah...there was entirely too much sharing of feelings in here."

"Damn straight! I have enough problem with that with my girls."

Neville removed the charms on the door and opened it, "The fact that you still have all seven tells me you don't really have a hard time with that."

As Harry passed through the door he smiled, "I guess not, but I definitely meet my quota, no need to go all mushy on my mates if it can be helped."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

"Pansy..."

The girl jumped as Harry seemed to materialize out of the shadows in the Library where she was working at the 'hidden' table in the corner. Rather than let her nerves show she shot him a sizzling glare. "Come back for more milord? I didn't think Susan would give you up so easily."

He shrugged as he sat down, Susan had been properly punished for getting the better end of their little bargain and he had to take out his embarrassment and jealousy on someone. Not that Susan had complained, especially after he told her she could play with Hannah as long as he wasn't involved. That had been Sunday evening and it was now Tuesday evening, she had begged him to join she and Hannah in his room but he waved them off with a growl that made them giggle before forcing himself to leave the room. He now stared at his betrothed across the table and she was beginning to sweat a bit under his intent look while trying to maintain her haughty attitude. Truth be told she loved it when he took control and secretly she relished in being just as submissive as she had been trained to be by her mothers all those years. But Harry didn't like that when they were in public of any kind.

Finally she couldn't stand it any longer, "Ahem..." she cleared her throat and he gasped and grabbed at his chest while making a production of looking around.

"Egads Woman! Don't do that to me!"

She had a dumbfounded look on her face until a smile broke out on his face, "I thought for a second we had a second coming of Umbridge!"

She snorted quietly and rolled her eyes, "I believe she is still at Saint Mungos with Lockhart trembling in fear of phantom hoof beats. Honestly those two deserve each other, I wonder if they..."

"ACK! Don't you dare put that image into my head!"

She laughed again and returned her gaze to him trying to beat the question through his skull without having to speak. So why are you here?

"So... since I had some free time while Hannah and Susan got reacquainted I realized I had neglected my betrothed."

"Neglected?" She put on the haughty look again and her nose went up into the air. "Like I need you for anything...or like I couldn't take it if I wanted it."

"Oh? So you don't want your present then?"

She instantly perked up and he found it amusing to watch her go from ice cold bitch to giddy school girl in an instant. "Present?"

He nodded and got down on his knees in front of her, though somehow still being nearly eye level with her as she stayed in her chair. His position suddenly had her very nervous. "What are you doing?" She whispered, looking around even though she knew that nobody could see the goings on around this table thanks to the Fidelius.

"Something I should have done quite awhile ago, at the very least at Christmas." He reached into his robes and her breath hitched, lessening just a bit as he pulled out a long velvet covered box rather than the ring box she had been expecting. She tried not to let her disappointment show, after all she was his by contract anyway.

"And whats that?" She was disappointed when her voice cracked a bit.

"I know I own you for all intents and purposes, but you know how I feel about arranged marriages and slavery. He opened the case and her heart went to her throat. There inside the velvet case was the last of the Lightning Pendants, "I only gives these to the most important women in my life, and this is the last one I have. I don't want any other women permanently in my life, and I want you to keep this so you always know you are one of those."

"Harry...I..."

"I know its not a ring but honestly I haven't seen wizarding engagement rings just wedding bands or signets...we can go shopping if you want a ring to make it more official but I guess I just wanted to make sure you knew I love you and...Will you marry me?"

She squealed and launched herself into his arms as she began raining kisses on his face. "Of course I'll marry you idiot, the ring is worthless compared to this...I...I didn't know why you hadn't given me one yet..."

Harry looked sheepish, "I was a bit distracted...I'm sorry I took so long but I hope I can make it up to you."

"Well, you only have the rest of your life, I suppose you have a shot." She said with a smile, even as tears ran down her cheeks.

Harry got a look in his eye as he slowly pushed her books and papers to the side of the table. "I guess I'll just have to start right away then..."

Pansy looked up with wide eyes and her eyes darted to all the other students sitting in the Library around them, and her eyes were drawn to where Professor McGonagall was talking to Madame Pince, "Harry we can't! Not here!"

He waved his hand and both sets of clothes were neatly vanished from their bodies and folded on the chair, Pansy's nipples puckered immediately and he attacked them with his mouth as she let out a squeak, quickly followed by a sigh as she realized nobody could see or hear them. She melted into his embrace let him have his way with her body.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Harry and Pansy returned to his common room hand in hand later that evening to find it rather empty due to OWL and NEWT study groups going on in other parts of the castle. The only two occupants were Susan and Hannah who looked up as the door opened, upon seeing the jade lightening bolt proudly displayed around Pansy's neck Susan leaped to her feet and rushed the girl for a hug. Harry beat a hasty retreat toward the couch in order to save his hearing as the squealing started.

"Oh Pansy I'm so happy for you!"

Pansy tried to sneer...she really did, but her happiness was just overflowing and to a well trained witch she obvious reeked of great sex. "You know I had kind of given up on getting one of these...I

thought maybe Harry had someone else in mind." Her gaze strayed over Susan's shoulder to the blonde on the couch.

"Nonsense!" Susan stated, "Harry may care for Hannah but he is head over heels in love with you; he just finally realized his mistake."

"Did you have anything to do with that?" Pansy asked with a raised eyebrow.

The girl shook her head, "Nope, I think it might have had more to do with his sudden jealousy streak and what happened last weekend. He just didn't realize exactly how much you meant to him until I prodded him along."

"Oh? What did you say to him that night anyway? Not that I'm complaining mind you."

Susan blushed, it had been quite awhile since it happened but it was still just as cute as ever, "I may have mentioned that you could keep Neville entertained while Hannah had her way with him..." she said meekly.

"Bones!" Pansy growled in outrage.

The blush deepened and her eyes were pleading, "I honestly didn't mean it though! I had already gotten a similar reaction out of him before you walked in when we were talking about Neville and Hannah. I don't have any real problem with your Clan's attitude regarding sex or anything I was just trying to get a rise out of him. I don't think you're a floozy for him to throw at people or anything..."

Pansy sighed as she directed the girl to the desk and they both took a chair. "Most of the women in my family don't have more than one male lover, unless its an arranged marriage with no real love between them. I honestly never thought I would be lucky enough to fall in love with my betrothed...I did expect a mistress or two after all fun is fun..." Pansy actually blushed slightly at her admission but soldiered on. "But I never thought I would be willing share him with this many women... I guess its the fact that I do love him that makes the difference."

"So I'm forgiven?" Susan asked hopefully.



"Merlin yes! That was the hottest he has gotten me since our first time...he doesn't often take control like that does he?"

Susan shook her head, "No he prefers to make love even when he isn't in love with the girl."

"Well then we will just have to make sure we get him worked up every now and then, sometimes a girl just needs a good solid shagging."

The two dissolved into giggling and plotting; meanwhile Harry had sat down on the couch on the far end from Hannah who was blushing heavily and looking anywhere but at him.

"Hey." he tried casually without looking at her.

"Hey...to you too..." She responded carefully.

"So uh...you have fun then?"

The smile on her face told the story but she answered him anyway, "Gods yes! I've missed Susan so much but I was too afraid to talk to Neville about it...plus I didn't know how you would feel about...you know..."

He finally turned to look at her, "I told you both before that I have no problem with your relationship and I know Susan loves you. I wouldn't make her unhappy if I could help it, she even convinced me to uh...talk to Neville about...er..."

The blush came back full force and she resisted the urge to hide behind her hands, "Yeah...I kinda left that out when I told him I wanted to play with Susan. I didn't expect her to tell you that..."

He shrugged, "She wanted to make sure you were happy, and I want her to be happy..."

"Yeah... She is you know."

"Hmm?"

"Happy, extremely completely totally happy."

"Oh..." he didn't know what else to say at that point.

"Those months without you killed her Harry, she was being stubborn and couldn't believe that she really did fall in love with you and it was killing her slowly. Then when Gabrielle died... it was all I could do to get her out of bed and off to class most days. I can't believe it took nearly dying herself to open her eyes...in any case thank you for taking care of her."

"I love her, taking care of her is natural to me as breathing." he said completely without sounding like a pompous ass.

"And that's why she loves you..."

The two sat in silence for a moment before Pansy waved on her way to her bedroom and Susan flopped down on the couch between them. "Enjoying yourselves loves?"

"Sure" "Yeah" They responded at the same time.

"That sure doesn't sound like enjoyment to me, so what you talking about?" Susan asked again desperately trying to liven up the mood.

"You mostly." Hannah said getting a sudden gleam in her eye.

"Oh?" Susan asked catching her girlfriends playful mood and subtly encouraging it.

Harry of course remained oblivious, "Yeah, we were just discussing the reasons we love you," he responded with a waggle of his eyebrows and casting his own mischievous gleam.

Hannah turned her full attention on the redhead and placed a hand on the girls bare knee as Susan asked, "And what would those be?"

Harry answered first, "Well I love making you blush."

Hannah nodded and leaned in closer to the girls ear getting excited at sharing this moment with Harry, her fingers trailed small circles on the inside of Susan's thigh and Harry looking down suddenly gulped. "I love how you have always been there for me when I needed anything..."

Susan didn't like suddenly having the tables turned on her and gave a small gulp herself and her legs parted a bit unconsciously. "Oh...and what else?"

"Uh..." Harry was too busy watching Hannah's busy hand to come up with anything else so the girl took the lead.

"Well...I do love how soft your skin is..." She whispered loud enough for Harry to hear, "Don't you agree Harry?"

"Uh..." His pants were suddenly much tighter and he could feel his heartbeat speeding up.

Those fingers moved farther up Susan's leg, the girl parting them further as her eyes closed revealing to Harry that she hadn't taken the time to put panties back on after her earlier activities.

"And I love the way you taste too, and how easy it is to get you wet at a moments notice..."

Susan's hands, seemingly of their own accord reached for a knee on either side of her and began rubbing, Harry was desperately hard now and nearly shaking in his nervous state. He had promised Neville! Meanwhile however Hannah leaned back slightly and parted her legs for Susan's wandering hand, also revealing her state of undress to Harry who suddenly jumped off the couch and pulled Susan up onto his shoulder in a fireman's carry. He looked down at the suddenly disheveled blond who's skirt was hiked up over her hips and the pink bits flashing at him like an advertisement. "Bad Hannah!" he cried indignantly.

"What?" The girl asked in confusion as Harry turned his eyes away from the tantalizing flesh.

"Bad! Bad bad bad bad bad! Go tell Neville what you've done or I will!"

"Harry?" Susan called over his shoulder in confusion.

"No no no! I talked to Neville and told him this would NOT be happening so it won't! Kindly put your skirt back in order and report to Neville now for your punishment...before I punish you and get myself into more trouble!"

The girl finally realized what was happening and straightened her clothing in embarrassment as she stood up. "Harry I'm sorry! I didn't mean to...i wasn't trying to..."

"Go tell your boyfriend what a bad girl you have been and on the way you need to think up some suitable punishment! When was the last time you let him bugger you?"

"Uh..."

"Good then, you go straight to him and confess that you got carried away and flashed your pink bits at me, tell him your sorry for being a bad girl and you will let him bugger you to make up for it!"

The girls eyes were wide even as she felt a trickle of moisture begin to run down her leg at his command. "But Harry... I mean he is nowhere as big as you but he's nearly twice as thick!"

"AHHHH! I did NOT want to know that!" Harry screamed half way in revulsion and halfway in amusement at the situation.

"Oh come on Harry, like you never compared yourselves in the shower!" Susan called still happily thrown over his shoulder.

"No! Blokes don't do that if we can help it! It isn't like you girls sit around comparing the size of your boobs all the time...right?"

"Actually..." Hannah began.

"Ack! Go now! Save my friendship please? And I will know whether you took your punishment like a good girl or not miss thing so don't even think of skipping out!" He turned her toward the door and smacked her on the ass to get her moving before turning and marching toward his room with Susan still in his possession.

"Harry?"

He smacked her ass as well just for good measure, "You were a bad girl too Suze, now accept your punishment!"

He could almost hear the grin in her voice as they entered his room, "Will you bugger me too then?"

"Hush! Don't ruin your punishment by telling me how much you enjoy it! Now Strip!"

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

A smiling Hannah walked over to the Gryffindor table and sat down, gently, by her boyfriend to an amused smirk from Harry. Neville looked confused as hell but without much malice directed toward Harry. In his opinion Harry had behaved above reproach even if he had gotten a rather direct look at his girlfriends privates. He tried to reason with himself that it wasn't anything Harry hadn't seen already, though that didn't actually help much with his jealousy and anger issues, but having spent a few hours trying something new with Hannah almost made it worth it. She had eventually seemed to really enjoy it, and the after effects he observed this morning helped to tamp down any ill will he felt toward the man who had doled out her supposed "punishment". As Harry was whispering in a glowing Susan's ear and Neville was drifting between thoughts of rage and thoughts of lust a quiet cough caught their attention.

Harry looked up as Neville turned around, "Good morning Astoria, what brings you all the way to the Light side of the room?"

She rolled her eyes and ignored Harry before plopping down next to Neville on the other side from Hannah. Poor Neville gulped and went stiff as if jinxed, "I thought I should spend some time with you and your friends seeing as half of Slytherin things I'm shagging you anyway, if only they knew the truth."

Harry relaxed and leaned into Susan as he put his arm around her waist, "I suppose, though at least you three seem to be safe at the moment. Unless you plan to room with Pansy I don't really have any other options for protecting you."

"So joining your harem is out then? Damn..." She said faking a sigh though the smoldering look she tossed him had his pants tightening again. She turned to Neville, "I suppose I will have to find another one then, what do you think Longbottom?"

"Eep?"

"Yes, well you have gotten rather cute since the weight came off and with Harry's assistance you have become somewhat of a powerhouse in the DA. My father is currently incommunicado so if I want to try to find an acceptable match I must do so before he arranges a contract for me..." She turned toward Harry and arched an eyebrow, "Though actually... you are acting as my Head of House at the moment..."

"Eeep?" Neville got out again.

Harry nodded sagely as he pretended to consider the possibility, "I have no current plans to marry you off my dear, but I suppose if you wanted to make a run at the Longbottom here I would not oppose you."

"Uh...but Harry...uh..."

"You do have some stiff competition though, I understand he is already involved with a certain Hufflepuff. You should probably be negotiating with her rather than me at the moment."

Neville turned toward Hannah with pleading eyes, "Hannah I promise I didn't know about this...not really anyway...I don't want...er...uh..."

Hannah patted his cheek and pretended to give Astoria the once over before shrugging non-chalantly, "She'll do I suppose."

"Er...huh?"

Astoria nodded as she stood up, "Glad that's settled then, I expect you to meet me in the Library later to further discuss our arrangement and get to know each other better." With that she walked back over to the Slytherin table and sat down next to her sister, whispering conspiratorially.

Hermione looked back and forth between a smirking Harry, a smiling Susan, a tense Hannah and a rather scared looking Neville before voicing her thoughts succinctly. "Huh?"

Susan stood and pulled Hermione up by the elbow before interlocking their arms, "Come along then love, I'll explain it to you."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Harry being at a loss as every one of his girls seemed to have somewhere to be at that moment ended up back in his common room with a book on fire magics; while he disliked the way Dumbledore had tried to manipulate him once more he actually enjoyed expanding his repertoire into a new area. He had just gotten to a chapter on the 'Eternal Flame' charm when his thoughts were broken into by the door opening and the sound of Bernard the Satyr laughing his goat ass off. Astoria walked into the room with murder in her eyes.

"Honestly Potter! Can't you control that...THING!"

Seeing her wand twitching in her hand Harry wisely held in his laughter and nodded, "Berny?" The Satyr poked his head into Wenny's frame looking sheepish but with a twinkle in his painted eyes.

"Aye Harry?"

"I think perhaps you should only tease the Slytherin girls the first time they come to my door. Otherwise you might find your painting on fire or some other disaster falling it, I don't think either of us would like that?"

The goat-man swallowed hard, "Understood Harry, I apologize miss, you really do have beautiful..." He dropped his hands from his chest at her growl and called out "Eyes!" as he escaped from the frame.

"I'm sorry Astoria, we had an arrangement made before I had so many friends in your house and neither Daphne or Pansy has said anything about him."

"Daphne enjoys the banter and I assume Pansy probably does as well...I wouldn't mind if I hadn't been here on a mission."

"Mission?" He asked in confusion.

"Sort of, look...Longbottom seems great and all but I don't know much about him personally. He's cute and obviously powerful even if he doesn't realize it yet, and his affinity for Herbology has the potential for a rather sizable and steady future income. I wasn't lying

when I said I could do worse but I wanted your honest opinion of both he and his Hufflepuff."

Harry noticed the bit of venom at the mention of Hannah and noted it, "Honestly I agree with everything you said; Neville is braver than he thinks and stronger than he realizes. Thought I don't know much about his skills leading to wealth; I have to wonder if that's a good reason to consider him anyway?"

She looked at the couch beside him and he nodded, offering her the other end as she slid over to his side. To his surprise she sat down right next to him though he would have thought his nerves would be settled by now around women in close proximity his teenage body had its own ideas. "It isn't just about that but if I want to avoid a contract with one of the other Clans I need to make sure he is acceptable to my father. I honestly wouldn't be surprised if he were to offer YOU a contract." She said with disdain.

He laughed lightly, "Oh am I that hideous then?"

She rolled her eyes, "We already had this discussion, I won't share my man with Daph no matter what the situation and though I might be willing to accept a mistress more than one is unacceptable to me. Sorry Harry, your assed out unless you want to give all of them up and have us both obliviated as well as Daphne."

He sighed in mock defeat, "Damn...guess I'll have to break it to them tonight then..."

She smacked his arm playfully, "Prat!"

He rubbed at his sore arm and pouted for a moment, "So what is your real problem then?"

Sighing as she threw herself back into the couch she crossed her arms beneath her breasts and looked up at him until he sat back as well. "Is Neville already in love with Hannah and if so, will that make me the mistress? I can't accept that."

Nodding Harry considered his words carefully, "I am not a disinterested party in all this, Hannah has expressed her frustration at not having me play with her and Susan and it makes both of them



AND myself jumpy around each other. I don't have any specific designs on Hannah except to make Susan happy..."

"So Hannah is a witches witch then?"

Harry nodded, "Yes and No, she only played with me originally to help Susan out and get to spend time with her girlfriend. Now it seems she liked me well enough on my own to reconsider her stance. All that time she knew she liked Neville and wanted to try a relationship with him but...I don't know...maybe she needs to rethink her relationship. I'm not going to mess with my best mates girlfriend if I can help it and that includes telling her what I just told you."

"So then...you think I could win him away from her?"

"You need to talk to her; don't use the usual Slytherin tactics just talk to her bluntly about your status in the relationship and hopefully she will step back to allow you to take over as the primary or whatever..."

She narrowed her eyes at him, "You sure you aren't a wizards wizard?"

"NO!" He shouted.

"Then how are you so good at girl talk and relationship politics?"

"Survival Instinct." They both laughed and settled back onto the couch to talk until their next classes.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Severus awoke once more in the hospital wing but this time he was tied down on the bed on his stomach, he cast a look over his shoulder to find a pair of familiar looking blonds in nurse outfits putting on rubber gloves. The one was a bombshell if a little young and the other had a rather familiar dreamy look, both had startling blue eyes of different shades.

"What are you doing to do to me this time Potter?"

The younger one smiled creepily at him, "My friend had some interesting ideas for ze use of ze Crumple Horned Snorkack and you volunteer as a test subject."

Luna smiled and cocked her head as Severus heard a bleating something like a cross between a cat and a goat coming from outside of the room. "Don't worry Professor, this shouldn't hurt much as long as we remember the local anesthetic."

"The what?" Gabrielle asked cutely as they walked toward the doors.

"I don't remember..." Luna said looking confused. "Oh well, lets let Steve in and come back in a few hours to observe his progress shall we?"

Screams could be heard for the next several hours as Severus fainted and awoke to find either a phallus or a crumbled horn inserted into various orifices.

Authors Note:

So here we are, I've reached the end of what I have written except for a few snippets of the next week which I am tempted to throw out since they don't match the tone of the story at all.

Up until now I had all 75 of these chapters pre-written and I have simply been rereading my own story as I post in the hopes of getting my muse back. I have not begged for reviews (too often) and I have never punished you, my readers, for not reviewing. Despite the fact that I have nearly 10k individual hits each month which leads me to believe there are at least half that many people reading this story. Can you imagine if every one of you left ONE review?

I'm bad about it too, but try to review at least every other chapter on a story I am reading, especially if it is a work in progress. It would make me a total hypocrite to ask for reviews on mine and not review others. On completed stories I still leave as many reviews as I can remember to or when something strikes me. And I always leave on the final chapter to let the author know what I enjoyed, what I didn't, where I think their writing could improve, and so on.

I have no beta, I have one person that I occasionally bounce my ideas off of, Godogma, but he isn't especially interested in the way I plan to take the story, though he enjoys it anyway.

As I have no beta, I know there are punctuation mistakes, and that in the first 30 chapters I had many many run-on sentences and many many sentence fragments. I don't need to know about those but feel free to flame me for it if you must. I hope you can see as well as I can that I have improved vastly over the last 40ish chapters. The first 30 were written without a beta in about a month for gosh sakes!

In the end my muse Nikki is still escaping me when I try to tie her down to this story. I need reviews, lots of reviews. Give me your ideas for where you want to see harry/hermione in the next chapter/week that needs to be written as well as ideas for what you would like to see the girls or relationships do before the end.

Feel free to point out plot holes you think I missed, just in case I did actually miss them. I know a lot of loose ends need to be tied before the end of the story but its possible I missed some.

Also, if you have a challenge you would like me to consider. A plot bunny you don't plan to write or are stuck on, something you think I could handle in either single chapter one shot or short story form; please join my yahoo group and let your voice be heard. I promise to give you credit for it if I post it on . I have already completed two challenges and another short story I started about 6 months ago but havent finished or posted anywhere but my group.

[.com/group/gml\\_fanfic](http://.com/group/gml_fanfic)

Each completed challenge satisfies my muse a little bit more and gets me back into writing again. I want to finish SFTP by August if not sooner! If I get the bug I know I can easily pump out 10k words in a day which could be one or two chapters and that might be all I need to finish this story properly!

It isn't abandoned, I hate abandoned fic and wont do it. I also don't plan on hiatus for the story though if I can't write anything worth posting it might as well be on hiatus...

Help me dear reader, you're Harry's only hope!

GML

## Chapter 77: Hermione

His week with Susan had been fun, and it was great having her back in his life in a real way, but her renewed relationship with Hannah had taken up a good bit of time leaving Harry with almost as much time on his hands as when he was with Luna. On the one hand he was happy for his girlfriend but on the other he was surprisingly a bit jealous of her spending time with the other girl.

He reasoned with himself that it was his new found overprotective nature asserting itself, though even the beast in his chest secretly enjoyed seeing how far the two girls would go to push him. Hannah seemed to delight in trying to get Harry to see her naughty bits or accidentally cop a feel. It was almost as if she enjoyed his 'punishments' when he would send her back to Neville with instructions on how to apologize.

Neville for his part seemed happy enough to dole out the punishment as needed and had actually thanked Harry privately for keeping his hands to himself and his girlfriend honest. Harry was at first surprised at that conversation but apparently Astoria was being rather forward and keeping the other boy occupied enough for him to see the humor in the situation. The younger Greengrass girl had confessed to Harry that the entire game was rather fun, especially with Neville being oblivious to it all. Harry questioned just how oblivious Neville actually was.

All in all though, he was happy for his friend and secretly glad he hadn't been beaten to a bloody pulp yet. Harry would have let the other boy at him too, feeling guilty for enabling the problem even if he really didn't have much say so if he wanted to keep Susan happy.

So with everything going on in that strange love pentagon he had found the time to spend with the rest of the girls in small doses, much to their delight. Ginny having spent the least amount of time with him was especially happy to help keep him busy and the twins had enjoyed fooling around a bit with him, though they knew they would have him to themselves in another week or so thanks to that contract and took it easy in their 'play' sessions.

No Harry was a happy man with one exception, Hermione had remained a bit distant even when opportunities presented themselves for her to take advantage of him. She was head down in

books that had nothing to do with schoolwork most of the time and was quite the taskmaster with the other girls, dragging them off to the Room of Requirement for 'training' sessions at every opportunity.

With his secret access stairway Nym was able to spy on Draco to see if he was in the room. She refused to let them do it since she was considering this part of her security duties (which she admitted had been rather lax lately). She spent a good deal of her off time under Harry's invisibility cloak watching what her cousin was doing in the room and making regular reports as well as letting the girls know when the room was free. Harry had tried to follow them at one point but was shot down as Hermione told him they needed to concentrate and there wasn't anything for him to do yet that wouldn't be a distraction to the other girls.

It was frustrating. Apparently Draco spent a good deal of time playing with runes on the outside of some large mahogany cabinet and cursing to himself. He would put fresh fruit into it and close the door, then open it to find the fruit had shriveled up as if it aged a few weeks in the minute or so it had been inside. Nym had done charcoal rubbings of the rune sets for the girls to study in the time they couldn't access the room.

Harry knew what the girls were up to thanks to his conversation with Susan, but he couldn't help but feel a bit useless that they had this whole plan with no part for him to do except keep the Dark Tosser distracted long enough for it to take place. Hermione had been appalled the one time he mentioned his frustration; making certain to get it through his thick skull that 'fighting that evil man to a standstill and keeping him distracted is FAR more useful than standing back and performing some silly ritual!'.

Harry had to admit she was right but he didn't have to like it, as it was he took that time to play with his Fiendfyre friends and practice creating wandless Patroni using various happy emotions. The upside to that was Luna being more than willing to be a test subject, after more than one of them caused her to collapse in blissful seizures the other girls were willing to take a few 'hits' off the stag as well.

At night, as with every night while he slept, he and Gabrielle had long conversations and mind blowing sex, and mind blowing sex while having long conversations. It was still not as nice as having the

living girl to hold in his arms, but he had long ago dealt with the loss and simply enjoyed his time with her. Of course having Luna somehow join them for a session the night before had been a rather strange event.

Luna had walked him through the why's and how's that she could be in his head from inside Ravenclaw tower which didn't help him at all. Gabrielle for her part simply giggled the entire time and told Harry how nice it was to spend time with someone besides her master or his pet Death Eater.

At one point Harry had gone to sort his thoughts with Occlumency only to find Gabrielle sitting in his chair in the little study behind the candy shop. She had gotten bored one day and began doing it for him, laughingly told him he should go check out his library and shooed him out to the street.

Upon entering the Library he was suddenly rather amazed at the now fully stocked shelves. Most of what was there were the books he had read for school which would be public knowledge along with all the children's books he had ever read (after nicking them from Dudley). The more surprising part however was his 'Luna' section which was now fully stocked with books on strange sounding creatures and odd sounding holidays and events. Apparently his girlfriends had been busy in his head without his knowledge.

For a moment he wondered how the hell he could not know they had been messing around, but the explanations by Luna and Gabrielle from earlier threatened to give him another headache and he simply accepted that they were happy and that made him happy. The only part of the explanation that mattered was that he trusted Gabrielle and he trusted Luna, and therefore Gabby was able to let the girl into his mindscape. The rest hurt too much to think about.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

"Hey you!" Harry called impatiently as he entered his common room to find Hermione surrounded by books on runes and intently studying the charcoal rubbing of Draco's cabinet.

The girl in question looked up and then around to see who he had called out for, only to find the room empty. "I'm sorry?" She asked as she turned back to him.

"You do know what today is?" He asked.

She paused in thought for a bit and he watched her eyes roll back and forth as if she were processing the question carefully and observing it from all angles. "Saturday?"

He nodded as he walked behind her and lightly began massaging her shoulders, "And what happens on Saturday Mione?"

She sighed just a bit at the contact, "Well you get a new designated girlfriend..."

"And?" he asked as he twirled his finger through the air, silently asking her to continue even as the other hand continued petting her.

"And...Oh!" She said in surprise.

He walked around in front of her and pulled her up out of her chair as she struggled to mark her place in a book and tried to finish writing whatever note she was working on.

"But..."

He silenced her with a kiss and waited the few seconds it took for her mind to go blank and her body to take over, at the point where she was just leaning in to deepen the kiss he pulled back and smiled at her. "Oh indeed."

Her eyes fluttered open slowly, "I'm sorry Harry...I'm just so close to figuring out what's wrong with that cabinet..."

"I understand, but I haven't had you to myself in weeks Mione. The other girls were getting worried about you as well and have all made plans to be elsewhere for the rest of the day."

Her eyes strayed back toward the desk, "But..."

"No buts! I want my girlfriend back damn it!"

She rolled her eyes and looked up at him a bit defiantly. "As if you could get rid of me Harry. I just have one thing to do and then I..."

She was cut off once again by a kiss which she melted into just a bit quicker this time.

He stared down at her as her eye's opened slowly once again. "Hey you." He whispered.

She couldn't help the smile that crept onto her face. "Hey yourself mister."

"So must I throw you over my shoulder or will you be a good girl?"

She pondered the question for a moment before smiling playfully up at him. "Can't we do both?"

Almost before she finished the sentence he had picked her up and spun around toward his room getting an indignant shriek from her for his trouble. "HARRY!"

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

A very satisfied Harry and a Hermione lay tangled up in the sheets on his bed. She with her head on his shoulder and he with his arm wrapped around her as they alternated looking up at the ceiling and looking into each others eyes.

Hermione broke the silence, "Why am I nervous despite being disgustingly satisfied?"

He shrugged making her giggle just a bit as she enjoyed the ride, "I am too...the same thing happened with Gin though. We decided it was because it was always the three of us, we never really got any alone time... we haven't ever been a couple so much as a threesome..or trio?"

"Trio is probably the correct term though I don't know what you call seven of us with you..."

"Pansy and the Twins seem to like Harem."

"I will not be a part of a Harem, it isn't dignified..."

"Even though they all consider you the primary wife?"



"That's right, even though...what?" She asked suddenly with wide eyes.

He chuckled, "I have had it pointed out to me by each of them in turn that I have been in love with you for years...and I agree with them."

She sat up suddenly looking at him with love tinged by concern. "But I wasn't first...I mean Gabrielle..."

"I realized I was in love with Gabrielle first yes, but only because there was a bit of magic that actually let me identify what I was feeling by taste and smell..."

"And Ginny was your first girlfriend..."

"Actually my first girlfriend was Cho if you remember and that should tell you that it can't be any indicator. Gin recognizes that she wouldn't have had a shot if you had gone for me first and she is only with me because you let her."

"That isn't entirely true I mean I..."

"Besides, even Cho recognized that you came first. That is what happened to break us up if you remember. I left her to see you on our date!"

Hermione in her panic took a moment to change tactics, "Right but Pansy is so much better at the politics and can be such a bitch..."

"And just like all the rest she realizes she wouldn't be anywhere near me if you didn't accept her."

"But I don't like being in charge...I like to be told what to do..." She said quietly as she blushed.

"And Gin and Pansy love that side of you but do you honestly like being helpless or do you like giving up your control for a while?"

He had neatly stepped around every argument she could come up with and she couldn't find fault with any of what he said. "I..."

"I love you Mione...I always have I think."

She smiled at him even though her mind was still racing, "I love you too Harry...always it was you..."

"I really wish you would have said something though...then I wouldn't have had to deal with Ron touching you..."

She groaned and buried her blush in his chest. "I'm sorry I was such an idiot...I just..." She took a deep breath. "I don't have many male friends and I'm not exactly a supermodel..."

"You have always been beautiful, and you only get more beautiful every time I look at you." he interrupted.

She couldn't help but smile up at him from her place on his chest, "Well I didn't see myself as beautiful, I saw myself as a buck-toothed know-it-all annoying bookworm who was lucky to have you as a friend...and I decided not to tell you how I felt about you because I didn't want to lose you..."

"You would never have lost me Mione..." he whispered softly into her hair.

"I know that now...but after I made that decision I gave up on you...and my only other option was Ron..."

"I'm sure that will give him a huge ego boost." Harry said with a slight smirk.

She slapped his chest lightly, "Prat...I wanted it to work with Ron, I thought maybe all our bickering was just sexual tension like in the bad romance novels or on the telly. I thought I could change myself and convince myself that I loved the way he enjoyed his food and how he could be counted on to be the last one to understand any given situation..."

"You convinced yourself you could love him for being a slob and being dense?" he asked in complete disbelief.

"I...well I convinced myself that I had convinced myself...self delusion really isn't all that hard if you don't actively try to analyze yourself..." She sighed. "He didn't get to touch me very much...it was mostly us arguing and me coming back up to you... You were so

sweet and caring and comforting... I was such a horrible person to him..."

Harry sighed and shook his head, not disagreeing with her but to clear his thoughts, "In any case I know you saved yourself for me...I would still love you if you had given yourself to him first but...a primal part of me is inordinately proud to have stolen that from him... does that make me a git?"

"Yes it does..." She snickered at his shocked face, "But your my git so its okay."

"It would have been okay, just you and I, you know that right?"

"But the prophecy and..." he shushed her before she could begin to argue.

"I'm not saying that I'm not rather pleased at the way things have turned out, but sometimes I just want to be alone with you and pretend none of the others exist... I know I'm a git for that..."

She smiled even as she felt extremely guilty at his admission, "But Gin..."

"I don't know, I think Gin and I would have ended up dating for a while...might have even been happy together and raised a bunch of sprogs of our own... but I'm afraid that if it ended up being one big happy Weasley family with me and Gin, and you and Ron... I think down the road I would have realized I was in love with you and done something awful..."

She didn't realize she was nodding along with his thoughts until she spoke, "I think you're probably right...I don't think I could have hidden my feelings forever and there might have been children involved...and Molly, oh gosh can you imagine the fallout of us having an affair?"

"Which is why I'm glad it worked out the way it did. I may have fantasies of you and I alone together in this thing, but it might not have happened that way otherwise and I wouldn't change it a bit. I do think though that just loving you is enough for me to live through this."

She leaned up and caught his lips in a short but passionate kiss. "I do love you Harry... but I wouldn't give up what I have with Gin either..."

"I'm not asking you to do that, I just wanted to tell you; and to make sure you paid attention to me during our week instead of all those stuffy books. I mean it just isn't right for a man to be jealous of a bunch of parchment and ink!"

She smacked his stomach again as she called him a prat but was secretly pleased at his jealousy. "So I'm the primary wife then?"

He nodded, "By right and by unanimous decision."

"So do I get to be Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Black?"

He pondered for a moment, "Well...Pansy is betrothed to me already as the Lord Black...but the Twins are contracted to Potter...Do you have a preference?"

She gasped as she sat up again and looked at him, "Are you actually asking me to marry you?"

He seemed surprised by her surprise. "I love you Mione...I just finished telling you how much I love you. I would have thought it obvious but if you need a moment to lock away in time..." he rolled off the bed and opened the drawer on the night stand to pull out a little velvet box. Hermione gasped as he grinned up at her from his knee. "Hermione Jane Granger, will you do the honor of being my wife?"

"I..." She gasped out, "I mean...did you have this planned out like this?"

His eyebrows furrowed at her answering his question with a question. "I had Dobby get the ring from the Black Vault...I have them for the other girls as well but I haven't actually presented them to anyone...though I did ask Pansy properly when I gave her a pendant..." He still had the ring presented to her and was still on his knee but his expression was a bit dark.

Hermione suddenly seemed to realize that this was an actual proposal and what she had done. She squealed and jumped off the

bed into his arms as she kissed him. "Of course I'll marry you, you idiot!"

She held out her hand and he couldn't stop the grin as he placed the ring on her left ring finger. "Was that so hard?" he asked her with a smile. "You sure know how to make a guy sweat."

She stood up and pulled him back to the bed with her, eyes glancing from time to time back to the sparkling two carat diamond on her finger. "Sorry... we had talked about it in the abstract and I just sort of...I guess I thought I would just be a mistress or something...you completely caught me off guard."

"Good, though I didn't expect you to question my method before you gave me an answer...I thought I was going to have an aneurism or a heart attack or something..."

She kissed him three times quickly before kissing him once much more slowly; deepening the kiss as she tried to fight her lips from the smile she was wearing. She finally pulled back and he was panting at her with eyes full of lust. "I'm sorry...it was a surprise and I almost ruined it...but I can't think of a better way for it to have gone." She paused in thought for a moment. "I think I would like to be a Potter, since I fell in love with a Potter."

He grinned and suddenly rolled her onto her back and himself between her legs. "Well then Lady Potter, what say we celebrate?"

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Much later found the couple on the couch in the common room being lazy and enjoying their alone time. Harry was wearing a pair of sleeping pants and Hermione the matching shirt and nothing else. Dobby had brought the Wireless from Grimmauld Place and they sat talking idly and laughing at what Wizards considered music.

She sighed happily as he passed his right hand through her hair and his left, which was wrapped around her waist rubbed her tummy, making little unidentifiable patterns that left goosebumps in their wake. "I love it when you pet me." She said lightly.

He grinned and dipped his left hand between her legs quickly, enjoying the fact that every single time he did this she was already

wet and ready for him. Her eyes rolled back into her head as he quickly brought her off before licking his fingers and going back to tracing his patterns.

"I love petting you..." he said quietly before kissing her temple and relaxing back into the couch once more.

"Why aren't you like this more often then?"

"I don't know...we don't get all that much chance to just be together... But I think I could definitely make a habit of this. After all good girls get treats right pet?"

She gasped at the nickname and stiffened a little. "Harry?"

He smiled into her hair, "It's okay Mione, Gabby keeps telling me I need to treat you better and wholeheartedly approves."

It only took her a moment to relax again grinning like a cheshire cat. "So does that make you my master?"

That part of him that had been so attracted to Gabrielle woke up again and he couldn't help the bit of lust in his voice. "Yes," She stiffened again but he knew it was in anticipation. "In private you and I will both know that you belong to me, mind body and soul. I can make you do anything I want to...I could tell you to shag every other bloke in the school if I wanted to and you would do it just to please me, isn't that right Pet?"

Her breathing was coming in small pants now as she nodded, "I don't want any other blokes though Master..."

"Doesn't matter does it." he said a bit forcefully and she shook her head even as she felt herself getting wetter at letting herself be used just to please him.

"N-no..." She admitted in a scared voice...afraid he would actually ask her to do it even though she knew he never would...the fact that she had just admitted to herself how far she was willing to go to please him both scared her and kicked her libido into overdrive.

"I won't do that though, because you belong to me...This," he dipped his left hand between her legs again and she shuddered when he

touched her, afraid she would be punished for getting randy at the idea of sleeping with another man.

"Harry?"

"Well now...aren't you a little slut." Her back arched of its own accord trying to push herself further into his hand which stopped moving. She quit breathing even as she felt her heart hammering in her chest as she nodded timidly.

"Good...your my slut though, and I promise I will never abuse my power to make you do something like that." His hands started up again and she quickly fell over the edge once more, flooding his hand with her juices.

"Thank God!" She finally breathed out as she rolled off the couch onto the floor and took his stiff member into her mouth.

He chuckled at this turn of events...the sense of Power over the woman he loved...and her absolute trust in him not to abuse her had a rather heady feel. "I love you Pet, I promise never to abuse you but that doesn't mean I might not make you service the other girls.

She moaned around his cock as her hand went between her legs. She hadn't been with all of them yet, even with him present and she was quite suddenly looking forward to it. He stopped her motions and pulled her up and onto his lap where she sank gratefully down onto his pole and laid her head on his shoulder.

He hugged her to him and began whispering to her again, "So in private you are my good little Pet. But in public, and around the other girls I need you to be your own person, the Mione I fell in love with and that all the others respect as head wife. But we both know you belong to me."

She began rocking slightly, amazed at just how randy the whole thing made her. She knew she was submissive, Gin and to an extent Pansy had proved that more than once...what she didn't know was just how submissive until Harry had taken control. She knew now no other man would ever be able to take a place in her heart.

She picked up the pace as he continued to whisper to her, panting slightly himself as he went on. "When we're in public and you do

something to please me I'll make sure you know it. Maybe with a dose of Prongs..maybe with The Look...or maybe I'll just whisper in your ear...Good Girl and you'll wet yourself in anticipation. Because we both know that good girls get treats.

Her pace increased and she leaned back as her shirt fell open, presenting her breasts to him which he quickly took advantage of. It wasn't long before she once again came drenching his lap even as he followed her soon after, before collapsing back against him and doing that strange almost-purring thing that Gabby used to do.

"HMMMMM..." she sighed out loud.

He reached beneath her hair and grasped the chain of her necklace before pulling it up high and tight around her throat. She looked at him with somewhat scared eyes, not willing to shop him if he was going to choke her with it be he smiled gently as he transfigured it into a choker like Gabrielle had worn.

Her hand went to her throat and the lightning bolt hanging there before tears came to her eyes and she smiled brightly at him.

"I will never willingly hurt you like that love, we both know you wouldn't stop me if I wanted to, but you just have to trust me when I say I won't."

She got comfortable on his shoulder, nodding as he began petting her once again.

"Good girl..." he panted softly into her hair. "That's my good girl..."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Ginny had been surprised but overjoyed when she noticed the collar in place the next morning but Hermione wouldn't answer any of her questions for the time being. Instead she was her normal bossy self getting everyone off to classes. Later she was found again barking orders for the girls to get ready for training when Harry walked up behind her, observing he controlled chaos of six girls getting the needed books and supplies together. He gently set his hands on her shoulders before closing them around her neck to the point that his thumbs and fingers were touching each other forming a collar. Hermione melted just a bit at this reminder that she belonged to him



in the way she hadn't really known she wanted to until the night before.

He leaned close and whispered in her ear so as not to distract the others. "So how is the plan coming then?"

She tried to control the shiver that ran through her from his breath on her ear, her eyelids fluttered closed as she whispered back, "Quite well actually, I think we are almost able to perform it from memory now."

He nodded as his hands dropped to her sides and wrapped her fingers through his before setting his head on her shoulder. She leaned back into the embrace and smiled contentedly.

"So you think you're ready to do this in battle any time soon then?"

She shook her head, tickling his cheek with the few hairs that had escaped from her bun. "Not nearly...I'd say we need at least two weeks before that would be a possibility, and even then we would still need to plan out how to get everyone into position and protected in the middle of a fire fight. We're working on it though."

"That's my good girl." He whispered with a smile. "Don't take too long upstairs, you have treats to get back to later."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

He sighed as the door closed behind the girls and flopped down onto the loveseat. He was extremely surprised with his actions in regard to Hermione and had a feeling a certain Veela had been subtly nudging his actions in that direction. Never would he have made Hermione do any of that on his own...right?

Making a mental note to talk to Gabby about it later that night he summoned Dobby. "Yes Mr. Harry sir?"

"Can you bring me a few of the darker tomes from the Black Library please, I'm bored and I really don't feel like playing with fire at the moment."

The elf nodded, "Dobby can do that Harry sir...is there anything else?"

Harry paused for a moment in thought...as great as it was having Gabrielle in his dreams, all of the role playing he and Hermione had done really made him physically miss his wife. "Actually yes...Dobby is there anything of Gabby's left at Grimmauld Place? I just... I need..."

Dobby nodded and popped away, it was a bit longer than his normal instant popping of the needed item but soon Harry found two books, a blouse and a hairbrush sitting on the couch beside him. Disregarding the books for the moment he picked up the blouse and inhaled deeply...eyes tearing up as her scent still lingered on the garment, he draped the item over his shoulder so he could surround himself in her scent, and then picked up the brush.

There were multiple silken hairs stuck in the combs, with a bit of pulling he had a small lock of her hair hanging off enough for him to brush his fingers over it and felt that old spark in his hands run up into his chest causing him to smile wider even as his eyes filled slightly with tears.

Closing his eyes he set the item gently on the side table with a sigh and leaned back into the loveseat, getting comfortable before picking up the first book. "Grimoir de Noir" Volume 4.

Inside he found handwritten spells and rituals that had been created by the Black family over the years. Many of them were necromantic in nature though by his standards (after reading darker material) pretty pedestrian really.

He quickly finished that one and moved on to the next one, no longer really reading as much as absorbing information on blood rituals, exorcism and forced possession. That is until his eyes landed on a very familiar ritual..."Bone of the Father, Flesh of the Servant..."

"Shit!" he mumbled to the empty room. The ritual described was incomplete but the basics and notes were here. It looked as though Sirius' family was partially responsible for Voldemort's resurrection! Probably thanks to Regulus, Sirius' wayward Death Eater brother!

Now in quite a foul mood he closed the book, idly noticing it was the 3rd volume in what was apparently a series. He couldn't really take

any more such revelations at this point and banished the books to the bookshelf of other dark materials. Wrapping the blouse tighter around his head and picking the hairbrush back up and holding the strands of silken hair to his cheek he got more comfortable and dipped into his Occlumency.

Maybe later wasn't soon enough to talk to Gabby about her actions toward Hermione. If nothing else she could help ease his mind or right out make him forget for awhile what he had just read.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

"Ello master." She greeted him as he opened his eyes in a bedroom much like Grimmauld Place, though with more windows which overlooked the meadow he had shared with Lavender.

"Don't you 'ello master' me Miss Thing! You've been messing with my head haven't you?" He asked playfully but with seriously enough that she looked down in submission.

"Maybe..."

"Why would you do that to Hermione!"

"Eet is what she wanted master...I only helped you to realize zis."

He sat down on the bed and looked at her, still remembering her scent in the real world and unable to stay mad at her. "Come here..." he said opening his arms, to which she quickly dashed and wrapped herself up in him.

"I am sorry master...I should have just told you, but ze opportunity presents itself and was too much fun to pass up!"

He didn't say anything for a moment, simply relishing in the contact. "I don't like not being in control of my actions...after Tom messed with my head before..."

She began to cry and he hugged her tighter, "I tell you and Ginevra before that she is la docile like me."

"But she isn't like you...not completely anyway. She's assertive and bossy and stubborn most of the time."

Gabby laughed a bit at that, "And you did not find me assertive zis summer?"

He smiled at that, "Okay so you were quite assertive...and stubborn..."

"And I run your household for you when you are unavailable, ze elves are working for me to make you happy and comfortable. We are not so different master."

Sighing he had to concede the point, "Fine...but you should still consult with me rather than nudge me mentally like that...not that we didn't both enjoy the results but I don't like being manipulated."

She nodded submissively though when he looked he could see that she was smiling at him. "Master is becoming more assertive and possessive, as he is meant to be. Eet is good to be so loving and giving so much of yourself to ze girls, but you are ze alpha male and they are all subservient to you."

"I don't want servants! I don't even want a bloody Harem, I just want to be left alone to love as I see fit!"

She nodded again, gaining confidence in her actions, "Death Eaters serve out of fear and greed, ze girls, they serve out of love and devotion. The very fact zat you weesh them to assert themselves and contradict you when you are wrong eez even more reason to love and serve you. You are a good master." She leaned up and kissed him softly, which quickly became a bit more impassioned.

They both sat back with a light sigh and looked into the others eyes, "I love you." He said quietly.

"I will always love you my master."

"No more manipulating me though, tell me your thoughts and let me make the decisions for myself. Is that understood?"

"Yes Master."

"Good. Then come Lady Potter...I've missed you..."

She smiled beautifully at him, "I always miss you husband..."

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

When he came back to the waking world he found Hermione snuggled up against his side and quickly cast a 'tempus' spell, noticing that over three hours had passed. He must have actually fallen asleep rather than his normal meditation, and apparently the girls were done with their practice session.

He smiled into the hair of the girl who caused his lack of sleep, "Mione..." he whispered into her hair.

"hmmm..."

"I need to use the restroom, and the bed would be a lot more comfortable than the love seat."

"Don' wanna..."

He grinned just a bit before barking quietly. "Pet wake up now!"

Instantly she sat up and looked around before her gaze landed on his smirking face and she dropped her chin to her chest. "Sorry master..."

He shook his head and, after adjusting himself a bit, lifted her chin with a finger. "That's another thing...we took this a little far the other night and you know I don't like being called Master, even by Gabrielle or the elves."

She smirked just a bit, "So should I call you Mister Harry Sir! then?"

"Oh gods no woman! I only let Dobby get away with it because I'm afraid he would have a brain hemorrhage trying to call me anything else. Why don't you just call me Harry like you always have until we think of something better?"

Smiling, she nodded. "Okay Harry...so did you have a good nap?"

He sat up and scooted over a bit so they could both sit facing each other. "Yeah..." he said, suddenly having the urge to stretch his

arms. "I meant to talk to Gabrielle for a second but guess I was more tired than I thought."

She nodded, only just now seeing the brush and blouse which had been balled up as a make shift pillow at some point before she had come back to the room. "What's that?" She indicated the items with a nod of her head.

"Oh...um..."

"Harry...you know you don't have to have any secrets from me. Absolute truth will never make me love you any less."

Smiling he nodded again, "The same here, so if you have any more deep dark dirty little secrets you are afraid you'll be rejected for feel free to let me know. I promise nothing can make me love you less...and who knows, Pansy says Muggleborn are so much more creative than Purebloods..."

She blushed clear down to her chest, "I...can't think of anything at the moment...but the second I do you'll be the first to know. So why do you have women clothes in here? Did you go snooping through our things while we were gone? Because I would think a pair of knickers would be more fun.."

Now he was the one blushing, though he was smiling at the thought. "Pervert..." She said lightly as she rolled her eyes.

"Absolutely! But you love me for it..."

She mounted his lap and kissed him before speaking again, "So then?"

"Gabrielle's..."

A sharp intake of breath from her, "Oh..."

"Yeah...I sent Dobby to bring me something to read...and well...I was feeling guilty and confused about how I had been treating you the last couple of days..."

"But Mister Harry..."

He continued without listening to her, "I just suddenly missed her so much...even though I see her every night...just...something tangible you know?"

"Harry I I-"

"So I asked Dobby if there was anything of hers left at Grimmauld Place, not really expecting there to be anything... and then he brings back her blouse...it still smells like her Mione... and her brush still has her hair in it...its just like I'm running my fingers over her hair again..." he was tearing up now, but smiling.

She put her hands on both sides of his face, "Harry I like it! I didn't know I would have liked it so much...but I love you, and I trust you...and honestly being used by you is so kinky I get off just thinking about it! I could barely concentrate upstairs because of you promising me treats before I left and then I come back down stairs and find you looking so cute and asleep..."

"Sorry.." She put a finger on his lips.

"Don't be sorry, I'm assuming you talked to Gabrielle because you thought she might have been influencing your actions?" he nodded, "Good... thank her for me... or actually..." She leaned into his ear, "Thank you Gabby."

He smiled when he actually heard Gabby in his head, "She says you are very welcome but she expects to see you tonight."

Hermione got a puzzled look on her face, "But..the ring doesn't work for her how..."

It was now his turn to put a finger on her lips before replacing it with his lips. Meanwhile he pulled prongs up in his right hand and brought it to her back where it was absorbed with a sharp intake of breath through her nose, as he hadn't let her lips go yet. When he finally pulled away she was the one crying now.

"Is that really the way you feel about me?" He nodded, "Oh Harry... I wish I could show you the same thing!"

"There is a way, Luna basically called me an idiot for not asking before...but can you show me your Occlumency construct? When we're in there you can show me exactly how you feel about me."

She nodded and locked her eyes with him, inviting him in but he shook his head. "Not here, we might as well get comfortable in bed."

With that he stood up, taking her with him still wrapped around his waist, and walked into the bedroom.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

He entered her mindscape and fell toward a shield that welcomed him through, and onward towards a copy of the Kings College Library which was surrounded by a variety of museums including a copy of the Louvre. Once on the steps he met Hermione who clasped his hand and led him toward said pyramid. Inside she took him to a display of magical objects like wands and brooms. "This is the section of my life that represents everything I've done, seen, and felt since I joined the magical world."

At the center of the display was a magical painting of him in Quidditch robes sitting on his broom with a snitch flying about his head too rapidly for most people to see, except for Harry and apparently his painting which reached out and grabbed it effortlessly from time to time before releasing it. She took his hand and placed it against the painting and instantly he was flooded with all her memories of him. From the train to the Troll, the hug in the Great Hall after she had been given the mandrake draught, riding on Buckbeak as they saved Sirius, another hug before the first task of the Tri-Wizard Tournament, him talking about kissing Cho... Scene after scene flashed before his eyes and all the emotion she felt during each ending with the first time he had called her "Pet" and her joy at the simple word.

"Wow!" he said quietly.

She stood nervously before him waiting for him to continue..."You really have loved me that long?"

She nodded, "I didn't really know what it was in first year...but by the first task I knew it...and it scared me..."



"Yeah, I got that... Oh Pet..." he pulled her into him and hugged her fiercely. "Why didn't you say anything. Gods I've loved you so long...we were both so stupid..."

"I couldn't lose you Harry... The thought of telling you and possibly being rejected terrified me! So I decided I would just be your friend, and be happy for you with whoever you ended up with..."

"And I was stupid enough to think the same thing...even happy to see you finally get with Ron... We were pretty daft weren't we?"

She nodded, smiling now that he knew the full truth... "I wish..."

"Me too..."

She was surprised at that, "But Harry! You never would have been with Gabrielle or Ginny or..." he silenced her with a kiss.

"Are you really so sure of that?" he could see in her eyes that she wasn't, even as she licked her lips. "You would probably have not liked it at first but I bet you would have accepted Gabby once you realized she was bound to me... and you've always been close to Gin."

"I doubt I would have ever fallen in love with Ginny like this if we were already together though... I'll give you Gabrielle though... She was so beautiful, and devoted to you..."

"Thank you Mine." The girl in question whispered from behind her causing her to jump out of Harry's arms and spin around with wide eyes.

"Gabby?" She looked back and forth between the girl and Harry who both smiled at her.

"Another perk of being a natural Occlumens and of her possessing me, Luna is in my head all the time now...can't tell you how disconcerting that is..."

"I can imagine... Is it really you?" She said approaching the Veela cautiously before the girl wrapped her up in a hug.

"In ze flesh so to speak. "

"But how?" The brunette exclaimed, having absolutely no basis for believing this.

"Magic!" Both Gabby and Harry said suddenly, and both started laughing at the same time.

"OH Honestly!" The girl said stomping her foot.

Harry came up behind her and joined the hug, making a Hermione sandwich. "I haven't really figured it out either, you can either believe this is really Gabrielle Potter ne Delacour. Or you can accept that I'm so delusional that I have accepted that this is her. But either way, she's here."

Hermione simply looked the other girl in the eyes for a moment as she tried to process what was happening, interrupted when the girl suddenly leaned forward and caught her lips in a passionate kiss, drawing her into it without thinking.

"Wow!" Hermione said quietly again.

He just smiled at them, "Indeed."

"So is Mine spending the night Master?"

"I think that can be arranged don't you Pet?" It took the brunette a second to realize he was addressing her before she nodded getting another smile from both of them.

Then lets get into somewhere and something a little more comfortable.

\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*\*\*SFTP\*\*\*

Wednesday brought the usual meeting of the Black Guard very briefly before which, he had a startling realization. Valentines day was this weekend!

His speech that day was about the possibility of another Hogsmeade weekend (which he promised to talk to the Headmaster about), and defense duties of such. He would have to remember to brief the DA as well since after their last performance he was fairly certain that

was the only way another such trip off the school grounds would be allowed.

And so they had worked on capture the flag scenarios on the hillside by Hagrid's cabin, with the defenders being uphill as would probably happen in a real battle. He noted again that there were some observers from the upper years of the four houses and smiled at the thought that he had created another sport to fuel inter-house rivalry. He needed to talk to Dumbledore about that as well. Quidditch was great and all, but it was likely one of the single biggest divisive things in a school that had been warned to come together or risk great injury in the upcoming battles. Instead it would be his recommendation to have teams require at least one member be from another house in the hopes of bringing people together, even if in small doses.

Once they were done and cleaning up or reversing transfigurations on the hillside he brought his girls together with a question.

"So ladies, what are your plans for this weekend?"

They looked at him for a moment wondering at the question before as one it seemed to hit them starting with Hermione. "Oh dear lord how could we have forgotten?"

"Well if someone wasn't being a ruddy slave driver we might have remembered. As it is I barely know the day of the week!" Pansy seethed.

"Hey in case you didn't notice it's working, we are getting a lot better and if we don't do this Harry could die!" Ginny bit back.

"Don't you think I know that!" Pansy cried. "Just saying a little more downtime wouldn't hurt, then maybe we bloody well wouldn't have forgotten Valentines day!"

"LADIES!" Harry said authoritatively, rather surprising most of the group.

Susan had seen this aspect only in jest and only at her prompting, the twins had only seen this that first night when he had to take control of them or risk being torn in half, Pansy nearly wet her panties at his tone and wanted nothing more than to be dragged into

the other room and shagged rotten... Actually that was on most of their minds at the moment. Hermione stood quietly in supplication in front of him while Ginny and Luna stood off the side smiling as if they had seen this coming for a long time.

"Now do I have your attention?" They all nodded and looked down at the floor. "Good, I'm not upset with any of you for not remembering as it only occurred to me just before the meeting. Yes we have all been working too hard but it is worth it to get all of us through this war together. Hermione is not to blame, Voldemort is. Understood?"

"Yes Harry." They said quietly without looking at him though he thought he had heard 'master' in there too and decided to punish Hermione a bit later for breaking character. They were all now quite subdued and he needed to correct that.

"Now..." he continued in a gentler tone, "I love all of you but I have no idea how to go on a proper date with, or take care of all of you and I don't want any hard feelings between you."

"It's Mione's week, she should get you..." Ginny said quietly.

"She probably planned it out this way..." Pansy mumbled.

"WHAT?" Ginny said indignantly.

"Gin." That one word diffused the situation as she turned back to him with apology in her eyes, Pansy did likewise. "I doubt she did it on purpose, and I doubt she wants to steal it for herself anyway." She was shaking her head vigorously though still looking down at the ground.

He pulled her to him and raised her chin before kissing her and moving her to his side. "Now, what would you like to do for Valentines day?"

The girls exchanged looks and seemed to elect Pansy as their spokeswoman. "Can we get back to you on that Harry?"

"You only have today and tomorrow but as I don't really care as long as you are all happy that's fine with me. I just don't want any hard feelings or sad harem girls."

"Oh so now we're a harem?" Pansy asked with her trademark sneer. He could see amusement in her eyes though.

"I didn't want one, but I have one...or something like one that I can't find any other name for so yes. Do you have a problem with that Black?"

Instantly Pansy became the Pureblood wife she was trained to be and looked down at the ground shaking her head. She was secretly pleased to see him finally taking control of the group. Honestly he had allowed them to push him around for too long, especially Hermione.

"Alright then, talk amongst yourselves, but Hermione and I have business to discuss, don't we Pet?" She looked up sharply and took a quick breath knowing she was in trouble.

She nodded quickly and took his arm as he lead her back up to the castle, hoping the whole way that she might be due for a spanking.

## 78: Valentines

By midday Thursday the girls had still not come up with anything specific they wanted for the holiday and it was driving Harry round the twist. He had seen disappointed looks on other girls whose boyfriends hadn't performed correctly on holidays and anniversaries and didn't want to see it on his girls, he had also seen breakups soon after and though he wasn't worried about that, better safe than sorry right?

And so during class he was scribbling notes to himself on things that needed to be done. He had a free period before lunch during which he put his plans into action. Hedwig left before lunch started to take care of the things he couldn't get for himself in the castle.

He then stopped by the Headmaster's office where Irving simply stepped aside for him so he could ride on up to the office.

"Come in Harry."

He walked into the office to find tea set up on the desk and smiled as he sat down. "So, to what do I owe this pleasure?"

"A few things actually sir, first of all I wondered if I might convince you to hold a Hogsmeade weekend in observation of Valentines day?"

The Headmaster leaned back still holding his tea with his good hand as he considered. "I take it the DA and your Black Guard will be on hand?"

"That was their end of the deal, we've already shown that we know how to respond to protect everyone and I haven't felt a thing from my scar that might indicate an attack is being planned."

"Indeed, however if I may ask. When was the last time you did feel anything from your scar? Your last vision?"

Harry too sat back as he had to think about that, "I suppose it was after Gabrielle died but before the last visit to the village. But I don't know that his strong emotions couldn't still get through the Occlumency. In any event I think the students would very much appreciate it."

"Of that I have no doubt, however there are other concerns...I will not be in the castle on Saturday."

"Oh?"

The old man nodded, "I still hold out hope that you would join me on my excursion..."

"No! If this is about a Horcrux hunt I already told you I'm done with that plan. You don't really trust me enough to share the details and allow me to plan ahead, nor do I really trust you not to put me in danger thinking you are protecting me or something..."

The man sighed, "Has it really gotten so bad between us?"

"Look, I still respect you for everything you have done, and it isn't that I don't believe that finding these anchors is a good idea. But I do not think you would still plan on getting this thing if you couldn't do it alone, and the girls and I have other plans for how to put Voldemort out of commission for good no matter how many anchors he has in place. I don't need him completely dead, just unable to come back."

"And this plan of yours will accomplish that?" Harry nodded, "May I ask how?"

Now Harry was shaking his head, "No...in the end it is dark magic," At this point Dumbledore tried to interrupt to express his displeasure at the idea of students practicing such things but Harry held up a hand, "No, we are using this magic for a good purpose, for the Greater Good you could say. We won't be swayed, and we aren't being corrupted."

With a sigh the old man nodded in defeat, "Very well, I will be gone from the castle on Saturday but I leave it in Minerva and Filius' capable hands, and I know you and yours will keep the students safe at all costs, therefore I will raise the issue and act as advocate for a trip this weekend. I simply hope an attack has not been planned in the event we do hold an excursion."

"So do I...speaking of Death Eaters, Draco Noname is still holed up in the Room of Requirement at every opportunity. From what we can determine he is working on a magical cabinet of some sort."

Hermione has almost puzzled out what it does and how to fix it if we needed or wanted to. What do you plan to do about him?"

"Draco is still a student despite not attending classes, and he is young yet whether he is marked or not. I will not sentence him to a life in prison or worse for simply making a bad choice."

Harry sniffed in disdain, "So you still aren't doing anything about him. His father is dead and his mother is under my protection. If he were going to turn on his master he would have done so already."

"I do not believe he is so far gone as that, and that is all I will say on the matter."

Harry put the matter aside so he could get to what he considered more important things. "Fine...I have plans for Valentines day and the day before I want to run by you for approval. They could possibly be considered quite the prank which is why I am notifying you of my plans. I would like to make sure I won't get into too much trouble for imitating Lockhart."

"Continue...I must admit I am intrigued to hear of a prank thought up by the son of James Potter."

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When dinner time came he had the charms all ready to go and prayed things turned out better than they had for Lockhart. Once the student body had taken their seats he signaled to Dobby who was in the corner of the room and suddenly the walls turned bright pink and Valentines Day banners were draped in place of the house colors. The ceiling above took on the appearance of a romantic sunset also bathing the Hall in golden hued light and the clouds that drifted across it were shaped like Hearts.

The girls at the table around him were speechless as were most of the other girls in the Hall, until a snowy white, escorted by a dozen other owls flew in and dropped a single rose and a card in front of each of his girls as well as Tonks, Katie, Cho, Daphne, Astoria, Hannah and Lavender. Hedwig landed on Hermione's shoulder afterward and waited to see the girls reactions.



Down the Gryffindor table sat a blushing Katie who was reading her missive from Harry and throwing him not so subtle glances, her rose was Orange, the color of passion and romance but not necessarily love. Lavender read her note and quickly turned and snogged a surprised but happy Ron who looked confusedly down the table where Harry gave him a thumbs up sign.

Hannah and Astoria quickly did the same to Neville who turned quite red as his three-way relationship was not exactly public yet, he immediately realized from a quick conversation earlier that Harry had taken care of him so as not to be shown up, afterward he had decided Ron shouldn't be left out either though he had not had the chance to notify Ron of his gift.

Across the hall Daphne leaned in and kissed Blaise on the cheek for show even as she sent Harry a sultry look which made his shorts tight; her rose was red so it would appear to be from Blaise but her note explained it was a peace offering from Harry with a voucher for one session of love making rather than their usual frantic shagging. The girls around him each read their notes while playing with their red roses before getting up and getting in line to give him thank you kisses.

Tonks had two roses and two notes, Harry's was yellow representing friendship and admiration, and Remus who had joined her after being notified by Harry when Hedwig went out to get the flowers delivered, had given her a red rose as well, they were currently snogging at the head table and getting cat calls from those students closest.

Cho might have looked the most surprised of all the girls, she was blushing very prettily as his note offered to take their relationship to the next level if she was ready though it said Ginny had to be there. He knew about his firecracker's infatuation with the Asian girl and though a romp might be a good gift all on its own. The fact that Cho hadn't thought she had a chance with Harry any longer, and that she hadn't really ever thought about being with another girl was the true cause for her blush. Her rose was Lavender, it was traditionally a representation of Love at first sight. He had struggled with a color choice for her, but she had been his first real crush if you didn't count Hermione and he wanted her to know no matter how awkward their relationship might be in the future he would never forget her.

He was getting dirty looks from most of the other guys in the Hall who had either forgotten or been shown up. Another signal to Dobby and in front of each guy a note showed up with how to contact the elf to arrange for something similar if they wanted. Many looked thoughtful at that and the dirty looks slowed to a trickle.

Finally Hermione was able to speak again, "Harry...what?"

He smiled rakishly at her before replying, "You hadn't come up with anything and I'll be damned if I have seven of you upset with me for not even trying, my fault or not."

She leaned in close as her eyes darted to the still red Neville, the girls on either side were giving Harry interesting looks. "Seems you've been found out Mr. Potter." She whispered with a smile.

He smiled right back while eying Hannah carefully, regardless of the look in Astoria's eyes for that split second he knew exactly where they stood with each other. The other girl however had him a bit worried. "As long as Lav doesn't figure it out." He said between his smiling teeth.

Luckily Dumbledore chose that moment to stand up and call attention. "Good evening, as the wonderful ambiance has reminded me Valentines day falls tomorrow, Friday the fourteenth. I'm afraid I cannot cancel classes and declare a school holiday however,"

There were many boo's and hisses from the students at this but he held up his good hand urging patience, "As I was saying: I cannot cancel classes however I am allowing a Hogsmeade weekend to allow you to celebrate."

A great cheer went up as the Headmaster sat down and many faces turned happily toward Harry who just waved regally back. The meal was served and the talk at every table was of what they would do with their sudden freedom, though the DA and Black Guard were a bit more somber they too were in good spirits. As desert ended Harry stood and pulled Hermione up with a smile at the rest of the harem. He then kissed her deeply and with a shock to everyone disappeared without a sound taking his fiance with him.

\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*\*

There was no pop or bang, no sensation of being squeezed except by Harry in a very nice way. So when Hermione opened her eyes to find she and Harry in the Masters suite at Grimmauld Place she looked understandably shocked. After a moment however she raised an eyebrow, "How many times must I tell you..."

"You can't Apparate inside Hogwarts." he finished right along with her smiling the entire time. "Yes I know, but what I've been doing isn't Apparation, its something closer to teleportation as far as I can tell. I don't have the brains to completely figure it out but I'm sure you can eventually."

She quietly stared at him for a moment before sighing as she laid her head back on his chest. "As long as you promise to be my guinea pig."

"Not before you finish your 'elektisity' charm though."

She smacked his shoulder lightly but didn't move from her spot. "Honestly, electricity isn't that hard a word..."

"So my lady, we have the whole house to ourselves. Any ideas come to mind?"

She pulled back and looked around for a moment before shaking her head. "We're actually completely and totally alone for once? No worries about the other girls walking in on us?"

He nodded but waited with a silent smile as he looked into her eyes.

"Can we go to the library?"

He chuckled, "Your command is my wish Pet."

Grabbing her quickly they disappeared silently again.

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He awoke in the Hospital wing to the sounds of spell fire and the face of a grim looking Albus Dumbledore. "Ah good my boy you're awake. I was able to convince Harry that your wand was needed in defense of Hogwarts."

He shakily sat up using muscles that hadn't moved in months and had a sudden urge to use the loo. "What's going on?"

"Tom has attacked during a village trip and I'm afraid we lost at least a third of the students in the evacuation. Mr. Potter disappeared just after the conversation that lead me to see if you would wake up. Currently the wards have fallen and the students are all shut into the Great Hall. I need you to rejoin your old master and bring him news that Harry has already fallen in battle though we do not actually know his whereabouts."

He couldn't ignore his bladder any longer and he quickly stood, regretting immediately as he fell back to the bed, nearly losing it as he did so. He stood again much more carefully as he eyed the old man, "Why should I believe this isn't just another of Potter's mind games? I've woken up in here before you know."

As he slowly walked to the room in the corner Albus placed a hand under his shoulder to steady him. "Alas I do not know how to prove it to you but I assure you the situation is more than dire and Mr. Potter recognized that in time to release you."

Snape nodded before stumbling into the restroom and closing the door behind him. He quickly took care of business, moaning in relief as pleasure washed over his nerves for a full two minutes as his bladder was emptied. He fixed himself and washed his hands before staring at his somewhat sallow face in the mirror. Drying his hands he turned and opened the door feeling much more steady on his feet.

"Why should I go back to Him? After being out of commission for so long he is likely to kill me on sight rather than listen to my excuses."

"It really is our only hope to gain time for Harry to get himself away from this battle."

"Running away like a coward? How like a Potter..."

"That may be, but it does not change the fact that I am in need of your services. I need you Severus."

Snape shuddered slightly as memories of being chased around his cell flooded him. "There may be a way...do you have my wand?"

The Headmaster produced his wand quickly with a smile, "What you do is a very brave thing Severus, Lily would be proud."

Snape winced at that before standing up straight and looking the man in the eye. "The Dark Lord will never believe I am still on his side, you are sentencing me to death. There is only one way in which he would welcome me back into his circle."

Dumbledore nodded, "And what may I ask, would that be?"

"Avada Kedavra!" Snape cried as the green light leaped from his wand to hit the surprised old man dead center in his chest. He move the man's beard aside and readied a cutting curse before he found himself immobilized.

"tsk tsk tsk Snivellus. I think maybe I geev you a chance but now I see you were never worth saving."

Before he could identify the voice a beam of light shot through the window and levitated him off the floor. He was lifted through said window and out into the open sky above Hogwarts, into what looked like a giant flying disk covered in lights.

His world went dark for a moment before the entire room lit up in brilliant white light except for the stainless steel table he was strapped to on his stomach. Around him he could barely make out beings in nurse uniforms speaking a strange hissing language, and then what looked like a ten inch long needle positioned itself in front of his face, directly in front of his eye. Meanwhile he could feel something pressing itself against his anus.

Severus Snape began screaming as the first of many abduction and experimentation scenarios began playing on loop in his mind.

\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*\*

Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner on Friday brought swarms of personal and school owls delivering missives, some thanks to Harry and Dobby who still had the dozen commandeered owls from yesterday.

Though the girls had been put out at Harry leaving like that without explanation, and the Headmaster was clearly upset with him. For the most part nobody cared that he and Hermione had spent a night in

the library and hot tub at Grimmauld Place. The break from school seemed to have done Hermione some good though because one glance at her notes at lunchtime and she had figured out what the mystery box Draco was working on did.

Giving up completely on the Headmaster, Harry made sure to let Tonks know if she had the chance, to shrink and snag the item, the vanishing cabinet now had rubber bands wrapped around it and it was serving as a bookend in Harry's suite.

It hadn't really been hard though, apparently Draco had not returned to the Room since Thursday evening just before dinner. Which meant Harry's Valentines day plans could be fulfilled perfectly. He had sent Dobby to hold the room for him before sending a note to his girls via owl, to meet him in the Room later that night just before curfew. The elf was currently thinking up elaborate and extravagant things for the room to produce.

When that time rolled around Harry was sitting nervously on the edge of a rather enormous bed Dobby had come up with. There were candles lit all around the room along with just a touch of incense, and though there was no wireless, from somewhere just out of view came the sounds of a string quartet playing soft melodies.

When the girls came in chattering excitedly they were all stunned to silence upon entering. The door closed behind them and Harry smiled at them sheepishly. "Uh...Happy Valentines Day."

Harry immediately walked over and kissed him on the cheek before turning back to the other girls with a raised eyebrow. They quickly got in line and repeated her actions before starting to explore the room quietly.

"So what's all this then?" Pansy asked as she examined a silk drapery.

"Well...I didn't feel like a few flowers and cards was enough to show you all how much I care...so I made sure the Room was available to us and here we are..."

"And just what do you expect us to do with such a large bed Mister Potter?" Susan asked in a slightly sultry tone.

"Um," he began nervously, "Before I answer that question there is something I would like to give each of you, if you will have me..."

He waved his hand and six black velvet boxes appeared in the air in front of them floating and bouncing slightly. He got down on one knee feeling rather foolish for doing this all at once but shrugged it off as nerves.

"Each of you mean the world to me, and though some of you have expressed that you have no actual need to be wed...I want all of you to know I love you enough to marry every one of you."

Six girls opened six boxes at the same time before glancing at each other and then back to Hermione who held her hand up for them to see she was already wearing hers. They each pulled the ring from the box with tears starting to gather in their eyes and put them on.

They then proceeded to show him just how happy he had made them.

\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*\*

Harry had gone through 4 straight virility and strengthening potions as well as a pepper up. The girls had helped to...take care...of each other but he still ended up with the Lion's share of the work. And so it was that many hours later he could be found in a tangle of bodies in the middle of the enormous bed, covered, as were all the girls, in mixed juices and reeking of sex.

He had thought to himself more than once that his grand plan for Valentines day might just have killed him, but he was happy to go if this was how he met his end. There was a stirring at the edge of the bed as Hermione stumbled to her feet and made her apologies as a bathroom appeared for her in the corner. She disappeared inside and closed the door.

He closed his eyes and reached to the closest two bodies and began stroking them idly. Enjoying the moans of pleasure as he found certain points that stimulated them. He got them to move enough so that he could sit up against the headboard and get to cool fresh air rather than the shared warm air closer to the mattress. The other bodies did not like being disturbed and quickly were all

awake and rearranging themselves more comfortably, all groaning at the glorious pain and yawning after their exertions.

The bathroom door opened and the light turned off leaving him temporarily blinded for looking at it. "Appy Valentines Day Master!"

Quite suddenly he jumped out of bed and was standing against the far wall. "What!"

"You do not look happy to see me." She pouted.

"Am I dreaming?"

"Not unless I'm dreaming too Harry." Susan said as she got up and stood quietly beside him.

"I can never quite tell, but I don't believe we are asleep. Hello Gabrielle."

The blond on the other side of the bed smiled rather sexily and licked her lips. "Ello Loony, it is good to see you in ze flesh non?"

"How?" Was all he could get out even as he felt himself drawn away from the wall toward the now vacant bed where the Veela had crawled to the middle and was idly running her hands over her body.

"mmmm," She moaned, "Zis is definitely something I missed...ze physical is simply soo much better than your mind Master...no offense."

"How?" he asked again feeling aroused, overjoyed, and angry at the same time.

She caught his mood and frowned a bit, "Mine takes a hair from my brush, and a potion she asks the room for. And then she gives herself to me to play with. Are you not happy Master?"

He couldn't help himself as he dove onto the bed and rolled her into a passionate kiss. She quickly rolled him over and got him inside her using some of that Veela magic and began rocking on him. It took all his willpower not to cum right away even after all the playing earlier with the rest of the harem.



"Why?" he choked out as he held off for a little longer.

"She wants to give you ze present, for me it eez just ze bonus..." the girl moaned out between breaths picking up the pace. "I only have ze hour so please shut up and Fuck me husband!"

Harry quickly rolled her over and obliged, driving her into the mattress. The other girls had finally overcome their shock and joined them on the bed, arranging themselves as best they could to just touch the girl and their fiance who was rapidly approaching his orgasm. Finally he gave a strangled cry and went over the edge taking her with him before collapsing to the bed breathing hard.

The other girls all snuggled in close to him with Gin being the closest cradling Gabrielle/Hermione from the other side. "What about Hermione?"

Her face changed just a bit and in what was clearly Hermione's tone, if not her voice said, "I'm here Harry, the hair, the Polyjuice and the connection you gave me to her made this possible." Another change and Gabby was back, "I very much like zis idea, don't you?" She said with a saucy smile.

He nodded dumbly and the girls that could see him giggled. "It doesn't make a bit of since," "But as long as you three are happy," "Then we are happy for you." The twins said with smiles.

Ginny nodded as she pulled the Veela close and kissed her on the mouth. "My Mione wrapped up in a Veela body, whats not to love? Not that I don't love Mione in her body of course."

"I know what you meant." Hermione said with a smile.

They chatted together, the girls getting to know Gabby better for the remainder of the hour as Harry held her close and refused to let her go. Harry simply let the love wash over him, it was almost palpable as thick as it was in this room, and with Gabby firmly in his arms he chuckled slightly that he was holding both of his Pets at once. This simply had to be, the single happiest moment of his entire life to date.

\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*SFTP\*\*

"AA! What is that brat doing to me!"

The screaming had been going on for hours and nobody was foolish enough to enter the Dark Lords personal chambers without an invite. Nobody except Pettigrew who was quickly shoved toward the door.

He entered the room nervously, his nose twitching out of habit and his arms curled to his chest very much like the rodent he had spent years hiding as.

"Master?"

Voldemort stood before him looking paler than usual and his eyes were wide with pain. "WHAT IS HE DOING TO ME? Wormtail! You must kill Potter and stop this!" Suddenly he fell back on the bed and screamed again in agony clutching his head.

"I'm sorry Master, I don't understand!"

"CRUCIO!"

The rat faced man fell to the floor writhing under the spell when it suddenly cut off, he got back to his feet wondering what could have stopped his masters anger and looked to the bed.

Voldemort was breathing shallowly and had tears of blood running down the sides of his face as Peter approached, suddenly a hand shot out and grabbed him by the lapel, dragging him close. "The attack on...Hogwarts..."

"Yes Master?"

"To...morrow."

"But Master we aren't fully..."

"CRUCIO!"

It was again very short and seemed to drain the snake faced man to cast. Pettigrew stood as quickly as he could fearing for his life. "It shall be as you command master. Tomorrow we attack Hogwarts."

### Authors Note:

I am really not especially happy with this chapter, but after going over it a few times I really can't think of how else to do it. Some of you would probably love to see an orgy lemon and I admit, I was definitely tempted, but it just slowed the story down too much. At this point the lemons feel almost worthless unless they actually move the story forward in some way.

They found a way to bring Gabby back for a little while! And if any of you are worried about Hermione, just think about it. She wants to be used for Harry's pleasure, now she has a backseat to watch and feel Harry make love to his other play thing while she totally gives up control. Mine is happy :)

So...tell me how much you hate the direction its going, or how much you appreciate the fact that it is at least going in a direction again, or both

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